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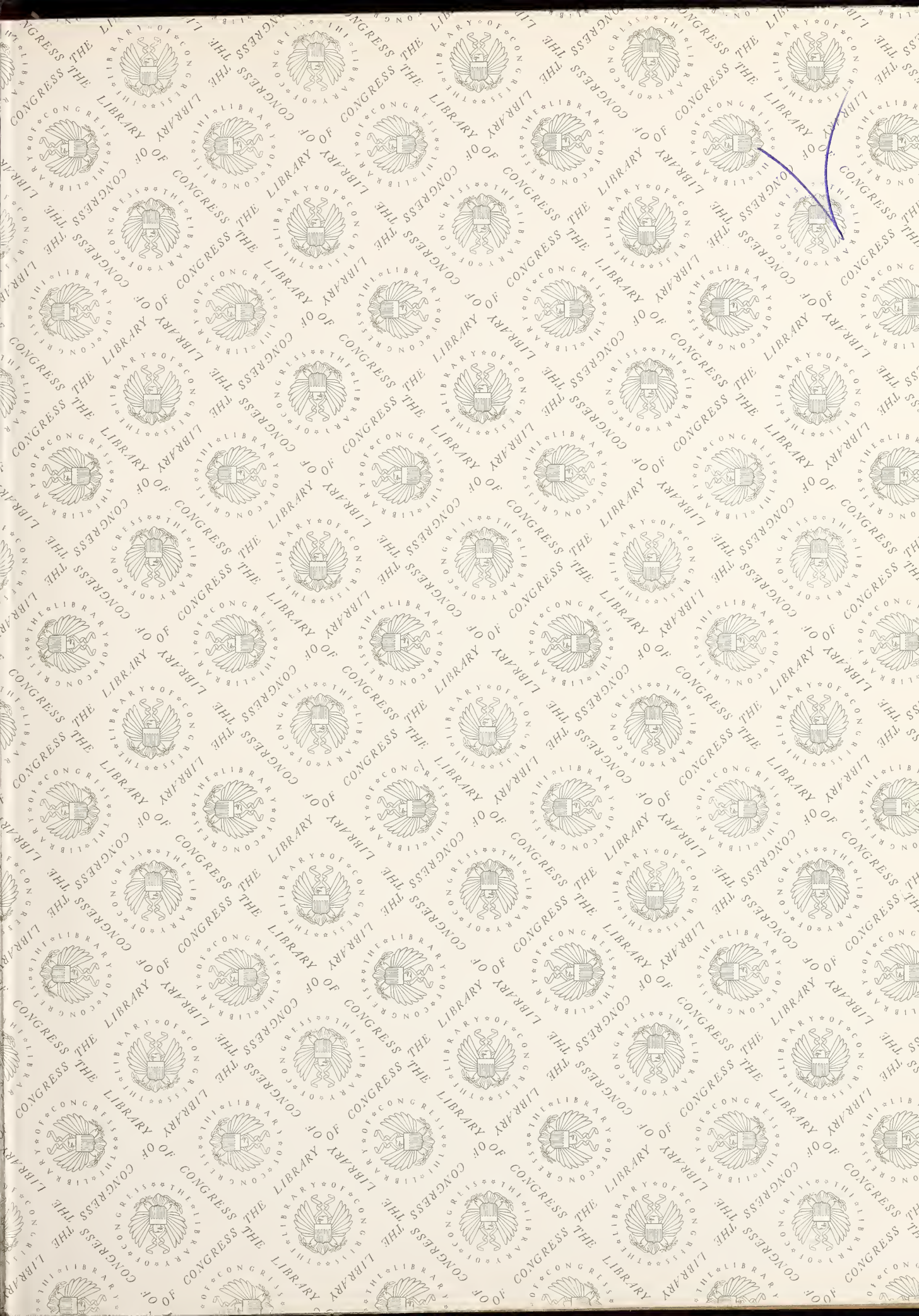
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WHY ROCK HUDSON'S ROMANCE CHILLED!

RACE KELLY:
ound her man?

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It was big-date night again for Dora, but for Sarah it was just another Saturday night . . . alone. Why was it, Sarah wondered, that Dora got all the dates and she got none. Dora might have given her the answer* but she simply couldn't bring herself to do it. After all, the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

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SAFELY STOPS ODOR 24 HOURS A DAY!

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

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December, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*Color portrait of Grace Kelly by Bud Fraker. Grace's next film will be Paramount's *Country Girl.* Other photographers' credits on page 84.

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"Greatest array of musical talent in all picturedom!"
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"I LOVE TO GO SWIMMIN' WITH WIMMIN'"
"YOUR LAND AND MY LAND" • "WILL YOU REMEMBER"
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I'm dream-ing of a

"COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS INSTEAD OF SHEEP"

"THE OLD MAN"

"WHITE CHRISTMAS"

"LOVE, YOU DIDN'T DO RIGHT BY ME"

"CHOREOGRAPHY"

"SNOW"

"MANDY"

BING CROSBY · DANNY KAYE

starring

with DEAN JAGGER · Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN

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IRVING BERLIN'S

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MOTION PICTURE ... HIGH-FIDELITY

Your fondest White Christmas dreams are going to come true! The teaming of Bing and Danny for the first time will warm you all inside... like Christmas punch. And the way they sing and dance, along with Rosemary and Vera-Ellen, to put across those nine terrific new Berlin tunes is guaranteed to set sleigh bells jingling in your heart. You'll *never* forget this soul-warming story that begins with Bing singing "White Christmas"—as never before—and winds up on the most joyous note ever echoed from the screen!



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RASNA, NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK • A Paramount Picture

Betty's BLUE



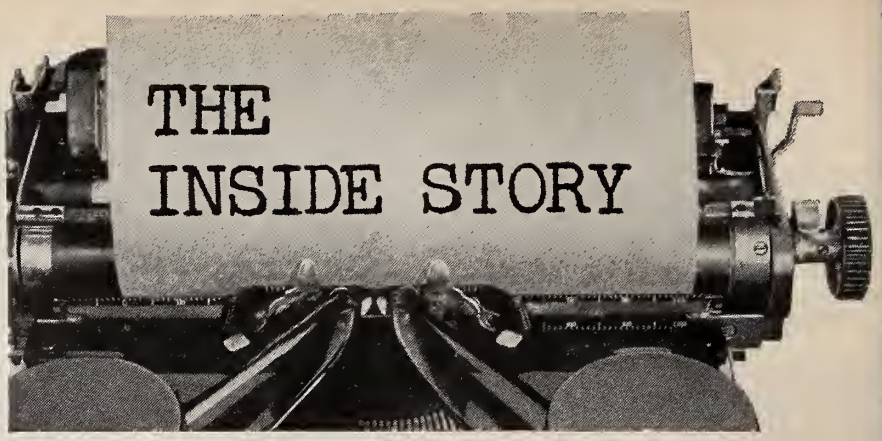
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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL





Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I read in a movie column that Marlon Brando had invested $100,000 of his own money in *On The Waterfront.* Is this true or false?
—E.F., Canon City, Col.

A. *False.*

Q. Did Jeff Chandler ever have a big thing with Joan Crawford?
—J.P., San Juan, P. R.

A. *Just a working acquaintance.*

Q. When Jane Russell was little, her brothers had a pet name for her. Do you know what it was?
—B.T., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. *"Bones."*

Q. How many times has Vic Mature been married? —G.T., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Three times.*

Q. How long has Ann Blytb been in show business and was she ever in love with Charles Fitz-Simons?
—E.L., Elmhurst, L.I.

A. *Ann has been in show business 19 years; Fitz-Simons was just a friend.*

Q. Was Vera-Ellen heart-broken when Rock Hudson didn't marry her?
—N.E., Newport News, Va.

A. *Just disappointed.*

Q. Is it true that Virginia Mayo and Jan Sterling are both out of the same cborus line? —G.R., Crestview, Fla.

A. *They were both featured in Eddie Cantor's* Banjo Eyes.

Q. I understand that 20th Century-Fox is going to make *The King And I* from the book *Anna And The King Of Siam.* Hasn't that studio already made *Anna And The King Of Siam?*—H.E., N.Y.C.

A. *Yes, but* The King And I *is the musical adaptation by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein that was such a success on Broadway.*

Q. How old is Lucille Ball and was she ever a model in New York's garment center? —D.R., Denver, Col.

A. *Lucille Ball is 43, once worked as a fashion model.*

Q. When Doris Day sang with Bob Crosby and his Bobcats in Chicago's Blackhawk, what was the color of her hair? Also did Crosby give Doris ber name? —R.K., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *Doris was a brunette. It was bandleader Barney Rapp who changed her name from Kappelhoff to Day after she sang "Day After Day."*

Q. How does Sheree North feel about ber first husband?
—F.R., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *She hates to identify or discuss him.*

Q. What is the tieup between Jean Simmons, James Hanson and Audrey Hepburn? —V.K., Cleveland, Ohio

A. *Hanson is the Englishman who used to date Simmons, later became engaged to Audrey Hepburn.*

Q. Was Jeff Chandler ever a star swimmer? —T.T., Mountain View, Calif.

A. *Never.*

Q. I've been told that ever since they made *Young In Heart,* tbere's no love lost between Frank Sinatra and Doris Day. Is this on the level?
—B.T., Burbank, Cal.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Are the Audie Murphys quarreling?
—V.E., Enid, Okla.

A. *Audie is not the easiest man in the world to live with.*

Q. I understand that many movie stars are afraid to play opposite Joan Crawford in a picture. Is that why most of her leading men are newcomers?
—S.U., Clarinda, Iowa

A. *Miss Crawford is a screen veteran who knows all the angles; she loves to give newcomers an opportunity.*

Q. Is it true that Stewart Granger is really of Italian descent and is 51 years old? —D.R., London, Eng.

A. *James Lablache Stewart (Granger's real name) was born on May 6, 1913 at Coleherne Court in Kensington, London. There is some Italian blood in his family on the maternal side.*

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ALAN LADD IN "DRUM BEAT"

DELMER DAVES'

They called him
the Wanderer
because a horse
was his home...

they called him
'Injun-Lover'
but never
to his face...

BUT THEY CALLED ON HIM WHEN EVERYONE ELSE HAD RUN AWAY!



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OREGON'S MODOC LAVA-LANDS IN

CINEMASCOPE

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CO-STARRING
AUDREY DALTON · MARISA PAVAN with ROBERT KEITH RODOLFO ACOSTA · WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY DELMER DAVES · A JAGUAR PRODUCTION · PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.



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Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Cherie" style. Bobbi is so simple to give—no help needed.

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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



Wedding bells for Audrey Hepburn

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
'The Champion Strut'
I nominate Mitzi Gaynor
Party of the month
Marilyn in New York
About Barbara and Jeff
The letter box



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



Audrey Hepburn looked pale, but very lovely, all in white, when she and Mel Ferrer were married in a beautiful Swiss chapel with just a few friends and some Swiss villagers present.

AUDREY HEPBURN and Mel Ferrer were married in Buergenstock, Switzerland. The chapel where the wedding took place is located high on a mountain, only accessible by cable car across the lake from Geneva.

In this secluded spot they spent the first day of their honeymoon in a hotel owned by a friend.

I received a wire from them and had the first story printed about their marriage, which some people thought would never take place.

Audrey has been rumored in love many times. James Hansen, the young British industrialist, followed her to Hollywood from London and she was engaged to marry him. The supposed Gregory Peck romance never was anything but a friendship. They became friends in Rome while Audrey was making *Roman Holiday* opposite Greg.

She never loved anyone but Mel. His influence over Audrey when she was playing opposite him in *Ondine* on Broadway was the subject of much criticism but I personally know he realized her health is not robust and felt she needed as much rest and protection as possible. This is the real reason he made it difficult for some reporters to reach her.

I was very pleased to receive their cablegram telling me of their intention to wed, which gave me a scoop.

Audrey is considered the finest young actress in many a year. You have to be good to win an Oscar and this she did with *Roman Holiday*. Then within a week she also won the Antoinette Perry Award for her stage performance in *Ondine*.

Mel is a fine actor, producer and director. So it's two great talents united.

THE CHUMMIEST PALS in town are Alan Ladd and his about-to-be son-in-law, Richard Andersen, who play golf, tennis and go horseback riding together every spare minute they can find.

Fact is, good-looking Dick has made such a hit with his future in-laws that Alan says, "If Carol Lee doesn't marry Dick, Sue and I will."

For a wedding gift the senior Ladds have presented the couple with a beautiful lot adjoining their own home in exclusive Holmby Hills.



Eddie and Debbie will probably be married around the first of the year. "We fell in love so fa-a-ast," Debbie says. "All of a sudden we found ourselves just sitting, grinning like idots."



Esther Williams and Ben Gage opened their "all-dry" nitery act at their own restaurant.



Sonja Henie, back in Hollywood, threw a wonderful party, saw friends like Joan Crawford.



Shirley Temple, now mother of three cute kids, saw The Egyptian *with husband Charles.*



Carol Lee Ladd's engagement to Dick Andersen has made Alan happy; he loves golfers!

First photos of "The Champion Strut!"



THE WHOLE TOWN'S *talking about the "Champion Strut," introduced by Marge and Gower*



at the Dance Masters of America banquet, held in the Hotel Statler here in Los Angeles.



It's divided into the four stages these pictures show—with a high kick for the third . . .



and I hope these photos will start youngsters all over the country doing it. It's cute!



I nominate for stardom: MITZI GAYNOR

■ That not-so-new little twinkler, Mitzi, has never in her career been better than she is in such high-stepping company as Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Dan Dailey and Donald O'Connor in *There's No Business Like Show Business.*

Walter Lang, who directed the 20th musical, says, "Mitzi is on her way to the top. She has sparkle and verve, and she's gained the experience that separates the starlets from the stars." Ironically, Mitzi's 20th contract ended with this picture.

She's been engaged to Jack Bean for such a long time many people think they are secretly married. They ain't. She's just announced her fourth wedding date—and who knows—by the time you read this the pretty, peppery dancer may really be Mrs. Bean.

Mitzi makes a habit of long engagements. Before Bean came into her life she was "engaged" to attorney Richard Coyle for two years.

Born in Chicago, the daughter of musical director Henry Gerber and dancer Pauline Fisher, Mitzi has been in show business as long as she can remember. She was a ballet student at the snappy age of four and has been twirling and tapping along ever since on stage and screen.

MGM has big plans for her in musicals opposite Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire. Watch Mitzi from here on in—she's headed for the big league.

PERRY COMO should be busting his buttons with pride. Bing Crosby just named him his favorite singer in a newspaper article—and hold on—he says Bob Hope is his *second* favorite comic!

Bing puts Danny Kaye in the No. 1 spot as his favorite "all around" entertainer because Danny can dance, sing and wisecrack while "Hope is a lousy dancer!"

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: You think movie stars aren't fans at heart? You should have seen the excitement that ran through the crowd when Liberace, yes *the* Liberace, got up to play the piano at the party given for my houseguests from London, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, at the private



The Alan Ladds huddled with the Van Heflins, listening to Frances brag about their new son.



Irene Dunne and Norma Shearer looked stunning. Norma's chic velvet "tam" may start a fad!

room of the Los Feliz Brown Derby.

Believe it or not, many of the movie guests had never seen Mr. Piano in person, including Alan Ladd and Sue, who seldom go to parties. "If that guy will play all night I'll sit here and listen to him," Alan whispered in my ear.

They can crack all the jokes they like about Liberace, but he is one of the most gracious and charming young men I have ever known—and has a sense of humor as well.

No one laughed louder than he when the piano was moved into the center of the room and someone put a candelabra atop it when he sat down to play.

Let me tell you just a few of the stars who dropped in between the hours of 6:30 P.M. and 2 A.M. to greet the popular Bebe and Ben, two of the most loved people in show business:

There were Bob Hope and Gracie Allen and George Burns, Dinah Shore, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Irene Dunne (another who seldom attends parties), Ann Miller and her favorite beau, Bill O'Connor, Cesar Romero whirling Ginny Simms around the dance floor, Clifton Webb and Nancy and Ronnie Reagan.

One of the prettiest girls there was Mrs. Van Heflin. Frances is looking wonderful. It was hard to believe that she almost lost her life—and her baby, just a few months ago when the Heflins' first son was born.

Frances was in all-white with a beautiful white fox around her shoulders, a gift from Van, the happy father.

When the strolling Spanish musicians came onto the floor, I spotted Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas sitting quietly in a corner holding hands as honeymooners should, and Fernando was softly singing to the beautiful Arlene under his breath.

The redheaded Arlene was a vision in an emerald-green-with-white overskirt dress. Fact is, emerald green was a popular color among the gals. Norma Shearer's "tam" hat was a bright green and she wore a gorgeous emerald necklace.

If I were to tell you about *all* the parties given for Bebe and Ben during their Holly-

Everyone came to see Ben and Bebe and nobody wanted to leave!



Ginny Simms sang, and when Liberace joined Jimmy McHugh the guests just went wild!



Everyone was so glad to welcome Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in from England. George Montgomery and Dinah Shore hugged them and everyone in Hollywood threw parties for them.



Ronald Reagan and his sweet wife, Nancy Davis, danced with each other all evening.



When Liberace and I were interviewed by Mrs. Larry Finley, I was completely charmed by his graciousness. No one gets more of a kick out of the candelabra jokes than Lee does, by the way



What happened when Marilyn hit New York



This is only part of the crowd that swarmed around Marilyn when she landed in New York to shoot a few scenes for The Seven Year Itch.



Marilyn arrived alone. Later, Joe flew in to join her—but it was their last public appearance together before the split-up took place.



In one scene she tossed shoes out the window to Tom Ewell. In the film, the street was empty.



Actually, it took ropes and policemen to hold back the crowd that gathered to watch Marilyn.



In the wee hours of the night she was photographed with her skirt blowing over a subway grating (they installed a blower underneath!) but the crowds stayed up to watch!

wood visit, it would take up all the space in this department, so I'll just say that more stars were present at this one than you could shake a stick at (who wants to shake a stick at stars?) and it rates as the best party of the month.

JUNE ALLYSON, who is playing the witch of a wife in *The Shrike* with Jose Ferrer, has two autographed pictures of gents on either side of her mirror in her dressing room.

One is from Jose and reads, "To the worst wife in the world—but I love you, (signed) Joe"; the other is from Dick Powell: "To my little dame, the best wife in the whole world."

DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU that Jean Peters' marriage to wealthy socialite Stuart Cramer hasn't struck a temporary snag.

When you read this, things may be patched up, but at the time Jean returned to Hollywood to resume her career there was definite trouble afoot.

There's little doubt but that Cramer resented his bride's coming back to fulfill her movie contract with 20th Century-Fox. I can't say this is anything new when movie girls marry outside the profession. It's an old story when one partner is in "private life" and the other is a professional.

Cramer's work keeps him in Washington, D.C. (he does government jobs) and I get it straight that he was a miffed young man when his bride left for Hollywood four months after their marriage.

FRANK SINATRA was on the set with the morning newspaper in his hand the morning the front page story broke on Ava Gardner's furniture breaking-spree in Rio and her departure from an exclusive hotel by request of the management.

Although everyone in the *Young At Heart* company pretended to be looking out the window, they were still pretty interested in Frankie's reaction.

After carefully reading the item not once but twice, Frankie folded the paper and stood up.

"What's holding us up?" he said to the director. "Let's go."

And that was *that.*

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND and Bob Mitchum got sick at their tummies watching real operations at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, preparing for their doctor and nurse roles, respectively, in *Not As A Stranger.*

Mitchum got as white as a sheet and almost fainted while observing a kidney stone surgery.

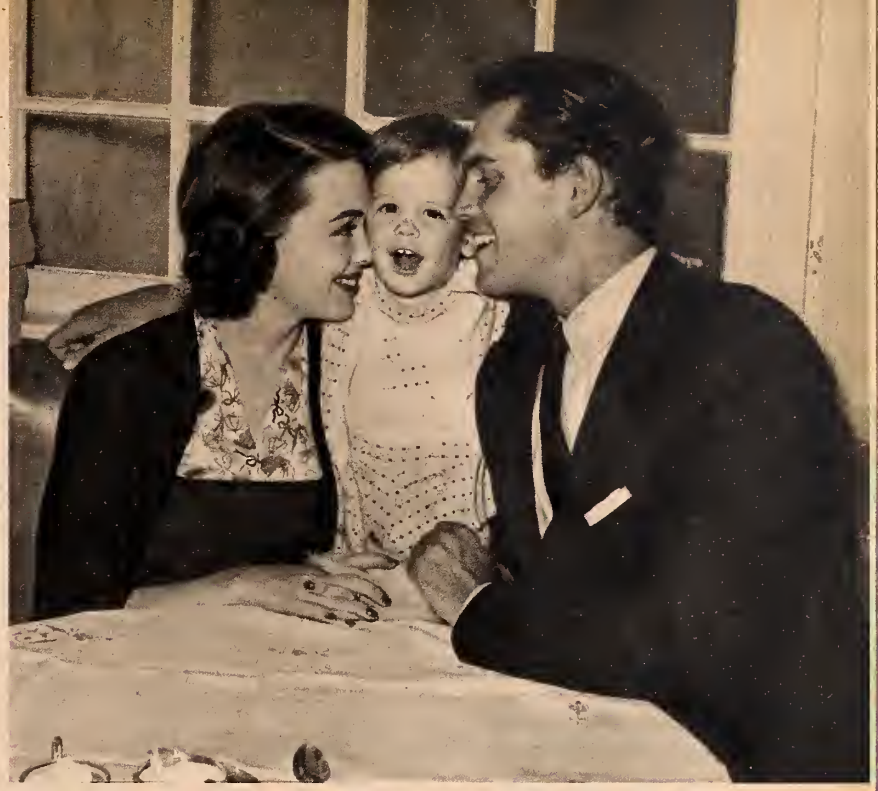
IT WAS A LAUGHIN', liltin', happy Judy Garland who called me on the telephone with the news that she's expecting her third child.

"Now don't ever say I don't tell you first," she laughed. "I just found out myself five minutes ago!"

There's a girl after my own heart, and I told her so.

The baby is expected in April and although Judy and Sid Luft have a darling daughter, Lorna, and Judy has a little girl by her marriage to Vincente Minnelli, she isn't particularly pulling for a boy.

"That would be nice," she conceded, "but



This is the most recent photograph of Barbara and Jeff and baby Chris.

I'm so sorry about BARBARA and JEFF

■ After telling me she was "so shocked" and "so surprised" to return from Europe and read that she and Jeff Hunter were having trouble, Barbara Rush is now divorcing him!

They both blame it on the fact that they've been separated by long location trips so often during their five years of marriage. Once again, as always in these cases, the innocent victim is their two-year-old baby.

Jeff told me, "There's no other girl for me and no other man for Barbara. There's been a personal problem between us for two years, but we didn't want to make a definite break before we both tried everything in our power to bridge our difficulties."

When these kids were struggling for success in Hollywood they were the most "in love" pair I ever saw. When they were invited to parties or took a night off to go nightclubbing they danced only with each other.

Just as recently as the première of *Magnificent Obsession* in Westwood, Jeff was beaming with pride over Barbara's fine performance. When she left for Ireland to co-star with Rock Hudson in *Captain Lightfoot,* they were a lovey-dovey pair at the airport.

When Barbara returned to Hollywood, Jeff was away in Mexico making *White Feather.* But she cheerfully assured me she was flying there to be with him. She never made the trip—and within a few weeks admitted their marriage was ended.

This is really a case in which we can ask in the vernacular—wot hoppon?



the letter box

CAROLYN MATTHEWS, of Detroit, Michigan, is 15 years old and she has this to say about Clark Gable: "I saw him for the first time in the reissue of *Gone With The Wind.* He's the *greatest!* No actor on the screen today can hold a candle to him. To those who say he is old—I say I'd like to marry him." *So would lots of belles between fifteen and fifty, Carolyn.*

Writes JANET THOMSON, San Francisco: "I collect souvenirs and I sure would appreciate it if you will send me your invitations to the weddings of both Jane Powell and Pat Nerney and Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher." *As this is written I haven't received either "invite," Janet.*

From MRS. BILL WEISMANN, Atlanta, Georgia: "Marlon Brando is the greatest actor in the world. *On The Waterfront* proves it." *A great many critics in this country and in Europe agree with you.*

A.E.Y. (that's the way she signs herself) of Redwood City, California, believes Robert Taylor is making a mistake turning thumbs down on publicity about his new bride, Ursula Thiess, and his new home. "We fans aren't prying—we're just interested," she says. *Take note, Bob and Ursula.*

VIVIAN VAN ZANDT, New York asks: "*How could* Ava Gardner date bullfighter Louis Dominguin in New York on her recent visit here after the way he talked about her, saying he'd never marry her because she's been divorced too many times?" *Ava's an unpredictable girl, my friend.*

MRS. JOSEPH FAIRAIGE, of my home town, Los Angeles, wants to correct the impression that Simone Silva, the girl who posed minus a brassiere with Bob Mitchum, is a French girl. "She is Italian born—and they are welcome to her."

RAYMOND KASPER, age 16, Rochester, New York, writes: "You and your daughter, Harriet, have done much to help Debbie Reynolds' career. Now will you please ask your daughter to do as much for Barbara Ruick as she did for Debbie in *Susan Slept Here.*" *I'll take that up with producer Parsons, Raymond.*

I love little girls and so does Sid. You know we have a little boy, by Sid's former marriage."

When I look back just a few short years ago and remember how unhappy Judy was, a really miserable girl who was beginning to believe that the cards were stacked against her—and when I listened to this same wonderfully happy woman she is today—I believe she has really found that magical "Somewhere Over The Rainbow" she sings about.

DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH until Guy Madison hurries down to Mexico to pick up a quickie divorce from Gail Russell so he can marry Sheila Connolly.

Sure, Guy has a big crush on Sheila, the girl who looks enough like Liz Taylor to be her sister—if not her twin. He's bought a new house and if he and Sheila feel as they do now a year from this time—when his California divorce is final—well, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Sheila becomes Mrs. Guy.

But Guy himself tells me he's not going to do anything foolish like a Las Vegas or Mexico divorce.

EVE ARDEN'S adopted daughter, nine-year-old Liza, was the first person next to papa Brooks West to get a look at the nine-pound boy born to "Our Miss Brooks."

As Liza was carefully looking her new brother up and down, the baby suddenly belched and threw up.

"You'd better cut that out," the little girl said to the baby, "or your privileges will be taken away from you."

IT'S MY PRIVATE OPINION that Hollywood can jolly well skip these foreign film festivals in Europe in the future. The recent affair in Venice was so markedly anti-American that the picture which drew the most applause, *On The Waterfront,* didn't win, and one of the two American stars present, Rock Hudson, most certainly got the "B" treatment. (Gloria Swanson was the other American.)

To get back to Rock: he writes in a letter to a friend:

"I don't ever expect to be handled with kid gloves. But I must say I was surprised when I was seated in the second row at the festival instead of the first row, which was roped off for the visiting stars of all nations.

"Although I was *invited* as a guest, as were the other stars, I was handed a *bill* for everything, including my hotel suite!

"Marlon Brando's superb performance in *Waterfront* got the greatest applause from the audience. But he did not get the acting award."

I've heard from others that the anti-American feeling was so thick against everything and everyone from this country that it could be sliced with a knife.

So I say: why should we trouble to send our best pictures and most popular actors to these foreign events only to receive slights which are deliberate insults to our entire motion picture industry?

PERSONAL OPINIONS: My biggest chuckle of the month came when I saw the pictures from Paris of Jane Russell wearing one of Dior's new "flat look" dresses. The "flat look" looked like a small mountain range across the front!

The *real* reason Edmund Purdom didn't get to the big Hollywood première of *The Egyptian* is because he and Mrs. Purdom had a tiff just before leaving the house. . . .

I've never seen Ann Miller in the same cocktail or evening gown twice. . . .

Ginger Rogers will get the loudest, longest and last laugh if her husband, Jacques Bergerac, becomes a big hit after the fans see him in their foreign-made movie, *Twist of Fate.* She did everything to sell her good-looking bridegroom to Hollywood producers who kept looking the other way. . . .

I sincerely believe that Gene Tierney's illness was brought on by heartbreak over the ending of her international romance with Prince Aly Khan. I talked with Gene about her feeling for Aly and believe me, she was a girl in love. . . .

Silly to say Pier Angeli used to date James Dean, the Broadway actor in *East of Eden* because he looks like Kirk Douglas. And how about Vic Damone? He doesn't look like Kirk. . . .

Of all the gag wires Dean Martin sent Jerry Lewis during Jerry's illness, this struck me as the funniest. Said Dean: EITHER GET WELL OR DIE. I DON'T KNOW HOW I STAND. . . .

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



Dr. Peter Lindstrom, Ingrid Bergman's ex-husband, has a bride, Dr. Agnes Rovnanek.



Shelley Winters attended the gala Glamorama Beauty Show, escorted by Tom Hennesey.



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NEW MOVIES by florence epstein



Picture of the Month: WOMAN'S WORLD

■ Some movies are wonderful because they look so expensive—that's the biggest charm of *Woman's World.* Those gorgeous gowns lavishly distributed between Arlene Dahl and Lauren Bacall, those flashy automobiles of the future sparkling like jewels on display, those breathtaking, panoramic views of New York, the Wonder City. And seven movie stars generously sharing the Technicolor light. Clifton Webb is here with his urbane, supercilious manner, as president of Gifford Motors, an outrageously prosperous business empire. He's looking for a new general manager to replace the old one, now dead. He invites the three brightest men in his organization to New York. More important, he invites their wives. The ladies, in fact, will be the decisive factor in his choice. Fred MacMurray, his ulcer and his estranged mate, Lauren Bacall, arrive from Philadelphia. Out of Texas come Van Heflin and the powerfully seductive Arlene Dahl. And Cornel Wilde planes in from Kansas City with his very lovable but painfully unsophisticated spouse—June Allyson. There follows a tense, grueling struggle for position which starts at the swank Plaza Hotel and plays itself out on a Connecticut estate where Webb's sister (Margalo Gillmore) gives the candidates a final once-over. Much is revealed about husbands, wives and worldly ambition in this slick, entertaining film. CinemaScope.—20th-Fox

More Reviews on Page 20



HANSEL AND GRETEL Once upon a time, there was a man named Michael Myerberg who was dissatisfied with people as actors, and decided to invent some better ones. The results are called Kinemins and they cost $2,500 apiece. When you've seen this delightful Technicolor fairytale, you'll know why. His little people, animals, angels and witches can go through the most astonishing contortions—and look better-than-real while doing it. His Gretel is certainly one of the most adorable little girls to appear on any screen and the witch (the voice by famous commedienne Anna Russell) could hardly be improved upon. Whether she's wiggling her nose, crash-landing on her broomstick or doing a coy striptease behind a curtain, she is guaranteed to delight children and absolutely not to terrify them. The kids may wriggle a little during the opening scenes, which are more music than movement, but adults will love Humperdinck's arias, and as soon as Hansel and his sister get lost, the kids will be enraptured. Mildred Dunnock, Constance Brigham lend their voices also.—Myerberg



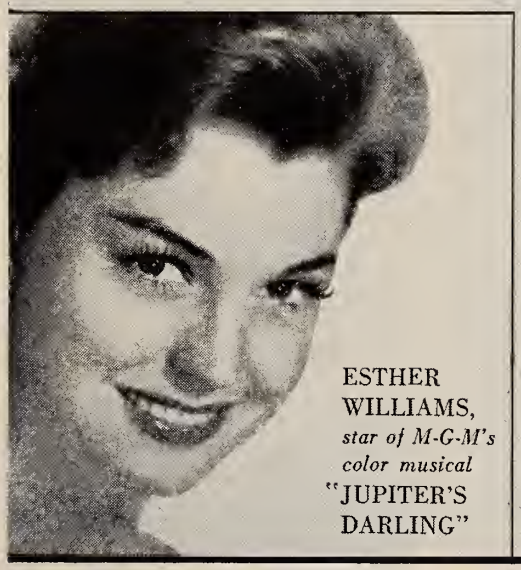
FIRE OVER AFRICA This is about a smuggling ring in Tangiers and another ring hi-jacking the smugglers and so many secret agents skulking around it's dangerous even to talk to yourself. The only guy anyone can trust is a deaf and dumb doorman who apparently communicates with the higher-ups by mental telepathy. The police of four countries are trying to crack open this circus but it takes hot-blooded, redheaded, reckless Maureen O'Hara to do it. Single-handedly, almost. A former OSS agent, she gets a job in Binnie Barnes' nightclub and the entire criminal element of Tangiers (that is, everybody but the doorman) is shortly grovelling at her feet. Including Macdonald Carey, smuggler extraordinaire. Red and Macdonald are made for each other but before they get together she plugs him full of bullet holes. No use explaining the plot. Enough to say it races, jumps, crashes across the screen till it reaches a completely improbable and most satisfying conclusion. I liked it. If you go for foreign intrigue, you will too. Technicolor.—Col.

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HIGH AND DRY What happens when a high pressure American businessman comes up against an immovable object—like an old Scottish sea captain who thinks time is eternal—should happen more often. Paul Douglas, the American exec, has to transport all these bathtubs and other modern equipment to a castle he's fixing up for his apathetic wife. Hubert Gregg, Douglas' hopelessly prim and supremely incompetent agent, can't find a boat to charter in all of Glasgow. So Captain MacTaggart (Alex Mackenzie) finds *him*. Pretty soon all those bathtubs are sitting precariously in a broken down "puffer" which, out of simple pride, refuses to sink. Douglas wants to get his cargo off that boat, but MacTaggart's too cagey. He's determined to deliver the goods—eventually. Douglas finally gets on board the puffer but he sure doesn't take it over. *High and Dry* is funny and human and oddly moving.—U.I.



ROMEO AND JULIET Here's a Juliet (Susan Shentall) Shakespeare might have dreamed of, and a Romeo (Laurence Harvey) no Juliet could resist. He's a Montague, she's a Capulet and those two lordly families spill each other's blood whenever they meet. So when Romeo and Juliet fall in love you know their moments are not only stolen, they're numbered, too. Friar Mervyn Johns marries them secretly. But Romeo is more or less compelled to slay a Capulet soon after and is banished from the city. Juliet's father (Sebastian Cabot) promises her to Paris (Norman Wooland). The Friar gives her a potion that will simulate death on her wedding day, enabling her to be reunited later with the exiled Romeo. But the plan miscarries and tragedy follows. Verona comes to life in exquisite Technicolor, and never mind how well you know the play, you must see this production. With Flora Robson.—U.A.



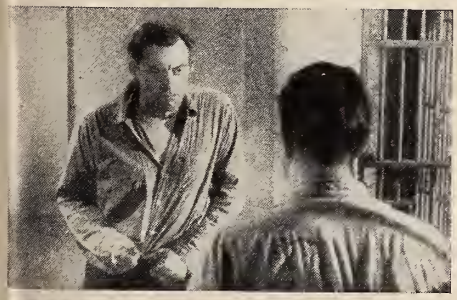
OPERATION MANHUNT Once there was a Russian code clerk named Igor Gouzenko who took his life in his hands by exposing a Soviet atom spy ring in Canada. That was nine years ago but don't think the Russians have forgotten. That's why he lives under an assumed name, under police protection, with his wife and children. This is an exciting film based on his experiences. His one contact with the outside world is through his publisher (Robert Goodier). One day Goodier gets a letter from someone in the Russian embassy at Ottawa. This someone (Jacques Aubuchon) says he wants to break with the Soviets and must meet Gouzenko (played by Harry Townes). Gouzenko agrees to a very dangerous *rendezvous* in Montreal. As it happens Aubuchon is acting under orders. He's supposed to kill Gouzenko, but until the end of this drama, you're not sure who Aubuchon will shoot when he pulls the trigger.—U.A.



THE BLACK DAKOTAS Trouble with these Westerns that take place during the Civil War is you can never figure what side anyone is on. Except for the Sioux, who are always on the safe side and will play for any team that pays. Now Abe Lincoln is sending them over one hundred thousand pieces of gold so they can plant corn in peace. But the deliveryman never makes it. Gary Merrill kills him, takes his place. Gary's supposedly on the side of some southerners who want that gold for their crippled army. Actually, Gary's on his own side, like the Sioux, and naturally be pretends he's on the Union side. I don't know about Wanda Hendrix. Her father's hanged for being a rebel and all his best friends (Noah Beery Jr., included) are rebels working with Merrill. Maybe Wanda would be a rebel, if it weren't for John Bromfield, who is not a rebel. I got lost in the middle, but didn't mind. Technicolor—Col.



THE HUMAN JUNGLE So many lawbreakers going berserk in the city it nearly drives Gary Merrill mad. He blows his top at the police station where he was formerly employed (be's just passed his bar exams and is ready for law practice) and Police Chief Emile Meyer makes him captain of the station. Seems a striptease dancer was murdered the other day, but who cares? She was nobody's mother. She was only Chuck Connors' ex-girl and be is not a very high class type. In fact, his present girl, dancer Jan Sterling, provides him with a perfect alibi. Everybody believes it except Gary. He'll pin the rap on Connors and what's more he'll clean up the whole district, ruled by bappy little gangster Florenz Ames. The press blasts Merrill, his underlings resent him, even his wife (Paula Raymond) gently complains of neglect. He's a very refresbing fellow who, I'm glad to report, finally triumphs.—Allied Artists



THE STEEL CAGE These three episodes based on tbe book *The San Quentin Story* look suspicious. They look like TV dramas—and when they start turning old TV dramas into new movies that's too much! First episode, "The Chef," stars Walter Slezak, whose culinary talent is so great that everytime he's put on parole the inmates frame him so he'll come back. He gets even, though. "The Hostages," with John Ireland and Lawrence Tierney, offers a few tense moments. Tierney's a psycho who nabs a gun, locks up two state officials and thinks he can walk out of jail. He gets out—in a box. The best story, "The Face," is about an eager young chaplain (Arthur Franz). Lifer Kenneth Tobey, an artist, agrees to freshen up a painting of The Last Supper. Christ and disciples take on the faces of various inmates under Tobey's brush. Paul Kelly, warden, narrates, Maureen O'Sullivan is his wife.—U.A.

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THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA The original Cinderella story ended happily but in real life a beautiful girl who comes out of the slums into stardom doesn't have it so good. Sometimes all that fame and all that money is a dream that turns into a nightmare. This is the story of Maria Vargas (Ava Gardner) who, in three years, is transformed from a dancer in a tawdry Madrid cabaret into the Contessa Torlato-Favrini, toast of several continents and various decadent playboys. The movie opens at her funeral because, sadly enough, the Contessa meets violent death. The drama begins when a delinquent young millionaire (Warren Stevens) decides to produce movies and find a "new face." Flanked by his lackeys—broken down director Humphrey Bogart and opportunistic publicity man Edmond O'Brien, he discovers Ava. Bogart is the man whom Ava trusts—and be makes a comeback with her success. But Ava's unhappy; she doesn't fit anywhere; she can't find love among the upper classes and settles for cheap affairs. Until the day she meets her prince—Count Rossano Brazzi. But that Count, tortured and bitter, marries her for strange reasons. Inevitably, the girl who's been living a fairy tale is brutally disillusioned. There's some very good dialogue, some lovely scenery in Technicolor, some telling, brief glimpses of international society. With Marius Goring, Valentina Cortesa, Mari Aldon.—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

BRIGADOON (*MGM*): Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, Van Johnson, singing and dancing all over the Irish countryside in a sentimental, Technicolored fable that includes bit songs like "Almost Like Being In Love."

THE DETECTIVE (*Col.*): Alec Guiness is at his best—and you can't beat that for laughs—in a delightful story of a priest determined to reform a master thief before the police get to him.

SHIELD FOR MURDER (*U.A.*): Top acting by Edmond O'Brien puts this one in the really-exciting class. Story of a trigger-happy cop who'll stop at nothing to get his man. With John Agar, Marla English.

AFRICA ADVENTURE (*RKO*): If you're interested in what a safari is really like without the usual prettying-up for the cameras, this frank and exciting picture is for you. Pathecolor.

WHITE CHRISTMAS (*Para.*): Much-heralded Technicolor musical, with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Vera-Ellen and Rosemary Clooney singing and dancing to new and old Irving Berlin creations. First movie ever filmed in VistaVision.

SUDDENLY (*U.A.*): Frank Sinatra gives another startlingly good performance as a half-crazed killer out to assassinate the President.

BROKEN LANCE (*20th-Fox*): This dramatic story of early ranchers is not an ordinary Western. Fast-paced and well written, it deals with the struggle for power between rugged Spencer Tracy and his scheming son, Richard Widmark. Bob Wagner, Katy Jurado are on Spencer's side. There's romance with Jean Peters as well as plenty of action. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

REAR WINDOW (*Para*): The best Hitchcock thriller in some time, this one has Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey, Thelma Ritter and a quietly terrifying performance by Raymond Burr. Besides top-flight suspense, the dialogue sparkles, there's humor, romance and Technicolor.

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS (*U.A.*): This one is destined to become a classic. One of the most charming, warmly humorous movie ever centered around children, this deals with two wonderful little boys, Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, who steal a baby because they think their grandfather, Duncan Macrae, doesn't love them enough.

ON THE WATERFRONT (*Col.*): One of the year's best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.



JOHN'S OTHER LIFE

Offscreen, Derek's neither a toughie nor a pretty boy!

■ Most Hollywood females wouldn't be married to John Derek on a bet. They say it's not because he's too moody or always subconsciously worried because he's too darned good-looking. As one puts it: "I don't know how his wife stands the gaff. The way I hear it, if I were married to him, about the time I wanted a new mink cape, he'd buy me a new horse, and you can't wear a horse around your neck to Ciro's. On top of that I hear he once bought a couple of burros to be company for his horses. If I were married to him, I'd demand a wife-sitter." No such complaints come from his wife Patti, who, if she has some reservations about John, doesn't talk about them. She has endless patience with Mr. Fixit Derek, who one week is working on sculpture he probably won't finish and the next taking lessons in wrestling or bullfighting. She might like a little relief from his endless appetite for broiled steak and hamburger, but any and all of these husbandly shortcomings are offset by the fact that no man in Hollywood has more physical courage. J. Derek is completely without fear. He is also the most doting father in the world to daughter Sean Catherine and son Russell, the kind of a guy who would rather take his family to a drive-in movie than go to a night-club, and a husband who never growls when friends drop in at almost any old hour. Being married to John Derek, besides all the hazards listed, is an honest life and a loving one—even if it includes only *one* Cadillac.

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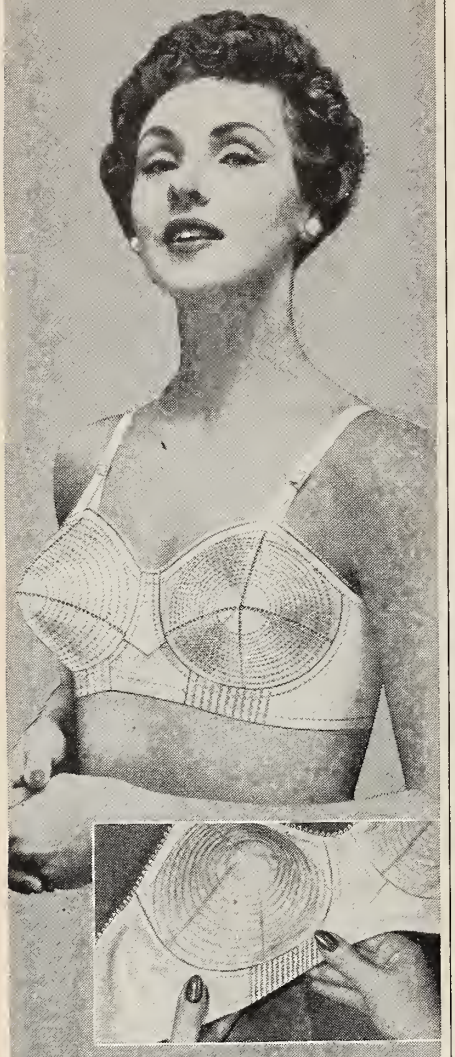
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TV TALK

What's with Orson Bean? . . . Sid Caesar becomes The Big Boss . . . paging Danny Kaye

Everybody thinks **Orson Bean** is from Boston, but he isn't. He lived there for a while, and his father works in Cambridge, just across the river, as a cop on the Harvard campus. But Orson is from Vermont, and his grandparents and an uncle are still there. His name isn't Orson Bean, either. He was born Dallas Burrows and comes from quite a prominent family: One ancestor ran for the Vice-Presidency, another served as Mrs. Calvin Coolidge's secretary in the White House. Orson changed his name as a gag one evening in a nightclub. He just decided to give himself a funny name, and "Orson Bean" popped into his head. He's used it ever since. Orson does lots of things on the spur of the moment, and his best TV performances occur when he doesn't have any script at all. When he *does* have a script, you can bet that he—almost alone among comics—has written ninety-nine per cent of it himself. He can also, being a devil-may-care lad, get himself into trouble. He really doesn't much care what he says just as long as it amuses him, and he's been known to take off after his sponsors, his network and almost everybody in TV in general. He means it when he says he hates television and practically all the people in it. He much prefers staying at home and looking at his Laurel and Hardy films (he owns reels and reels of them) to going out and getting rich doing his own filming. Money very honestly means little to him. He is very happy in his fifth-floor walkup, renting at fifty-four dollars a month, and has never paid more than eighty-four dollars a month for any place he's lived in. His ambition is not to move to a fancy place; he'd much rather be the tenant in the sheepherders' hut in Central Park (an impossible ambition, of course; the city won't allow anyone to walk in the park after midnight, let alone live there). Orson is so different from everybody else that he doesn't even gamble when he goes to Las Vegas! . . . You should see **Sid Caesar's** new office! You can't help but wonder why he also needs a Park Avenue apartment. It's a very plush penthouse, just off Fifth Avenue, and Sid's suite is the envy of every other performer—or would be if they could see it. Getting in it is as hard as getting out of jail. A visitor has to get past a corps of secretaries, a long hall, a flight of stairs and two—not one, but two—locked doors. Once inside, you see an enormous room, carpeted wall to wall and furnished with two couches, a bar stocked to the hilt, and the biggest, most impressive desk in town. The walls are covered with paintings, modern ones and very good, too. All the lighting is indirect, and Sid looks like a little boy with a new train for Christmas when he flicks them on and off and on again. Sid's clothes are just as startling as his office. He goes in for big padded shoulders and quite a drape shape. And he loves jewelry. His cuff links are the biggest ones you've ever seen—as large as a fifty-cent piece—and the biggest ring anywhere perches on his pinkie. Sid is very happy this year. He misses **Imogene Coca**, but at last he is his own boss. Sid likes that. He also, of course, likes the fact that he owns his new show—and thus makes much more money than he did last year when he was just the star. But mainly he is in his element because he is The Boss. His word goes for everything on his show, and he can do anything he wants to with it. Sid hopes that he can sit behind his big desk, smoking his big cigar and surveying his TV domain for a long time. We do, too . . . Did you know that **Ann Sothern's** hair is gray? Everyone thinks it's still a bleached blonde, the way it was when she played Maisie in the movies. But it's a gray-white, not a yellow-white. She is still quite plump, by the way, but she sure looks wonderful for someone who was so sick for so long . . . All the television nabobs cluster around **Danny Kaye** whenever he comes in sight. They are all dying to get him for a show, you know; but we'll bet anyone any amount that he will never do more than make an occasional quick appearance for a favorite charity. He's been using the same routines for years—and they're still good for millions of dollars more on tour if he doesn't use them on TV. Danny's just too smart a businessman to throw money away . . . Another smart businessman in TV is **John Daly.** He can read more small print in contracts in less time than anyone around. John's so smart that he could quit work tomorrow and still draw a salary. *That's* how well he reads small print . . . **Audrey Meadows** is so little that it's always a surprise to see her sister **Jayne** (the new **Mrs. Steve Allen**). Jayne is a great big girl. But Steve is a bigger man than he looks on TV, and they make a very handsome couple. Seems to be a happy one, too . . . One big Hollywood star made herself quite unpopular in New York when she finally deigned to make her television debut. She was acting with one of the great ladies of the American theatre, but she made all the trouble on the set. She also took longer to learn her lines than anyone else. Some people heaved a sigh of relief when she finally decided not to do a situation comedy after all—especially the cameramen who would have had to work with her. She has never allowed but one side of her face to be photographed, and there just isn't time in TV to arrange every shot that carefully . . . **Jane Wyatt** looks just as trim and almost as young as she did when she made all those movies you see late at night on TV. And **Robert Young** looks better than he did then! But Jane gets a lot more chance to talk when she's acting with Bob than when they're together offscreen. He never hesitates to speak. People are talking about how **Robert Montgomery** needs to memorize his lines. He doesn't have much to say on his show (or as much to do with it as people would lead you to believe) but he keeps muffing his introductions. And you certainly can tell he uses a Teleprompter! Watch his eyes as they go back and forth across the lines . . . Everyone is raving over **Tallulah's** looks in her hit play, *Dear Charles* (which will probably keep her off TV for quite a while). She hasn't looked so slim in years. Incidentally, Tallulah is a very loyal woman. Some of the other players in *Dear Charles* did not get very good notices, and she knew they wouldn't. But Tallu also knew that she could carry the thing on her own shoulders—few people even look at anyone else on the stage when she is on it. So she kept one actor in just because she knew he needed a job



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Here's an amazing, new lipstick achievement—a brilliant, bright, clear red that really stays that way on your lips...won't go dull or lifeless ever.

BRIGHT 'N CLEAR keeps your lips velvet soft...more youthful...smoother and lovelier hour after hour.

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A national research laboratory proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.*



Recently, 447 women made a grueling test. It was conducted by a national research laboratory. The purpose: to find the answer to the most serious skin problem housewives face today—"detergent hands."

These women soaked both their hands in detergents, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated. Skin scientists supervised these important tests.

The amazing result. In just 3 or 4 days, untreated hands were reddened and roughened, even cracked and sore. Yet the hands given Jergens Lotion care were soft, unblemished, smooth, white.



Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion for stopping detergent damage. *Not even 100% pure lanolin* did a better job (and no hand care contains more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens formula, improved over 50 years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all hand problems. It's never sticky or greasy.

Now every woman can be assured of lovely, smooth, feminine hands! If you have not tried Jergens lately, now is the time. You will find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. Still 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion *positively stops "Detergent Hands"*

"Detergent Hands" with Jergens Lotion



These are the hands of Beth Anderson, one of the 447 women in the experiment. Both her hands were soaked in detergents. Her left hand was untreated. Her right hand was cared for with Jergens Lotion. The difference was astonishing! Jergens Lotion will work as well for you, or your money will be returned. **This photograph is unretouched.**

**Notice to doctors and dermatologists: A summary copy of this independent research report is available to you. Write on your letterhead to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.*



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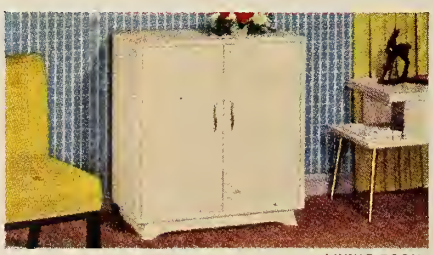
*$5.00 higher in the West due to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada.

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Blond Oak Chest with convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3081. $49.95*



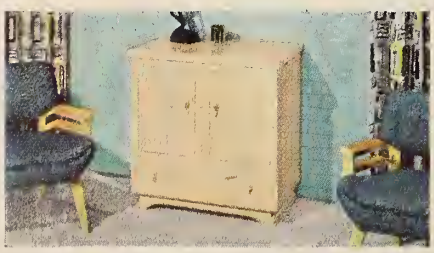
LIVING ROOM

Space-Saver Chest. Blond oak. Opens front, 2 pull-out shelves. Model #C-128, $69.95*



BEDROOM

Modern Chest in Seafoam mahogany. Self-lifting tray. Model #3086. $69.95*



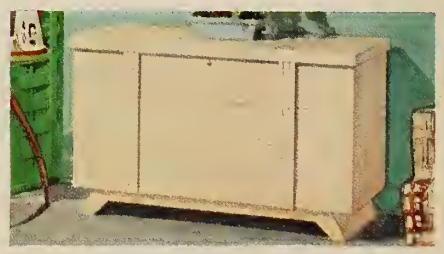
LIVING ROOM

Space-Saver Chest. In blond oak. Opens at top, drawer in base. Model #3100. $59.95*



FOYER

Handsome 18th-Century Chest in mahogany. Self-lifting tray. Model #2601. $59.95*



LIVING ROOM

Unusual Modern Chest in blond oak, drawer in base. Model #2852. $79.95*

So there we were, the seven of us, living in a single room I hadn't paid for yet, having a pillow fight to keep our minds off food . . .

Aim for the Stars

by Eddie Fisher

■ Today I know that Frank Sinatra is the greatest interpreter of a popular lyric. I love to listen to him and while I listen I feel I am learning something. But the first time I heard Frank I was not yet fifteen. He used to sing at Convention Hall in Philadelphia at some of the great basketball games we had then. Then I didn't realize how good Frank was, and, not knowing (which means that I knew nothing of love or how you would interpret such emotion in a song) I figured that I was better than he was.

Something told me not to tell this to anyone who knew anything about singing. After all, who was I? Let me give you just an indication of *what* I was. At that time, when I thought I sang better than Sinatra, I had been combing my hair for only two years. Until I was thirteen I used to sling a cap on the back on my head and any hair that the cap didn't hold down could stick out any way it liked.

I would sit and listen to Frank, and while he was singing I, too, would sing, but silently. I would listen to my own voice as I imagined it pouring out of me, and compare it with

(*Continued on page* 82)







Always poised, Grace is as reluctant to talk about romance with Cassini as she was to publicize dates with Crosby, Milland, Gable. Friends, however, don't hesitate to say they disapprove of Oleg as husband material, hope they aren't already married.

Grace with Cassini (Gene Tierney's ex.)



BY STEVE CRONIN

■ Until a few months ago Grace Kelly, Hollywood's current sensation managed to mix business and pleasure on every film.

When the ladylike blonde from Philadelphia was making *Mogambo* with Clark Gable she dated Gable. When she was co-starring with Ray Milland in *Dial M For Murder*, she dated the tall Welshman, who at one time was so smitten that he was contemplating breaking up his long-standing marriage. And when Grace Kelly was working with Bing Crosby on *Country Girl*, she dated him.

For a year or so, all of Grace's dates were with her leading men.

When other actresses wondered what Grace had that they had not, they were told that "Kelly is quietly beautiful. She isn't obvious in her display of her physical charm. Kelly is refined and soft-spoken. Kelly is a lady. Kelly's father owns an $18,000,000 contracting outfit in Philadelphia, and rich girls have always attracted actors, maybe because most of them were poor in their boyhood days."

As to the concentrated demand by Hollywood studios, it was explained further, "Every few years Hollywood gets the demure, wholesome, refined actress. Twelve years ago it was Greer Garson; six years ago it was Deborah Kerr—both English girls. Now it's Grace Kelly. She's hot right now because she's the first American lady-type actress in more than a decade."

At twenty-six, there is no doubt that Grace Kelly *is* a lady. Most important of all she looks like a lady, talks like a lady, dresses like a lady and acts like a lady.

The only unlady-like behavior attributed to (*Continued on page* 80)

Is she planning to marry Cassini? The lady won't talk, but friends do—they're saying Oleg is wrong for Grace!

HAS KELLY FOUND HER MAN?

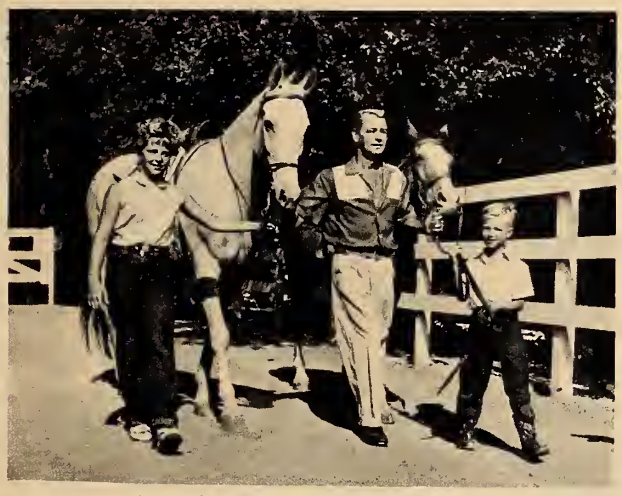




ALWAYS LEAD WITH YOUR HEART

It's not the safest way to live, but it works out well for Alan Ladd who has turned his life into a story of four loves!

BY JOHN MAYNARD



First of Alan's loves is Sue (left) and kids. Unlike many movie dads, he hopes the kids will act.



Second comes his ranch (and the animals). "But to have it, I have to leave it," he mourns.

■ If Alan Ladd were in your shoes, two things are highly probable. One: his feet would hurt, since you don't wear the same size. The other: he'd make a few minor changes around the house, this otherwise delightful place you live in.

Knock down the west wall, for instance, and put in a picture window. Turn the two front rooms into an L-shaped living area. Put a jog in the driveway.

Furthermore, you might do well to listen to him. The chances are excellent that he's right.

His preoccupation with interior and exterior design has led to a fairly widespread belief that in the event he foresakes films, he would turn to building —and very likely succeed in the business, particularly if he specialized in ranch dwellings.

Among those who share this opinion is the foremost authority on Ladd, his wife and ex officio biographer, Sue Carol. While it is not quite conceivable to Sue that Alan would leave pictures any way other than feet first, she occasionally joins with her worrier husband in the thought that there is no such thing as a pat hand.

Alan habitually sees disaster riding up over the nearest hill, a chap on a black horse with a dirty look, and a whip labeled "A. Ladd." Sue doesn't see it, but she's willing to talk eventualities, gloomy and implausible as they may sound.

There are the chickens, for example. On the Hidden Valley ranch, Alsulana Acres, the Ladds are pretty successful chicken farmers. Self-sustaining, and that's pretty successful. The chickens lay the eggs, the eggs go to Chasen's restaurant or the Paramount (*Continued on page 91*)



December

BEAUTY FAIR

GLAMOUR IS MADE, NOT BORN. HERE IS HOW EIGHT PRETTY GIRLS MADE THEMSELVES OVER INTO EIGHT GREAT BEAUTIES.

by Sally Simms

■ One of Hollywood's most repeated myths is that all screen beauties are born beautiful.

According to the legend started and perpetuated by press agents, each star entered the world endowed with flawless figure, classic features, milk-and-roses complexion.

Not true.

The truth is that most movie actresses are attractive. But beautiful? Well—not necessarily.

In Hollywood more than anywhere else the difference between a good-looking girl and a real beauty is a finely drawn line. And the line that divides the average from the extraordinary depends on one major factor—*awareness.*

Those girls who acquire the aura of true beauty do so by being as much aware of their weak points as they are of their strong ones.

True beauty is founded upon the softening and correcting of imperfections. No one in Hollywood was born perfect. Liz Tayor came close to it, but even she, as you will see, has had to improve upon nature's endowments.

One example of a basically attractive girl who has grown into a beauty is Janet Leigh.

When Janet first reported to MGM seven years ago, as a result of Norma (*Continued on page* 65)

More pictures on following pages



LIZ TAYLOR Undeniably, Liz had a head start on almost everyone. Perhaps too lovely naturally, she thought her looks would take care of themselves without help—even after she gave birth. It took strenuous reducing to bring her back to shape. Now she grooms with care, watches her weight.

DEBRA PAGET A lady still in the dark, Debra has experimented with every beauty type from sweet-and-simple to sleek-and-sophisticated. Willingly, she has dyed and re-dyed her hair, altered her makeup, changed her personality. But one can have too much of change, too. It's time she made up her mind.



BETTY GRABLE

December

BEAUTY FAIR continued



JEAN PETERS



SUSAN HAYWARD

BETTY GRABLE An all-time favorite beauty queen, Betty attributes her still-perfect figure to the strenuous exercise it gets when she dances, recommends workouts. She's an advocate of the study-yourself method, keeps an eye out constantly for ways to perfect herself.



SUSAN HAYWARD Susan believes in placing strong emphasis on one outstanding feature; in her case, her masses of auburn hair. She tones her make up down so that it does not detract from the effect, dresses in colors which blend harmoniously with her long, thick hair.

JEAN PETERS A tall girl, Jean found that her hairstyle made a great difference to her overall appearance: swept up and out, it helped proportion her head perfectly to her body. Jean's mature face is set off by her personal poise, will grow still lovelier with time.

DORIS DAY Unsuccessful as a glamour girl, Doris came into her own as the fresh, young, outdoorsey type. Her short, casual but not careless blonde hair, the freckles she never tries to hide, the wide smile and bubbly atmosphere she generates all fit together most appealingly.



Mono Nerney, Pat's seven-year-old, gets along beautifully with Janie's Geary, Jr., and Sis. Monie's mother, Mona Freeman, encourages her daughter's friendly relations with Jane—even when it includes telephoning Miss Powell at seven A.M.

■ By the time you read this, give or take a few days, Jane will be Mrs. Patrick Nerney. She wants a small, simple wedding, preferably just for the family. If her present plans hold, she'll be married in blue. "We'll match," she says. "Pat will wear a navy blue suit and a light blue tie." The exact date depends on the windup of *Hit The Deck*, her current picture. She thinks November 8 would be lovely, if possible. It's the anniversary of her first date with Pat.

His first call took her by surpise. She knew his name from the newspapers. They'd met once, briefly, sitting across from each other at a big dinner party. She thought how intensely alive he seemed and forgot all about him. Nor had he appeared to show special interest in her. Then the phone rang and the voice said, "This is Pat Nerney. I wonder if you'd let me take you to dinner tonight."

"Why, yes, I'd like that," she heard herself saying, and a few minutes later wished it unsaid. At least, in a way she did. Between Jane and Jane, the debate went something like this:

"You should've played a little hard to get."

"Bother, I'm sick of sitting around at home."

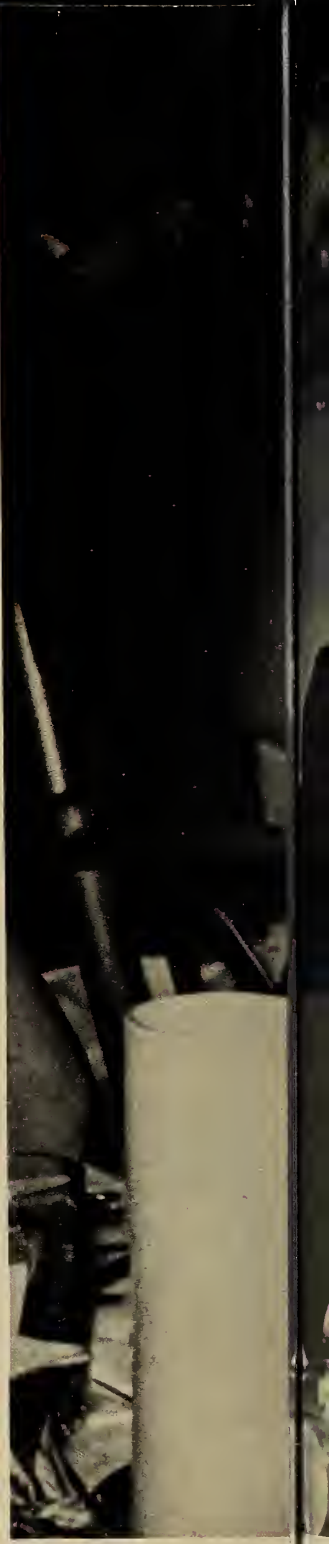
"Why didn't you tell him you're busy tonight, maybe next week?"

"Because I'm not busy tonight."

"That's just the point. What'll he think, snapping him up like that the first time he calls?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't care what he thinks. He's a nice red-headed guy who means nothing to me. I've been cooped up too long. I just want to get out and see people and laugh and dance."

Having squelched the other Jane, her mind should have (*Continued on page* 86)



PAPA LOVES



MAMA

The bells are ringing for Jane Powell and her Pat. This time nothing is going to jangle the love-song.

BY IDA ZEITLIN



TYRONE POWER Too good looking as a boy, Ty acquired hardness in the Marine Corps, added maturity in his early forties to become a screen lover more to be mauled than mothered. Should the star of *The Long Gray Line* ever ask the ladies of the nation to welcome him into their livingrooms via TV he'll be asking a lot. No woman of any age will ever get a good night's sleep again.

WILLIAM HOLDEN Oscar winner, perfect father, never a playboy, Bill is walking proof that if you ignore a couple of million females long enough they'll be your slaves. *Bridges At Toko-Ri* may bring him another Oscar; his very happy marriage has brought him peace, prosperity and a reputation as one Hollywood star who really means it when he says he doesn't believe in divorce.

GREGORY PECK People may blame Greg for occasionally seeming to forget that he has a wife—but it's hard to blame the girls for not reminding him. In a dark room, a white spotlight or in *Moby Dick*, Peck's voice is more penetrating to the feminine subconscious than a bath in My Sin and his wistful, moody face, like Jimmy Stewart's, calls out every female instinct known to man.

For ten years these stalwart standard-bearers of sex appeal have been unchallenged champs. All the bright young men haven't unseated them yet—and they may reign for ten more. Long Live The Kings!

KINGS' ROW



More pictures on next page











GARY COOPER Once, at the height of his career, he was reputed to have asked a gas station attendant where he could find a date. He was even more confused later about his marital situation. Now he and Rocky seem to understand it, but no one else does. The girls swooning over *Vera Cruz* don't want to understand. They're content to swoon.

JOHN WAYNE American girls don't much mind if the star of *The Conqueror* marries Latin Pilar Palette. Duke's fascinating combination of bigness, a dash of rascality and a liberal dose of extreme nonchalance make his appeal so great that if all the men in his home state did as well with the ladies there'd be a mass migration to Iowa.

BURT LANCASTER His training as a circus acrobat gives Burt more animal appeal than anything in Hollywood—with the possible exception of Alan Ladd, Lassie and Jerry Lewis' monkey-shines. The reaction to *Gabriel's Horn* is expected to be a stampede, with a herd of females of the species longing to invade any jungle that holds Burt.

ROBERT TAYLOR This vigorous newly-wed will no doubt have the distinction of being one of the few leading men who can say goodbye to Grace Kelly when *Quentin Durward* is finished—and forget her. At forty-three Bob has achieved more conquests with a profile than most lads can behind drawn blinds—and been a gentleman throughout.

CLARK GABLE The giant from Cadiz, Ohio, still swaggers at the age of fifty-three, swashbuckling his way through *Soldier Of Fortune*. He was mobbed by teenagers recently while shopping for socks at Saks, and there seems no doubt that the Clark Gable of 1954 is Clark Gable. His offscreen romantic-hero life does no harm—but then, what could?



COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

FOR ANN BLYTH THEY ADD UP TO TIM, JIM, HOME AND WORK—SUCH A HAPPY COMBINATION





Ann opened her nightclub act at Topps, a dinner club in San Diego. "I'll never give up entertoining," she said there. "I've worked so long ond I love it so much. Jim understonds."



"How do I look?" she osked friends before she went on. "Like on ongel," they said. Her frogile oppeorance is one of Ann's trademorks, but Dr. Jim soys, "She's stronger thon she looks!"



A sophisticoted angel in second costume, black, Ann stayed severol doys, drove home before filling her next engagement. "It's the times with your family thot count most," she explained.

Ann went on tour but she never left home—by more than a few hours travel. Phone calls kept her in constant touch with Timmy.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR



Trip squeezed in visit to vets ot Son Diego Noval Hospital.

■ Last March Ann Blyth McNulty sang "My Secret Love" at the Academy Awards show. When Ann was finished, Donald O'Connor, the master of ceremonies and one of her dearest friends, turned to the audience and said, "That number was sung by Ann Blyth and family."

Ann smiled happily at the applause, and some twenty-seven million television viewers learned that Ann Blyth was pregnant.

"A few days later," Ann recalls, "the gifts started coming in. The wonderful fans I have sent rompers and baby shoes and blankets. And—well, it was surprising, and I'm very grateful to everyone."

The interest in Ann's pregnancy was overwhelming.

"It's very simple," explains Mario Lanza, who played opposite Ann in *The Great Caruso;* "this girl has proven to the public that a Hollywood star can have the same desire for a happy home and a happy family life as any other typical, wholesome girl. She's charming and gracious and helpful, and people love her the same way they used to love Shirley Temple. That's why they're interested in everything about her."

Ann, since her marriage to Dr. Jim McNulty, has been called "The Doctor's Wife" in the movie colony, and as such she's been the beneficiary of the best available medical advice.

Most girls are fairly squeamish during their first pregnancy, but not Ann. She worked in *Rose Marie,* she rehearsed her nightclub act, she flew to Las Vegas to catch her brother-in-law's show (*The Dennis Day Program*) and in general she was (*Continued on page* 71)

WAS THIS WHAT CHILLED ROCK HUDSON'S ROMANCE?



Rock met Italian Countess Maria Coagne at the Venice Film Festival—which he attended without Betty.



Still working on the same lot, Rock and ex-best-girl Betty Abbott refuse to discuss the quarrel which sent Betty home from Ireland alone.

by KEVIN BURKE

■ This is the way they tell it. The shooting of *Captain Lightfoot* in Ireland was almost over. Most of the cast and crew were gathered in their usual location hangout, a quaint Irish restaurant, when Rock Hudson and Betty Abbott walked in. Everyone waved, of course, and said hi, but no one was surprised that the two preferred a quiet corner table by themselves to joining the crowd. They had a lot to talk about, obviously, and they had both seemed thoughtful lately. Not so much as to interfere with Rock's ever-improving emoting or with Betty's efficient handling of her script-girl chores—but still thoughtful, a little abstract, not quite the carefree, bubbling kids who had arrived on location fresh from a European auto trip with Barbara Rush.

Tactfully, no one paid any attention to the young pair after they were seated. If they wanted to hold hands, maybe whisper a little—well, everyone knew that they were practically engaged. Why, the American papers, arriving only a few days late, carried speculations about Rock and Betty in almost every gossip column. And if Rock had had a few dates in Venice with the charming young Countess Maria Coagne—well, there was nothing wrong with that, was there? Betty knew all about it. So, after a paternal glance or two, the crew went back to their talk. But it wasn't long before it became apparent that there was little hand-holding and less whispering going on at the corner table. There was talk, then there was a discussion, then there was something that sounded like an argument—and (*Continued on page* 88)





LOVE CAME FIRST



It's a rare moment when Tony, always on the go, sits down. His first date with Cyd went badly because he dashed around all evening. Later she received many warnings that Tony was too restless, too used to charming women. Cyd smiled, and loved him for it.



Having Tony, Jr., kept Cyd from playing in *American In Paris.* She couldn't have cared less, although it was her biggest break to date.

The world's worst wives are ballerinas? Crooners make lousy husbands? Everyone says so but Cyd and Tony. They're upsetting the statistics!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ Six years ago when Cyd, a soft-spoken, long-legged dancing beauty, drove up to Santa Barbara and married singer Tony Martin, the Hollywood gossip columnists had a wry old time.

"I predict," wrote one, "that this marriage will last all of ninety days." "It should surprise no one," remarked another, "if Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin don't make a go of it." A third wrote, "If this one lasts, I'll regain a little of my long-lost faith in Hollywood matrimony."

Behind these predictions of marital mishap lay several valid reasons.

Cyd and Tony had both been divorced, and Cyd had a son by her former marriage.

It is axiomatic in film circles that two show-business careers in one family mix about as well as oil and water.

Tony Martin is a crooner, and as a group, crooners are noted for inconsistency. They wander around the country from supper club to nightclub, separated from their wives for long periods of time. They are continually assaulted by predatory females. In order to be successful, crooners must direct charm and sex appeal at women.

Without elaborating on the hectic marital history of Frank Sinatra, Rudy Vallee, Billy Eckstine, Dick Haymes and half a dozen others, crooners don't make the best of husbands.

Ballerinas are not noted for success- (*Continued on next page*)

(*Continued from page 49*) ful marriages either. Some say they cannot and should not divide their time between art and a family. Supposedly, these are incompatible and success at one usually means failure in the other.

Despite all these reasons why it should have failed, the Cyd Charisse-Tony Martin marriage is today one of the happiest and most secure in Hollywood.

The Martins live, at the moment, in a rambling, colonial house. They have just sold it because they are building a new home up the hill from Elizabeth Taylor's new estate. It should be finished almost any day now.

TONY AND CYD are very much in love and no one has yet seen them quarreling with each other, not even their servants. As a result the most skeptical diehards now predict that if any Hollywood marriage is destined to last "until death do us part," this one is it.

The major share of credit for the blissful and still-promising situation must go to Cyd Charisse.

Tony Martin is not the easiest guy in the world to live with. Tony, as everyone in Hollywood knows, is sports crazy.

His house is filled with such souvenirs as—well, let Cyd tell you. "We have baseball bats signed by the champion New York Giants of 1951. We have a cricket bat from Don Bradman. All sorts of autographed baseballs from Leo Durocher. Leo is one of Tony's best friends. We have footballs from St. Mary's and golf clubs from a dozen different matches.

"When the Giants lose a baseball game, I usually try to keep the newspaper away from him or lock him in his room. He is the Giants' number one rooter. He even owns the jacket that Bobby Thomson wore when he hit that pennant-winning homer in 1951."

In 1948 when Tony married Cyd, he insisted upon taking her east for her first World Series although she didn't know the difference between a fielder's choice and a run batted in.

She knows the difference now. She also knows a lot of other new things. Living with Tony means living with a small army of music arrangers, press agents, mucians, song-pluggers, TV executives and visiting athletes.

"Tony," Cyd explains, "cannot follow just one sports event at a time. While he watches one on TV, he has another going on the radio."

Cyd takes all this cheerfully and graciously. She is the perfect wife because she has consistently refused to succumb to any temptation to try to change her husband. And she has never let her career interfere with her second marriage.

"Even before I was married to Tony," Cyd recalls, "people used to warn me about him. 'Tony Martin's a wonderful guy,' they'd say, 'but he's always on the go. He'll never be able to settle down and you'll never be able to change him.'

"What they didn't realize," Cyd continues, "is that I loved him for what he was and didn't want to change him."

As to the old problem of career versus marriage, Cyd decided months before she married Tony that for her marriage would always come first.

SHE HAD AN opportunity to confirm this resolution early in 1949 when she and Tony returned from their European honeymoon.

At that time Cyd was assigned the lead opposite Gene Kelly in *An American In Paris*, the musical extravaganza that was later to win the Academy Award. This, Cyd felt, was the big break she'd been waiting and working for. A month later, however, she dropped in one afternoon to see her doctor. He told her she was pregnant. A big, happy smile on her beautiful face, Cyd drove to MGM and raced into the office of producer Arthur Freed.

"Arthur," she announced joyfully, "you'll have to get someone else for the part. I'm going to have a baby."

Freed, who has admired Cyd for years, offered his congratulations, sincere and heartfelt; but presently, a small coterie of well-intentioned emissaries descended upon the Martin household. Subtle as the Rocky Mountains, they told the expectant mother about the movie star who always works during the first six months of her pregnancy, performing all sorts of acrobatics.

"You can have a baby any time," one particularly jaded actress advised, "but a role like yours comes once in a lifetime."

The tall, graceful dancer from Amarillo, Texas, listened—Cyd always listens—and she thanked these people for their solicitude and counsel. But she stayed home.

She wanted her baby and she would take no risks by working while she was pregnant. She resolved to carry the baby without complaining, carping or causing her Tony any needless worry or aggravation. And she did.

IN HER PREVIOUS pregnancy, Cyd had been very annoying to her first husband, ballet master Nico Charisse. She had awakened him at two and three in the morning, sent him scurrying to the corner drugstore for milk shakes, asked him to satisfy her every whim. She was only sixteen, and understandably she was panic-stricken at the first approach of morning sickness.

"For nine months," Nico Charisse recalls, "she gave me a bad time. She was young and she worried a lot. She sent for her own childhood nurse from Texas. Later her mother moved in on us. Then her brother. She made it a real big thing. Of course, she was just a child herself and our marriage was a mistake. Mostly, I guess, it was my fault. I was too old for her. But young girls have given birth to babies since the world began. No need to drive a man nutty just because you're bearing a baby."

Two years after the arrival of Tony, Jr., Cyd saw the actress who had advised her against stopping work.

"See?" said the actress, "*American In Paris* won the Academy Award. If you had worked you might have had an Oscar today."

Cyd merely smiled. "Some people," she says, "are cursed with perverted values."

The values Cyd Charisse is blessed with today, the outlook and demeanor that make her one of Hollywood's best-loved actresses, are the result of all her former experiences.

CYD HAS BEEN dancing since she was six years old. She came to Hollywood when she was twelve. She has traveled widely and seen much. She knows what it is to be eaten by ambition. She knows, too, that a successful career is not enough for a normal woman. Love and children and a good husband count most.

It wasn't always like this, of course. Cyd is from Amarillo. She was born at 1616 Tyler Street and named Tula Ellice Finklea. She was sent to dancing school to build up her thin body. Two of her dancing teachers, Constance Ferguson and Rosalee Raymond, told Mrs. Finklea one day, "Your daughter has great natural talent. It should be developed."

The Finklea family vacationed in Hollywood the summer Cyd was twelve. She danced for Nico Charisse, one of the most popular dancing instructors in the film colony then. (*Continued on page 85*)

hollywood approves your Xmas gifts

■ To give—or to own! Whisper into Santa's ear—or—surprise those you love by giving these gifts! Mitzi Gaynor, Debra Paget, Sheree North, Terry Moore, Marilyn Monroe and Donald O'Connor (as Santa Claus), members of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Christmas Board, chose and approved these wonderful gifts to fullfill your heart's desire. Be sure to see The MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board Members, Marilyn Monroe, Mitzi Gaynor and Donald O'Connor in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope film, *There's No Business Like Show Business.* Also see the other wonderful 20th CinemaScope productions, *White Feather* starring Debra Paget and *Pink Tights* with Sheree North.

1. Rain Dears—*jewel-like boots that daintily, safely and surely protect your footwear from rain or snow. These boots come in clear or smoke plastic for flat, cuban or high heels. About $2. By Lucky.*

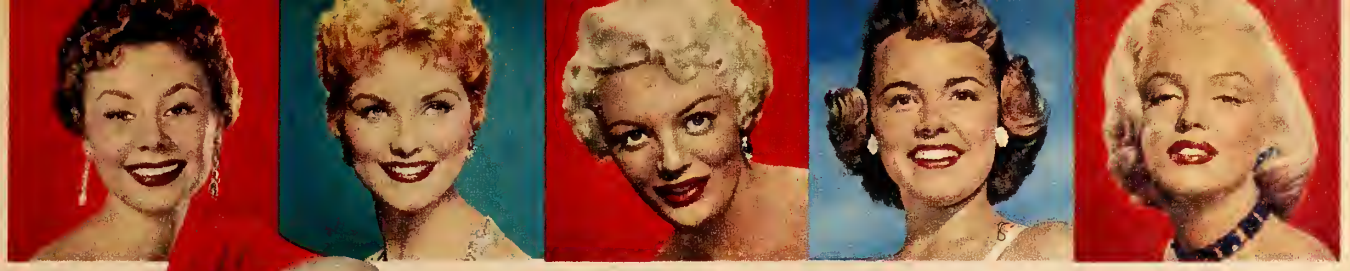
2. *Lane Cedar Chest—handsome and, practical. Just right as a decorator's item—ideal for storing and protecting every kind of treasure. Features cedar lined compartment, velvety-lined drawer. This model in blond oak. About $60.*

3. *Famous perfumes by Dana. Platine, Emir, 20 Carats and Tabu—exciting, stimulating, enchanting—world-renowned fragrances that delight the heart, make dreams come true—make him remember!*

4. *Ship 'n Shore's gay* Toreador *shirt in washable gingham plaid with black crochet trim on the Peter Pan collar and pleated ruffle. A peppy, perky, practical pick-up to give dash to every girl's wardrobe. Fashion colors. About $4.*

5. *Sheer, lovely Bur-Mil Cameo* Skin Tone *stockings that flatter and beautify every* leg complexion. *Packaged in the famous* petti-point *Cameo box, or prettily and especially gift-wrapped for Christmas giving by Bur-Mil Cameo.*

6. Court Lady *by Rose Marie Reid—a boned sheath of elasticized bengaline. Sure-fire swim glamour for hours under the southern sun or at indoor pools in northern climes. Beautifully fitted. Also available in aqua, sapphire, moss green, amethyst, black or white. About $20.*





Modern Screen Christmas Gifts



More fashions on page 62



2



3





5



6





CHANGE of HEART



EDITOR'S NOTE:

A few hours before we went to press with this issue, Pier Angeli surprised us all by announcing her engagement to Vic Damone. The news was particularly surprising because Pier had been spending most of her time with Jimmy Dean who appeared to be her best beau. What follows is our writer's report on the events leading up to the engagement, Pier's own words as she explained why she would not become Mrs. Dean. Between the lines you find the key: Mrs. Pierangeli never approved of the match. Vic Damone is an old friend, a charming, personable young man who is just right for Pier.



Announcement of Pier's engagement to Vic Damone (left) caught the press looking in the wrong direction—still watching her now-ended romance with Jimmy Dean (above).

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

■ It was very funny to everyone except Pier Angeli and Jimmy Dean.

Pier and Jimmy were having a small tête à tête in Pier's dressing room on the set of *The Silver Chalice*. Jimmy had come over from the sound stage a few doors away where he was making *East Of Eden*.

While Jimmy and Pier were talking, Pier's mother, a strict Italian matriarch from the old school, walked in.

With Mrs. Pierangeli was Count Carlos Franchesioni, a family friend from the old days in Italy, who wanted very much to watch Anna work. Anna is Pier's real first name. Her whole name is Anna Pierangeli, and everyone who knows the fragile, green-eyed, little gazelle calls her Anna.

When the Signora Pierangeli encountered the T-shirted Dean in her beautiful daughter's dressingroom, she grew mildly livid.

Dean looked at Mama Pierangeli, muttered something like "Oh, brother!" and got out of the dressingroom in a little less than nothing flat.

A few hours later the story was (*Continued on page* 76)

"Why, of course, being a star has changed my life," Bob says cheerfully. "Now I like oatmeal!"



With four pictures completed, Bob still attends classes conducted by good friend Botomi Schneider, Universal's drama coach. "But I don't have to sweat blood over every scene any more," he says.



A close personal friend since he became her pupil, Bob looks on Botomi and husband Benno as "my second parents," often stayed at their home in the lean days before he got his big break in *The Caine Mutiny.*



Bob's father and mother expect him to handle any situation. "We looked after Bob, but we let him take care of his own affairs," his ex-postman dad says. "That's the way to make a boy a man."



Bob has an interest, personal and financial, in a sports shop, once owned three in partnership with brother. The outdoors is still his great love. "Sports?" he says honestly. "You name it—I can do it!"

HEAR THAT RUMBLE IN THE FAR, FAR WEST? THAT'S THE SOUND OF EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD

SOUND of THUNDER

by Toni Noel

■ When Robert Charles Francis took his first tentative steps into a school yard, he was wearing a Buster Brown suit. Probably you don't even remember what you wore on your first school day, but with good reason Bob has total recall of that event in his life. "They beat my brains out," he says, "they" being the young animals otherwise known as small boys.

"Mother," said he in a childish treble when he returned home in tatters that afternoon, "I don't think this bit is going to sell."

It was apparent to Mrs. Francis that her second son had been fighting, but the reason behind this unseemly behavior was too elemental for an adult mind to grasp—to wit: any kid in a Buster Brown has got to get his brains beat out. "Nonsense," said Bob's mother, a great believer in individuality. "Never follow the herd, son. Make them follow you."

Next morning, garbed in a similar costume, Bob reappeared in

She's only a little bit of a thing—but then, so is the atom! The difference being that they're both going up, but Maggie may go higher!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

MEET MAGGIE McNAMARA



■ The dining car steward slipped a menu under the nose of the pint-sized girl and said, "Miss O'Brien, I wonder if you'd autograph this—after you order, of course. You've been my favorite movie actress since you were a little girl *that* high! My," he beamed, "you're getting to be quite a grown-up young lady now, aren't you?"

The dainty Irish face rewarded him with a sweet smile and the hazel eyes fluttered innocently. "Yes indeed," the girl agreed. "I certainly am!" Calmly and carefully she wrote, "Gratefully yours—Maggie."

Then she winked at the man seated across the table, living evidence that she was indeed quite a grown-up young lady. She was his bride, and they were on their first trip together to Chicago where she'd star on the stage in *The Moon Is Blue*.

This was her first autograph request from a movie fan and Maggie McNamara saw no good reason to disillusion her admirer by explaining that she wasn't Margaret O'Brien. The situation appealed to her Irish sense of humor, and (*Continued on page* 77)

RIGHT GUY

New freedom, new life, new girls add up to new problems for Madison— but he's meeting them all in the old, quiet way he learned in the harder years.

BY JACK WADE



Guy built 16-faat skiff, "We Ga" with . . .



help af brather Wayne (Chad Mallory) . . .



wha gaes fishing and hunting with him.



Guy's frequent dating af starlet Sheila Cannally has created ramance rumars. She shares his love af sparts.



But Guy is still playing the field, dates Barbara Warner almast as aften . . . and has developed a minar taste far nightlife.



"Hunting—or in any situation—Guy calls his own shots," says close pal Rory Calhoun. "Nobody stampedes Guy and makes him lose his head."

■ "I call Guy Madison 'Tiger,'" says his friend Rory Calhoun, "because that's what he reminds me of—a sleeping tiger. He's quiet. But all the time he knows what's going on and how to handle it."

Rory has known Guy since their beginning days at Selznick studios. Guy calls the six-foot-three dark Irishman "Blackie." Tiger and Blackie cottoned up to each other from the minute they met. "Maybe," says Rory, "because we both fell out of a tree on the way to Hollywood. I was a logger and Guy was a telephone lineman. I dropped 'em down; he put 'em up. However it happened, I'm one of the lucky ones. Guy is my friend."

Rory and his wife, dark-eyed singer Lita Baron, see Guy about every day. He might drop in any time, leave just as suddenly, without explanation. They never ask him questions, he tells them little. All through his unhappiness with his wife, Gail Russell, he never mentioned his troubles, although he knew they knew. They have seen him grim-lipped and silent. And they've seen him riotously gay.

Last New Year's Eve, for instance, when Lita was appearing at Mocambo, it was Guy's idea to stag it there with Rory and surprise her. That night Guy put on a performance that would do credit to a Parisian *boulevardier*. Togged out in dinner clothes at a ringside table, he danced, sang, donned paper caps, tooted horns and tossed serpentines around the place. Not until it closed in the small hours did he leave—packing champagne bottles under each arm—to lead a caravan of cars full of friends they'd collected out to Rory's house to carry on the rest of the night. "And then suddenly he was gone," remembers Lita. "The champagne bottles were on the floor by the chair where he'd sat. Still unopened. He doesn't like to drink." He doesn't need it to celebrate when he feels like it. Next day while Lita and Rory were recuperating, Guy was out in the valley roping calves for practice.

Such impetuous sprees do not surprise Guy's friends, the Calhouns. Nor to them (*Continued on next page*)

The road back to health is a rough one for Lanza. Your letters can help him make it.

IF YOU LOVE MARIO . . .



When in shape, Lanza's shoulder spread is huge. Expanded, his chest measures over 50"

■ Ever since the release of *The Student Prince*, featuring the voice of Mario Lanza, there has been a revival of interest in Mario.

The millions of music lovers who boomed his *Student Prince* record album to a number-one best-seller are asking, "When will Mario make another movie? What's wrong with him? What's he doing?"

You can help make sure that the answer is: He's doing fine, he's feeling great! In his fight for health, mental and physical, Mario needs encouragement, the assurance that the public he loves is behind him. Write and tell him so, addressing your letters to Mario Lanza, MODERN SCREEN, 261 5th Avenue, New York.

Mario's big trouble is emotional immaturity. Garrulous by nature, he loves people. When one of them hurts or angers him, he goes to pieces and reacts by indulging in tremendous eating and drinking sprees.

The day after Mario broke with his personal manager, Sam Weiler, he ate thirty hot dogs, drank thirty-two bottles of beer. The day after he read the audited report of his dire financial straits, he wolfed down twenty-four sandwiches, drank fifteen quarts of beer.

When various members of his family were sick, he stayed up night after night with them. When they recovered he would celebrate with four or five bottles of champagne.

After two years of indulging in self-sympathy, Mario last September decided to turn over a new leaf.

He checked in at the Las Encinas Sanitarium in Pasadena, weighing a little under 300.

"I must lose a hundred pounds in thirty days," he told the doctors. "I've signed to make my television debut on the Chrysler Show, and I must be in shape."

"That's pretty impossible," Mario was told. "The human body, no matter how strong, can't stand so great a weight loss in so short a time."

Lanza grinned. "All my life," he explained, "I've been fat and thin. One time I weighed 287. I dieted and went down to 157. I know I can do it again. I must do it again."

In thirty days Mario dropped more than forty pounds. The doctors were amazed. Mario seemed to thrive on no more than 500 calories a day.

By the time you read this he will have made his debut on TV—although the doctors wanted him to postpone it to Thanksgiving Day. He may even have dropped to 190 pounds which is his weight for films.

At last Lanza is trying. He has snapped out of his morbid lethargy, He is looking to the future with hope and vigor.

In the last three months he has received forty-five starring offers from film companies.

"All I want," he says now, "is to sing, to reach as many people as possible."

(*Continued from page 59*) do they presage danger of his succumbing to the soft life. Both Rory and Lita, who share Guy's passion for archery, camping, hunting and fishing, have been with him where a man's true mettle gleams through unmistakably, and to them it is inconceivable that Guy could ever put himself in a posture of danger in Hollywood or elsewhere. They've had too much proof.

RORY HAS HUNTED in all kinds of rugged country with Guy on expeditions with bow and arrow, stalking dangerous game. "People ask, 'Haven't you and Guy ever been in any tight squeezes?' But I can't remember many. The reason is that Guy doesn't let himself get in danger. He's a deadly, tenacious hunter, but an alert and cautious one. And that's the way he is in most predicaments—calling his own shots. Nobody's going to stampede the Tiger and make him lose his head." The only time Rory ever saw Guy blow his top was, he cheerfully admits, when Rory lost his own good sense. That was during a pig hunt on Catalina Island a few years ago.

"It's my boar story," Rory grins. "Maybe 'bore' story is more accurate—I've told it so many times. But I like to because it gives such perfect line on the unimpressed and unchangeable way Guy reasons."

When you hunt this most dangerous of all quarry (and Guy's favorite game), Rory explained, you're safest sticking together. It takes only a few seconds for an enraged hog to charge from the brush and rip you to ribbons with his razor sharp tusks. With arrows, as Guy and Rory prefer to do it, it's twice as risky solo.

As Rory tells it, this time they were stalking up a canyon which suddenly forked. "You take that one and I'll go up this way," Guy decided. "Travel fast and I'll meet you at the top of the mountain. Don't stop for anything."

However, on his way up Rory spied what they'd both been looking for and instead of hiking back for Guy to back him he waded in, let fly and bagged a beauty with his first arrow. Meanwhile Madison had toiled to the top. When Rory didn't show he began to worry. When he heard some wild goats go "Ba-a, baa-a," his anxiety translated that to cry of "Bob! Bob!" (Guy's real name and what he likes to be called by his friends). With visions of Rory pinned under a furious boar Guy scrambled over ridges, gullies and hills to the other fork only to find his partner grinning widely. He flamed, bawling out Rory for not keeping his word.

"But look," exulted Calhoun. "I got one!" and pointed to the tusker at his feet. Guy was impressed but not enough to change his one-track mind. Instead of compliments, blue blazer words singed Rory. "When I say keep going and meet me," stormed Guy, "I mean it. You want to get killed?"

LIKE THE CALHOUNS, Guy's other best friend, Howard Hill, knows the stuff Madison's made of. Howard, a bold-nosed, soft-spoken Alabaman is the most formidable hunter with bow and arrow in the world. He's skewered everything from rattlesnakes to elephants and if you saw his African game picture, *Tembo*, you don't need any more buildup. Howard Hill has known Guy since he was a fourteen-year-old kid roaming the irrigation canals of Bakersfield, California, hunting small game. He has taught Guy everything he knows about expert archery, and like Rory, has been his companion on countless big game hunts. The pair tracked elk together through the snows of Idaho and Utah last October. As this is written, they are both in (*Continued on page 68*)

In these three hours your skin *"dies"* a little

Every day for "danger periods" of 1 to 3 hours, your skin is open to trouble, dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, real trouble can start:

Dryness . . . cracking . . ."shriveling"
Enlarged pores, coarseness



Read how women noted for their beautiful complexions keep free of these skin problems . . .

After each washing— "re-balance" your skin

The more obvious signs of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing.

The tight-stretched *feel* of your face. Flakiness: often a splotchy look.

These are the first, small warnings of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hours that Nature takes to re-protect your skin, more serious problems can take root. Dryness. Shriveling. Clogged "pores"—forerunners of blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "No," leading skin doctors say. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin *instantly*. . ."

60 times faster than Nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shriveling. Keeps pore-openings cleared—keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

And, remember, a film of Pond's Cold Cream under make-up gives *continuing* skin "balance" all day.

A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides instant "re-balancings" after each washing, most skins need a thorough *clearing* every night. A *deep* Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges stubborn, water-resistant dirt. Stimulates circulation, awakens skin to its full beauty!

Do begin this simple, complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. After each face washing—a quick "re-balancing." At bedtime—a *deep* Pond's clearing. You've probably never tried a treatment so effective. You'll soon discover *how* effective, when your friends say, "Your complexion is looking *wonderful* lately!"

Among social leaders who use Pond's

S.A.R. LA PRINCESSE MURAT
THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY
THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT
MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART

Mrs. Anthony A. Bliss—This lovely young New York social leader—slender, vibrant, very fair—says, "Every woman who uses water as part of her face care should know what a major difference a follow-up with Pond's Cold Cream makes in the texture, and *good looks* of her skin. And a deep Pond's clearing at bedtime is a *necessity* to me."



The world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled. That's why more women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made! Get a *large* jar today.

Engstead



Modern Screen Gifts

■ Lovely Mitzi Gaynor poses with a Lane Cedar Chest of fine modern design, a wonderful gift any girl would be proud to own. Blond oak (as shown) or mahogany—roomy drawer in base, top drawers simulated. About $80. Hostess outfit—suede leather pants and iridescent snakeskin jacket by Samuel Robert, Leather Industries. Matching snakeskin slippers, Capezio. Famous *Heart-Rest* foam *Latex* pillow (available in three heights) by Playtex. Costume jewelry, Volupté. Kerchiefs, Logan.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVES YOUR



Prigent

■ Glamorous Denise Darcel holds a special Christmas gift package of Dana's provocative *Tabu* perfume fragrance and cologne. This *"forbidden"* fragrance is famous the world over! Perfume and cologne, about $5 (plus tax). Gown, Ceil Chapman. Pearl earrings, Duchess. Rhinestone dome ring, Ciner. Furs, Ritter Bros. Halvorson gift Christmas tree. Denise's holiday movie is the Hecht-Lancaster production *Vera Cruz* co-starring Burt Lancaster and Gary Cooper—released by U.A.

Engstead

■ Cleo Moore and Roberta Linn know how to protect all their lovely holiday shoes with Rain Dears Deluxe rainboots by Lucky. Designed for rain, sleet or snow—these soft, seamless, molded plastic rainboots (triple-thick, deep, non-slip tread) have easy-on-and-off bow-tie tape and snap fastenings. Smoke or clear. Universal-Fit for all types of shoes; Fashion-Fit for high and cuban heels. About $2. Raincoats and hats, Lawrence of London. Umbrellas, Mespo. See Cleo in the Columbia film, *Women's Prison;* Roberta is a famous TV and recording star.



XMAS GIFTS

more fashions on page 64



Roger Prigent

modern screen fashions

■ Dramatize your holiday frocks—wear them over Lovable's glamorous *Dance Time*. This easy, comfortable all-in-one assures a beautifully molded, natural look with bosom uplift. Embroidered nylon sheer with *Leno* elastic sides and back—three-quarter cups, padded under-sections. White or black. About $5. By Lovable. The high-fashion six-strand pearl necklace is by Duchess. Another favorite luxury, the intricately designed hand mirror, is by American Beauty.

december beauty fair

(*Continued from page 35*) Shearer's having sent her photo to the studio, she was no prettier than dozens of other coeds from the College of the Pacific in Stockton.

First, she was a little too plump, at least for the movie cameras. They have a way of enlarging everything. Secondly, her hair was too fluffy. It fell down around her forehead, broadening the entire facial structure. Her eyebrows were sharply angled at the ends, her clothes fussy.

Like many young and inexperienced girls, she knew very little about applying makeup. What she used, she used too heavily in the wrong places.

In the words of one MGM makeup man, "Janet was a sweet kid but she was too much of muchness."

IT TOOK time, of course, but honest, objective self-appraisal and learning a few basic makeup skills gradually brought out Janet's true loveliness.

First she gave up completely her beloved peanut butter sandwiches and pastry. For these she substituted cottage cheese and tomato salads. She also gave up all soft drinks, a sacrifice which even today drives husband Tony Curtis slightly mad as he can drink them ceaselessly without any visible signs of weight increase.

Having lost weight, Janet began giving away her dirndls and ruffled blouses. They had served only to make her look heavy. She began to buy suits and matching shoes. Today she is always well dressed, usually in one-color outfits.

Marilyn Maxwell and tiger got a telegram from Osa Johnson, who hunts tigers: "Do I try to sing? Stop horning in."
Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

She calmed down her hairdo. She brushed her hair back over her face instead of letting it droop. To highlight her face and accentuate her eyes, she used a makeup shade three tones lighter than her base color. Because her upper lip was a little thin, she gave herself a thicker one.

Janet developed into one of Hollywood's foremost beauties.

A few years ago, however, not long after she had married Tony, Janet, for reasons known only to herself, suddenly began to go to extremes. "I guess I just wanted a change," she says.

She dieted too strenuously. She let one hair-stylist cut off her long bob and lighten her naturally honey-blonde to a startling platinum. Simultaneously she began buying some pretty daring clothes. She looked strained and devastatingly out of character. Her new acquisitions did not seem to match her personality.

JANET IS an open-minded and intelligent young woman. A half dozen candid photos and a long, unbiased look in the mirror soon proved to her that she had swung the pendulum too hard and too far.

Now Janet is in the process of seeking a near-perfect balance.

She is gaining weight with a doctor-recommended diet re-enforced by frequent milkshakes. She has started to wear her hair long and loosely waved again and two shades darker. Her clothes are a bit more on the conservative side.

At the première of *The Egyptian* a few months ago, it was Mrs. Tony Curtis who took the limelight. Wearing a high-necked white lace sheath, softly feminine and expertly fitted to show her figure, she set the fans to screaming.



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BEAUTY FAIR ANALYSIS CHART

NAME	FIGURE	HAIR	EYES	MOUTH	POWDER	ROUGE	BEST COLORS	BEST STYLES
JANET LEIGH	38" bust 24" waist Tendency toward thinness	Honey blonde	Uses brown mascara and brown eye-pencil	Clear tones. Lipstick is only make-up accent	Light	None	Blue	Sports clothes, form-revealing and feminine
ELIZABETH TAYLOR	Size 12 Post-pregnancy weight problem	Blue-black Italian cut	Blue-green eye shadow	Lipstick matches clothes	Olive	Dark red	White	Tailored blouses, tightly belted full skirts
DORIS DAY	Size 12 Tall-type (5'7")	Cut short to look casual, but neat	No eye shadow	Lipstick matches clothes, follows natural line	None Lets her freckles show	None	Tan and beige	Peddle pushers, shorts, all sport clothes
SUSAN HAYWARD	Size 10 Loves butter, diets before pictures	Natural auburn Heavy, shoulder-length bob	Greenish eye shadow	Pale pink or light orange, depending on clothes	Little Has the good complexion of a redhead. Freckles show	Burnt orange	All shades of green	Soft black cocktail dresses, short evening gowns
BETTY GRABLE	Size 10-12	Platinum Very short cut	Eyebrow pencil	True red lipstick	None	None	Any pastels	Tailored suits, shirts, slacks
VIRGINIA MAYO	Size 10	Blonde Long bob	Brown eye pencil, mascara, artificial lashes	Slightly fuller than natural. Color blends with clothes	None	Peach-colored cream type	Red and pink	Cocktail, full glamour treatment for evening
JEAN PETERS	Size 12	Brown Sleek, well-brushed, shaped upward for height	Doe-eyes Brown mascara, greenish eyeshadow	Red	Little Likes a tanned, scrubbed skin	Little	Brown-grey to deep brown	Suits, evening dresses
DEBRA PAGET	Size 8	Red (at the moment) Short, sculptured cut	Doe eyes	Bright shades	Base color	Reddish	Pastels, prints; went through violet phase at one time	Everything dramatic from full skirts to sheaths

To her admiring public Elizabeth Taylor is the ultimate in natural beauty. And to a great extent this is true. But like many happily-endowed individuals Liz used to take her beauty for granted. She never thought much about careful grooming.

She'd succumb to a manicure only when there was nothing more exciting to do. Her luxurious head of curls, shaped by studio hairdressers since she was a child, continued to be shaped by them.

When Liz was off-salary she'd cut her hair with nail scissors. And insofar as weight was concerned, well, Liz used to eat pretty nearly everything as a youngster, and because she was athletic, she gained little.

When Liz married Mike Wilding, however, she reached the turning point. She gave up her careless childhood habits and began to look more womanly. But she could not or would not give up her eating routines. When she became pregnant, she continued to eat as she had always eaten. But her exercise was cut down.

You all know what happened. Liz gained thirty-five pounds during her pregnancy, twenty of which stayed on after the baby's birth.

Under normal conditions, Liz would have bounced back in six months. However, the studio didn't give her six months. Vivian Leigh suffered a nervous collapse during the filming of *Elephant Walk*, and Liz was loaned to replace her.

Liz had three weeks in which to take off twelve pounds. It was a painful experience consisting of appetite-curbing pills, steam baths and strenuous massage. But it started a new phase in Liz Taylor's approach to beauty and to health.

She now watches her weight very carefully, never letting it rise more than three pounds.

Because she's been around studios all her life, Liz knows a great deal about makeup. According to an MGM makeup man "Elizabeth Taylor is one of the most proficient actresses in the art of cosmetics. She has studied her own coloring and has a thorough understanding of her own special problems. One of the major ones is her heavy eyebrows. Liz has learned that she needs eye shadow to balance her eyebrows and violet eyes. Although few people are aware of it, she uses a lot of eye makeup. And in her case it's absolutely necessary or the brows would become the focus of attention rather than her beautiful eyes."

Liz is also extremely careful to match her lipstick to the color of her costume. She knows how to apply lipstick carefully. She uses a small amount of lipstick, evenly distributed in one thin layer.

Doris Day is not often listed as one of the outstanding screen beauties, and possibly it's her own fault. Ever since she became a star, Dodo has been saying that she isn't really very good-looking.

The truth is that she has a fresh, bouncing personality. Her face is freckled, her blue eyes sparkle. Her blonde hair is not natural, but it looks it.

Doris, however, knows what she is doing. "People look upon me as the girl next door. That's why I wouldn't let the studio try and turn me into a belt-line beauty. I think it would make me lose what individualism I have. There's nothing wrong with freckles. Why cover them up? There is no point in looking like everyone else."

When Doris sang many years ago with Bob Crosby and Les Brown, she tried to look like the popular conception of a star. She wore her hair long and down over the back of her neck. Her eyebrows were pencilled too darkly and her mouth make-up was much too large for her face.

When Mike Curtiz signed her for *Romance On The High Seas*, however, Doris learned that the fans liked her as "a friendly, typical American girl—with blonde hair."

That's when she decided that the freckles considered a liability by many girls were really her greatest asset. She also learned from studio makeup men that she didn't have to dye her eyebrows to go with her hair, that dark eyebrows and blonde hair offer a vivid contrast. She learned the value of artificial eyelashes and the youthful appearance short hair can give. Her looks blend with her personality.

Twenty years ago a Brooklyn girl named Edythe Marrener obtained her first modeling job. Although she was only sixteen and not too much to look at, she was smart. She fully realized that it was the heavy crown of auburn hair on her head that set her apart from other models.

Edythe Marrener is now known as Susan Hayward. She still knows that her beautiful hair is her outstanding endowment.

The advent of color movies and the popularization of Technicolor has probably done more for her than for any other actress because of her photogenic hair.

She always makes it a point to wear the palest of pink or orange lipsticks offscreen. Neither clashes with the red of her hair.

Susan is very careful about clothes. She

chooses greens, beige, black and always simple styles. Nothing to detract from her hair.

Susan has extremely white skin. She freckles easily and any kind of a sunburn blisters her skin badly. As a result she avoids overexposure like the plague.

She is more the screen siren than actresses like Doris Day or June Allyson. In her case, it pays to camouflage the freckles. She does this very easily on her face with basic makeup, but the freckles on her arms and shoulders are too numerous to hide, so she doesn't try, merely relaxes and forgets all about them.

WHEN IT comes to all-time beauty queens, Betty Grable is a popular choice to head the list. "Dancing has always kept me shapely," Betty offers, "and that's why I've never had any trouble with my figure."

On the subject of facial beauty, however, she insists that her features are not exceptional, but merely "adaptable."

"Over the past ten years," she says, "I've studied myself and from time to time made some pretty radical changes."

Betty has worn her hair in every conceivable style from upswept to poodle. She's varied her lip-line, re-done her eyebrows, modified her makeup. All this is important, but Betty's greatest asset is her voluptuous figure. Her greatest effort goes into maintaining that.

SELF-STUDY IS the one thing all movie actresses have in common. This self-study must be honest, constant and searching. Actresses cannot kid themselves. When age catches up with one beauty feature, they compensate by concentrating on another.

Virginia Mayo is typical of the actresses who study themselves with professional candor. Admittedly, Virginia has been gifted with delicate coloring and near-perfect features, but she claims that isn't enough for true beauty.

She believes that her skin tone, the lustre of her eyes and the sheen of her hair depend on inner health. She scrupulously follows a doctor's diet for health.

Virginia weakens rather easily. "There is a lot of hard work and nervous pressure in this business," she says. She eats hefty meals of steak, eggs, beef and other high-protein foods. She takes vitamins at each meal and goes to the doctor every six months for a checkup.

"It's impossible," she maintains, "to look really well unless you feel well. Health is the key to beauty. At least for me."

JEAN PETERS believes in taking excellent care of her health, too. But while bad health may ruin good beauty, good health will not necessarily turn a girl into a raving beauty overnight.

At 20th experts re-did her hair, studied her facial features and taught her a good deal about makeup.

Because Jean is fairly tall, her hair was brushed up to make sure that her head was perfectly proportioned to her body. Jean also learned that the modern look is natural rather than artificial, that beauty technique should never be obvious, but hide itself gracefully. She learned, too, that poise and feeling at ease are as important as any physical reconditioning.

Jean Peters has the sort of face that grows more beautiful with maturity and love. Now that she's married, she is looking prettier than ever and has decided to "leave whatever features I have alone, at least for the time being."

DEBRA PAGET, on the other hand, is in the throes of experimenting with her appearance. One day she wears her brunette hair shoulder length. Next day it's red and short.

She is equally indecisive about clothes. With amazing rapidity she shifts from seductive sheath dresses and fantastic jewelry to the demure skirts and flats.

Debbie simply cannot make up her mind. Neither can her studio. Some executives think Debbie should be publicized as a "sweet and innocent June Allyson type." Others think she is too sexy for that. They say, "She can become an Ava Gardner, a regular *femme fatale* over night."

At twenty-one, Debra Paget cannot put off a definite decision.

LIKE EVERYONE else, movie stars make plenty of errors when it comes to makeup. Not as many, however, as the girl who has no expert to advise her.

"The average girl," according to famous makeup man Ben Nye of 20th Century-Fox, "has a wrong idea of what good makeup consists of.

"The desired result of good makeup should be naturalness, balance and understatement. No one feature should stand out too dramatically. Sometimes this is necessary for the Technicolor cameras, but it definitely is not necessary in real life. And yet many of the girls I see around town wear too dark lips or over-blacked eyebrows or exaggerated mascara lines.

"It is a good idea to emphasize the good points and detract from the bad. But too much emphasis, too much coloring, throws the good feature way out of balance and deprives it of its natural loveliness."

Ben Nye says, too, that he sees from day to day, "a lot of faces where the eyebrows have been badly plucked. The girls thin them out at the ends and leave them heavy near the bridge of the nose. The result is a painted scowl, not a pleasant expression."

He adds: "I would like to make a plea for eyebrow pencils with sharp points. The points should be so sharp that when used they make short, hair-like strokes."

When it comes to home beauty aids, Nye thinks they're swell. He likes eyelash curlers because when straight lashes are turned-up the eyes seem larger. He also approves heartily of the highlight sticks now on the market.

"They're easy to use," he asserts, "and effective in covering blemishes and lines."

For women with dry skin, especially those who live in dry climates, Ben recommends face creams.

The answer to oily skin, he says, is a good grade of soap and at least two thorough washings a day.

Nye's makeup philosophy is summed up in the adage, "Make the best of what you've got." And don't ruin what you've got in the process of making it better.

ANOTHER outstanding Hollywood makeup expert is Keester Sweeney. He, too, is an advocate of the razor-sharp eyebrow pencil. But Keester adds that the trouble with many eyebrows is that they are incorrectly spaced. They should correspond, he asserts, with the inner corner of the eye. Keester is also fond of the eyebrow line that finishes with an upward stroke or "wing" at the end.

On the subject of lipstick Sweeney recommends that the bow be spaced neatly apart but not to an extreme. He warns not to make the lips full toward the outside but to finish the mouth with a slight upward lift.

In other words, the girl who, with her makeup, applies a little common sense, a great deal of care and, whenever possible, the advice of an expert, will without doubt improve her looks. She may stand a chance of becoming a beauty. It's a chance worth taking.

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right guy

(*Continued from page 60*) Wyoming after antelope. Howard still favors a game leg smashed when Guy veered their hunting jeep too sharply and threw him out. But he wouldn't let a little thing like that change his admiration for Guy.

"A fine boy and as fine a hunter," says Hill, bestowing his greatest praise. "I don't know much about Guy and Hollywood. He doesn't tell me his personal affairs. I don't want to know—none of my business. But if you ask me, Guy doesn't fit in Hollywood. He's above it. There's nothing phony about him. He's straight as—well—an arrow. And if it takes courage or stick-to-itiveness to keep on the trail he wants to travel, he's got it. Don't fret about that."

Hill's favorite tale concerns a tough bargain Guy made—and kept. That time they were after lowly rabbits with two other hunters in the Simi Valley back of Hollywood. Guy's favorite shot is a jackrabbit he speared once at forty yards from a racing jeep. To him they're a better test of his archery than any other game. This morning, the four hunters split into teams and made a bargain: The pair who came in that night with the fewest rabbits would skin and draw them all. "I had a pretty good boy named McDermott with me," recalls Hill. "So we won. But everybody had good hunting. All in all there were 174 rabbits to dress. That's a lot of rabbits."

It was such an awesome job that Hill and his partner, dog tired as all were, proposed sleep and the chore in the morning. But along about five o'clock he was wakened by sounds and lantern light. "There were Guy and his partner still at it," he chuckles. "Been skinning rabbits all night while I slept. Just four were left. I felt right bad about it and reached for those rabbits. But Guy slapped my arm down before I could grab one. 'No, Sir!' he barked. 'This is my job. You're not going to get to say that you helped!'

"From what I know about Guy he's made a bargain with himself to stay what he is, movie star or not. If that's right it'll sure be kept!"

IT'S EASY ENOUGH to see how Guy Madison got that way if you know his family. Guy grew up in Bakersfield, California, the son of a ranch hand and railroader named Ben Mosely. His parents named him Robert Ozell Mosely and until he was renamed after a cupcake on a Dolly Madison bakery billboard in his unrealistic Hollywood debut, people called him Bob or Mose. His friends and his folks still do.

The Moselys' house is a small, neatly whitewashed adobe on Brundage Lane. All around is country. And Sunday dinner there is a fine country dinner, too—fried chicken and brown gravy, mashed potatoes, watermelon pickles and at the end a mountain of strawberry shortcake with the kind of cream you can't buy in supermarkets. Most of Bob's family ring the table—his dad, Ben, mother, Mary Jane, brothers Harold and Wayne and his Grandma Holder, until she died just this past year pushing ninety. They say grace. Both Guy's grandfathers were Baptist ministers. Both sides of his family are pioneers. They came originally from the Ozark mountains of Missouri. Bob's dad jolted west in a covered wagon, carrying his own sick father to the sunshine of New Mexico homestead—and got burnt out and broke in a drought. He brought his rancher's daughter bride to California, settled in the rich San Joaquin Valley and worked hard to raise five kids. But money was always scarce and often the family fare was very different from today's Sunday feasts—just cottontails the boys shot and pinto beans from the back yard garden patch.

Guy was always tongue-tied about himself, but his schoolday pals can tell a lot about him. Like Guy they are an impressively muscled, manly bunch.

They agree that their pal Mose was and always had been nobody's man but his own, straight down the line. Furthermore, that he was stubborn and unswerving and determined in whatever he tackled—the kind of kid who never came back from a hunt with an empty bag, who always made whatever team he went out for and who could handle any random situation that arose. His chum, Si Santiago, told about the scrap he had over his best girl Betty. Guy was forced into the fracas by a bully boy who fancied the same charmer his exclusive property. At a high school dance he chose Guy and the word got around. So a cavalcade of jalopies rolled out into the fields after midnight, formed a circle of headlights as, stripped to the waist, they settled the argument. It took over an hour and the going was bloody. Bob hadn't fought much, was younger and slighter than his opponent, locally famous as a murderous mauler. But that night he picked the wrong guy. Bob took Betty home unaided. The bully saw a doctor.

Outside of banging "bad men" for the cameras, Guy Madison hasn't had a scrap in Hollywood. His temper is taut but kept under control. But he has had his battles of another kind with even more shifty opponents against whom Guy was twice as green as he was for that schoolboy challenge. The brassy, sharpshooting big league of show business that snatched him by his middy-blouse took him years to lick, almost licked him, although Guy never believed it could. Asked not long ago if, in the dismal days when the publicity balloon had popped and he was struggling to learn his business, he ever considered chucking the works and going back to the animal husbandry he'd studied in junior college, commercial fishing or some other kind of job, he said, "Not for a minute. I knew I'd get going here again."

Movie exec who has the sign THINK in his office found someone had added OR THWIM.

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

Guy had just as much confidence in his marriage and dogged determination to make it work. Lita Calhoun, for one, believes that is why he won't talk about his troubles. "Guy has never failed at anything before," she says. "He hates to admit this one—if you can call it his failure." Few people do.

GUY AND GAIL met when both were in Luther Lester's dramatic school at Paramount. Their tragic love story is purely a tale of Hollywood, though not the usual kind of married partners who are professional rivals. Rather, Gail's battle and defeat was with and by herself. "She never really wanted to be an actress," a friend says. "It was the idea of her mother and the friends who made Gail a high school beauty queen. Sure, she got to be a star but always against the grain. She wasn't strong enough to meet the emotional drain that demanded. So she cracked up. Guy had even less experience, aptitude and, until recently, success. His struggle was really harder. But he had the nervous equipment and stamina to handle it."

Guy Madison's loyal but losing effort to save his marriage, the girl he loved first and truly are well known. These very ordeals, his career flop and his frustrating marriage which made him practically a recluse for four years, are the very things his friends point to as his insurance against spreading himself now that he can. "Nobody," they point out, "has been through the sobering mill Guy has."

"What Guy's after now is security," believes his pal, Rory Calhoun. "In all departments. He's saving his emotions just like he's saving his money—and at that he's hard to beat." Rory doesn't mean Guy is tight—on the contrary, the Calhouns are the first to point out his generosity. Guy's favorite meals are barbecued wild game and usually the cooking takes place in the Calhoun back yard. Recently a friend surprised them with a new charcoal burner, and teasingly Lita kidded, "What—no electric spit, no hood, no serving table, no set of pottery?" Guy heard her. Next morning he sent them out, to her utter embarrassment.

But what Rory means is that Guy has learned the worth of a dollar the hard way. His income certainly warrants the few extravagances he allows himself but he is taking precautions to see that most of it sticks. He has hired a business manager, incorporated himself once and plans to do it another way soon so he can produce his own pictures. Guy is the only western movie star who doesn't stable a horse or spend a fortune on high style outfits or own a ranch.

Guy's greatest extravagances are his own hunting trips, but he's acutely conscious of their cost. Recently, he toted some wild boar sausage over to his agent, Helen Ainsworth. "I hope you appreciate this. It cost me about $100 a pound."

In moments of relaxation these days, the ordinarily silent Madison sometimes

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tilts back his lean profile and bursts into full-throated song. Always it's the same tune, "I'm Sitting On Top Of The World."

Frankly, the way Guy renders this upbeat ballad is nothing to send Mitch Miller scurrying west to twist Madison's arm with a recording contract. In fact, according to one girl who often hears it—Lita Calhoun—Guy's voice wanders erratically through "six or seven keys" and suggests the tortured howl of a trapped coyote. Just the same, to Guy Madison and all his friends the ditty has an extremely pleasing and timely ring.

Last year, for example, Guy dragged in $100,000 from Hollywood movies and another $60,000 from TV and radio, besides an incipient but swelling trickle of gravy from commercial tie-ups and novelty doodads. In the same stretch he turned down $5000 a day for personal appearances because he didn't have time, and rejected twenty studio starring offers for the same reason. This year he'll make even more money and be even more in demand.

Only recently a national poll summed up Guy Madison's career status with two superlative accolades: (1) The best western actor in movies and (2) the best western star on TV. His *Wild Bill Hickock* show was likewise tabbed the Number One western show and *The Command* is a box-office hit. When Guy sallies forth to meet the people they almost murder him with adulation. Last year scattered metropolitan department stores and theatres almost came apart when crowds stormed in to see Guy. In one city 35,000 fans collected, and each month 18,000 swamp him with admiring missives. One imaginative and confident midwestern girl surprised Guy with this note:

"Dearest Guy:

"I'm expecting you to be my house guest for the month of August. But you'll have to leave on the 31st. Clark Gable's coming in September."

Guy had to decline that invitation, with polite thanks, and presumably so did Clark. But at the same time it handed Madison a jolt. Being bracketed with The King is something even the above evidence hadn't prepared him for. Yet as he read it, the fact was far more than mere peerage in a girl's fancy. Guy had already signed to co-star with Clark in *The Tall Men,* which he'll make this February as the first job on a new Twentieth Century-Fox contract set to pay Guy around $1,000,000 over the next seven years.

GUY MADISON'S fantastic return to undreamed of star heights after a pretty boy publicity inflation a decade ago—and subsequent deflation—is a story that is well known and widely chronicled. Nothing quite like it has ever occurred before in Hollywood's history. Another story is yet to be told and probably will be in the months to come. In fact, it is already unraveling—and the question it will answer is simply this: What will all this fame, money and Hollywood pressure do to Guy Madison himself? Will it and can it change him and, if so, how?

Only thirty-two last July, Guy's still a comparative babe in the TV and movie hero game, and it will be a good long time before his curly brown locks fade to silver. He's twelve pounds lighter than the golden gob who got yanked to public life off a life guard's lookout at California's North Island Navy station in 1944. And except for a neck injury suffered in a surf-swamped lifeboat at the same place, which still gives him occasional trouble, there's nothing wrong with Guy Madison's whip strong body or his chiseled, slightly ski-snooted profile, either. Moreover, by now Guy is no bewildered male Trilby. He's learned his stuff the hard, fast-shooting way through radio and TV.

As veteran comic Andy Devine, his *Wild Bill Hickock* partner croaks, watching Guy pop confidently in and out of scenes like a gopher, "I've just about got 'Bink' housebroke. Yessir, the boy's about raised." That video horse opera shoots a half-hour movie in two fast days; already Guy has made seventy-four without a serious fluff or slip-up, besides three mike-shows a week running into the hundreds. This has made him handy. As Gordon Douglas, his director for *Charge At Feather River,* sighed, "I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to work with Guy. On most sets you're always having to look around for your actors. But Madison's always right at your elbow, leaning on the camera, ready to go." Before Guy went on *The Command,* he revamped his medical officer part, giving himself a country-boy background to make it believable, pecking out the changes in person on six typewritten sheets.

But the most important lesson Guy has learned about the trade he was plunged into is that in a technical sense he is no Thespian and never will be. Like John Wayne, another graceless gift to Hollywood, Guy has settled wisely on "not acting but reacting"—being himself, Guy Madison, in every part he plays.

WHILE ALL THIS professional progress has been developing for Guy Madison, in his private life he has remained a dangling man. Bound by loyalty and devotion to his sick wife, Gail Russell, Guy has dwelt in a state of suspension, unable to enjoy any of the tempting fruits of his success or to make any permanent personal plans. So in an ironic way he has not been tested. But now, just as his money, fame and

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

popularity are stacking up to a peak, Guy has his freedom to do with all of that what he chooses.

Legally, of course, Guy Madison is still married to Gail. But they have not lived together for well over a year now. The divorce which Guy gallantly wanted Gail to seek—after their life together became impossible—has yet to be granted. But it is just a matter of time. Already property settlements have been made, and every detail ironed out. Guy himself has cross-filed for divorce to bring that on-and-off matter to a head. When you ask him if there is any chance of reconciliation, his answer is a flat no. For him the sad affair is finished, although his friends believe he will be tied emotionally to the green-eyed, nervously frail girl for a long time.

After their separation, Guy rallied to help both times Gail found herself in trouble—as a falsely accused meddler in the Chata and John Wayne domestic mess and shortly afterward when she was arrested for drunken driving. He has said that he is not sure he will ever experience love for any woman quite the same as his was—and perhaps still is—for Gail. He has also said it was just as much his fault as hers.

Just the same, the final decision after years of hopeless indecision is for Guy Madison like shedding a suit of constricting armor. And already there are indications that Guy is ready, as he says, to "bust out and live a little."

In his monastic three-room apartment in Westwood where he has lived for a year with only a bed, chair, dresser, work bench and two television sets, Guy is unrolling plans for a ranch style house and swimming pool on a high Mulholland Drive lot overlooking Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley. It will cost him around $50,000 and the furnishings and décor several thousand more. Construction starts right away.

The pickup truck he used to jolt around Hollywood in has been traded for a sleek, blue Lincoln Capri. He got it on a tie-up discount, but still it cost important money.

The sports clothes, jeans and outing shirts he used to wear have given way to conservative, tailored suits. Recently he ordered six at a crack, and he left for his last trip to New York looking like a Princeton senior in charcoal grey flannel and a black knit tie.

He has joined the swank Lakeside Golf Club. He is having a .375 Magnum rifle expensively custom built for a big game safari in Africa he hopes to make with Howard Hill next March.

He is seen around frequently in places he used to shun, expensive restaurants like LaRue and Romanoff's, nightclubs like Ciro's and Mocambo. Recently when nineteen-year-old Barbara Warner invited him to a Mocambo party given by her father, movie tycoon Jack Warner, after the première of *King Richard And The Crusaders*, Guy not only went, but when his date's father was delayed, acted as co-host in a smooth and engaging manner.

He is taking out a succession of girls, most frequently Sheila Connolly, an ex-model turned TV and movie actress.

GUY MADISON is rapidly becoming a vogue among Hollywood's more sophisticated circles. Not long ago Eva Gabor discovered Guy at a soirée, gasped, "He's wonderful!" and quickly paraded him before her international set. Hedda Hopper invariably invites him to her smart parties, which he tells friends, he likes best of all Hollywood shindigs. In turn he takes the gay gadabout to premières and other top Hollywood affairs. Jaded Tallulah Bankhead's remark about Guy when she first spied him has been passed around until it's a *mot*: "Dahling—you make all the other buckaroos I ever met look like fugitives from Abercrombie and Fitch!" Joan Crawford has maneuvered to know Guy better with a co-starring idea in mind. Sheltered heiress Barbara Warner, smitten when Guy worked at her pop's studio, boldly asked a friend to arrange an introduction.

But if you asked Guy Madison whether or not he would ever follow in the fancy footsteps of Clark Gable or Gary Cooper and wind up something totally different from what he started as, Guy probably wouldn't know what you were talking about. If he did, he wouldn't know the answer. And if he did know he wouldn't tell you. Guy is no chatterbox. To a straight question he'll come back with a straight answer but it's liable to be little beyond yes or no. On the subjects of hunting, the outdoors, guns and especially bows and arrows Guy can open up a little, but about his intimate affairs, no.

If Guy himself has qualms or apprehensions about any subtle threats to his integrity, he would be the last to voice them. "As long as I've known Guy and as close as I've been to him," says Helen Ainsworth, "I've yet to hear him complain or explain. And that includes the hungry days when he was borrowing a hundred from me one week and the next week I was borrowing it back."

THERE IS NO indication that Guy is considering marriage or that he has fallen in love again. If you ask him about the first, he comes right back with a question that's hard to answer: "How can I? I'm not even divorced." As for the second, nobody knows. He met dark-haired Sheila Connolly at the Pan Pacific Sports Show last spring and she has been his steadiest. But there are others, including Barbara Warner and Eva Gabor. He has also been linked with Joan Diener in New York and Virginia Grey in Hollywood—but both these supposed romances were columnists' dream-ups.

This, like everything else, can change as other things are changing for Guy. In his next picture, *Five Against The House*, he'll drop the true-blue heroics and play a character who gets involved in nasty trouble with the law. Even his friends have advised him against this job but Guy feels it's time to show he can change his pace. Asked if he was at all worried about the result, he said, "No, I've got a good director."

But no one can dictate how Guy Madison will conduct himself in the day-in-day-out role of a lionized hero which has come his way at last. That's up to him. Certainly he will change. Change is the basic law of life and if he didn't grow in some direction he wouldn't be very bright. The only question is, which way will it be?

So far, no one around Hollywood or scattered parts believes Guy Madison is in any immediate peril. Or, if he is, that he won't know what to do about it before it's too late. But you never can tell. The track ahead he must travel is loaded with red boards flashing danger signals. One who doesn't think Guy will get derailed is Helen Ainsworth. "Guy has proved," she says, "that he belongs to himself. He knows what he's up against and he won't let it change him." As evidence that Guy isn't worried, she brings out a sterling cigarette box he gave her last Christmas. The lid is engraved with Guy's own handwriting: "With deep appreciation for our friendship," it reads, "and faith in our continued success."

Rory Calhoun, still Guy Madison's chief cheer leader, puts it another way. "Don't worry about the Tiger," he scoffs. "Did you ever hear of one really changing his stripes?"

END

count your blessings

(*Continued from page 45*) so active that people began to worry.

"Her husband is a top obstetrician," one friend said. "How come he lets her do all these things? I thought pregnant women weren't allowed to fly or even to drive."

Ann's answer is, "I had the most wonderful pregnancy. Jim urged me to keep active as long as I felt well. And I felt perfect right down to the end. Having him near me so much of the time gave me a great sense of security, so that I was never worried and could go on with my work. And Jim taught me to look upon childbirth as something natural and easy."

Ann had a fairly easy time with Timothy Patrick McNulty, who arrived weighing seven pounds, one and a half ounces.

With his blue eyes and dark hair, Tim, according to Ann's Uncle Dan, "is the spittin' Irish image of his father."

Ann, who wears a size seven dress, gained only fifteen pounds during her pregnancy—"because Jim kept me active and I didn't sit around adding weight"—and after Timmy was born, she snapped right back to size seven again, a vivid contrast to Elizabeth Taylor, who gained thirty-five pounds during her pregnancy and then had trouble slimming down.

Ann nursed Timmy for six weeks. At the end of his third month he weighed fourteen pounds.

"Timmy," his mother says, "is really the kindest, best-natured baby. I sing to him and when I hit a high note, he turns his head and looks at me in amazement.

"He's a darling and so easy to take care of. I'd heard so much about those 2:00 A.M. feedings and parents not being able to get any sleep. Well, I give Tim a bottle at about 10:30 P.M. and he sleeps through to 6:00 A.M. Elsa Kelly, the girl who helps me with Timmy, agrees that he's a darling."

AUNT CIS, who is Ann's guardian, says, "I don't know of any parents who get more fun out of a baby than Ann and Jim. They take little Timmy and put him on a towel. And he just laughs and laughs, and you can see Ann bursting with joy. She can't pull herself away from him.

"The baby hasn't been sick a single day since he was born. Just give him enough to eat, and he's content. A regular Irishman, that one."

Ann, of course, finds motherhood so delightful that she's determined to have "lots and lots of children. We've even picked out the name for a daughter," she adds. "Maureen Alanna. Jim comes from a large family, and we want one, too."

Although pregnancy didn't interfere with Ann's career, one might expect that motherhood would. But here again Ann has shown her reasonable sense of values.

"I've worked so hard and so long," she says, "and I love acting and entertaining so much that I just couldn't stop after marriage or childbirth. Jim understands that. He knows how much acting means to me, and that's why he wants me to continue just so long as I'm happy."

Shortly after Ann gave birth to Timmy, her agent reported that she was in great demand throughout the country.

"A series of personal appearances," he confided to a reporter, "could bring her in a quarter of a million bucks."

Because she didn't want to be very far from her infant son, Ann agreed to open her nightclub act at Topps, a dinner club in San Diego. She sang there a few nights, wowed the customers, then drove back to Jim and Tim.

A week later she agreed to sing at the Sacramento Fair. "But only for one weekend," she said. "September 10 to 12."

With Aunt Cis and Mac Newman, her



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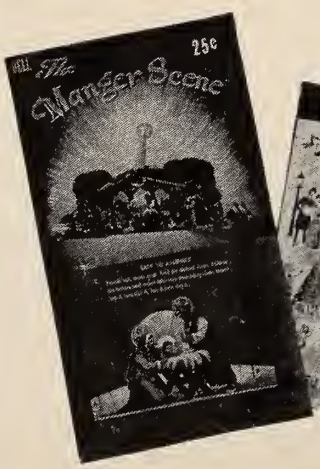
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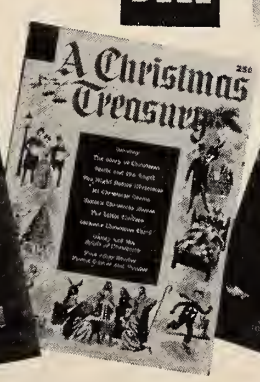


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musical arranger, beside her, Ann boarded a plane and flew up to Sacramento. She checked in at the El Rancho Hotel, then drove to the Fair Grounds. On three successive nights she broke all the existing records. And on each of these nights, of course, she phoned home to talk to her doctor and find out how little Timmy was.

Following her Sacramento appearance, Ann flew to Las Vegas where she sang for almost a month at $10,000 a week.

As Timmy grows, Ann expects to spend more and more time with him and the other children to come. Eventually she will make only one or two pictures a year.

"Before I opened my nightclub act," Ann recalls, "Jim and I and Timmy all spent a little time at the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club. We just romped around on the beach. Those wonderful times when you're together with your family really count. They mean so much. And we hope to have lots of them. But still, I'm not giving up my work."

It was Bing Crosby who first spotted the will of iron in Ann. "She looks so small and fragile," Crosby said, almost seven years ago, when he made *Top O' The Morning* with her, "but she's got an awful lot of drive. There's nothing in Hollywood that's going to stop this kid. One day she'll be able to handle the best musicals in the business."

Howard Hawks, the producer-director, is in Egypt filming his new movie, *Land Of The Pharaohs*. The story was written by Harry Kurnitz and Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner. Kurnitz returned to New York yesterday, and explained how this $4,000,000 movie came into being. He had been lunching at his favorite sidewalk cafe in Paris some months ago. The waiter there always serves him extra pieces of sugar. Kurnitz started to pile the lumps of sugar on the table until they formed a pyramid. Hawks chanced to pass by, noticed the pyramid of sugar and said: "Harry, there might be a picture in that."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Ann was born on August 16th, 1928 in Mt. Kilso, N. Y., and christened Ann Marie Kathleen Assumpta Blyth. When she was four her father died. A year later her mother took her on a tour of the various radio stations in New York, and the child got singing jobs on stations WJZ and WOR. At the age of five, she was earning money.

She was a tiny, cheerful child with long hair in ringlets down the back of her neck. Because her family was devoutly Catholic, religion assumed importance early for Ann. She was confirmed at the age of nine at St. Stephen's School.

During that same year her mother enrolled her in Ned Wayburn's dramatics school.

Ann can remember only one year when she wasn't working in show business. That was the year following her sensational dramatic job in *Mildred Pierce*, a role for which she won an Academy Award nomination. It was in 1946. She was sixteen.

That winter, tragedy struck. Ann went to Sun Valley for a vacation, and while she was tobogganing, the sled overturned. Her back broken, she stumbled to an automobile and was raced to the hospital.

Bed-ridden, in a cast for seven months, Ann "prayed" her way to health. For another six months she wore a tight-fitting steel brace.

Other than during this period of convalescence, Ann has always been occupied with show business. In the words of her uncle Dan, "That girl is a trouper from away back. Ann has known very little else."

Her big break came when she was thirteen. She played a role in *Watch On The Rhine*, which ran on Broadway for eleven months and on the road for nine. When the play reached Los Angeles, Ann was given a contract by Universal. "I'm the luckiest girl in the world," she said.

She attended the studio school three hours a day, and everyone on the lot regarded her as a wholesome, religious, daintily attractive girl. But she showed little sex appeal potential, and few imagined that she would reach stardom.

Donald O'Connor, who acted opposite Ann when she made her film debut in *Chip Off The Old Block*, remembers that "Ann was a nice, sweet kid." And Ann, in turn, remembers that "Donald went out of his way to be helpful to me."

The following year Ann was loaned out to Warner Brothers for *Mildred Pierce*. Then came the toboggan accident.

When she recovered, Dick Long, now married to Suzan Ball, took her out to a preview—he was one of her first dates—and Ann was ecstatically happy. Then her mother died.

Ann was eighteen. Over the years her mother had been more than a mother. She'd been friend, manager, playmate—Ann's whole world.

With her gone, Ann felt terribly alone. Her Aunt Cis and Uncle Dan Tobin came out to Hollywood and rented an apartment, and their niece moved in with them. But Ann was inconsolable. She just could not understand why God should have taken her mother. For a while she knew nothing but bitterness.

Then she found the cure for this sorrow, too, in prayer, religion and work. Ann was cast in *Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid*. Aunt Cis and Uncle Dan rented an eight-room house and, for the first time in her life, Ann had a bedroom of her own. She decorated it with miniature dolls, hung a crucifix over the bed.

In the five years from 1946 to 1951 Ann acted opposite Charles Boyer, Bing Crosby, Bill Powell, Mario Lanza and Tyrone Power.

A perceptive and discerning girl, she learned much from each of these. Of this period in her life a friend says, "Her work meant everything to her. Whether this was of her own choice, no one knows. But somehow love and romance seemed to be escaping her. She went out on dates with Lon McAllister and Roddy McDowall and Dick Clayton and Dick Contino. But somehow it never amounted to anything.

"Whether Ann was inhibited or whether the boys liked her as they might like a sister, I've yet to find out. But I do know that Ann was never in love until she fell for Dr. Jim McNulty. By then she was twenty-five."

Ann met Dr. Jim through his brother, Dennis Day. She was scheduled to dine with Dennis and his wife, and Dennis brought Dr. Jim along as the fourth.

After the first dinner date, Dr. McNulty phoned for a second and then a third. And in Ann's words, "We went together for about six months before Jim could get up enough courage to propose. When he finally did, I got so weak and fluttery I almost fainted. Honestly, I had to lie down."

In subsequent conversations Ann made it clear to her fiancé that she could never give up her career.

"I wouldn't want you to," Dr. Jim said. "Not after all your years of work and struggle. I'm sure you'll be able to work

things out."

Ann's marriage last year was one of the most fashionable in Hollywood history. More than 2,000 fans gathered outside St. Charles Church in North Hollywood. Inside, before some 500 guests, Cardinal McIntyre performed the ceremony, announcing a special blessing from Pope Pius XII.

Following their Lake Tahoe honeymoon, the McNultys returned to the two-story farmhouse they'd bought in North Hollywood, not too far from Uncle Dan and Aunt Cis.

Ann was committed to make *Student Prince* at MGM. Many evenings after the day's last "take," she would race home in her Cadillac and fix dinner for Jim, only to get a last-minute phone call from the hospital. "Dr. McNulty has gone into the delivery room. He said not to hold dinner."

"Being a doctor's wife," Ann says, "I've learned a lot, especially about the unpredictable routines of obstetricians. Whenever Jim and I go anywhere he's got to check in with his office. The stork waits for no man. And I never know next when he'll be gone on a phone call's notice."

ANN IS MORE IN LOVE with Jim now than she's ever been, but she is a realist who knows that being a doctor's wife entails responsibilities and sacrifices. She realizes that she must share her Jim with the entire community and that in a doctor's life, his patients come first.

Ann knows, too, that doctors are circumspect, that their code of ethics is in many ways in opposition to show business. Just before she left for her Las Vegas nightclub debut, Ann attended the opening of the Ice Follies in Los Angeles. Jim was with her, but when it came time for the television interview, he declined to get within camera range. Ann was interviewed alone.

She understood. Doctors are extremely careful to avoid anything that smacks of advertising or personal publicity.

Ann also realizes that she is destined to attend many previews and premières alone because her husband is on call twenty-four hours a day.

As for Dr. McNulty, who is ten years his wife's senior, he has limitless faith in her judgment and sense of organization. Ann is a self-reliant young woman of quiet competence, and the doctor knows she does not undertake more than she feels capable of handling well.

Even so, both her career and family cannot expand indefinitely. As Mrs. McNulty becomes blessed with more and more children, she is going to have correspondingly less time for screen work and personal appearances on TV and in nightclubs. When that time comes, no one doubts that Ann Blyth's good sense will again guide her to the right solution—and to the greatest possible happiness. **END**

sound of thunder

(*Continued from page* 56) who once wrote, "Their rising all at once was as the sound of thunder heard remote." Which, translated into Hollywood idiom, means that they fell all over their feet to get to Bob Francis after his initial appearance on the screen.

But that was later. While the *Caine* was in production, he was every bit as welcome as a virus. Unaware of and therefore undistressed by the news, Bob was chin deep in the greatest adventure of his young life. Imagine a raw kid trying to hold his own in the company of such old pros as Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray! "But they all helped me," Bob is the first to point out.

Even Ferrer, whose screen characterizations are sometimes said to be distinguished by a certain smokehouse flavor?

"Listen, nobody can ever prove it by me that Joe's a ham!" Francis says emphatically. "He went out of his way to be helpful. And I'll tell you something else: any time there was a scene where either one of us could have the close-up, Joe always saw that it went to me. He didn't have to do that; he was the star. Do you consider that the action of a ham?"

Joe's attitude is a pretty good reflection of the way most of Bob's co-workers feel. It isn't the helplessness of a tenderfoot that gets them—heaven knows he's anything but helpless. There is instead an undisguised eagerness to learn, a natural sweetness, a modesty that does credit to his upbringing, and the end result is that everyone puts himself out to see that Bob Francis gets a fair shake.

JUST ASK, and Bob will tell you that he came by one of those virtues—modesty—the hard way. On skis for the first time at eleven, he soon knew, more than anything else in the world, he wanted to win a berth on the American Olympic team. By the time he was seventeen Bob was well on his way. He and his older brother, Bill, owned three ski shops in the southern California area, and Bob had become proficient enough to participate in every invitational tournament in the country. "I was also well on the way," he adds thoughtfully, "to having the fattest head in Pasadena."

One day, returning from an important tournament, he walked into their local shop and greeted Bill with elaborate casualness.

"Hi," said the senior member of the firm. "How'd you do?"

"I won." Why bother to go into the boring details—naturally he had won.

"Oh . . . Who else was entered?"

Bob shrugged and smothered a yawn. "Practically everybody who's any good."

"That's nice," Bill commented dryly. Then suddenly he grabbed his little brother by the shoulder, spun him around and knocked him through a bay window into the porch of the shop.

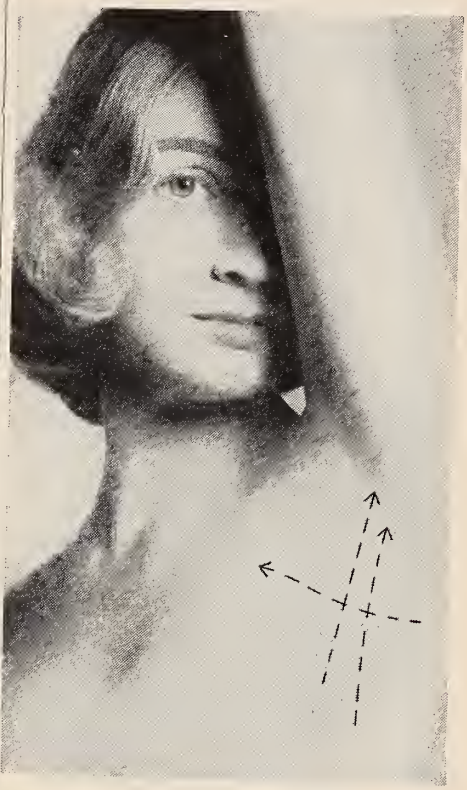
"I started to get up and opened my mouth to ask what happened," said Bob with a rueful grin, "and—wham! I was flat on my back again.

"Then Bill carried me back into the shop and started working me over verbally. He just laid it on the line about the way things were. Here I was, only seventeen years old, co-owner of a going business, standing a good chance of making the Olympic team. But instead of being grateful for my opportunities, as I should be, I had gotten too big for my britches. And he said that everything had been soured by this attitude I had taken on—our partnership, everything.

"What he said hurt terribly, worse than being belted on the jaw, because he was my big brother. And maybe it hurt a little extra because I knew he was right. I had been taking it for granted that everything should go my way because I was the greatest thing on skis. I left the shop and took one of my solitary walks. My pride was mangled and I was a little bit sore at Bill, but I couldn't get the things he had said out of my head. They added up to a lesson. No one can survive without faith in himself, without confidence, but there's a line that divides confidence from conceit. The name of that line is modesty."

Before Bob could learn whether he was

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indeed the greatest thing on skis, the Army informed him that it had other plans for his immediate future. He had been a busy young man up until that point. Although he and Bill had sold the shops for the very good reason that snow isn't the most reliable commodity in California, Bob's talents on the curved slats had brought a flattering number of offers to tour professionally. While he diligently turned them down, bid by bid, he also attended Pasadena City College as a psychology major, though he did so only because his parents took such a dim view of illiterate sons. And he had even had a brush with the magic of movieland.

It was one of Universal-International's talent scouts, searching for possible treasure on the beach at Santa Monica, who dug Bob Francis up out of the sand and whisked him off to the studio. Bob got a reading but no contract; he was sent instead to study with dramatic coach Batomi Schneider, who has been his friend and mentor ever since.

It was at this point that Uncle Sam opened his ever-loving arms, and Bob disappeared from the never-never land of Hollywood into the hurry-up-and-wait routine of Army life. Considering his established excellence on skis, it only figures, of course, that Bob should be sent to Alaska or some such place—but what kind of army sets its draftees to doing what they do best? Bob, the novice drama student, was stationed at Camp Roberts, California, to give instruction in Public Speaking.

Our hero was all of twenty-three, much too ancient to be flashing over snow-covered hills in pursuit of elusive ski records, when the Army let go. Turning his back on his first love, Bob set his stubborn young mind to the task of wooing the muse and winning a movie career. But if he was impatient, eager to double back on the time he had lost, Batomi Schneider was not. "You need more work, you are not ready," she said in her strongly accented words as she turned a completely deaf ear to his pleas for an immediate screen test.

Curiously, Bob's impatience found an unexpected ally in Batomi's own husband, a dramatic coach at Columbia. Whether Benno Schneider was less cautious than his wife or more sure of Bob has never been established; in either case, he called Bob at the home of his parents in Pasadena and asked if the lad could appear at the studio two hours hence.

"I was probably there in twenty minutes, hanging around outside the door till it was time to go in," Bob admits with engaging candor. "Even if I didn't know why Benno wanted me."

They didn't tell him why he was there, those great, established men like Stanley Kramer and Director Edward Dmytryk whom he met for the first time that afternoon. They merely said they'd like him to do a reading. "Here," one of them said, tossing him the top script from a pile on the desk. "Here's something you can read from."

And thus are movie stars created. The script clutched in Bob Francis's feverish fist was *The Caine Mutiny,* and even after he had studied it, even when he read the lines for the great men, Bob didn't know that he was being considered for the role of Willie Keith. *The Caine,* as he fondly refers to it, just happened to be a handy script. He thought. Some hours later, having talked with Benno, with executive Max Arnow, with studio head Harry Cohn himself, a Pasadena boy named Robert Charles Francis steadied his shaking hand enough to affix a scrawled signature to a contract—and Willie Keith had come to life.

When he is asked, as inevitably he must be, whether his life has changed, Bob is apt to bait his questioner with little-boy gravity. "Why, yes," he'll say, "now I like oatmeal." It turns out that at West Point, where he worked in *The Long Gray Line* for John Ford, the cadets are served oatmeal for breakfast. Bob ate with them and liked it, so from that day to this his morning meal consists of oatmeal, two eggs with toast and a quart of milk. And the reason he teases about it is that he still can't believe that what he eats is of any interest whatsoever to anyone else in the world. He has an athlete's appetite for steaks, backs away from Chinese food, and can't be convinced that anyone cares.

As a matter of fact, Bob considers his whole life so normal and uneventful as to be dull. "Please," he says despairingly, "I'll be glad to tell you anything you want to know, but nothing ever happened to me that hasn't happened to every other guy my age. My father was a mail carrier, my mother a housewife. I wanted to be a ski champion where maybe some other kid wanted to be a G-Man. I went to public school in Pasadena and to the First Baptist Church there. I attended college more to satisfy my parents than anything else. When the time came I did my hitch in the Army. There just isn't anything different or fascinating about me. Nothing unique ever happened."

modern screen's

christmas presents to you,

tony curtis and

janet leigh,

will be on the cover

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december 7

Which might lead one to believe that all guys Bob's age meet their steadiest girls in the most extraordinary ways. He was doing a pretty normal thing, giving the glad eye to an attractive girl in the car next to his at a traffic stop, when she pulled out—and was smacked by another car traveling seventy mph against the light. The horrified Bob extricated the girl, dazed but unscathed, from the wreckage, and looked at her worriedly; she was so tiny that he wondered if the impact of the collision might have collapsed her like an accordion. Subsequent inspection, however, proved that Dorothy Ross was naturally four feet, eleven inches tall, naturally blonde and naturally inclined to tan beautifully. Even more extensive investigations brought to light the facts that she was a secretary who couldn't care less about getting into movies, who liked books and quiet dinners in out-of-the-way places, who looked like a modern Dresden doll in a white swim suit. Who added up to a girl Bob Francis could like very, very much.

Lest the hearts of feminine readers be broken too soon, let it be made clear that Bob is not on the brink of marriage, not formally engaged. Dorothy is, he says, his steadiest girl.

"I'm not in a position to propose to any girl," he says reasonably. "I'm just getting started—again, just like any other guy my age, regardless of his business. The studio took a big chance on me and I owe it to them to apply myself to my work for the next few years.

"I do try to keep everything in the open with Dorothy. She always knows where I am, what I'm doing, and if I'm with another girl, she knows why."

The changes that have come about in Bob's life are mixed, sort of, but he considers the majority of them beneficial. He has more clothes than ever before, a jazzy, second-hand Cadillac coupe, and he earns more money. He has had to take a bachelor apartment in town. "It got to be too much, this driving back and forth from Pasadena every day. I'll probably spend as much time at home as I do at the apartment, but for nights when I have late classes or something to do for the studio, I just had to have a place here. What do my parents think? Well, good Lord, I'm twenty-four years old. They certainly don't expect to have me underfoot for the rest of my life."

The one thing that has troubled Bob in his new life is the human personality. Introvert that he admittedly is, he is genuinely interested in other people, and he has had a couple of sad lessons to learn. One is that there is no middle ground for the actor. "Once people learn that I'm an actor," he commented, "they either want to devote the whole evening to hearing about Hollywood or they shy away from the subject entirely, as if there were something wrong with it. I want to find out what they do and think and feel, I want to know about *them*—but I get embarrassed when they avoid mentioning my work as tactfully as if I drank to excess or had just gotten out of an asylum."

Those are the people on the outside. Then there are the pros. On his first cross country Personal Appearance tour, Bob met the press of a certain eastern city at a cocktail party, an experience he will remember. He was immediately buttonholed by a lady journalist, slightly the worse for alcoholic wear and of a nature to become belligerent under the influence of same. She did not like the film version of *The Caine*—why had Stanley Kramer made thus-and-so changes? Stanley had made them, as a matter of fact, at the specific request of the U.S. Navy, but this seemed hardly the time and place to explain such things. Instead Bob made some polite, smiling reply which was not at all satisfactory. The lady felt that the script was an unforgivable botch and, what's more, every role was miscast—why, in the book, Willie had been a rosy-cheeked, slightly chubby young man!

"She kept snapping up those cocktails," Bob recalls in awe, "and inside an hour she thought that *I* was Stanley; she started jabbing her finger into my chest and asking how *dared* I cast Bogart as Captain Queeg? I could feel my ears burning and my collar getting damp as her voice got louder and more shrill, but I was trapped. Finally two men reporters, who must have been used to her, lifted her gently by the elbows and carried her out. Man, what

an introduction!" He still looks dazed.

EVEN IN HIS own element, the studio, Bob was bothered by people for awhile. "They stared at me. It was only natural, I guess; I was just a guy from Pasadena and nobody in show business knew anything about me. I'd look around and see them studying the way I held a cigarette, the way I walked or combed my hair or cut a steak. Trying to figure me out. I got so self-conscious that I was miserable, wondering what they thought and what might be misinterpreted. So off I went for my solitary trek along the beach to think it out. What I decided was, 'The heck with it. This is the way I am, and if the studio liked me well enough to give me a contract, I'd better stay the way I am.' After that, I could relax again."

That Robert Francis has arrived is indicated by the fact that he is even on the blacklist of a columnist. "Not Miss Parsons," he explains in some haste. "She has been wonderful in the things she has written about the picture and me."

Seems that after a première Bob and about ten other people were in a nightclub and seated across the table from him was the unnamed columnist. She had a mad on at Stanley Kramer for some inexplicable reason and she elected to take it out on Bob. After staring at him for some time, she said vaguely, "Oh, yes, I remember you. You're the young man who plays that bit role in *The Caine Mutiny*, aren't you?"

The young man's pride was stung, his blue eyes glinted, but his mother would have washed his mouth out with soap for rudeness to an older woman. "Why, yes ma'am, I am," he answered pleasantly, "but it was really too insignificant to mention, so why don't we forget about it?"

He should have known that most columnists never forget anything. Thereafter, when one of Bob's pictures was shown to the press, she reviewed the performances of everyone down to the bit players, concluding with, "Robert Francis was also in the cast."

Typically, Bob holds no animosity. He's doing his job as well as he knows how, he has beautiful manners, and he has done nothing for which he should apologize. Among the attributes with which he was endowed is a healthy independence that will allow him to become nobody's whipping boy. No amount of modesty will, or should, change that.

THIS LARGE, lean and handsome character has undeniable imperfections. There is an unexpected impish quality to be guarded against. "We had another luncheon interview to do the other day, and I started thinking about poor Dorothy, about how bored she must be, having heard my life story so many times." This particular Dorothy is not his charm-sized girl friend, but a Columbia publicist "So I decided to liven things up for her and make up a new life story. I explained to the writer how Hollywood had discovered me just as I was about to sign for another Broadway musical. I talked about the three children and the divorce and the other woman involved."

He was grinning from ear to ear as he remembered it. "Dorothy never said a word—maybe she was speechless—but her eyes were out on stems before I apologized to the writer and said it was all a joke on Dorothy."

How would you feel about such devilment if you were a publicist in charge of this individual? Well, if you had the usual number of red corpuscles and a sense of humor, as Dorothy has, you, too, would probably go around muttering, "I'm going to kill him!" And, just as she does, you'd love the guy.

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change of heart

(*Continued from page* 53) being told around most of Hollywood: Pier Angeli and Jimmy Dean had it real bad—that yen for each other described as love.

On the Warner Brothers lot the story was old hat. Ever since *The Silver Chalice* and *East of Eden* had begun, Pier, twenty-one and Jimmy, twenty-three, had been exchanging visits, spending every spare minute together.

How had the romance begun?

According to one girl who knows Pier well, "It had something to do with rebound. When Kirk Douglas suddenly decided to get married, I think she was a little hurt. She says that she and Kirk were never in love, just good friends, and all of that. But he was the first man of any consequence in her life and I know she felt very friendly toward him.

"Kirk also thought the world of her. Mama wasn't enthusiastic about this affiliation. But last year Pier took Kirk all over Rome showing him the sights. And he gave her gifts, and I saw them together lots of times. And it looked to me like much more than 'just friendship.' That's why I say that when Kirk ran off to Vegas and married Anna Buydens, Pier was a little taken back. After all, the one man in her life had been taken out of circulation.

"At twenty-one a girl needs a beau, so it was only natural for Pier to keep her eyes open. That's how come she took up with Jimmy Dean."

PIER'S VERSION of the origin of her friendship with Jimmy Dean makes no mention of Douglas.

"I never," Pier insisted in her cute Italian accent, "went to see any other actor work but Jeemee. We hear one day on the set that there is this keed on the Kazan picture, you know, the picture Elia Kazan is directing. They say he is very good.

"I say to myself, 'Anna, maybe you better look.' So I look. I watch Jeemee act. He is good, very good. I was amazed. I have never seen a young actor like Jeemee. I have great respect for his talent. We are introduced.

"Soon he is visiting my set. I am visiting his set. Just visits. That's all."

"Haven't you and Jimmy been dating?" Pier was asked.

She smiled graciously. "We were so busy working, there was not much time."

"You mean that in all the weeks of your friendship you two never went out?"

"All right," the diminutive actress said. "I will tell you. But do not make it sound that we are chasing over the country, that we are flying to each other. This is the truth.

"One evening after these visits on the set, Jeemee asked me to go out. We went to a restaurant, to Frascati's. His parents were there. He introduced me. They are wonderful people. Then Jeemee, after his picture was finished, had to go to New York.

"I drove him to the plane, and Debbie Reynolds was getting on the same plane, too. She was flying to New York with her mother. Yes, to see Eddie. So I introduced Jeemee to Debbie. I do not, excuse, I did not want them to be lonely. On a flight, a trip, it is good to talk.

"Anyway, when Jeemee got to New York he called me and said, 'Debbie is a very nice girl but we did not talk. She was very sick most of the trip. Then I fell asleep.'

"Jeemee is what they call, well, you can say he is my close friend."

Pier was asked, "How close?"

She smiled and said, "The closest."

"Are you in love with Jimmy Dean?"

"I do not think," Pier told the questioner, "that you understand me. I was raised in Italy, very strict, very close. My parents with me all the time. It is that way in Italy. In America young girls have more freedom. They meet somebody—how you say?—they meet some guy and fall for him? That is the saying, no? They get married. If marriage is not successful, divorce.

"Since I was born I believe in marrying one time. Was how I was raised. A girl is married one time. I will get married only one time. So I must be sure.

"Jeemee is a wonderful boy, a great actor. But we are very young. He will soon be twenty-four. This is first year for me I am allowed to go out alone. There is a very old joke in Hollywood. If a boy dates me they say he must also date my mother, my two sisters, my dogs and my parakeets. This is not true any more.

"I am allowed to go out alone on dates. Of course, I call my mother on the telephone from the outside—" (Pier laughed heartily at this) "—but I am now free and twenty-one. There is a responsibility in being free.

"You cannot meet the first guy and fall in love right away and there you are. No, it is the wrong bit." (Pier's speech is punctuated with theatrical slang, "bit" being a show-business synonym for act, routine, way.)

"I must grow up first before I fall in love."

Anna Pierangeli is of course, at twenty-one, a full-grown young woman. In attitude and outlook, however, she is naive. ("The reason I took Kirk Douglas around Rome. The poor boy. He was so alone. He knew no one there, no girls, no friends, nothing.")

Pier's naivete is the result of maternal over-protection, of too much careful cloistering. Her background explains this.

Anna and Marisa Pierangeli, twins, were born on the Italian island of Sardinia. As children they were taken to Rome where Pier's father, Luigi Pierangeli, soon became well known as an architect and builder.

When Pier was six years old, World War II broke out in Europe, and as Pier grew up she learned much of death and fear and suffering.

PIER, UNDERSTANDABLY enough, doesn't like to talk about it, but when she was ten the Nazis moved in and occupied all of Italy. It was unsafe, even for ten-year-old girls, to walk the streets of Rome even to and from school. There was a perpetual shortage of food. Pier remembers her father bicycling into the rural areas north of Rome to bargain with the peasants for fresh vegetables and a little milk.

She knows, too, that it was the strain of the war years that eventually weakened her father's heart and killed him only a few weeks after she had finished her first American picture, *Teresa*, and had signed a contract to come to Hollywood.

"I do not like," she says, "to talk about the past. The present is much nicer, and the future is always the best time for a girl."

Pier's mother had been an actress in Italy. Upon marrying she left the stage.

When Pier was offered a small part in *Tomorrow Is Too Late*, a neo-realistic Italian film directed by the great Vittorio DeSica, her father said no. Luigi Pierangeli did not want his daughter in show business. But gradually Pier and her mother wore him down.

Pier was supposed to play a young girl confused and terrified by the advent of maturity and love. And as DeSica recently said, "As soon as I saw the child, her

DICK HAYMES:

besieged, beleaguered and bedeviled

Now his ex-wives have added new headaches to Dick's and Rita's worries.

■ A few weeks ago the California Superior Court ordered Dick Haymes to be thrown in jail—that is, if the sheriff could find him.

The charge: Haymes' wilful failure to pay for the support of his (and Joanne Dru's) three children, Dick, Helen and Barbara Haymes.

Dick's third wife, Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes, also threatened Dick with prison unless he paid her alimony.

When these announcements hit the press, a wave of sympathy arose for beleaguered Dick.

"Why don't these ex-wives leave Dick alone?" one attorney demanded. "The Government is trying to deport him to Argentina. Why don't they let him fight one case at a time? He'll pay them off eventually. His ex-wives are being unreasonable."

Joanne Dru, Dick's second wife, heard about this in London where she was making a film with Errol Flynn. Joanne's career has been going well, six pictures in two years, and she realizes that many people can't understand her reluctance to relax the legal pressure against Dick, who is broke.

Joanne's explanation: "When I was married to Dick he got behind on his Federal income tax payments. Two years after Dick and I were divorced, the Government took 50% of my income to pay his back taxes. They took about $45,000 from me. That's why I'm determined to make Dick pay the maintenance allowance for his own children. Right now he owes about $4,500. If he gets deported I don't imagine we'll ever get a cent."

Says Nora Eddington Flynn—Haymes' third wife: "I divorced Dick because he wanted his freedom to marry Rita Hayworth. He agreed to pay me $100 a week starting September 24, 1953. He paid one week's alimony and I haven't had another penny from him. They tell me that if he gets shipped back to Argentina, I can go whistle. That's why I'd like a few bucks from him right now."

Haymes, who has earned more than $5,000,000 in his thirty-eight years and has nothing but trouble to show for it today, says, "If they'll only give me a chance I'll try to straighten everything out in time."

fragile body, her sensitive face, I knew she was the right one."

When Pier was granted paternal permission to play the part, she fainted after an actor kissed her during the first take.

Sheltered, watched over, kept away from boys during her adolescence, Pier came to Hollywood a frightened, inhibited girl.

Time, American ways, and half a dozen motion pictures have made changes but she is still emotionally afraid. And Mama Pierangeli is still afraid that someone will hurt her little girl. Now that Pier is twenty-one, Mama permits unchaperoned dating, but this is merely to avoid the eventual rebellion that springs from repression.

Actor Jimmy Dean, on the other hand, is far from repressed or inhibited.

He is a member of what is euphemistically termed "the T-shirt school of actors" or "the Kazan school."

He has been compared to Marlon Brando in behavior, dress, speech and manner. He is also a talented actor. His performance in *East Of Eden*, for example, is outstanding. This picture was directed by Elia Kazan (*Pinky, Gentleman's Agreement, Streetcar Named Desire, On The Waterfront*). Kazan is an excellent judge of talent.

Dean had a role in a Broadway play, *The Immoralist*, which ran last year. His performance in that production was so good that he won an award as the most promising newcomer of the year. Kazan thereupon tested and signed him for *Eden*.

During the production of the picture, Jimmy was introduced to Pier Angeli.

"Her soul," he says, "she's got a beautiful soul. Strikes you right away. Doesn't have to open her mouth. Just look at her. Beauty. Get it? Beauty. Sheer, overwhelming beauty.

"Sure, I like her. But right now I'm in no position to take care of her. She deserves the best. I'm no hustler. Never have been. Can't hustle a buck. I don't need dough. Never had any and got along fine. If I get some dough I like to spend it on records. Like good music. Things like that."

Dean reported to Warner Brothers wearing a T-shirt and was immediately stamped an off-beat character.

"Who cares what they call me?" he asked. "The serious artist has always been misunderstood."

He was raised on a farm in Fairmont, Indiana. His mother died when he was an infant, and he was brought up by an aunt and uncle. Pier calls them "his parents."

Unlike Brando, who, as a child, had no desire to act, Jimmy has been acting "ever since I was a kid." At Fairmont High School he won the Indiana State Dramatic Contest as the state's best actor. He also won letters in baseball, basketball and track. A year later he went west and enrolled in the University of California at Los Angeles.

James Whitmore, then under contract to MGM, got to know young Dean and told him that there might be a place for him in Hollywood.

"After two years at UCLA," Dean says, "I got fed up and took the bus to New York and started making the rounds for an acting job. Didn't know the ropes. Didn't have much dough. Got lonely and scared. Used to spend all day in the movies."

Eventually, Dean hired out as a hand on a yacht whose skipper was connected with show business. The skipper got him an audition for *See The Jaguar*. It was a beautifully written allegorical play but it lasted on Broadway only a very short time.

Jimmy then began making the rounds of the TV casting directors in New York and gradually got enough work to live on. Last year Billy Rose cast him in *The Immoralist* and this year Kazan had him make his screen debut opposite Julie Harris in *East Of Eden*. Simultaneously, Pier Angeli was loaned to Warner Brothers for *The Silver Chalice*.

While the pictures were in production, Jimmy concentrated exclusively on Pier. They would lunch in the studio's Green Room each afternoon, watch each other work in front of the cameras and spend their spare time together.

With Jimmy in attendance, Pier seemed to blossom, to become more gay. A hairdresser remarked, "Whenever Dean walks on the set the lovelight comes into that chicken's green eyes."

As for Dean, when asked about his feelings toward Pier he shakes his blond head and says, "She's a doll, that one, a rare and beautiful doll. She's so different from all the rest of the dolls I've seen in pictures. She's young but she's got depth and philosophy. She's gracious with people, knows how to handle them, something I've got to learn out here."

"Do you think that eventually you two kids will get engaged?"

"You mean me and Miss Pizza? Who knows? Right now I'm too neurotic."

And this was the final word on the subject.

No wonder the film colony was completely unprepared for Pier's sudden announcement that she would marry Brooklyn-born Vic Damone. A casual friendship that no one took seriously—except Pier and Vic—turned out to be the news item that caught all the Hollywood news hawks napping.

END

meet maggie mcnamara

(*Continued from page 57*) luckily the name was almost the same. Maggie isn't one to explain much anyway and by then—after all that had happened to her—she wasn't too surprised at anything.

That was only three years ago, and now Maggie McNamara is a celebrity in her own right. That Chicago play was such a hit that it ran for thirteen months, sent Maggie on to Broadway, and then to Hollywood, where the movie version caused quite a stir with the censors and won an Academy nomination for Maggie. This year *Three Coins In The Fountain* is making golden box-office noises second only to *The Robe* at Twentieth Century-Fox. And McNamara will go so far as to do Shakespeare in the one she's making now, *Prince Of Players*.

Maggie McNamara's appearance is still deceiving. She still looks as though she just stepped out of *Seventeen*, on whose pages she used to appear as a model. She still wears the same kind of clothes. She weighs just ninety-six pounds soaking wet and stands five feet, one, in flat shoes. The rest of the McNamara chassis, while artistically and provocatively arranged, could slip through a transom with ease any time Maggie should get locked out of her room.

The girlishly-innocent face is crowned with a mop of raven hair cropped to an Italian bob, furthering the illusion that twenty-six-year-old Maggie is a fugitive from the truant officer. When she was working on *Three Coins In The Fountain*, Maggie showed up one morning wearing black-rimmed glasses and packing a script under her arm. Gibby, the guard, informed her kindly that U.C.L.A. was just over the hill. She had to wait in the reception room until her statement that she was Miss McNamara, the actress, was verified.

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MAGGIE MCNAMARA'S cute, little-girl appearance has been her fortune. Without it, chances are she'd never have hit the Hollywood gold mine. Maggie didn't know beans with the bag open about dramatics and cared even less until her fresh, fascinating face showed up on the cover of *Life* Magazine some six years ago and, to her amazement, started Hollywood studios bidding. She started acting lessons and appeared in a four-day flop on Broadway. But Maggie blossomed because she found a lucky part custom-tailored to her deceptive façade. As Patty, the naively-wise little pick-up in *The Moon Is Blue,* Maggie provided the kick by looking as dumb as a doorknob while she made fools of sophisticated men-about-town William Holden and David Niven. In *Three Coins* it was the same—a ga-ga little secretary romped off to the altar with worldly-wise prince Louis Jourdan through some clever footwork behind her gaucherie. Maggie surprised her audience along with her prey.

In person, if you don't watch out, you're likely to fall for the same charming trap—the round, innocent eyes, the hesitant speech, the frail little figure. Added to a sincere shyness and reluctance to talk about herself or show her face in public places, Maggie is already a minor sort of mystery girl in Hollywood. Although she has camped there a respectable spell three separate times, she has yet to go to a night-club or anywhere that a guy can get a good look. Most of the time she's been without her husband, who writes TV shows back in New York, so she spends her spare time studying. The minute she gets off a movie hook, Maggie kites right back to New York believing, like Fred Allen, that California is great—if you're an orange.

Maggie signed to make pictures for Darryl Zanuck, but she was loaned out to Producer Otto Preminger for her first. Then her home studio called on Maggie to make *King Of The Khyber Rifles.* Maggie read the script and said, "No, thanks." Her bosses as firmly said, "Yes." She still said, "No." They spanked her with a suspension.

But Maggie McNamara has no regrets. When she was called back from the coat closet and offered *Three Coins In The Fountain,* Maggie promptly said yes, had a dream trip to Rome and—well—look what happened.

This ability to emerge from any doubtful situation glowing like a rose may trace back to the luck of the Irish. Her father, Timothy McNamara, emigrated to America from County Cork; and the Flemings, her mother's tribe, came from Galway by way of England.

Marguerite Ann Mary McNamara, as they tagged her, was the third daughter. Older sisters Helen and Cathleen and younger brother Robert made a pretty big family for Tim McNamara to support in the Great Depression on a chauffeur's pay—just when the rich were frantically divesting themselves of such luxuries. When Maggie was nine the financial strain and other things split the family. Her mother, Helen, found a job as a beauty operator and made a home for the kids.

Maggie didn't get far from home base all during her girlhood, which she remembers as being 'on the solitary side.' All around her Manhattan was busting with excitement, drama and adventure, but Marguerite stayed rooted like the dainty posy she's named after right in Washington Heights. She roller skated sedately on the crowded sidewalks, her long, blonde tresses (they turned black later on) flying and no wildly adventurous ideas beneath them—least of all the gaudy vision of becoming an actress. Maggie got all her romance and escape from books. She'd raid he public library for a stack almost as tall as she was and find a place by herself where she could get lost in fairy tales and legends, her favorite being the bloody, dragon-baiting saga of *Beowulf.* The only time Maggie showed a girlhood flash of show business ambition was after a performance of the Ballet de Monte Carlo. That excited her so visibly that a friend, close enough to be called aunt, staked her to dancing lessons and for a while Maggie's shyness was lost in dreams of a ballerina's career. Trouble was, each time she toe-danced before the Ballet Arts School pupils, she'd giggle with embarrassment and that would bring her right down flat-footed. If you'd have predicted that self-conscious Miss Marguerite McNarmara would someday lead the spotlighted life of an actress, you would have been credited with a hole in the head.

Maggie kept right on being the shy one at school. Soon after her operation, she memorized every word of *Rip Van Winkle* and the whole book of *The Man Without A Country,* a feat she's still pretty proud of. Her grades zoomed and at thirteen she was ready to enter the Starbenuller Textile School to study commercial art and fashion.

THE CAREER OF Maggie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, started while she was still in the Textile School and again not because of Maggie's ego but through another one of those family friends. This one, an amateur photographer, draped Maggie in a Chinese costume one Sunday afternoon and took a picture. "It wasn't a very good picture," says Maggie. "I looked like Paddy's Irish Lotus Blossom," but everyone said it was artistic and that she posed just like a fashion model.

So armed with the homemade glamour shot, Maggie slipped into her most chic outfit, a green-and-white checked summer suit, rolled her hair on top of her head and, accompanied by her mother, invaded John Robert Powers' famous glamour hive. The receptionist looked at the Lotus Blossom study and shuddered but took another look at Maggie and gasped. Instead of enrolling her in the Powers finishing school—as Maggie had rashly hoped—she buzzed Powers himself and said she had just what he'd been looking for. Right about then young fashions were sweeping the nation and Maggie got a job that day. She modeled white knit snow mittens although it was ninety in the shade.

Pretty soon Maggie was all over the style catalogues and fashion magazines—and she swung her Brewster hat box—badge of the Powers girl—up Madison Avenue with a sassy swagger. She got her fee upped to $20 an hour. With her ageless face and figure it looked as if she'd go bobby-soxing along in fashion poses until she got arthritis. But another girl named Maggie changed that when our Maggie was nineteen.

THIS MAGGIE'S last name was Swope, and she was a fashion editor of *Life* Magazine. Cooking up a spread on basket-weave handbags she had Sharland, the famous woman photographer, build it around this cute McNamara kid. The day the proofs came in she called Maggie and informed her excitedly, "Don't hold your breath—but it looks like you might be on the cover!" That's a top break for any young model.

"Ha!" said Maggie, knowing a thing or two about life by then—and about *Life* Magazine, too. She would be lucky if she showed up on page 109 by the time the bright young men shuffled things around.

So instead of holding her breath, Maggie went up to Highland Falls that weekend for some fresh air and got so giddy she fell off a bicycle, blacking both eyes, puffing her lip up like a toadstool and scratching a waffle design across her nose. When she limped into her house her mother told her, "A Mr. David Selznick called."

"Who?" asked Maggie wearily. The man who made *Gone With The Wind* meant nothing to her.

"—and Dick Avedon."

"Wow!" exclaimed Maggie. Avedon is a top fashion photographer and he never had given her a tumble before. It dawned that she must have made the *Life* cover after all and a dash to the corner drugstore confirmed it.

John Powers straightened out Maggie on who David Selznick was and went with her to see him at Hampshire House, where, despite the fact that she looked like something Kid Gavilan had just worked over, he talked about a Hollywood contract and sent her to a drama teacher to prepare for a test. The test wasn't made but she was offered a stock contract and turned it down on John Powers' advice to learn something about acting before she gave up modeling. Her Irish luck was riding high. Six months later Selznick stopped producing pictures.

Maggie's dramatic debut was in *The King Of Friday's Men,* an Irish fantasy that the Abbey Players had done, and she got the job because of her leprechaun look. Again her shamrock delivered, because she was all set to take off for New Orleans to visit her roommate's folks when the producers offered her the spot. She's never been sorry she canceled her reservations, because while the arty stage job lasted just four days at the Playhouse it drew critical cheers for Maggie McNamara and led to her real break in *The Moon Is Blue.* A month later, indirectly, it got Maggie a husband.

THE BLIND LEADING THE BRAZILIAN



In São Paulo, Brazil, during our film festival, I was at the Cine Marrocos where I walked past Fred MacMurray. As he was talking to somebody, I stood quietly by his side. He finished talking and then without even giving me a look, he took me by the arm and led me through the hall towards the street. I said nothing till we reached the street; then I asked him for his autograph. It was only then that he noticed that it was me and not June Haver he was escorting. He was very confused and asked me to excuse him—and again got more and more confused for he thought that he had been apologizing in vain and I did not know any English!

Jurema Oliveira
São Paulo, Brazil

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DAVID SWIFT is a big guy from Minnesota who grew up in Laguna Beach, California. After doodling Donald Ducks and such at Walt Disney's Studios, he progressed to radio writing. By now he's a top TV writer, who originated *Mr. Peepers* and owns a hunk of the show. The Morris agency which handled Maggie's career, handled Swift's business, and that's how he spied this picture of Maggie. Dave Swift looked and swore right out loud, "That's the girl I'm going to marry!"

This involved a brassy phone call, a blind date, a stand-up on Maggie's part, another try, a proposal after a nine-day courtship, and a marriage before the month was out. There wasn't time for a honeymoon because Dave was sweating out a TV script and Maggie was loaded—rehearsals for *The Moon Is Blue* by day and an Equity Library Theatre performance of *You Can't Take It With You* at night. In fact, Maggie remembers disgustedly that the day after their wedding she had to show up for rehearsals at the grim hour of ten A.M.

After Mag's sensational run in Chicago and a two-month Broadway triumph subbing for Barbara Bel Geddes, the Swifts had a breather and flew off on their delayed honeymoon to the Virgin Islands. There Dave, who had gone for a skin-diving rig, complete with underwater cartridge spear, exploded the thing on the first day's dive and it sank out of sight. Most of his honeymoon was spent plunging vainly to recover the expensive equipment.

Maggie had read the map wrong, routed them to a British Island instead of a French one, or vice versa, fouled up their passports and landed herself in all kinds of international complications. But their misadventures made the honeymoon a howling success for the Swifts. As Dave's best friend, Bob Sweeney, swears: "Dave and Maggie are a couple of strictly offbeat characters with Charles Addams senses of humor."

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ALTHOUGH they are separated pretty often by their two careers, the Swifts are a self-sufficient corporation, close as two peas in a pod and steady long distance customers of A. T. & T. Home is a Manhattan apartment but they seem to be always crossing the country by plane, train or in their Ford convertible, which Maggie still can't drive. She's not the athletic type. Sometimes under pressure she'll tap out a miniature golf game, coast downhill on a bike or push a bowling ball listlessly down an alley, although there's always the danger that the ball will take Maggie along, too. But usually she won't walk across the room if she can get a ride.

But she'll stay up all night—and often does—playing charades, murder, Scrabble or some such wit-teasing game. Most of this takes place at Bob and Bev Sweeney's house. Bob, a TV actor, was Dave's best man at their wedding and they're the only close friends Maggie has in Hollywood. The way she's going she's not likely to collect a crowd.

The nearest Maggie has come to a Hollywood whirl was the gala *Egyptian* première, but at the last moment she begged off because she was starting *Prince Of Players* the next morning. Even when she was up for an Academy Award in New York last year, McNamara passed the event which could possibly have Oscared her over nationwide television. She didn't pack an evening gown for this Hollywood trip and never wears makeup, on screen or off. The only jewelry she wears is her plain gold wedding band and some earrings she picked up in Rome. But she confesses a weakness for pearls, if and when she can afford them. Before that, however, Maggie wants a house in the country out from New York and some more trips abroad, preferably to Scandanavia, a hangover urge from Beowulf. And then there's the family she wants, boy first, then a girl and her son's name is already picked out—David, naturally. Maggie thinks that's the most beautiful of all handles and when old friends call her husband by his nickname, "Bud," her Irish flares. "How can you disgrace such a beautiful name?" Mrs. Swift rages.

MAGGIE'S CHANCES of realizing most of these private dreams seem fairly remote at present. Producers are standing in line, in Hollywood and on Broadway, too. As Bob Sweeney observes, "She's one of those dedicated actresses, all out and wrapped up. Maggie would rather create something good for a $30,000 B picture than walk through a $3,000,000 epic. Money isn't her object—she's out for the top."

There doesn't seem to be much doubt about that. And while Irish luck may have shoved her into the dizzy galaxy of show business, Maggie is not counting on those shamrocks to yank her up to the stars. The perfectionism which has made her almost a Hollywood recluse carries on wherever she goes and when she's on a job conventional holidays mean nothing. In love as they are, the Swifts have never even celebrated a wedding anniversary. In New York Maggie still studies dramatics with coach Herbert Ratner and sometimes dancing with Martha Graham.

Eva LeGallienne coached her for the Shakespeare in *Prince Of Players* wherein Maggie is tackling big league stuff like the balcony scene from *Romeo And Juliet* with expert Richard Burton. "When I put on a few pounds I'll do *Lady Macbeth*," she promises. "I'm mean enough for the part."

Nobody who knows Maggie McNamara believes that for a minute. The consensus is that the diminutive Maggie packs a heart as big as a watermelon and just as soft. "Maggie carries a torch for the rights of man," says her chum Norma Crane, who was with her in that ill-fated first Broadway play and is visiting with her in Hollywood right now. "The only thing that really makes her mad is disloyalty or injustice." And her agent calls Maggie "the worst business woman in the world, because," he explains, "she can't stand to hurt anybody."

So the prospect of Maggie McNamara ever coming across convincingly as a murderess is a workout for the imagination of her friends, as is the prospect of extra pounds. They know how she forgets to eat when she's working, nibbling nothings all day long and settling for a steak late at night after a spot of sherry. Maggie practically lives on steaks and salads, both non-fattening, and milk gags her—so the chances of there ever being much more of Maggie McNamara to spread around seem pretty slim.

BUT SO FAR Maggie's ninety-six have been all the weight that's needed to send out a solid beat. When she hit the stage in *The Moon Is Blue* one critic looked, listened and wrote: "Tonight Maggie McNamara was the irresistible force that made all of us in the theatre immovable objects."

The effect has been essentially the same out of Hollywood. Or, as witty Clifton Webb mused, thoughtfully watching Maggie spark up scenes for *Three Coins In The Fountain* with the McNamara charm, "She's a tiny thing, isn't she? But then, so is the atom."

END

has kelly found her man?

(*Continued from page 30*) her concerns her quick romance with Ray Milland. Grace was under the impression that the Millands were separated when Ray became infatuated with her. This was incorrect, and she diplomatically got rid of Milland.

As for her other leading men, her dates were for friendship, not love. And then, too, there have been those she definitely did *not* date—such as Stewart Granger, with whom she made *Green Fire* for MGM and equally happily married Jim Stewart.

Love did not enter Grace Kelly's life until last summer when Oleg Cassini, forty-two, dress designer and former husband of Gene Tierney, attracted her attention. Then Grace dropped her leading men out of her private world and began to concentrate on Cassini.

Oleg has long been in demand as an ardent, witty, charming and intelligent escort.

He also has an affinity for romance, so last August when Grace had to journey to the French Riviera for location shooting on *To Catch A Thief,* Oleg found that he had business on the Riviera, too.

At Cannes, Cassini and Kelly were virtually inseparable. When Grace was gambling for small stakes at the Monte Carlo casino, so was Oleg.

On Carleton Beach, Grace and her mustached friend sunbathed together, swam together, went boating together.

GRACE, WHO GOES swimming in a conservative bathing suit, explained at the time that she and Oleg were merely acquaintances.

"Right now," she said, "I don't feel that I can combine marriage and a career. My career is just beginning and it requires constant care and attention. The same thing, I think, is true of marriage.

"At the moment my career is getting most of my attention. Certainly I'm interested in marriage. What single girl isn't? But I don't think I could mix them at this particular time."

THAT'S WHAT Grace said in Cannes. And oddly enough, no one believed her. According to one European, "Kelly claims she isn't interested in marriage. But Cassini certainly is. He is occupying the room directly across from her in the Carleton Hotel He has admitted to friends that he is crazy about her and hopes to marry her

"Kelly is not well known here. Only *High Noon* has been released. But she is very striking and unusually ladylike. She and Cassini are inseparable. No doubt this is a serious love affair, as Cassini is not the type to go chasing rainbows. He probably will leave for Paris a day ahead of her."

From Paris, the same man observed, "No doubt now about Kelly-Cassini *entente* Seems he knew her back in New York when she was a struggling young TV actress. Then he was still married to Gene Tierney but separated. Currently Cassini is showing Kelly most of Paris. Yesterday he took her to the Jacques Fath party. She dressed very simply, as usual. She is such a fresh, clean-looking girl, she looks as though she spent the night on a bed of mint. Cassini confided that he will drive her to Le Havre when she sails for New York (then flies to Hollywood). She is joining Cary Grant and Betsy Drake at Le Havre. Probably. Cassini will not sail with her.

"He is very shrewd and diplomatic about the press. Undoubtedly, he will join her in Hollywood where she goes to finish the Hitchcock picture. My guess is that Cassini will wear her down, probably marry her before the year is out. The Paris reaction to Kelly was very good, although the men were surprised to see an American actress who isn't built like Monroe.

"Hitchcock says Kelly is a fine actress who has many of Ingrid Bergman's qualities. Newsmen find her careful and unresponsive. She is a tough interview, no anecdotes, no color, speaks in measured sentences. Cassini is hitting forty, tops her by fifteen years. He is the first Hollywood and New York figure younger than her father to get serious about her. . She definitely appeals to older, sophisticated men. We hear she has a younger sister very pretty, more flesh on her bones.

"She and Cassini have worked out a travel system whereby he arrives in town a day before or a day after she does. Then they get together. There has been absolutly nothing between Kelly and Cary Grant, despite some rumors."

WHEN GRACE KELLY arrived in Hollywood to complete *To Catch A Thief,* Oleg Cassini (Grace calls him "Oleeg") was not far behind.

Cassini told reporters he had come to Hollywood on business. He has been a studio dress designer for many years.

"Who's he kidding?" asked one reporter. "Everyone knows his business is Kelly."

Oleg visited her on the Paramount lot practically every day. They lunched and talked and tried to dodge the questions of more inquiring reporters.

"You and Grace going steady?" Cassini was asked one afternoon.

"We're friends," he admitted.

"When do you friends plan on getting married?"

Cassini smiled. He is thin, dapper and pleasant.

"That sort of question," he said, "has to be answered by the lady in question."

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- ☐ Louello Parsons In Hollywood
- ☐ New Movies
- ☐ John's Other Life (John Derek)
- ☐ TV Tolk
- ☐ Aim For The Stors (Eddie Fisher)
- ☐ Has Kelly Found Her Man? (Groce Kelly)
- ☐ Alwoys Leod With Your Heort (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ Beouty Fair
- ☐ Popa Loves Moma (Jone Powell)
- ☐ Kings' Row
- ☐ Count Your Blessings (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ Rock Hudson's Romonce
- ☐ Love Come First (Cyd Chorisse, Tony Mortin)
- ☐ Change of Heart (Pier Angeli)
- ☐ Sound of Thunder (Bob Froncis)
- ☐ Meet Moggie McNomoro
- ☐ Right Guy (Guy Modison)
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The lady in question was in her dressingroom. The reporter said, "I assume you're gone on her."

Cassini grinned. "Yes." He nodded. "She is certainly beautiful. Grace has a classic beauty and depth—much depth. She is really a very fine person."

"When do you think you'll make her Mrs. Cassini?"

Oleg shrugged. He made no secret of his love for Grace. He admitted that he was hanging around Hollywood just to spend his time with her.

But Kelly parried most of the questions about Oleg with practiced verbal agility. "He is a good friend. . . . No, I'd never think of eloping. . . . Quite naturally I like him. . . . Any wedding announcements will come from my parents in the proper manner."

One afternoon when she was showing her young sister around the hotel grounds, Grace was asked how she had liked her business trip to the Riviera.

"I had a fine time," she said.

"What is this about you and Oleg Cassini? Anything serious?"

"The weather in France wasn't too good," Grace said. "But we all managed to have fun."

MAN WITH A SECRET



Around three years ago I recognized Jeff Chandler standing outside a CBS studio. I asked him for his autograph and mentioned that we almost had the same birthday; he was born December 15, 1918 and I was born on the 17th of the same year. "Shhhh," he said, "don't tell anyone. At least, you don't look it!"
Mrs. J. L. Robbins
Garden Grove, California

"After you finish *Thief*," she was asked, "what do you do?"

"I'm going back to New York, and for six months I'm going to do all the things I haven't had time to do. I'm going to rest and shop and sleep and—"

"Get married?" she was interrupted.

"I really must be going," Grace said.

TWO DAYS LATER, however, when Cassini was with her on the set, a reporter said to Grace, "Now, tell me, what is there about Cassini that you really like?"

For the first time in her Hollywood career, Grace stammered and lost her poise. "I—I don't know what you mean."

"It's very simple," the reporter said. "You like Cassini. Everyone knows that. Why do you like him?"

Grace looked at Oleg, and her face reddened. Oleg chuckled.

"I haven't even told Oleeg why I like him," Grace said. And then quickly, "My, I'm late now. I've got to change."

That week end Grace and Oleg attended the Sonja Henie party, and to the 300 guests it was apparent that what Oleg and Grace felt was love, pure and simple.

One actress remarked, "Those two behave as though they are already married. And they make a very handsome couple, Oleg with his dark hair and dark mustache and Kelly with her blonde loveliness."

A few days after that party, Grace packed her bags and with Liz Taylor and Laraine Day caught a TWA plane to New York. Cassini had pulled out of Hollywood a day before. His friends said that next time he returned to the coast he would return with Grace Kelly Cassini.

Love being a mercurial, unpredictable quality, Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini may be man and wife as you read this. If they are not, they soon may be unless, of course, they have found some major disagreement.

It seems unlikely, since Cassini is not the type of fiercely independent man who would insist that Grace give up her acting.

Grace has a long-term contract with MGM, and while she has only made one picture for that studio and, in confidence, she regrets signing that contract, she is nevertheless a professional actress who would not like the idea of abandoning a career that has just rolled into high.

ONE OF HER close friends says, "Grace has reached the age when she needs a husband. She is twenty-six. She comes from a large family and has always wanted a family of her own.

"She has also wanted to prove that she could carve out a career for herself. She's proven that very nicely, I think. Hers is the most sensational start of any young actress in years.

"She comes from a wealthy Irish family, and she didn't need to become an actress because she needs the money. She wanted to prove to herself that she could make it on her own. And she has. Whether she will marry Oleg Cassini I don't know. But if she does, I believe that she will probably make one good picture a year."

A NEW YORKER who knows Cassini and his brother Igor (who writes a society column under the name of Cholly Knickerbocker) says, "Oleg has always been attracted to young women of beauty and wealth.

"Many years ago he married patent medicine heiress Madcap Mary Fahrney. I think they eloped to Elkton, Maryland. It was around 1938 and Oleg was the Madcap's fourth husband. He was only a kid at the time, twenty-five, I think, and after the elopement, there was a remarriage, a regular Russian Orthodox affair.

"Mary sued him for divorce, charging infidelity. The next time I heard of Cassini he was out in Hollywood, running a dress shop or something. Gene Tierney fell for him and they eloped on a plane to Vegas. I don't think it was a long courtship.

"I don't know what loused up Cassini's marriage with Gene. I know she offered to give up her career to save their marriage but a mutual friend quoted her as saying, 'Oleg doesn't want me without a career.' Anyway, Gene filed for divorce in California. I guess it was in April of 1952. There were all sorts of jealousy charges. Gene won the divorce and Oleg agreed to pay $63 a week for the support of his two daughters, plus 10% of anything he earned over $10,000 a year. Gene waived alimony; she said she didn't want a cent for herself.

"If Gene marries Aly Khan and Oleg marries Grace Kelly, I don't want to be a killjoy, but I don't think either of those marriages will work out.

"My reasons? Very simple. Gene and Grace are American-born and American-bred. Khan and Cassini are Europeans with European attitudes. And I've yet to meet the European who looks upon his wife as an equal.

"Kelly and Tierney are proud and independent. They won't take a back seat to anyone. Besides, there's another thing about European husbands; once their wives start growing old and losing their beauty, they start looking around."

In any case, Grace Kelly is no child. At twenty-six, after years of working, she should know her own heart and mind. **END**

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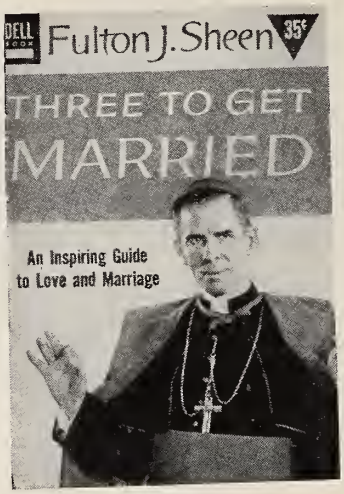
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Wherever Pocketsize Books Are Sold

aim for the stars

(*Continued from page 29*) Frankie. What do you know—every time I sounded much better!

I thought to myself, "I'm good. Nobody knows it, but I'm good. As soon as they find out—Bam! I'll be right on top." And I aimed for the top.

It's a lucky thing I had patience. It was a long time waiting before my career went Bam! More often it got stuck—Squash!

Right from the start in my life I liked to sing. There was a good reason. You all know how, in a gang of kids, every member tries to be outstanding in some way? There is the big, strong, natural athlete who comes first, of course. Then there is the daring kid, and then the funny boy. and so on down the line until you come to the shrimp whose claim to distinction is usually only a freakish one—he can imitate the noise of a car skidding around a corner, or maybe, by crossing his eyes and sticking out his tongue, he looks just like Milton Berle when Milton crosses his eyes and sticks out his tongue. Well, I was a shrimp and I couldn't imitate a skidding car or look like Berle. But I could sing. I was most alive when I sang.

I don't mean that the fellows used to get down on their knees and plead with me: "Ah, gee, Eddie, please sing us a song!" Come to think of it they never even asked me once. But when I did sing they would grunt as if to say that this was something I could possibly get away with. And man, how this would fill me with pride! I'd think, "Gee! I really belong, I'm one of them!" Even today I think I'd be ready to sing all night if I thought it would get me an appreciative nod from one of my old gang!

WHEN I GOT my first loot as a singer I was seven years old. I was fifteen when my voice won me my first job.

The loot was a cake. I was entered into a neighborhood competition. Every other contestant was a girl. As the only boy I came out and sang "On The Good Ship Lollipop," and another number which I didn't remember too well then and have certainly forgotten by today. Anyway, the mothers in the audience must have been fed up with daughters, or else they just felt sorry for me because I was the only boy; anyway they gave me the biggest hand.

When they handed me the cake I took a big bite out of it right there before I handed it to my mother to bring home. This was just a natural precaution. I had two brothers and four sisters and in our family a kid who didn't watch out for himself could easily lose out when it came to such rare delights as cake. We wouldn't cheat anyone out of his staples, but dessert was fair game for all. How many times have I heard someone ask at the table. "Hey! What happened to my pie (or cake or ice cream)?" and heard everybody else respond in surprised tones, "*What* pie (or cake or ice cream)?"

This may give the idea that we were not children of the wealthy. To keep the seven of us alive my father really had to scrounge. So did we a little.

One of my earliest recollections is of pushing a baby carriage through alleyways of the city. I was a little ashamed, not of pushing a baby carriage, but of the bag of food in it that had obviously come from the welfare office. Like a lot of families in those days we found it necessary to go on relief. Now any time I see a certain shade of blue in a shirt, and particularly if there is a white stripe effect too, it throws me right back to these days because this was the color of my shirts then

—shirts that came to me from the local branch of the welfare service.

MY FIRST PROFESSIONAL job was singing on a radio show at WFIL in Philadelphia. The salary was fifteen cents a week—carfare. When I got so I did some pretty good shows I was raised to fifty cents a week. Bernie Rich and Joey Forman, my two best friends (and they are my best friends today and sitting not ten feet away from me as I write this in Hollywood), were on the same show with me as actors. They got the same kind of money. In time we went to five dollars, and then to seven and a half dollars and even ten.

When I am asked if I started at the bottom I think I am entitled to give them the answer I always give: "The bottomest."

I haven't mentioned my first pre-professional work as a singer. This was in my father's grocery store when I was about four years old. Customers who paid cash instead of charging their purchases were entitled to ask for a song from me. The only trouble was that I was shy; it was hard for me to get started. It is to this day. My first song in a radio show, the first entrance I have to make on the stage or the nightclub floor, is a tough one.

I know from experience that you have to have a tremendous amount of self-confidence to get anywhere. How else can you keep going all through the years when it seems like you never will? As a matter of fact, I have no real sense of accomplishment, certainly no strong feeling of security, right now. Rather it seems to me that I have a finger hold on a rung somewhere on the way to the top and it will take an awful lot of struggling just to stay where I am, let alone climb any further. But that's what I am shooting for—further. Nothing lower than the stars.

Jean Simmons spotted Mike Romanoff in the 20th Century-Fox commissary the other day and commented: "Poor Mike, probably can't afford to eat in his own restaurant."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

I CAN REMEMBER my father's making a big sacrifice to get me a piano and start me learning to play. That was bad enough. But how did we both feel when after two lessons I had to give up; piano was not for me! My teacher couldn't understand it, my father couldn't understand it, and I didn't get it either. But the truth was that despite having a singing voice I was a little short on the kind of brains needed to learn and produce instrumental music.

A friend of mine gave me a good tip. "Maybe this should be a lesson to you," he said. "Concentrate on one thing only. Your voice. Stay on that one road. Forget all the others."

That's what I did. But, as I say, it was a long road.

In 1946 when I was seventeen I started making trips to New York with the idea of meeting song people and crashing through to something. I thought I got somewhere when song publishers got to know my voice and estimated it was worth about ten dollars to have me sing their numbers for important radio and recording artists in hopes these stars would use them. It was a job that had a certain saddening effect on me. I would sing song after song, altogether I guess up to a couple of hundred—and yet none was ever a hit! It made me realize how hard it is to catch success.

One day I sang two songs to the late Buddy Clark, "Spring In December" and "Where Flamingos Fly."

"You demonstrate songs so well I'll just have to take these and use them in my program," he told me.

But nothing, just nothing, kept on happening. Nothing happened even when something happened. Something which *seems* big comes your way and yet you haven't actually gained a step. In 1948, for instance, I was signed by CBS to be shifted into a big program at the first opportunity. Wow! Then, for a year I tried out for shows, ten of them, and for one reason or the other flopped in all of them.

Sometimes the decisions were delayed. Often I was a live candidate long enough to have my heart cracked when the final decision was made. One of the programs I auditioned for was *Sing It Again,* the big network show that eventually proved to be such a hit, and everyone thought I had made it. I went back to Philadelphia after the audition feeling certain I had hit.

I told my family and my friends that I expected a phone call any moment summoning me back to New York. Two nights later we were listening to the radio when we heard an announcement about the show. "Tune in next week, when CBS presents *Sing It Again,* starring Alan Dale!"

My father looked at me a little angrily. "Who told you you could change your name?" he asked.

"It's changed," I said, "but not to Alan Dale. There is a real Alan Dale and a wonderful singer. My name is mud."

THAT WAS RADIO. In my early days I also flopped nicely in stage shows and in recording. Very few people know, and maybe I shouldn't remind anyone, that I was supposed to be one of the singing stars in Michael Todd's musical hit of some years back, *As The Girls Go.* Mr. Todd auditioned me. As a matter of fact he gave me a real chance and heard me sing on five different occasions before he made up his mind. On each of the first four times he said, "There is something there. I'm not sure. I'll have to listen again." After the fifth time he said, "Well, it's definite now. You won't do."

Mannie Sachs, then talent head of Columbia records, told me I had nothing to worry about. "Eddie, you'll hit so big and make so much money you won't know what to do with it," he said. After which I had almost a full year doing nothing but sitting outside his office and figuring how to spend my money when I got it. Mannie meant well. Eventually he would have got me started, I'm sure. But he was a busy man. Sitting there I watched Buddy Clark walk into his office, Frank Sinatra walk in, Dinah Shore walk in. But I never got in any more.

With important stars to worry about Mr. Sachs couldn't spare much time for me. And besides that, I was young. But that isn't the way I figured then. It seemed to me that I had been fighting to get somewhere for years and it hurt me that around my home I was still taking, not making, as far as money was concerned.

I was still only seventeen when I got a call to come to New York again, this time to actually go to work singing with two orchestras—the Buddy Morrow band and Charlie Ventura's. I sang only a few times with Morrow, and after four weeks with Ventura I wasn't getting along because I didn't fit in with his musical style. Yet the big thing was that I was singing with a band in and around Broadway; to me this was it, this was the way to the stars.

I SING LOVE songs. I have no particular style. I sing love songs and I sing them the way I feel them. This makes it difficult for me to fit in with an orchestra that has a definite style of its own and colors everything played or sung in its own way. Here was my trouble when I was with



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Charlie Ventura. After a while I got a hunch that it would be only a matter of time before I would be fired.

It wasn't a happy prospect even if the job wasn't paying much money. I was young enough not to worry too much about cash on hand. So were my friends for that matter, the boys who would come up from Philly to give me courage and make sure the New York guys were not kicking me around.

We were a pretty crazy bunch of Philadelphians, sometimes sleeping seven to the room—the little room I had taken in a Broadway hotel so I could look out of the window and be dazzled by the neon bonfires all around Times Square. I remember nights when we were broke (again) and would prowl through the Automat looking for open food windows. Quite often you would be lucky and run across an unlocked dish, usually apple pie.

There was a night when four of us were so hungry we got into a pillow fight in my room just to keep from thinking about food. Soon the place looked like a snowstorm. Worried about what the manager would say, and knowing I didn't stand in too well since I owed at least three weeks in back rent, I tried to stuff the feathers back into the pillows. It was no use. Every time any of us moved, or even breathed, for that matter, the feathers would puff out and escape and another blizzard was on. Finally someone got an idea that seemed to make sense. "Let's wet the feathers," he said. "Then they won't fly up any more."

We did. We threw water all over the room and soaked everything. Ten billion feathers stuck to everything and most of them were still sticking when morning came. The manager didn't throw me out of my room that morning—he just didn't let me back in when I came home that night!

I was still with Ventura and worrying about when the ax would fall when my life was saved, you might say, and my chances for a future greatly increased, by a man by the name of Mangle—Manny Mangle. He heard me sing one night at the Post Lodge on the Boston Post Road and sent for me to come to his table. He said he thought I ought to audition for the new show at the Copacabana Club in New York. He said that if I liked the idea he would get me an audition the next day.

I AUDITIONED and I was lucky enough to beat out 200 other boys for the job—singer for the production numbers in the show. And now I was really in a great spot to be seen and discovered. For all this, of course, I could thank Mr. Mangle. Who was Mr. Mangle? A big producer? A showman friend of the Copacabana people? No. Every night when I sang at the Copacabana I would see Mr. Mangle, and seeing him would remind me that you never know who your best friend is or where your next boost is coming from. Mr. Mangle worked at the club. He was a waiter there!

Years before, walking around Philadelphia, I knew that I needed to learn about dozens of things unrelated to music before I could even get anywhere as a singer. I would have to become a person and be liked for that generally before I could hope to be recognized for any specific ability and to be helped on to achievement. And I also knew that the people who could help me were somewhere in the city and that sooner or later we would meet. I think every successful artist in the world can look back to such meetings. The man I credit with giving me my basic opportunity, in that he helped me to help myself, is Skipper Dawes, today an executive with Paul Whiteman's organization.

I was about thirteen and Mr. Dawes was a radio producer at that time in Philadelphia. He not only gave me a berth on one of his programs, but he and his wife took considerable pains to civilize me. It was either Mr. Dawes or Mrs. Dawes who first taught me how to comb my hair. They invited me to their home, a lovely place in Brookline, and there for the first time in my life I got an idea of the beauty and refinement that fills the lives of some people *every* day.

And of course Mr. Dawes gave me technical help. He taught me to sing out, to transmit into tones the feeling conveyed by the lyric—to live the song.

BUT WHILE you meet people who will help you, their intent does not always mean they will always have the right notions about you. One of my early music teachers, Mr. Jay Speck of Southern High School in Philadelphia, who meant well, I know, was convinced that I would lose my singing voice before maturity.

To go on in the face of a prediction like this isn't easy; I had to be really pigheaded in my confidence in myself. It seems to me that there is no such thing as having *just* a feeling you can make good—it's got to be a *strong* feeling that overrides everything else!

Incidentally, Mr. Speck had me come down to Southern last winter and sing for the students. After my song I thought I'd kid him so I told the kids about his prediction that I would lose my voice. He quickly ad libbed, "And what did I tell you?"—and made me feel as dumb as I used to be when I was in his class.

But kidding aside, I think most performers in this business will tell you that success depends pretty much on these three things: having a goal and setting it high; willingness to take repeated disappointments and keep fighting back; and, most important of all, being lucky enough to get the backing of people who are able to help you. I know that in my case, I am as much the product of these people as I am of any efforts of my own.

THAT'S WHY in any appraisal of myself I also must think of my present manager, Milton Blackstone, of Mr. Dawes and his wonderful understanding of my handicaps and inadequacies early in my career, of Manny Mangle, Bernie Rich and Joey Foreman, of Mrs. Grossinger at Grossinger's resort in the Catskills, where I got so much valuable experience, and of Eddie Cantor who heard me sing there and gave me my biggest break. There were many more, too, who gave me a boost just when it was most needed. I'm thinking now way back to "My Papa" and his customers who used to come to his grocery store. They were the ones whose smiles first gave me the idea that instead of annoying people with the loud noises that came from my throat I could actually please them. I'm still surprised about that! **END**

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love came first

(*Continued from page 50*) "You tell us right out, Mr. Charisse," Cyd's father demanded, "does our little girl have what it takes or doesn't she?"

Charisse watched this tall, dark, too-thin girl from Amarillo perform. She was lithe, intense, caught up with the spirit of the dance. She moved with grace, expression and agility. She seemed to be so promising that he said in all truth, "She's got what it takes, all right. But she needs work, of course."

Charisse offered to supervise her instruction if Cyd would remain in Hollywood. "Will you let her stay?" he asked.

Mr. and Mrs. Finklea glanced at Cyd. The girl said nothing but her eyes begged for their consent. The parents looked at each other. Their faces reflected a profound struggle. No parents want to relinquish control of a daughter, an only daughter, just as she approaches womanhood. And yet no parents want to stand in the way of a talented, ambitious child and perhaps earn her eternal resentment.

CYD'S PARENTS finally worked it out. Cyd was to stay in Hollywood, live with their friends, the Crumleys, and take dancing lessons from Nico Charisse.

During the next three years in Hollywood, Cyd developed into a superb dancer.

Nico Charisse fell in love with his pupil when she was fifteen. That year Cyd got a contract with the Ballet Russe. A month later her father died. Cyd rejoined the Ballet in Europe and in a little while Charisse followed her to France, proposed marriage and was accepted.

Of this impetuous marriage, a friend says, "It was a big mistake right from the start. Nico was in love with Cyd, but she was too young to know what love was all about. There she was, fifteen or sixteen, beating around Europe, frightened and lonely. Her father had just died. She had no one to turn to. Nico showed up and proposed. The poor scared kid said yes. Then the war broke out and he took her back to Hollywood.

"What did she know about marriage or keeping house? Nothing. She brought her maid, Lindy Lee, from Amarillo. Her mother came to help when she was pregnant.

"Cyd's mother never understood Nico Charisse. When he lost his money she couldn't understand why he didn't take a job as a truck driver. Cyd, of course, tried desperately to find work. She was young and beautiful and talented but somehow she couldn't get a break. She had small parts in half a dozen productions, but nothing to get public notice."

One afternoon at MGM, Harry Warren, the only composer to have won three Academy Awards, watched Cyd rehearse a bit for *The Harvey Girls*. He pointed her out to producer Arthur Freed. "Keep your eye on that girl," he urged. "She's got talent and sex appeal and that's a tough combination to beat."

Fortunately, Freed did not forget those words. It was he who wanted Cyd for *American In Paris*. It was he who put her in *Singin' In The Rain*, and it's Freed who is currently Cyd's biggest booster.

AS CYD'S CAREER moved into second gear and she got a contract at MGM, her marriage slumped. In 1947 the Charisses were divorced. Cyd and her mother got custody of Nico, Jr., and the father got visitation rights.

This divorce did not disillusion the dancer. Rather, it set her to thinking seriously about marriage. Cyd was twenty-five and she decided that what she wanted most in life was a husband and a happy home.

Cyd admits that when she met Tony Martin, "I didn't think he would make the right kind of husband. My agent, Nat Goldstone, was having a party. Tony was one of his clients, too, and it was Nat who introduced us. Tony took me to Chasen's for dinner, I guess. And then he hopped around from table to table greeting old friends. Frankly, I was burned up. I didn't know then that he loves people and he has to greet them all. Anyway, he asked for another date and I quickly said I was very busy.

"I thought that was the end of Tony and me but sometime later Nat Goldstone called again and asked if I'd like to attend the premiere of *Black Narcissus*. 'Your date,' he added, 'will be Tony Martin. What do you say?' I said I would try anything twice.

"On that second date Tony, of course, was just wonderful. And ever since it's been the same way."

One of the top Hollywood executives began to negotiate for Irving Berlin's services for a movie. Berlin named the fee he wanted. "But, Irving," said the executive, "why do you want so much? You'd have to give the money to the government anyway" . . . "That's right," said Berlin. "But it's my government, too, and I'd like the pleasure of giving it to them."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

After the Martins were married in 1948, Cyd's studio suddenly began to offer her big, meaty roles. Whenever she felt they impinged upon her marriage she turned them down. Her friends were amazed. Cyd explained that with Tony beside her she was at peace with the world. Her attitude toward a career became almost fatalistic. "If I ever become a star," she said, "I don't want it to be at the expense of my marriage."

In 1951 after she had organized her household and was secure in her marriage, Cyd accepted a dancing role opposite Gene Kelly in *Singin' In The Rain*. She scored so solidly that the studio gave her the role opposite Fred Astaire in *The Band Wagon*. Gene Kelly saw her, demanded and got her for *Brigadoon*.

Cyd is being nominated for practically all of the musicals Metro is planning. Having seen through the illusion of fame, she accepts her good fortune with calm.

"It's great," she admits, "to be in outstanding pictures, but it's greater still to have a family to share your happiness."

RIGHT NOW both Cyd and Tony are approaching the zenith of their careers. Tony Martin is not only starring in a Metro musical, *Hit The Deck*, but he has his own TV show, his own radio program, picture and recording contracts, plus personal appearance box office records that still stand at Chicago's Latin Quarter, Las Vegas' Flamingo, and Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove.

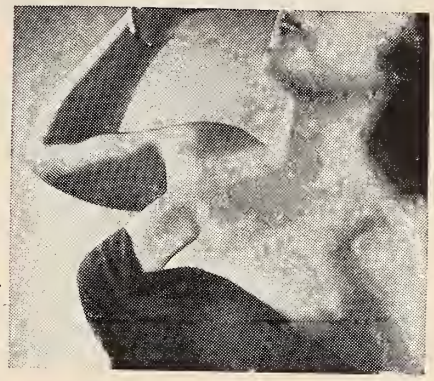
"It's a funny thing," observes a family friend. "Tony and Cyd are gentle, non-pushing people. They've been around a long time. Neither of them seemed to be going anywhere in a hurry. They fell in love and got married and suddenly their careers are booming. They've never played studio politics. They've never stabbed anyone in the back. Everyone in Hollywood loves them and all of a sudden they're big successes. Go figure it out."

Mack Millar, Tony's press agent, thinks he has the answer.

"Tony and Cyd definitely prove," Millar asserts, "that it pays to be in love." END

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papa loves mama

(*Continued from page 38*) been settled. But as the day wore on, she grew more and more jumpy. "Like a schoolgirl," she vows, "waiting for her first beau." Not because he was Pat Nerney. By any name, he'd have produced the same effect. Battling emotional problems for months on end, a carefree evening was like something remembered in a dream. What if she couldn't laugh? What if she couldn't think of anything to talk about?

But when Pat arrived, she stopped worrying. Blessed with the gift of gab, he easily bridged those first awkward moments, sent Jane's spirits soaring, made her forget herself. They did exactly what she'd been longing to do—dined in style at the Luau, danced at all the glamour spots, dropped heartache in the lap of gaiety for a night and never hit home until four A.M. Weary but shining-eyed, she thanked him. "It's been wonderful, Pat."

"For me, too. Can we do it again?"

"I'd love to."

EXCEPT FOR A PRIOR engagement to attend a première with Jacques Mapes, she never again dated anyone but Pat. Except when she went out of town, no day passed without their seeing each other. It wasn't planned. They never said, "Let's go steady." They slipped into constant companionship for the simplest of reasons. He wanted to be with her and she with him. They took comfort in the fact without trying to dissect it. Enough for both that they found it good.

"What drew us together at first," says Jane, "was mostly loneliness." Since Pat's divorce from Mona Freeman, he'd squired many girls and been serious about none. From the day he met Jane, no other girl existed. He fell soon and hard, without any ifs or buts. Engagingly candid, he didn't care who knew it. "She's one in a million. Sure I'm in love with her. Madly." He told her so at frequent intervals. At frequent intervals he'd ask her to marry him. Sometimes the question brought a smile to her eyes, more often a cloud. "I don't know, Pat. It all sounds very fine, but I've got to think things through. My decree won't even be final till next August. Let's just wait and see."

If she was less confident than he, it's because the years have dealt her some painful blows. She's no longer the visionary who believed in fairy tale romance and knights on white chargers. At twenty-one she married Geary Steffen for what was intended to be a lifetime. It turned out otherwise. She's not the first to wake up to the realization that young love can be a mirage, nor will she be the last. Only Jane was expected to live with the sham and like it. When the Hayworths divorce, people shrug. For Powell, set up as the model of a happy wife, divorce became a catastrophe. The notion seemed to prevail that, if she wasn't happy, she ought to pretend to be happy for her public's sake. The trouble with this picture is that she can't pretend, and that marriage is a private affair. For her honesty in breaking clean from an empty life, she headed into a tempest of disapproval.

THEN PAT CAME along with his warmth and laughter and devotion—easing her hurts, flooding her days like sunlight. His quick mind exhilarated, his humor charmed her. She loved his love for people, and his rare capacity for drawing joy from every moment of living. But she remained fearful of her own response. "Is it because I've been lonely that I feel this way? Is it Pat I want or is it just a companion for my loneliness? That's what I've got to make sure of."

He respected her qualms. Beyond periodic offers of heart and hand—which he couldn't help—he exerted no pressure. "I'll hold still, Janie. As long as nobody else tries to muscle in."

"There's no room for anyone else. I aim to get real well acquainted with a guy named Nerney. And give him a chance to get real well acquainted with me."

Both had busy schedules. After *Athena*, Jane flew to Brazil for the Film Festival, returned to make *Seven Brides*, played an engagement at Las Vegas. With his brother, Pat runs the Ford agency which belongs to their father and he hopes for an agency of his own some day. An astute businessman, a tireless worker, he's on duty two nights and every other week end. To see each other daily, they had to budget their time, cut down on other social activities. Once or twice a week they'd dine out. They took the children, including Pat's Monie, as often as possible. But Jane, incurably domestic, prefers to do her own cooking.

This proved an eye-opener to Pat. "Movie stars don't cook! Not after slaving all day at the studio! Come on, we'll go to Romanoff's."

"We're staying right here. Now listen and don't try to upset my routine. I've got a maid who fixes supper for the kids. I've got a woman who does the cleaning once a week and another for the ironing. But *I'm* boss in the kitchen. I don't want somebody always underfoot, telling me what I can do and what I can't. A cook in the house would drive me out of my mind. So settle down. I'll have dinner on the table in forty-five minutes."

THEIR EVENINGS were quietly spent. Once in a while they'd take in a movie. Pat's idea of the perfect picture was *Seven Brides* for seven days. Having seen it twice, Jane called a halt. "What's twice?" he demanded indignantly.

"My limit." So they'd listen to records. Pat owned a fine collection, which little by little he deposited at Jane's. "They're piling up. You ought to take some of them home."

"They like it here," he said firmly. "Let 'em stay."

Mostly they talked, getting to know each other in small ways and large. He discovered unexpected shynesses in her. Cajole as he might, she'd never sing for him. The harder he begged, the tighter she'd clam up. "But I don't understand, honey. You sing for *mobs*."

"That's different. That's professional. It's embarrassing to sing for one person. Sort of show-offy."

"Don't you sing round the house? Don't you ever sing for the kids?"

"They won't let me," she chuckled. "When I have to practice sometimes, all I hear is, 'Oh Mommy, you sing too loud!' "

She discovered that he could spout on any given subject. This delighted her. She admired both his fluency and his fund of knowledge. She also enjoyed ribbing him. "I merely asked you what time it was," she'd remind him. "I didn't ask you to make a clock." (To make a clock is now one of their pet running gags.) She discovered his generosity. "It's obvious that money burns a hole in your pocket. If we ever marry, I'll have to deal with that. Because I'm the saving one."

"*When* we marry," he amended.

HER RELUCTANCE TO commit herself didn't mean that she avoided the discussion of marriage. On the contrary. To escape its pitfalls, she felt that they *must* discuss it, explore their viewpoints in the light of a possible future together, determine whether their differences were basic or superficial.

They discussed her work. "My career

means a lot to me, Pat. I'd never give it up."

"I'd never expect you to. Any more than you'd expect me to quit selling Fords."

"There are times when I'd have to be on the road. I might even want to do a Broadway show. It would mean separation."

"Look, Janie, let's get this straight. I'm no hanger-on. I couldn't flit hither and yon on my wife's trail. I've got a job, too, that's darned important to me, and I'm sticking with it. I won't pretend that I'd like your going off on the road or to Broadway—or for that matter, even as far as Pasadena. To be brutally frank, I'd hate the whole idea. But if you must go, you must, and I wouldn't squawk. You'd have to take my word for that."

They discussed children. "I think six," said Jane, "is a nice number."

"I'm all for big families," said Pat.

"I believe in discipline. Fresh children aren't for me."

"Fresh children are out."

Jane's kids aren't fresh. But Geary has reached the I-don't-want-to stage and she sometimes finds it necessary to banish him briefly to his room. Not when Pat's around, though. "You can get him to do almost anything better than I can. How?"

"Black magic. Marry me, and I'll let you in on the system."

He'd bring Monie over to dinner. Grown-up for her seven years, she spread a maternal wing over Geary and Sis. "They're more fun than dolls," she decided, "because they move without pulling a string." Equally quick to adopt Jane into her circle, she proposed calling her one morning as she and her mother were about to leave for the east.

Mona glanced at the clock. "It's only seven, darling. You might wake her up."

"Oh, she won't mind that a bit." On the bedtable, Jane's telephone shrilled. "You don't mind, do you?" asked Monie's treble.

"Of course not," answered a slightly bewildered Jane.

"Well, goodbye then."

"But, Monie, you haven't even said hello yet."

"I'll say hello when I come back. And I'll send you a postcard."

THE MONTHS PASSED. Pat canceled a trip abroad, planned for July. "I'd rather take you on a honeymoon instead." But as August and the day of decision drew near, a change came over him. He dropped his refrain of, "Marry me, marry me, marry me." Under the surface sparkle ran a graver current.

"Anything wrong, Pat?"

"Uh-uh. Just indulging in some quiet thought. About us. And how I've been crowding you. I won't any more, Jane. You know how I feel. I'll never feel any different. But from here on in, I'm giving you elbow room. I'm not going to ask you to marry me again. It's up to you now."

He stuck to his word, aware that a man's importunate love can sometimes persuade a girl she's in love, too. If anything could have drawn them closer, it was that gesture of selfless understanding. Consciously or not, Jane's heart had already made its decision. But her head said: "Wait. Be very sure. For his sake and for your own." When the time came, head and heart merged into one. Looking back, all her images blended into a figure staunch and tender, a man she could trust as well as love. Looking forward, the years stretched empty without Pat beside her. Thus the big question answered itself. It wasn't a companion for loneliness she wanted, but Pat, with his strength, his loyalty, his fun and kindness.

The moon was almost full that August evening. Her pulses quickened, taking her back for a moment to last November. What was it she'd said to herself? He's a nice red-headed guy who means nothing to me. Her blue eyes turned to the guy who had come to mean so much. "Let's go see what the moonlight does to the garden." It turned the garden into a place of silvery enchantment. For reasons too intricate to untangle, tears rose in her throat. Choking them back, she slipped her hand into his. "You said you'd never ask me again, Pat." His fingers tightened on hers. "So I'm asking you," she finished softly.

Pat designed the ring. Ruser of Beverly Hills made it. Ruser's makes many beautiful rings, but considers this one unique. Its yellow-gold tendrils are set with ten fancy-colored diamonds (ten carats in all) ranging from bronze through green to canary. "You don't gather unusual colors like that in a minute," they'll tell you proudly. "We collected them over a long period of time." They'll also tell you, laughing, how Pat would appear every day in a state of fever. He didn't exactly prod them, merely dropped broad hints at five-minute intervals, like, "When can you have it ready? Tonight? Tomorrow?"

Finally it was finished. He picked it up one morning on his way to the agency. But the notion of waiting till evening to give it to Jane filled him with acute frustration. Evening was an eternity away. He broke for the phone. "Honey, I've got the ring. Can you come down for it?"

"To the shop?"

"Where else?"

A giggle escaped her. "That wouldn't be very romantic. Let's compromise. I'll fix dinner for you tonight, and you give it to me here."

"On one condition. *Before* dinner, not after."

Two weeks later they went together to see the wedding band—a contour ring with three diamonds, which slides into the engagement ring and completes the pattern. Meanwhile Jane had surprised him with a gold cigarette case.

"He hasn't," she declares, "a selfish bone in his body, which is sometimes good and sometimes bad. What's bad is, he doesn't think enough about himself. Now, we all know you can get along great if you never own a gold cigarette case. It's a luxury. Still, he'd wanted one for years to match his lighter, and he could afford it. But no. 'It's crazy,' he'd say, 'to buy anything like that for yourself.' So I got a terrific bang out of buying it for him and, the way he acts, you'd think it was the Kohinoor. Ross Hunter gave us a beautiful announcement party. There was an arbor with lovebirds, there were two flowered hearts on the mantel with JANIE and PAT spelled out, and there must have been well over a hundred people. I doubt if one of the hundred missed Pat's cigarette case. He'd dash up to people he didn't even know, eyes shining like a kid's, and haul it out. 'See what Janie gave me?' It embarrassed me," she confesses, smiling. "It also made me feel a little weepy."

IN HER OWN way, without making a big thing of it, Jane told the children. "How would you like Pat to come and live here?" Since Pat was their friend and playmate, they liked it fine. "When?" Geary asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Some time soon."

"Okay, he can have my bed and I'll tuck him in." Later he insisted that Pat try out the bed for size. "You're too long, but don't worry, we'll scrunch you up."

That settled, his elders concentrated on other details. Busy at the studio, Jane had neither time nor inclination for an elaborate trousseau. "The few things I need, Helen Rose is designing. Minus Dior flat chests. Pat hates them, and I'm glad. Even if he liked them, I wouldn't wear them."

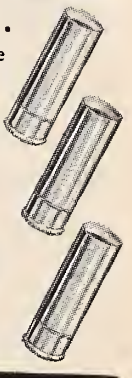
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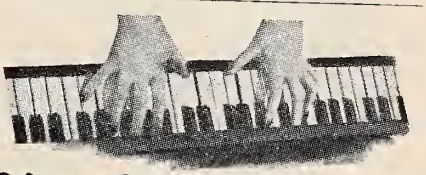
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His dream of a honeymoon abroad is coming true. If *Hit The Deck* is finished on time, they'll leave around the fifteenth. Otherwise they'll wait till January, since nothing would induce them to spend Christmas away from the children. For the time being, they'll live in the house Jane bought not long ago. Having moved in so recently, she's understandably reluctant to move right out. So they've built a clothes closet off the bedroom for Pat, and Pat's lovely pictures glow from the livingroom walls.

An art lover as well as a music lover, he collects French impressionists. Promptly on the heels of their engagement, and to Jane's dismay, he arrived bearing treasures. "Oh *no*," she protested. "I'd feel like a thief in the night."

"What's mine is yours. Or, like it says in the book, with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

"But not *yet*, Pat."

"You going technical on me? Now let's hang this Renoir where it'll do the most good."

THEY STILL DON'T see eye-to-eye on the subject of cooks. Once they're married, Pat's putting his foot down. He won't have her shuttling between hot studio and hot stove. Jane figures they'll compromise. "We might have a woman in once or twice a week. But nobody's going to shove me out of my kitchen."

There's also a minor difference in another department. "Pat thinks we should keep the first year for ourselves. I'd like a child right away. Since I want six, I might as well get started. Geary and Sis aren't really babies any more, and I can't stand the idea of not having a baby round the house." An impish grin scattered her ruefulness. "You know, there's nothing much cuter than a redheaded baby."

As you read this, the bells will be ringing for Jane and her guy. All shadows past, their hands will be joined, their faces lifted to the bright promise ahead, their hearts warm with the wishes of many friends. To which we add our own—for long life and health and joy and as many little redheads as the stork allows. END

rock hudson's romance

(*Continued from page 46*) then there was Betty Abbot, walking across the floor and out the door, alone. Shortly thereafter she returned to the States. Rock stayed in Europe.

That's what they say, with at least a faint ring of authority.

At once, there began the question-and-no-answer period. What happened? Why? What happens next? Betty Abbott, on her way home to Hollywood, was not available for questioning. Rock, ever the gentleman, was available but not loquacious. He spoke highly of Betty and neatly dodged all questions about their romance.

AFTER THAT, of course, came the speculations. And very interesting, and very varied they were. First, and most startling, Barbara Rush, Rock's co-star for two pictures, was mentioned as a new romance. The cast believed that Barbara's marriage to Jeff Hunter was shaky; they knew that she and Rock enjoyed each other's company. Publicity men attached to the company talked the rumor down; whenever a star is at loose ends, they said, his or her latest co-star is nominated as the next big love. Nothing to it, they said. But when Barbara, home in America, announced her separation and forthcoming divorce from Jeff, talk began again. It hasn't stopped yet.

But Barbara was far from the only Other Woman discussed. The name of the very cute Contessa, so lightly passed over before the flare-up, was revived, repeated and dragged into countless debates. *She's* his new romance, said some. Betty's apparent indifference to Rock's dates with the lovely Italian concealed a rightfully jealous anger.

Pretty, cultured, intelligent, of honest-to-Pete noble birth, the resident of a most excellent little palace—what unsophisticated American boy, having grown up in poverty, having once earned his living as a truckdriver and mailcarrier, could fail to be impressed? Add to that the fact that Maria is known as the Italian equivalent of "a real good Joe," knows many Hollywoodites and can chat with them in delightful English about movie-making and movie-makers—and what bright, young, male movie star could fail to have fun? Especially at the Venice Film Festival, with all the attendant gaiety of international show-people, all the romance of one of the world's most romantic cities. If it isn't love, circumstances can make it feel like a reasonable facsimile, said the advocates of the Jealous-Of-Maria Theory No wonder Betty walked out!

Nonsense, said a cameraman who knew all three. Maria is a terrific kid, but Rock hardly knows her. A couple of dates, a few dinners at the Danelli Roof, however romantic, don't constitute a romance. And if Rock were the impressionable type, why would he have been going with Betty all this time? Being a script-girl takes brains and efficiency—but it's not likely to send autograph-hunters into a tizzy. If Rock wanted to be impressed, aren't there enough glamour girls in Hollywood to do it? What he looks for in a girl, he said, is obviously the girl.

NO, THERE'S something far more important, far deeper, involved than a few evenings with Another Woman. One of Rock's closest friends takes the floor.

"You can believe it or not, but Rock was nowhere near as close to marriage as people thought. He admires and respects Betty very much. They might, in time, reach an understanding. But the understanding right now is that Rock is very much a bachelor and intends to stay that way, concentrating on his career, which is at its peak.

"Knowing Rock, I'd say his chances of marrying Countess Maria are as good as the possibility that he might leap to the altar with Betty. Rock is not the leaping type. I know that he likes Maria very much, but I think it's a safe bet that he will be as single this time next year as he is now!"

It sounds like sense, so the discussion takes it from there. Rock's career is undeniably growing by leaps and bounds. He's no longer just a teen-agers' idol—however exciting that may be. He's an actor now, a good one, in demand for roles that take more than a beefcake build and a strong, handsome face. And to those who knew Rock during that whole, memorable European-Irish stay, there have been changes made in more than his career. Rock Hudson, the man, is growing just as fast!

Could be, an older grip offers, that it's just these changes that have caused trouble for Rock and Betty. When they met, they were both contented people. Rock was getting his big build-up, his fabulous fan-mail, his world was in great shape. Betty was pretty, popular, highly respected in her field. They liked each other, maybe loved each other, certainly they felt sure of each other and of themselves. Perhaps Betty could have married Rock then, but the studio preferred him

single, and they were in no hurry. Rock's mother gave her public and printed blessing: "I certainly hope Roy does marry Betty. She's a wonderful girl and so right for him." Maybe a few people disagreed: a man who worked with them on several films said, "Betty worships the ground Rock walks on. He has a growing tendency toward arrogance and she encourages it by allowing herself to become this ground he walks upon!" But remarks like that were infrequent. Most people saw no arrogance in Rock, nothing at all slavish in Betty's devotion.

BUT THEN came Europe—and change. All of a sudden Rock Hudson, who once laughingly admitted he had never gone to college because he never made a B average in his life, was hungry for knowledge. He bought books. Big books, on serious subjects, and he read them. He bought records, but they weren't pops; they were classical. He bought a set of oil paints. Rock has always had a talent for drawing, but now for the first time he considered it seriously enough to try oils on for size.

These are the signs of growth, and growth is not always easy. It involves an often painful re-examination of what a man is, what he wants, what he has. Sometimes it involves a re-organization of his life. Betty Abbott loved and was loved by the old Rock. Surely she could not object to the maturing process taking place, but she could fear it. Would she and this new Mr. Hudson know each other, understand each other, want each other? Fear does strange things to people.

The crew members with *Captain Lightfoot* in Ireland go along with this. Betty realized that Rock was slipping away from her, they say, and became a little demanding. People sympathized. She had given her time exclusively to him for a couple of years. She wanted to know where they stood. Apparently, she forced the issue of their relationship. Rock didn't have the right answers. He was in a period of transition and he didn't know the answers. Betty walked out of the restaurant and—anyone here got another theory?

But you don't need another theory. Bit by bit, the story falls together. Some of the bits aren't sad at all. Like the long, exciting one of their tour of Europe. Perhaps it was that very cross-continent trip that sowed the seeds of change in Rock—but it was fun while it lasted!

IN FACT, the day his studio informed Rock Hudson that he was going to Ireland to star in *Captain Lightfoot*, the big guy broke into the widest grin in Hollywood. This was manna from heaven; he had been itching for a trip to Europe, and now he was to get one on the house. And at that time he was overjoyed to hear that Betty Abbott would be script girl. Rock being a guy who never had time for a trip, what more could he ask?

Well, there was something . . . As he sat there, the wheels began to turn in Rock's mind. Suddenly he hopped up and got his long legs to moving in the direction of the set on which Betty Abbott was working. "Hey," he said, drawing her aside, "I've got an idea . . ."

His idea was a pre-picture tour of Europe. This being a pair of nice, clean-minded kids, they never considered making the trip alone. There may be established movie stars who travel abroad with their current lights of love sans chaperon, ignoring raised eyebrows, but in his own mind Rock Hudson will never be that well established. For Betty and him the trip was only possible if they persuaded Barbara Rush to go along as chaperone, (interesting in the light of later events!) for the mundane reason that splitting expenses three ways would put them all in less of a bind and, last but definitely not least, because they had had so much fun with Barbara in the past. Barbara was delighted.

SHE AND BETTY flew to Paris together, Rock having gone some days in advance to make arrangements—and that may have been a mistake. Rock had spent his time with Ginger and Jacques Bergerac in Rome and Rock had fallen in love . . . with the Eternal City. He saw nothing else, he talked of nothing else when he met their plane. Thereafter, regardless of what it was that Barbara and Betty admired—landscape or cathedral—the Rock brushed it off scornfully. "Nothing, just nothing," he'd say. "Wait till you see *Rome!*"

The girls finally became so wearied of his one-line theme song that they dreamed up a duet in answer. Not terribly original but apparently effective, it consisted of, "Oh, shut up!"

They had two glorious days of seeing Paris under the guidance of Jacques Bergerac and his bride, and on the third day they packed, arranged contact points with a studio representative, and rented a car. At three o'clock that afternoon, with Rock at the wheel of a Kaiser-Frazer, the trio started off to see Europe.

"Betty was the bookkeeper, Rock the chauffeur and I the linguist," Barbara wrote her family. "And I must say we got along very well. We did try to share the driving equally, but I'll bet Rock drove as much as Betty and I together."

They all saw Europe, but Rock also photographed practically every square inch they visited—and they covered a lot of ground, being eager and healthy enough to drive till four in the morning to reach a particular destination.

"Rock was such fun on that trip," the girls said later. "Not only because he was always ready to take over when we were tired. He was so considerate—there must have been places he wanted to see especially, but he just went along with whatever we wanted to do. Besides, his enthusiasm is so contagious—and when he laughs! When something really tickled Rock, he laughed from so deep inside that you couldn't help thinking, 'How young, how wonderful!' and feel warmed all over."

Food . . . that's what Rock had a bee in his bonnet about then. In New York he had discovered a dish called *canaloni* for which he developed an insatiable appetite. He begged for it in every Italian village they visited, only to be met by blank stares from the cafe owners and merciless ribbings from his feminine companions. They thought he made it up.

In the end Rock was victorious, as usual. The hotel at which they registered in Piacenza was managed by a gentleman who spoke reasonably good English, having spent two years in America. When the tired girls went up to their rooms, Rock was chatting away with the man with his customary puppy-dog friendliness and the energy they found so awesome. Came dinnertime and the girls descended to the dining room—what was served with a flourish? *Canaloni*, of course. It turned out that Rock had spent the entire afternoon in the kitchen, collaborating with the manager and the chef to improvise the meal.

The trip would not have been complete without at least one "incident." On the way to Nice the three Hollywood kids somehow got involved in an Italian bicycle race, which Barbara Rush describes as "an Olympic free-for-all." By the time they got out of it, there were only a few more precious days left before they had a picture starting in Dublin, and both girls wanted to go back and soak up some more Parisian atmosphere. Rock elected to stay in Nice



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and soak up some sunshine. It was an amiable parting—but coming events do have a way of casting their shadows before them.

It was in Dublin, where *Captain Lightfoot* was filmed that people began to remark at the change in Rock. Barbara insists, "I've never known Rock to be more thoughtful and considerate. As an example, he saw an advertisement in an American magazine about some sweater made there in Ireland, and he must have visited every shop in Dublin to get sweaters like that for Betty and me.

"Not that we didn't fight," she added. "We did, like cats and dogs. In the Shelbourne Hotel, where we stayed during the picture, Rock and I shared a sitting room. Naturally, we couldn't both have bedrooms adjoining it, so I chose a room on another floor. That's when we fought—about who was going to have the use of the sitting room for interviews and things like that.

"But that was childish bickering, of course. On the whole, I doubt if anyone could ask for a sweeter guy to work with. I can remember a few times when we had especially hard days, when we all felt homesick and too tired to bother about anything. Those were always the times when Rock had rented a car, had arranged our dinner at some quaint, charming place he had found, and spent the evening knocking himself out so that we couldn't feel any way but good. He can't stand people not to be happy."

On the other hand, an American journalist visiting the Dublin location said sourly, "Say, what's with this guy, anyhow? He wants to meet certain people, see certain things, and you go out of your way to fix it up because he's a fellow American. Then, at the last minute, he says, 'I don't feel like going. See you later. Good night,' leaving you to explain the best way you can. As soon as he finds out you're a newspaperman, he clams up. He's moody and almost arrogant when he does open his mouth. What gives with this guy?"



EXPERT OPINION

A few years ago my father and I attended a play on Broadway. At the end, as we started up the aisle, my father looked straight into the face of a very attractive girl and, thinking I was behind him, half-turned and said, "Isn't she a pretty girl?" A man's voice replied, "Yes, I think so!" The very pretty girl was Betsy Drake and the man's voice was Cary Grant's!

Marilou O'Connor
Providence, R. I.

One of Rock's good friends, also in the picture, came to his defense. "Rock's different. He has some kind of extra-perception that makes him sense right away how a stranger feels about him. I've never seen Rock antagonistic to the press, but if he ever is, I would think it's because some of them are so cynical. You know, they come around for an interview and ask all the questions, but they already know the answers in advance. They've interviewed hundreds of movie stars, and they've got Rock tagged before they ever see him—a big, dumb hunk of muscle who makes the teen-age kids squeal. Sure, he clams up. Their stories are already written; why should he bother?"

This is from a guy behind the camera—one of the first to notice what every one saw later. "You know what's happening? Rock's growing up, and it has him confused. We began to get the idea when he made *Obsession* that this wasn't going to be just one more leading man hanging around on the screen till the bobby-soxers got tired of him. We got a glimmer then that this boy could be one of the finest actors around. Well, he did some scenes in *Lightfoot* that will knock your eye out. He even had *us* applauding. And he's beginning to feel the power within himself. On this picture he first realized that he could dominate a scene, control it and the other actors in it by what he did, and make it into anything he wanted. I think it scared him. Rock works hard, but he's an instinctive actor first of all, and when instinctive people start thinking, they're in trouble.

"Because Rock can't simply shut thought off in a convenient little compartment labeled 'Acting.' He has started to think about the rest of his life. Before, he was a happy-go-lucky guy who liked things the way they were and didn't want to change them until they soured. Now that he's an actor, he feels responsible about his pictures. And he doesn't know what he wants any more. That's it. I'd say he's pretty mixed up."

When the picture was finished, Rock went back to his beloved Rome. There he went on collecting the books and records. There, he went on thinking seriously about his acting and, like the man said, the thought spilled over into every phase of his life. Betty had gone home. Was she waiting for him to follow, contrite and apologetic? Did he want to apologize—and for what? Was she hurt, angry, indifferent, maybe even relieved by their breakup? How did he want her to feel? Like the man said, he didn't know what he wanted. What hurt most was not knowing if he wanted Betty. He couldn't build a marriage on a love gone stale, but in his own heart he was far from sure that it was over. And both of them would have to wait and suffer until he knew. That is, if Betty would wait. Round and round it went. He just didn't know.

Except for one thing. Rock knew that he wanted to come home—alone—via a slow freighter. He wanted time, he said, "to read, to listen to music, to paint and to think things out." He didn't say what the things were.

Rock's good-and-great friend, agent Henry Willson, who was also in Britain at the time, was positive that the boy would die of boredom on such a voyage and assured one and all that he would persuade Rock to fly back to New York with him.

To which boast one of the feminine members of the company promptly inquired, "Why don't you try leaving him alone, instead?"

At this point, that's probably the best thing that anyone can do. Rock and Betty are not irresponsible children, but adults with an adult problem. Given time, they will work it out in an adult way. Given time, they will once again know their own hearts—no matter which way the decision goes. And they will be better, more mature people for having seen it through. **END**

always lead with your heart

(*Continued from page 33*) commissary or elsewhere, the proceeds return to the Ladds, and the Ladds to the chickens.

In his younger days, Alan demonstrated a talent for flipping hamburgers, writing newspaper copy, and swimming fifty yards in a remarkably short time. But the bent for construction and design might reasonably prove to be the very thing to support a retired actor who unaccountably finds himself stoned out of the corral, should such an unlikely thing ever happen.

Alan's ability manifests itself in two ways; affirmatively—Alsulana Acres is his baby, including much of the manual work—and in the form of muttered critiques, all on the constructive side.

To illustrate that, let us say that Sue and Alan are spending an evening at a friend's place in Holmby Hills, a posh Los Angeles neighborhood where the Ladds likewise maintain a residence. Pretty soon there is a murmuring from Alan, low at first like a dynamo heard from a distance, intended only for Sue, then clear and distinct, as his critical faculties break their bonds. What tormented Alan this night was the presence of a too small window looking out on a sweeping view. He choked manfully for a while, then expounded his theory. Sue gave him The Look, as she usually does at that particular point, and said through a bright, stony smile that yes, dear, but has it occurred to you that perhaps they *like* it this way? With the overtone suggestion that Sue and Alan would have a little talk on the way home. Alan subsided, but he had made his point. They should be kicking the wall in by now.

odyssey, Alan stared moodily at the floor of the main house at the ranch and declared himself out of a job.

His position was sound to the extent that he wasn't working. It was unsound in view of twenty-seven scripts piled in a corner, awaiting only his okay.

"Alan," Sue Ladd told a friend recently, "starts worrying any time a pile of prospective stories gets down to the point where he can see over it. I can hear him now. 'Well—looks like they don't want me any more.' Then he moves the furniture around. Getting ready for his new career."

But she speaks thus tenderly, not mockingly. It is well known to all Ladd's intimates, and to his wife best of all, that having to leave pictures could break his heart. His profession, by most accounts, is the third of Ladd's four fundamental loves. The first, naturally, is Sue and the children. The second is the ranch, an inseparable part of his being. And the fourth is Hollywood—not the generic term meaning any place in Southern California where films are being made, but the geographic segment of Los Angeles called Hollywood.

"When I die," he told Sue, "bury me there. Not too far from Hollywood and Vine."

THERE IS NO PART of motion pictures that does not fascinate Ladd, no reward from the industry for which he is not profoundly grateful. He began as a grip at Warners' and he still carries his card. He wants to act as long as he can, but if that wanes, there will be directing and production. He formed his own company now, and quite recently bought his first story, a business about a cop framed into jail who comes out of the jug feeling mighty vengeful about it. The children have some of this corporation; it's part of the long-range trust system by which he has pledged himself to their security.

Ladd will play the cop. He is well adapted to roles conveying a sense of smoldering violence. But the cop is not a nasty sort. Ladd thinks it would be impolitic of him at this stage to play any more killer roles. His first spectacular hit was the role of Raven in *This Gun For Hire*. Raven was a fellow with no moral flaw except that the prices he charged for killing total strangers seemed to some of his employers outrageous. Ladd now tends to regard Raven as no worse than a mixed-up kid, but would not essay a repetition. Meanwhile, he's up for a co-starring stint with June Allyson, another worry-ridden itinerant with whom Alan has a lot in common. Ladd was as reluctant to quit Paramount and the security it represented as June was to quit MGM. Both were reasonably sure they would starve to death and both dreaded breaking off established ties of friendship.

It's not always like that. On the more disciplined evenings, Alan manages to restrain himself until they've left. But *then* the redesigning gains momentum. In all seriousness, this could serve as his backstop. He's good at it.

NO ONE, not even Sue Ladd, is able to account in whole for her husband's recurrent spasms of anxiety, his suspicion that he is astride a skittish mount that might throw him at any time. Although he constantly gives thanks for his success and blessings, he is always mindful of the fears and anxieties of the depression years.

Alan Ladd is at the moment in the full flush of his career; in the opinion of many, he is the most truly famed and entrenched star of his time. This is not to say he will not go still farther onward and upward with his craft. But for the most of his profession, even those in his own giddy bracket, what he is right now represents the end of the rainbow.

But one night not long ago, shortly after the Ladds' return from their European



HEY THERE!

When I pulled my auto to a stop at a Ventura Boulevard intersection I noticed a familiar face in the car beside me. Figuring the handsome actor would be embarrassed to see me staring, I casually turned away. But to my amazement I heard a rambling, nonsensical whistle directed at me. I then realized that he was trying to attract my attention in the hope that I would recognize him. I shyly acknowledged Clark Gable's persistence, and in an instant a worried look disappeared from his face and he was smiling and beaming at me! Incidentally, Mr. Gable surely can't carry a tune!

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Ladd's return home from his first day at Warners' (or his first since the grip period) was marked by a surprising exchange with his wife.

"You know something?" he told Sue triumphantly. "They were wonderful to me! Everybody was swell!"

"Well, for pity's sake," said Sue. "Why shouldn't they be? Are you a monster?"

"No, but the grips and everybody!" crowed Mr. L. "They remembered me. What do you think of that? They thought they'd stick me with some of the old grip language, but they couldn't. And believe me, that's a special language!"

"So what were you scared of?"

"What was I scared of? Everything, I guess. For all I knew, they'd treat me like an actor."

Ladd's friends think he is mortally sensitive to any change of "star behavior." He is a warm and friendly man, the kind of man who, if he were not himself a star, would regard with contempt and hostility a star who employed overbearing behavior. So he thinks and feels from the opposite point of view. This lends him a curiously engaging facade, which in essense is the absence of any facade whatever. It is not at all the same as the professional Regular Guy. A star bending over backward to be one of the boys is apt to be an embarrassing spectacle. But Ladd is simply Ladd, neither more nor less. Success has changed Alan, yes—but all for the better in things like confidence, poise, and happiness. His innate decency has never been touched.

Evening comes to Hidden Valley like a benediction. Evening comes to almost every place like a benediction, but in Hidden Valley, it really puts its back into it. That is nice for Alan and Sue Ladd because they have a ringside seat—the ranch terrace that sits a brisk hundred feet above the valley floor and looks away at the pasture land and gathering shadows. Back to your right as you face the valley is the stable area and the chickens and the main house. Right behind you is the barbecue pit and the rumpus pavilion, and the pavilion rafter on which one night Macdonald Carey knocked himself cold as a well-kept salmon. Carey had just got word by phone that his dog had had a fine litter. He jumped for joy. The rafter stopped him in midflight, right square on the noggin. Carey settled to the ground like a tent when the center-pole is pulled. Ladd got him to a hospital very fast indeed, and they tatted a record number of stitches in Carey's skull. The place on the rafter is now known as Carey's corner.

YOU THINK of a ranch somehow as rolling land and vast acreage, but Alsulana is not. It is snug between the macadam road and the hill behind it. Mostly it's a wonderful spot to watch the neighbors break their necks ranching.

Ladd sat on the terrace in denims and a bright red shirt, talking to an old friend, a photographer. The remarkable timbre of his voice was strong and resonant, perfectly audible from twenty feet. He rose to greet a guest, turning, and there was no change from five years ago, ten, twelve.

This was going to be a barbecue; a few friends, neighbors, relatives. A couple of studio workers, some people from Chicago. A name-dropper would have starved.

There are, as you know, four children: Alana, David Alan, Carol Lee and Alan, Jr.—Laddie. Presently two of them appeared on the road below, horseback, in a brisk gallop. Then a car came around the bend and passed them. They did not slow. Ladd walked to the edge of the embankment. "Okay!" he shouted. "That's all! Get off the horses now!" He wasn't being tough. He was rather frightened. Plainly, the kids had been taught to rein in when cars pass. He came back to the group. "They'll remember now. It was time for them to knock off anyhow. You been up to the house? Want a sweater? It'll be chilly pretty soon." He called to the people in the pavilion. "Anyone for sweaters? I'm going up to the house anyway!"

The house is the concentric heart of the Ladd family's being. It's comfortable, warm, handsome and unpretentious. Here Sue and Alan sit up nights talking, sometimes till four in the morning, Sometimes till dawn. "And I'll never figure just what we talk about. I guess that's the best part of it." About pictures, anyway. The future. The present. Not often the past. Here Alan tries to perpetuate his self-delusion that he likes to get off by himself, away from it all. It never ceases to amuse Sue. By eight at the latest, he is prone to jerk nervously in his chair and snap his fingers. "Wonder what George is doing?" He rises and takes a turn around the room. "Or how about calling Craig and Lila? They should be home." There is a report in uninformed quarters that Ladd is shy and withdrawn. He is not. With friends, he is gregarious and outgoing. It is true that he is quieter than Sue, but then, most people are. That is not an observation, it is a quote from Sue, who takes life, career and family seriously but does not take herself too seriously. "Alan," she reported recently, "has to make his conversation against overwhelming difficulties. I think he does very well, all things considered. He got twelve words in edgewise a week ago Tuesday."

A film producer who recently made a movie abroad fell in love with the Italian star. When the production was over he flew home to Hollywood. In his sleep, that first night home, his wife heard him groaning: "Darling, I love you and you alone. Home, wife, career—all mean nothing, compared to you." Then he stirred, opened his eyes and saw his wife standing over him, scowling. The quick-thinking producer closed his eyes again, and continued: "Cut! Now bring on the horses."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

THE STEAKS began to get themselves barbecued, with a manful assist from Ladd. Sue was doing service duty with appetizers. *Tacos.* Best *tacos* ever. Everybody (maybe twenty guests) was very happy. Down in the valley now it was dark. Alan came over and sat on a bench.

The children came and went. They are courteous, charming, beautifully raised. "One thing," Ladd said when they had gone, "I can't dig, and that's these picture people who say they wouldn't let their kids go into pictures. Me, I *want* the kids in pictures—if that's what *they* want. Carol Lee likes the idea, I think. She switched her major at UCLA to theatre." That's where she met fiancé Dick Anderson—perhaps her biggest interest in theatre.

Sue bit into her *taco.* It exploded. *Tacos* always do. "There's talk of a picture part for David," she said. He's the youngest. Seven. "Alan's all for it. Even badgering the producer. Alan thinks the younger he starts, the better. Alan thinks all the children should begin working early—maybe because he did. Make them realize that's what life is, mostly. He can't understand why they're not eager to."

There was a lively interruption at this point. A man ran up a tree. Nobody ever did understand exactly why. He was attached to the ranch.

"He'll break his neck," muttered Alan. He ran down to the tree and stood beneath it. "Come on down!" he called. "You'll break your neck!" The man didn't pay much attention. "Come on down from there!" yelled Alan. After a while, the man came down and Alan walked back to the party. Immediately the man ran up the tree again. Ladd sighed. Pretty soon after that, a truck came. The man jumped from lower limb of the tree into the back of the truck and was driven away. That's absolutely what happened. Later we found out he was trying to fix the lights.

At dinner, Sue looked around her and said: "You know something? We couldn't afford this place when we bought it. I'm not sure we can afford it now. But there's one thing I'm even surer of. Sometimes you've got to lead with your heart. The house was burnt down, you know, when we bought it. All you see here is Alan's labor of love."

"Not quite all," said Alan. "The masonry on that service bar over there, that's a funny thing. The fellow who did it came for ten days and stayed for two years. The way it happened—"

"Alan!" somebody shouted. "Where'd you hide the Worcestershire?"

"Just a minute," said Alan. "Pardon me."

That's probably a good story about the mason. It never got told. Alan had something else on his mind when he came back.

"I was just thinking," he said. "There's a catch to all this. The ranch, I mean. You'll find the same catch in a lot of actor's homes. I love the place. For me, it's the beginning and the end and the middle. But I can live in it only on one condition, and that's that I spend most of my time not living in it. You know what I mean? Picture making pays the upkeep. At least, it makes the ranch possible. But where do pictures send me? Europe. Banff. Locations fifty or a hundred miles away, it doesn't matter. Even if I'm working on a home lot, it's not practical to commute from out here, so we live in Holmby. This is strictly between pictures. So that's the price. To have it, I have to leave it."

But there is no doubt he will leave it whenever he must. Ladd knows about prices. He learned the hard way. He ran a hamburger stand, missed many meals when he was younger, and nourished himself on jelly doughnuts and pop—the thought of which still gags him. You read about stars who had it rough, and some of them aren't kidding, but Alan Ladd? In spades!

IT WAS GETTING on toward eleven now, an appalling hour for Hidden Valley, and the guests were leaving. Sue went up to the hen house and began doling eggs in all directions. The lights along the valley were dwindling, and the air was sharp, like mountain air. Ladd stood on the porch of the main house and looked at it all.

"Got to get back to town tomorrow," he said. "Dubbing at Warners'." He sounded rather wistful.

"It won't be long," said Sue.

"Maybe we can come up for Sunday."

"Why not?"

"Then what? Turn around and go back again. I don't know, every time I leave it, it's harder. It should get easier, shouldn't it?"

"Remember what I said at dinner," said Sue. "It's what you get for leading with your heart."

"Okay," said Alan. "It's what I get. So I'll take it. It's better than not leading at all."

Well, there's a catch to every rainbow, a hook on it somewhere. But the Ladds will settle happily for theirs. It seems you *can* go home again, at that. Simply a matter of understanding the penalty and accepting it. **END**

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*The color photograph of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis on the cover by Wallace Seawell. Other photographers' credits on page 76.

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Choreography by HERMES PAN • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by GEORGE WELLS • An M-G-M Picture

TV TALK

Steve, Jayne and Audrey—the happy triangle . . . everyone is mad about George Gobel . . . Lauren Bacall is scared . . .



Jayne Meadaws has became a real housewife since she gat married anly a few manths ago.



Steve Allen, wha is, amang ather things, Jayne's husband, has seen changes made in their hame.

You can tell from his Park Avenue apartment that **Steve Allen** hasn't been married very long. He lived in it for quite some time before he and **Jayne Meadows** finally confirmed all the rumors and were married last summer. It had once belonged to **Betty Furness,** who moved to a place in a smaller building off Park Avenue with her daughter. Steve did very little fixing up when he was single. But when Jayne moved in, the changes came. She knocked down a wall that separated two maids' rooms and turned the space into a small, but chic diningroom (which isn't quite finished). Then, in the large livingroom, she installed a smoky glass mirror that completely covers one wall. Right in front of it is Steve's piano. On top of it is a gigantic bronze bust of Jayne that looks at least three times life size. The room as a whole, however, gives a very subdued feeling because all of the colors are quiet—in real contrast to Jayne, who has lots of curly, bright red hair, is very vibrant, always wears those huge earrings that cover the entire ear, and usually sports a tight, low-necked dress. Jayne refused to buy curtains, insisting on using just those shutters that are so popular this year, and both the wall-to-wall carpeting and the upholstery are done in solid colors—beige and a soft chartreuse, mostly. Back in the two big bedrooms you can still see the way things used to look because Jayne hasn't had time to completely redecorate them. One bathroom has new draperies, dark brown and very handsome, that Jayne hemmed one night while she was home looking at *Tonight*. She's very handy with her fingers, and loves to make "little things" while she's looking at television. Steve just sprawls on the floor to watch. He can, and does, look at TV by the hour. His current favorite is **George Gobel,** who's almost everybody's favorite new comic. But Steve's tastes, just like his humor, run to the off-beat things. He's mad for **Dottie Mack,** the girl who pantomimes the song hits, and he could look at kiddie talent shows for days on end. Steve just plain likes children—that's why. He also looks intently at the one thing most of us try to escape—the commercials. He thinks some of them are too funny to miss. Watching Steve watch television, you can almost see his mind clicking as he figures out what he can satirize, what he can comment on, what he wants to praise. When a man is on the air nearly ten hours a week—and more than that when he does a "spectacular"—he is really in the market for ideas! Steve, in fact, seems to be thinking his own thoughts most of the time. He's a very removed guy, even in his own home. Jayne does most of the talking there, and their friends say that she must because he won't. They also think that Steve needs Jayne very badly because she can meet people more easily and keep the conversation going. Just seeing them together gives you a feeling of contrast. Jayne is nearly always dressed up fit to kill while Steve will probably have on a casual sports shirt or an old jacket. One obvious thing they have in common, however, is a distaste for liquor. Jayne will accept a glass of beer or something light just to be sociable, and then leave it on a table somewhere because she really doesn't like it. Steve usually refuses anything, although he too will accept a beer—or maybe some light wine. Jayne, for some reason, is trying to teach Steve to like *something* to drink—but she's not having much luck . . . **Jackie Gleason** has his best audience in the Steve Allen home, by the way. Jayne, of course, is **Audrey Meadows'** sister; and she and Steve never miss a Gleason show if they can help it. The sisters are very close even though Jayne has married. Jackie doesn't have to worry about getting laughs at the Allen house! One worry he does have, however, is with his network. The powers-that-be over there are very annoyed with his unabashed remarks to the press and his uncooperative attitude in general. They'd much prefer that he asked for their help when he needs it (like when he has to answer some embarrassing questions about **Marilyn Taylor**) and take their advice. They think he's practicing to turn into another Godfrey. And that CBS has had enough of. But every week that Gleason's show gets a good rating, Gleason gets to be more important. And that's every week! He doesn't have to be cooperative . . . Everyone who knows **George Gobel** loves him. You can't talk to him for five minutes without realizing that here is a modest man who loves his wife and three children and doesn't want anything so much as he wants to be with them. Before he was a regular on television, George used to be away from home some eight months of the year playing in nightclubs, and a lonelier man you never saw. Alice would occasionally fly out to be with him for a week or so, but she couldn't take care of the children and do that too often. George really suffered . . All of her friends are worried about **Jinx Falkenburg McCrary.** She has lost pounds and pounds, and, pretty as she is, she looks haggard . . . (*Continued on page 6*)



Geargе Gabel's new camedy shaw gives him a chance ta be with his family mare than ever.

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"Hey, Punchinello"

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with
WALLACE FORD · ELSA LANCHESTER

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Directed by
JOSEPH PEVNEY
Story and Screenplay by
DON McGUIRE
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

ENTERTAINMENT THRILLS FANCY TRICKS SONG BEARS

tv talk

(*Continued from page 4*) . . . One celebrity whom no one ever recognizes is **Burgess Meredith.** He's such a little man, and he affects such country-looking clothes—like a golfer's cap and an old raincoat—that he could walk up and down Broadway all day without causing a head to turn . . . It seems now that **Sid Caesar** and **Max Liebman** did have their differences on *Show Of Shows.* Sid used to want to sing and play his saxophone, but Max wouldn't let him. And Sid always felt that Max wouldn't let him stretch his monologues long enough . . . The reason **Imogene Coca's** show got off to such a bad start was that she turned down advice from all sorts of well-wishers (and smart ones, too) and took the advice of one close friend—who was wrong . . . **Arlene Francis'** husband, producer-actor **Martin Gabel,** is almost unrecognizable in his hit play, *Reclining Figure.* He wears a grey wig and a big grey mustache that completely disguise him. He steals the play, by the way. Poor Arlene and Martin hardly see each other at all any more. With her morning TV show and his nightly theatre performances, they have a hard time managing even to meet on the street! . . . **Lauren Bacall** is scared to death of television. It doesn't faze **Humphrey Bogart,** of course—what does?—but she was panic-stricken when she was on *Person To Person.* Bogie and the camera crew connived for days to make her relax . . . Everyone's head really turned when **Franchot Tone** showed up at the opening of *All Summer Long* on Broadway to see his ex-wife, **June Walker,** perform. The reason: he was not with a glamour girl. He took **Elaine Carrington,** the middle-aged woman who has written *Pepper Young's Family* and *When A Girl Marries* and *Rosemary* for years . . . People wonder if **Betsy von Furstenburg** will ever get another part in a play after the way she behaved on stage to **Tony Randall** (the Wes in *Mr. Peepers*) in *Oh, Men! Oh, Women!* . . . **Dane Clark** really has stamina! On the opening night of *Fragile Fox,* he left the theatre after the curtain calls and headed for the Steve Allen show, where he participated in a sketch with Steve. True, it was one they'd done before, but what actor can open in a play and have the strength to "go on" again? Not many. Steve, by the way, smeared butter all over Dane's suit in the sketch. It was by mistake, of course, but it was pretty messy.



6 Jinx Falkenburg's friends are worrying about her.



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I understand that Roy Rogers earned $34,000,000 last year. Doesn't that make him the richest man in Hollywood?
—G.K., ROLLINS, FLA.

A. *Roy Rogers Enterprises grossed $34,000,000, selling some fifty different products. This is a firm, not just Roy as an individual. Many people share in the revenue.*

Q. Can you tell me approximately how much Mario Lanza weighed at the time he made his TV debut?
—F.F., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. *255 pounds.*

Q. What is the true relationship between Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero? —B.T., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. *Romero is an old friend who escorts Miss Crawford to premières and other movietown functions.*

Q. Is Rock Hudson responsible for the breakup of the Barbara Rush-Jeff Hunter marriage? —V.T., LANCASTER, PA.

A. *No. He is a close friend of both.*

Q. Didn't Eddie Fisher's manager advise against Eddie's romance with Debbie Reynolds?—G.T., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. *No, he merely cautioned Eddie to take his time and be sure of his true feelings.*

Q. What role did Yvonne De Carlo play in the Aly Khan-Gene Tierney affair? —O.R., URBANA, ILL.

A. *Yvonne is a sometimes playmate of Aly Khan.*

Q. Does Sheree North really wear a wig? —B.T., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Yes.*

Q. I read that Esther Williams took a show on the road against the wishes of her husband Ben Gage. Is this on the level? —E.R., NEWPORT, R.I.

A. *Esther and Ben have planned a series of personal appearances together for many years. 1954 was the first year in which they had enough time to get it done.*

Q. Wasn't there a secret romance between Marlon Brando and Pier Angeli?
—D.L., DENVER, COL.

A. *Just a quiet friendship.*

Q. After all that sensational buildup, why was Pat Crowley dropped by Paramount? —W.T., JONESBORO, TENN.

A. *Paramount had no roles for her.*

Q. Is it true that Rock Hudson was 6 feet, 4½ inches tall when he was 16 years old? —D.E., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is Bob Hope's screen popularity rapidly declining?
—D.K., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. *Hope's last few pictures have not been financial jackpots, but his latest, tentatively entitled* The Eddie Foy Story, *is expected to put him back on top.*

Q. Is the Frank Sinatra-Gaby Bruyere combination serious or just another Sinatra romance?—C.D., AKRON, OHIO

A. *Another.*

Q. What is the relationship between Dean Martin and a character named Sammy Cahn?
—E.D., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Cahn is a song writer who likes to work for Martin.*

Q. Is John Wayne's handsome young son, Pat, headed for the priesthood?
—E.E., HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

A. *Pat is undecided as to his future occupation; has given serious thought to religious work.*

Q. Was Jeanne Crain's husband, Paul Brinkman, ever an actor?
—V.R, POMONA, CAL.

A. *Yes, before he married Jeanne.*

Q. Why doesn't Hollywood put Liberace in a big picture?
—A.L., WORCESTER, MASS.

A. *Plans are under way to star him in a feature movie production.*

Q. Whatever became of actress Nancy Guild who was given such a big buildup a few years ago?
—R.F., OCEAN GROVE, N.J.

A. *She married Broadway producer Ernest Markowitz.*

Q. Has Tony Curtis become a recording star? Can he sing as well as Jeff Chandler? Isn't Rock Hudson getting more fan mail than Tony?
—S.R., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. *Tony has made two recordings. He has a pleasant voice. Hudson currently receives the most fan mail at U-I studios.*

Q. What is the status of friendship between Richard Burton and Jean Simmons? —T.H., MONTREAL, CAN.

A. *Fellow Britisher Burton is a close friend of Jean Simmons and her husband Stewart Granger.*

Q. The publicity says Vera-Ellen's marriage to Victor Rothschild will be her first. What ever happened to Robert Hightower? —A.M., LIMA, OHIO

A. *Vera-Ellen divorced dancer Hightower in 1946.*

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IN WARNERCOLOR



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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



Official congratulations for Eddie and Debbie

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
Party of the month
Guy Madison elopes
We went to an ice cream party
Biggest première in town
About Edmund Purdom
The letter box



louella parsons'



Ida and Eddie Cantor got first peek at Debbie's seven-carat ring. The Cantors discovered Eddie, are very close to him and hosted the party.



Lori Nelson, in a lace dress something like Debbie's charming blue frock, was among the first to arrive. She's one of Deb's close friends.



I enjoyed seeing Jack Webb with his lovely date, Dorothy Towne. A lot of people seem to think they may be the next to get engaged.

Debbie and Eddie make it official at a wonderful party!



Virginia Warren (daughter of Chief Justice Warren) had trouble with her necklace, but her attentive escort, Hugh O'Brian helped out.



Gordon MacRae and his beautiful wife, Shiela, congratulated Eddie—who never has any trouble keeping other singers as friends.



This was a meeting! Remember when Bob Wagner was Debbie's big romance—even if she did deny it? Now they're really *"just friends."*

IT'S ONLY RIGHT that I should start out "Good News" this month with the June wedding of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. MODERN SCREEN published the first story about these young lovers which I wrote after I spent a week-end with them in Las Vegas. This was one of the all-time scoops because no one realized the seriousness of this romance.

No love story in years has so captured the imagination of the public. The first marriage for each. Debbie, cute and pretty enough to eat with a spoon, and Eddie, the slim, curly-haired singer, the bobby-soxers' idol. Where could you find a more attractive pair?

All this has been printed. What I want to tell you about is the cocktail party, the super-duper affair for over six hundred people, that Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor gave in honor of the popular engaged pair.

Everyone from Mayor and Mrs. Norris Poulson of Los Angeles to the gateman of MGM. and Debbie's Burbank neighbors came to wish the future Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Jack Fisher happiness. That, of course, included the parents of each—Eddie's mother, Mrs. Rose Stuppe, who has recently remarried, and his father, Joseph Fisher, who flew out with their son. They met Debbie's parents. Eddie's father kept whispering to me, "Let's go and get some herring."

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Reynolds, who are very fond of their only daughter's fiancé, posed for pictures before the party started.

Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. Jim McNulty, were at the party before the host and hostess and prospective bride and groom arrived, because Ann had to leave to sing at a studio affair.

Debbie, wearing a pale blue lace dress and displaying the seven-carat, square-cut diamond, walked in on the arm of her beaming bridegroom-to-be.

Lori Nelson, one of Debbie's closest friends, beautiful in a white lace gown, also arrived early. Robert Wagner, twenty pounds lighter, and once one of Debbie's greatest admirers, gave the future bride a big kiss.

Two engaged couples, Pier Angeli and Vic Damone, who will be married before this is printed, and Vera-Ellen and Victor Rothschild were happily talking wedding plans.

Pretty blonde Virginia Warren and her sister, Honey Bear, daughters of Chief Justice Earl Warren, were escorted by Hugh O'Brian,

GOOD NEWS



Pier Angeli and Debbie spent half the evening comparing their engagement rings. Pier and Vic Damone looked just as radiant as the future Mr. and Mrs. Fisher—and both girls were so thrilled at becoming engaged at practically the same time. They have been friends for years now.

youthful actor. Jack Webb escorted lovely, blonde Dorothy Towne, and this romance is very much on. Mary and Jack Benny, Gracie Allen and George Burns were in the crowd.

There was such a crush that I stood on a balcony to watch those who came and went. In the throng I saw Barbara Ruick, who is back with her husband, Robert Horton; Mary and Bob Cummings, Jimmy McHugh, who is one of Eddie's close friends, Arthur Freed, MGM producer, who plans a musical starring Debbie and her fiancé, Barbara Rush with a new glamorous hair-do, the Ames Brothers, the Eddie Robinsons, Joan Crawford, the Van Heflins, Terry Moore with Jacques Sernas, Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager, all attending the biggest cocktail party ever given.

One very proud guest was Mrs. Jennie Grossinger, who flew out for the party at the special invitation of Eddie Cantor. It was at Grossinger's resort in the Catskills that Eddie Cantor first saw young Eddie and said, "That boy is great and I'm taking him with me." And he did that, starting Eddie on his success.

The Cantor party cost close to $4,000, but as Eddie Cantor told me, "Ida and I feel he is the nearest thing to a son we have ever had."

Oh, yes, Just before I left, Debbie presented Eddie with black pearl studs and cufflinks.

I FOUND A NEW SWEETNESS in Gary's manner toward Rocky and she is certainly a different and warmer girl. If I hadn't dined with Rocky and Gary Cooper at their fabulous new modern home, I might have been skeptical about their reconciliation.

Almost everyone at the wonderful, huge party seemed to be in love!



I've never seen Vera-Ellen so happy as since her engagement to Vic Rothschild.



Jane Powell and Pat Nerney had already set the wedding date—November 8.



I'm so glad Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell made up their minds and got married.



Mala Powers' marriage to Monte Vanton won't mean giving up her career after all.



Surprise of the Month: GUY MADISON AND SHEILAH CONNOLLY ELOPE

■ Just as I was leaving the Cantor party, someone telephoned that Guy Madison was leaving for Juarez, Mexico, the next day to divorce Gail Russell. He married immediately after, as you know, beautiful Sheilah Connolly, twenty-four-year-old TV actress who looks like Elizabeth Taylor. They went to Miami on a honeymoon.

Guy had been begging Gail for a divorce, and finally on October 6, obtained one himself. Gail has been emotionally upset for a long time and Guy has been very patient, doing everything to help her until finally it became too much of a burden.

The new bridegroom is building a home for his bride. Guy has zoomed to fame in the last year in the *Wild Bill Hickok* TV series and in the Warner movies, *The Charge At Feather River* and *The Command*.



Gary has seen a lot of the world since the first time I met him. He's become wealthy and while his casual dialogue in pictures fools a lot of people, in private life he loves to talk and can discuss any subject.

He and I laughed over the first time he came down from Montana to play the lead in *The Winning Of Barbara Worth*.

"I certainly was green, wasn't I?" he said.

Well, he's a polished man of the world now. I know that one of the big bonds between him and Rocky is their mutual devotion to their daughter and in their new, tropical house everything has been built for Gary's comfort. Even such details as the washbasins having been put in at a level suited to Gary's height have been thought of. So he's very happy.

By the time this is in print, Jane Powell will be Mrs. Pat Nerney, Pier Angeli will be Mrs. Vic Damone and Vera-Ellen will undoubtedly be Mrs. Victor Rothschild. Of all these romances, the most surprising is Vera's.

I must say I was bowled over when Vera called me. For more than a year she had been seen everywhere with Richard Gully. Recently he had to go to Europe for a few months and during this time, Victor, who has been a very dashing young man about Hollywood discovered cute little Vera.

But at first, I'll admit, I thought this was just one of the little dancer's many flirtations. Do you remember when Rock Hudson was the one and only in her life? Then Dean Miller was considered serious.

However, when she and Victor came to a party I gave, I knew she was really in love this time. She was wearing a beautiful square-cut diamond ring and was full of her plans for a honeymoon at Acapulco in Mexico.

TWO NEW AND IMPORTANT babies will make their appearances in town this coming year. In the midst of all the excitement of Judy Garland's triumph in *A Star is Born*, she telephoned me to say, "I'm going to have a baby! I'm going to have a baby! I just found out and wanted you to be the first to know, Louella." With two little daughters, Judy won't mind a bit if this one turns out to be a boy.

About three weeks after Judy's première, Liz Taylor had the laugh on all of us. She and Michael Wilding expect their second baby in March and not one columnist knew it.

"I kept my secret well," laughed Liz when I queried her. "You never had any idea."

I laughed, recalling what Mike said to me soon after their son was born. "I keep picking up magazines with stories about 'Liz Taylor's baby,'" he said in his quiet, witty way. "I read them all, say to myself, 'That's also my baby and a really extraordinary child.'"

The newest Wilding will be named Virginia if it's a girl, and Christopher if a boy.

WHEN CLARK GABLE ALLOWS his picture to be taken again and again with the same girl at social events, it begins to look serious.

Well, the King has been photographed many times lately with Kay Williams Spreckels, beautiful blonde ex-wife of sugar millionaire Adolph Spreckels.

Kay was terribly in love with Clark before she married Spreckels and apparently he was in love with her. They went together for a long time, but then, without a word, Gable walked out of her life.

I'd be the last to prophesy that he will marry Kay now. But there's no telling with

Clark, though I do know he says he will never wed again. But he's said that before.

Kay had an ardent suitor in Hal Hayes, wealthy contractor. When Clark telephoned her for a date, she dropped Hayes and has been seen at all the premières with the King.

JOHN WAYNE IS SO PROUD of the success of his boy, Pat, that he doesn't care who knows it. Pat began his acting career with a very small role in John Ford's *The Long Gray Line*. Then he got a better part in *Mr. Roberts*, also under Ford's direction. It was shot in Hawaii, not far from where "The Duke" was making his own film, *The Sea Chase*.

But it was when Bill Wellman, the director, selected Pat to be in *C'est La Guerre* and to play Wellman himself, as a World War I flyer, that John got on the telephone to me.

"You know that Ford started me in this business twenty-five years ago," John said, "and that Bill Wellman has been one of my closest pals for ages. For them to have faith in this kid of mine—well, Louella, I'll confess to you, when they showed me Pat's tests I had tears in my eyes. It was like seeing myself, starting out again, so long ago. Except that Pat's much better and handsomer."

ROCK HUDSON HAS BEEN reported so many places this month with so many different girls that there may be more to it than meets the eye. Rock is a stay-at-home and his nearest to a steady has been Betty Abbott.

But since the Barbara Rush-Jeffrey Hunter split-up, a lot of people have been pointing out that while Betty Abbott went to Ireland when Rock made *Captain Lightfoot*, she came back as soon as her job as script girl was concluded. Rock went on to Paris. Barbara, of course, was the leading lady in that film.

I still hope that Jeff and Barbara will get back together. Barbara has glamourized herself and is different from the girl of a year ago.

When James Mason announced the other day that he was retiring from acting to become a producer, his precocious six-year-old Portie looked up and said, "Don't worry, Father. I shall carry on the Mason acting tradition."

And do you want to know something? I have no doubt that she will.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: I wish Liberace wouldn't wear red ruffled shirts, fancy shoes and black and gold brocaded evening clothes. He's too talented and too nice a person to go in for such extremes in clothes.

Dan Dailey and Mrs. Gwen O'Connor should confine their battles to privacy. It shows a want of taste for Dan Dailey, whose career has never been better, and for Donald O'Connor, who is so popular with the public.

All of us who love Marilyn Monroe were sorry to see her do all that posing for newsreels after her separation from Joe DiMaggio. For the first time in her life she didn't seem sincere. Marilyn is much too dear a person to put on such a show. Few believed she was as unhappy as she pretended.

We all hope that Ava Gardner will stop pouting with her studio. She's such a fine actress and such an asset to the screen, it's too bad to have her away so long.

All those who know and love Susan Hayward wish that Jess Barker would stop trying to make it difficult for Susie, who has had so much trouble over his shenanigans during their hectic divorce.

We had an ice cream party after Phffft!



Kim Novak (who's just terrific in the picture) joined Jack and Cynthia Lemmon, (Judy Holiday couldn't be there.) Jack's a star now—don't miss the story on p. 56.



Bob Francis split a sundae with Aldo Ray and his Jeff. No one worried about diets that night.



Kim's engaged to Marc Krim; she will soon be Kim Krim!



Terry Moore, almost sedate these days, came with hotel heir Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex.



Joanne Gilbert and Mort Viner shared sodas with Jack.



The spectacular premiere of *A Star is Born* was one of the most exciting events even Hollywood has ever seen!



I saw Liberace there; I love him, but I don't like that brocaded tuxedo jacket he wears.



Judy Garland was so glowing, so happy, not only over the success of her film, but because she's expecting another child. The men are Jack Carson, George Jessel, Sid Luft and George Fisher



Clark Gable is almost always with Kay Spreckels these days. Watch this romance!



Suzan Ball, with Dick Long, of course, wore the latest rage—a satin-and-jersey combination.



George Jessel met happy-again Rocky and Gary Cooper; they're trying to keep it that way.



Frank Sinatra just gloried in Judy's triumph; he had a bad time before his comeback, too.



Rock Hudson brought—guess who?—Betty Abbott to the preem and party! They're dating.



Liz and Mike beamed all evening, now that the news about Liz' next baby is finally out.

THERE HAVE BEEN SO MANY good parties this month, besides the Reynolds-Fisher soirée, it's hard to choose which of the others were the best. Joan Crawford had so many stars crowded into the tiny Polo Loggia, in honor of Helen Hayes, moving was almost impossible.

There was Judy Garland, bubbling over with happiness, between her rave notices for *A Star Is Born* and the fact of her approaching motherhood. There was Clifton Webb bringing his popular mother, Mabelle, out for the first time after her serious illness, and Jack Benny with his Mary, getting around, too, for the first time since she was sick. Gary Cooper came stag, and so did Rock Hudson, while George Nader stayed close to the hostess' side. Sue and Alan Ladd came early, left early, and then came back. "This party is too good," they said.

Joan, as always, was the flawless hostess and the food was much too good.

A few nights later, after the preview of *Phffft!* there was an ice cream soda party at a malt shop across from the theatre. And for Hollywood, where people usually go to Romanoff's or the Mocambo, this was distinctive and fun. All the younger set were there.

Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell were proudly displaying their matching wedding rings. Bob Francis brought pretty May Wynn. Terry Moore beamed on the arm of Nicky Hilton, Vince Edwards was with Connie Towers. The calorie consumption was something terrible.

THE TYRONE POWER-LINDA CHRISTIAN marriage failure wasn't surprising to those of us on the inside. Ty had been away for so long, first on the road with *John Brown's Body* and then on business. Now he has signed with Katharine Cornell in *The Dark Is Light Enough* for Broadway, which will surely take him away for more months.

Ty takes his career very seriously. He comes not only from a long line of actors but from a long line of Tyrone Powers whom you can find mentioned in theatrical histories back to the seventeenth century.

Linda is a playgirl. She is spectacular and she loves parties.

Ty fell in love with Linda at the time when everyone thought he was going to marry Lana Turner—including Lana Turner. He and Lana gave a big farewell party at the Mocambo on the eve of his flying to Europe, five years ago. He seemed to be deeply in love.

So he flew to Europe, met Linda, the Mexican beauty with the green eyes. She spoke several languages fluently. She had traveled everywhere. From that moment on, Ty never again wrote to Lana.

He and Linda were married in Rome and felt so romantic about the church where the ceremony was performed that they gave their first child an adaptation of its name.

Ty always wanted children of his own. When he was married to Annabella, he was a devoted stepfather to her daughter, and he was always very fond of Cheryl Crane, Lana's daughter.

It seems such a shame that his two little daughters still couldn't make it a happy home for him. Asked about a possible reconciliation, Ty said firmly, "This marriage has been over for a long while."

A MUCH HAPPIER STORY is the change that has come over the Fred MacMurray household since June Haver became Fred's bride June 28 at the Ojai Valley Inn.



on my soapbox:
I'M DISAPPOINTED IN EDMUND PURDOM

■ In all my years in Hollywood I've never seen any talented young actor behave more unwisely than Edmund Purdom has since he received his big break of being cast in *The Student Prince* and *The Egyptian*.

Before these opportunities he was very modest, very poor—and very appealing. He had made numerous friends, all of whom believed in him and several of whom saw to it that he and his charming wife had food and lodgings. When the Purdom baby was on the way, other friends arranged for hospitalization.

So what happened with success? Edmund turned his distinguished back on most of these people. He became frosty with the press. And in this town where everyone is a "name" he became the biggest name dropper of all. When his second child was born, he just barely made it back to town—at the insistent urging of his studio—from a vacation he was having, without his wife, in Mexico.

Now that the Tyrone Powers have separated, the rumors that have been whispered in Hollywood are coming right out in the open. But I want to say that throughout all this Mrs. Purdom has behaved wonderfully, but she became so ill that she went into a hospital with a nervous breakdown when he left her to go alone to Europe.

He is a good actor. He has a lovely wife and fine children. If his head has been turned, there's no reason why he can't turn it back to where it was—and become again a charming human being, a good father and husband and a star with a great future.



the letter box

First, a word of thanks to all of you for your zippy letters. That's what I asked for—and you certainly responded. For instance:

AUDREY, DENNY, WILLIE WERWERTH and GEORGE W. BLACK sent me a joint letter asking how to break into movies, as also did PVT. RON SETLIK and PVT. GLENDON RHEA, among lots of others. *To all of you I say if you live anywhere near a Little Theatre group, get into it, learn everything you can, and see if you can't distinguish yourself there. Little Theatre groups are thoroughly "scouted."*

If this is impossible, you can do a lot worse than to send a clear—and flattering—photograph of yourself to any producer you know (from reading my column, naturally!) to be doing a picture for which you think you may be qualified. Write as detailed a letter as you can to send with it.

To MRS. MAXINE DAVIS, of Minneapolis, I want to say that your cards and letters re getting Van Johnson better roles are certainly paying off. Van has the best line-up of pictures he's ever had.

LUPE NEIMAN of Havana, Cuba, takes me to task for what I said regarding Luis Dominguin, Ava Gardner's bullfighter friend. Says Lupe, "He was very charming and mannerly when he was here in Cuba." *Incidentally, I received so many Brazilian letters regarding Ava I can't possibly acknowledge them all. I'm sorry that so beautiful and talented a girl got things so badly mixed up.*

And I'm very amused by LILA OUTIERREZ of Coyoacan, Mexico, who says, "I am tired of seeing in every movie magazine pictures of that dull young man called Robert Wagner. I suggest you give us more information about real actors such as Stewart Granger." Lila also says she prefers Audrey Hepburn to Marilyn Monroe. *I can honestly tell you, Lila, I like all these four. But it's differences of opinion which make horseraces and box office, and which make a good letter-box, too. So all of you keep on writing me what you think—and the hotter the better.*



Joan Crawford's daughter Christina is quite a beauty. She and Joan double-date now! Joan's with Lee Trent and Christina brought Henry Harwood when they went to Ciro's together.

There was never a more devoted husband than Fred was to his beloved Lily, his first wife. But even before their marriage, she was in poor health and throughout all their lives together, she was virtually an invalid.

No girl is sunnier by temperament or more full of natural bounce than June. Fred's two children, Susan, fifteen, and Robert, ten, had been raised by a housekeeper, in a household which had always been hushed.

June got a new housekeeper, put the children on their own to be as noisy as they please, and has generally brought color and laughter into the life of all of them. Which makes Junie the good stepmother of whom every other good stepmother can be proud.

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM: Kim Novak. She has a perfectly proportioned chassis, a lovely complexion. Her hair is blonde and her eyes almost green. She is a mere twenty-one—but the reason I go for her is because she acted so well she stole *Phffft!* from Academy Award winner Judy Holliday, no less

This was only Kim's second picture, but already other studios are trying to borrow her from Columbia. If and when *The Jean Harlow Story* is ever made, she seems to be the likeliest candidate.

She was born in Chicago and Novak is her real name. But for fame purposes, she had to change her first name, which was Marilyn—and you know there's another blonde who has a patent on that one.

Her father was an employee of the Chicago-Milwaukee Railroad, and still is. Her mother had been a history teacher. The family was very well off, but just the same Kim liked working after school, so that during her high school days she worked in a five-and-dime, ran an elevator and served as a dentist's assistant. In college, she worked as a model and was quite successful.

It was the modeling that brought her to Hollywood and her hobby of bicycle riding that brought her to the attention of the talent scouts. You see, she was wearing very short shorts on her very long legs, and the blouse she had on was cut low and fitted close.

Pushover was her first picture and she played a low-down girl in a low-down way completely different from her high comedy portrayal in *Phffft!*—but both are so sexy you could see smoke curling up around the preview audience.

She isn't married. She's a great cook. She lives at Hollywood's famed Studio Club—which drives the wolves wild.

She'll go very far and quickly, too, take my word for it.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH.



Margaret O'Brien is certainly grown up these days; I hope her career picks up again.



Lee Liberace's steady is Joanne Rio; they're always together but they aren't engaged.



A Universal-International Picture starring

JEFF CHANDLER • JACK PALANCE
LUDMILLA TCHERINA • RITA GAM

with JEFF MORROW • GEORGE DOLENZ • EDUARD FRANZ • ALEXANDER SCOURBY

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY and BARRÉ LYNDON • Story by Oscar Brodney • Produced by ALBERT J. COHEN

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



The proposol scene is tender, but very Hollywood, toking ploce on o set between scenes of a film.



The biggest production number in the picture is "I Wos Born In A Trunk," the musicol biogrophy of an "overnight sensotion." It tokes ploce in o picture-within-the-picture.



Early in the film Judy sings "The Mon Thot Got Awoy," o reolly greot blues number, sure to be o hit.



The major turning point in the film is the Acodemy Awords scene when Judy reoches the peok of her success ond Moson hits rock bottom, drunk ond jobless ot the big ceremony.



Jomes Moson delivers his finest octing to dote os the olcoholic, once-great stor who discovers Judy.

Picture of the Month: A STAR IS BORN

■ It's here at last—that long-heralded, long-awaited "comeback." Judy Garland is great, singing every kind of song her huge talent encompasses and socking every one across with that vibrant up-and-down moodiness. Warners' backs her up with costly sets, lavish Technicolor and a story about Hollywood itself. It starts at a benefit show for Motion Picture Relief. Big star James Mason arrives very drunk and Judy, singing onstage, covers up for him. Later he thanks her; still later he searches for her all over town because he can't get her voice out of his mind. After some delay, due to his being whisked off on location, Mason gets her a contract and tricks studio boss Charles Bickford into hearing her sing. Judy and Mason fall in love, marry. She rises, he drops from stardom and consoles himself with even more liquor, but liquor only takes him further away from any kind of happiness, and nearly destroys his wife's career, too. Mason's acting is fine as usual. Pathetic but sympathetic, he emerges as a really tragic figure. Jack Carson, a cynical public relations man, brutally hastens his final crackup. But the story takes second place to the acting, which in turn is overshadowed by Judy Garland, whose personality and enormous zest cover everything with a special glow.

More reviews on page 2

Rain Dears IN SMOKE



Starring in Rain Sleet and Snow!

Featuring amazing 3 D Tread

Mara Corday
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"SO THIS IS PARIS"
A Universal-International Picture
Color by Technicolor

FASHION FIT
For High or Cuban heel shoes. Clear and smoke

America's Greatest Stormy Weather Hit!

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Deep!
Dependable!
Durable!

Satisfaction or a Return of Money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If Not As Advertised Therein

Women who want the best (and they cost no more) don't just ask for rainboots, they ask for RAIN DEARS. You be sure too . . . look for the name RAIN DEARS right on the sole of the boots. Rain Dears are the 100% one piece molded plastic rainboots with no seams to come apart. In clear, so your shoe beauty shows through, or smart new smoke color.

Perfect protection . . . fashion Perfection.

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Starring an America's smartest feet!



Take the Slip out of Slippery!

UNIVERSAL FIT
For all type shoes. Clear and smoke

Myrna Hansen
in
"SO THIS IS PARIS"
A Universal-International Picture
Color by Technicolor

At Shoe, Notion and Rainwear counters everywhere

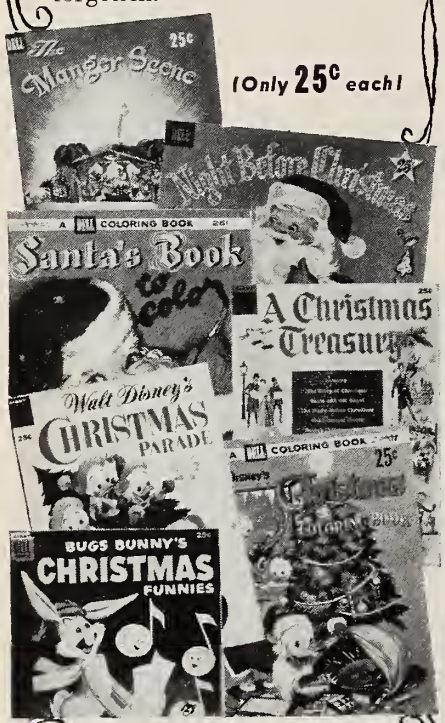
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



THE COUNTRY GIRL Apparently the wonder of Bing Crosby never ceases; he outdoes himself in *The Country Girl*, a drama based on Clifford Odets' play. And Grace Kelly, formerly a golden glamour girl, is subtle, complex and extremely convincing as his long-suffering, devoted wife. The story: William Holden, dynamic Broadway director, wants to audition Crosby for a musical drama even though producer Anthony Ross calls Crosby a has-been who drinks too much. Crosby auditions well, is signed for the part but reads lines badly during rehearsal. In a man-to-man way he tells Holden that Grace is to blame for his lack of drive, his uncertainty. Naturally, Holden begins to resent Grace's interference and treats her with increasing contempt. He finds out later that Crosby—a weak, sick man—has been handing him a pack of lies. It's a poignant, beautifully acted drama, startlingly real.—Para.



CARMEN JONES The music is from Bizet's famous opera, the book is by Oscar Hammerstein and the result is wonderful. Dorothy Dandridge as Carmen—moody, passionate, a *femme fatale*—works in a parachute factory down south. Her prey is Harry Belafonte, a handsome young soldier headed for flying school. He resists Carmen manfully, but not for long, and pretty soon he has left his girl (Olga James) and his honor behind to flee to Chicago with Carmen and hide out in a tawdry room. Carmen feels boxed in—so she drops Belafonte for Joe Adams, heavyweight boxing champ, who has all of Chicago and much of its money to play with. Wildly jealous, Belafonte hounds her to death. The story is a classic tragedy; this CinemaScope version is classic, too. The cast (which features Pearl Bailey), the sets, the singing of Hammerstein's brilliant lyrics are all charged with vitality and excitement.—20th-Fox.



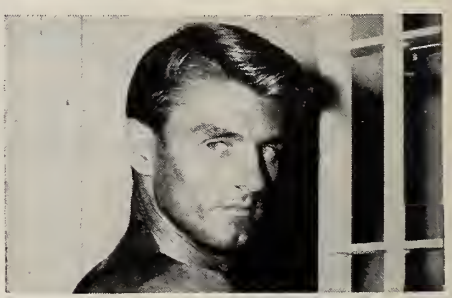
THREE RING CIRCUS Here are Martin and Lewis again—much less mad but often hilarious. Discharged from the Army, Lewis joins up with a circus. He wants to be a clown but the only opening is for a lion tamer. Martin tags along and when his eyes light on Zsa Zsa Gahor (of the high-flying trapeze) his work is cut out for him—temporarily. Joanne Dru owns part of the circus and her kind of love is more solid. The circus is a wonderful background for Lewis' really wistful humor. Terrified, he's shot from a cannon, locked in a cage with lions, painfully embarrassed when his awkwardness as a propman steals the spotlight from an aerialist. In an almost Chaplinesque way he works toward clowndom where his woebegone make-up, his humane attempt to make a little paralytic girl laugh add moments of dignity to an otherwise simply entertaining film. Technicolor.—Para.



BLACK WIDOW There are all these jaded New Yorkers (like theatrical producers and great stars) living rather peaceably in their swank penthouses when along comes a small, innocent, intense young writer named Peggy Ann Garner and those jaded New Yorkers start falling apart. Peggy is so open and open minded and all that everyhody wants to help her. The question is: what rat helped her hang herself in Van Heflin's bathroom? Heflin is a theatrical producer married to Gene Tierney and while Gene is away he plays father to Peggy, lets her use his apartment as a workshop. In the apartment above live Ginger Rogers, a star, and her grateful husband, Reginald Gardiner. Ginger doesn't like Heflin's carryings-on. But he can't help it if Peggy pursues him. This kid Peggy gets around—before the hanging, that is. Who hanged her? Detective George Raft figures that out. CinemaScope.—20th-Fox.



PHFFFT! Only unfunny thing about this movie is the title which sounds even worse than it reads. Aside from that, *Phffft!* is a delightful comedy about more or less ordinary people living up to their new roles of gay divorcees. Judy Holliday, TV writer, is bored with Jack Lemmon, attorney, and vice versa. After eight years of marriage they can't live with each other, but it turns out they can't live with anybody else either. Lemmon's bachelor friend, Jack Carson, converts him into a gadabout (with sportscar, weskit and wolf whistle) and sets him loose on Kim Novak who not only bewilders but scares Lemmon stiff. Judy, meanwhile, invests in a siren wardrobe, determined to offer herself up to whichever bidder bites. But she keeps yearning for the comforting boredom of her ex-mate. Quick, funny characterizations and clever dialogue (by George Axelrod, author of *The Seven Year Itch*) make a slim plot seem meaty.—Col.



UNCHAINED In 1941 a man named Kenyon Scudder opened The California Institute for Men at Chino. It was a revolutionary event in penal history. Fifteen hundred criminals moved into Chino which had no gun towers, no concrete wall, no armed guards—and no bars. Instead, it offered dorms, vocational training, picnic grounds for visitors, a self-governing council. Heaven—except no prison ever is. *Unchained* was filmed at Chino. It's based on fact but achieves the rounded drama of fiction. Its main character is Steve Davitt (Elroy Hirsch) arrested for nearly killing a man he thought had robbed him. Now he wants out, hut he comes to realize that escape is more than a personal affair. It involves all the prisoners, endangers the continued existence of Chino itself. Dramas of other men striving toward rehabilitation also unfold. With Barbara Hale, Chester Morris, Todd Duncan.—Hall Bartlett Prod.



BEAU BRUMMELL Improbable, sentimental, a regular tear-jerker, Beau Brummell (that's Stewart Granger) plays himself out against the beautiful, misty scenery of England and in the elaborate costumes and interiors of the early 19th century. Beau is a handsome upstart of the Royal Hussars. He speaks right out to the Prince of Wales (Peter Ustinov), insulting him roundly and thereby winning his passionate friendship. He also wins the love of a lady (Elizabeth Taylor) but she wavers between his recklessness and her betrothed's conservative nobility. Brummell's wit and daring make him a leading society figure and a great influence on Ustinov who's in love with Maria Fitzherbert (Rosemary Harris) instead of some German princess. Brummell urges him to become Regent (displacing bis mad old father, Robert Morley, now King) but this plan fails and with it goes Ustinov's friendship. Beau flees to France, sinks into poverty and sickness but England, one gathers, suffers even more by his departure. Technicolor.—MGM

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

WOMAN'S WORLD *(20th-Fox):* Big, slick and entertaining, this one stars Arlene Dahl, Lauren Bacall, June Allyson, Clifton Webb, Fred MacMurray, Van Heflin and Cornel Wilde in a sort of female *Executive Suite.* CinemaScope and Technicolor.

HANSEL AND GRETEL *(Myerberg):* Recommended as heartily for the grown-ups as for the kids, this charming version of Humperdinck's famous opera has the benefit of Kinemins to look at and excellent actors and singers to listen to. Technicolor.

HIGH AND DRY *(U.I.):* Another wonderful little British comedy, this film has American Paul Douglas as a barried business man trying to inject efficiency into the lackadaisical, no-ulcer way of life of the Scotch captain of a somewhat decrepit boat.

ROMEO AND JULIET *(U.A.):* If you already love the play, go see this beautiful production, starring Susan Shental, Laurence Harvey and Flora Robson. If you haven't come to love it yet, run, do not walk, to see it. It's the best love story ever!

THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA *(U.A.):* An amazing mixture of love, sex, satire, tragedy and Technicolor that will keep you fascinated, if slightly confused. Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart, Edmond O'Brien and others turn in topnotch performances in this complex Cinderella-like tale.

BRIGADOON *(MGM):* Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, Van Johnson, singing and dancing all over the Irish countryside in a sentimental, Technicolored fable that includes hit songs like "Almost Like Being In Love."

THE DETECTIVE *(Col.):* Alec Guiness is at his best—and you can't beat that for laughs—in a delightful story of a priest determined to reform a master thief before the police get to him.

SUDDENLY *(U.A.):* Frank Sinatra gives another startlingly good performance as a half-crazed killer out to assassinate the President.

REAR WINDOW *(Para.):* The best Hitchcock thriller in some time, it features Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey, Thelma Ritter and a quietly terrifying performance by Raymond Burr. Besides top-flight suspense, the dialogue sparkles, there's humor, romance and Technicolor.

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS *(U.A.):* This one is destined to become a classic. One of the most charming, warmly humorous movies ever centered around children, this deals with two wonderful little boys, Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, who steal a baby because they think their grandfather, Duncan Macrae, doesn't love them enough.

ON THE WATERFRONT *(Col.):* One of the year's best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.



New Scientific Medication ... Clearasil

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED ... *hides pimples while it works*



Proved effective by doctors ... endorsed by nurses in nationwide tests

Doctors prove this new-type medication *especially* for pimples really works!

In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL. And when 3002 nurses tested CLEARASIL, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's *antiseptic action* stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

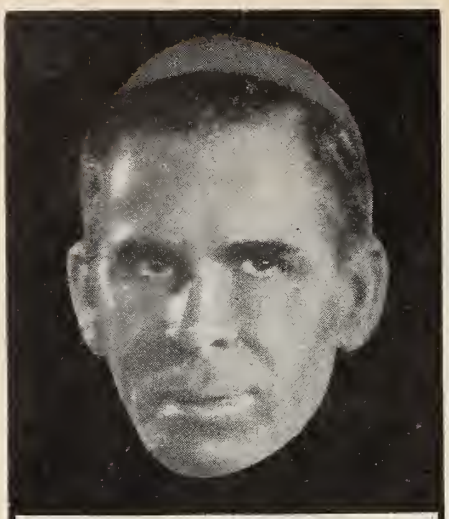
Instant relief from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless. Pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America's largest-selling specific pimple medication...because CLEARASIL has helped so many young people and adults. CLEARASIL is GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. Only 59¢. Economy size 98¢. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today.

Clearasil

The specific medication for pimples





BISHOP SHEEN

frankly answers those questions

on ***LOVE***
SEX *and*
MARRIAGE

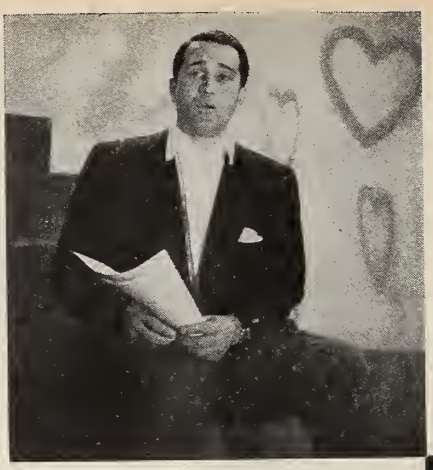
that challenge *every couple*

in **THREE TO GET MARRIED**

now a big-selling DELL book

ONLY **35¢** *on sale everywhere*





To Perry (Perpetual Phenomenon) Como, life is a never-ending vacation—as long as he's at work!



THE CASUAL TOUCH

■ A couple of weeks before his show was due to start its fall schedule, Perry Como, looking like a little boy lost, began to show up daily at his office in Radio City. He would shuffle through the mail, look through the stack of new tunes and make a few phone calls. He seemed edgy.

"What's the matter, Perry?" asked his brother-in-law, Dee Belline, who looks out for things for him.

"I got tired of sitting around the house," Perry replied. "Thought maybe I could find some new songs I liked or something."

It certainly wasn't that his summer had been dull. With his brother-in-law, he spent a couple of weeks in the north woods, catching the kind of big fish you read about. Then he went back to his Sands Point, Long Island, home and spent another four weeks with the boys. Ronnie, his thirteen-year-old son, got him interested in some more fishing. He played golf and took the family to the beach. It was an ideal lazy summer, but something was missing.

So much has been written about Perry Como's relaxed conduct as a television performer, that people tend to forget that the singing Perry does is an important part of his calm way of life. He has been standing up before a howling crowd of teen-agers three times a week for so long that he frankly misses it when he's away. "What do you think makes my home such a delight?" he once asked. "A hard day's work."

During his first few broadcasts for Chesterfield this fall, Perry behaved like a spring colt let out to grass. Backstage, he kept the Fontane sisters doubled up with gags. Margie most of all; when Perry's feeling good, according to Margie he's the funniest man on earth.

At forty-two, Perry Como is one of America's leading popular singers, responsible for several million record sales each year. Without the aid of make-up, wigs or special attention to his looks, Perry seems to get younger every year. His voice is as mellow as ever, and more than likely, he will come up with another 1,000,000-sale-hit-record (he's had seven to date) before the season is over. His fan mail, mostly from girls, runs more than 2700 letters a week, principally requests for pictures. All this though he is happily married, and bitterly opposed to the dramatic staging of love songs on his show.

Last year, one advertising agency man worried overtime about Perry's failure to project enough romantic feeling during his ballad numbers. "He doesn't make me feel he knows what love is all about," the man said.

"Don't kid yourself," said one of the men in the band. "Our boy Perry could stand out there with both hands in his pockets, grin for eight bars, then read the lyrics off a prompting board—and gas the people. What more do you want—tears?"



SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

A lesson learned from an animal made Mahoney a better man!

■ When I was ten years old I had a dog. He was brown all over—nose, eyes and body, so I named him "Shadow." One day I was crossing a busy thoroughfare and on reaching the other side, saw that Shadow had not crossed. Having trained my dog to obey, and he being ten years old, I commanded him to come to me. He obediently started to cross and was hit by a car. Hurt and dazed, he got up and started to limp uncertainly to me, whereupon another car hit him. By the time I carried him home he was drenched with blood—and my tears. He had trusted me and obeyed, and I had caused him to be hit by two cars.

As I bathed his cuts and bruises I decided that never again would I command another individual—animal or human, without thinking. That's why when I was given my chance between fighters and bombers in the Marine Corps, I took fighters—so if I goofed no one else would go with me.

That day almost cost me my dog—but he got better and I think I'm a better man for the experience.

By Jock Mahoney

The "Inside" Story of Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

★ ★ ★ News from Playtex . . . world's largest-selling girdles ★ ★ ★



This is the Magic-Controller* with the non-roll top . . . one of the famous Playtex Girdles. It has magic fingers to gracefully control your figure for every whim of fashion!

that way, Playtex offers you a full line of briefs and girdles with latex on the outside and fabric on

The one and only Girdle with figure-molding latex outside... kitten-soft fabric inside... and not a single stitch, seam or bone anywhere!







No other girdles whittle away so many inches, yet feel so comfortable! *Only* Playtex® has the slimming power of latex outside *plus* the comfort of kitten-soft fabric inside. Washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry. Freedom-giving Playtex Girdles control those "Calorie-Curves"... give you that slimmer-trimmer look, *no matter what your size!*

PLAYTEX fabric lined Girdles & Briefs... from $4.95
Known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube—at department stores and better specialty shops.

P.S. You'll love the new PLAYTEX® *Living*® BRA*! It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to flatter, feel and fit *as if fashioned for you alone!* Only $3.95

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9500 SKIN TESTS PROVE...

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest! Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP... FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM!



Skin Specialists Agree: Milder Cleansing is Better for Your Complexion!

A mild soap means: less irritation...more gentle cleansing... softer, smoother skin. Palmolive brings you all these benefits —yes, Palmolive is better for skin care . . . because it's the *mildest* of them all. That's why no other leading soap or cold cream gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive!

So change today to Palmolive's Beauty Plan...gently massage Palmolive's lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse; pat dry. In 14 days or less, see if you don't have *softer, smoother, brighter skin*—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look! Palmolive is the *mildest—far better for complexion care!*

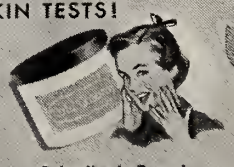
LOOK AT THE FACTS—PROVED BY 9500 SKIN TESTS!



Palmolive is Proved Milder than Any Other Leading Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!



Palmolive is Proved Milder than Leading White Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!



Palmolive is Proved Even Milder than America's Leading Cold Creams!



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

Why Joe let her go!

THE STORY THE DI MAGGIOS COULDN'T TELL—THE TRUTH BEHIND THE SHOCK-DIVORCE OF THE YEAR!



by William Barbour

■ Just 263 days after Marilyn Monroe and Joe Di Maggio were married in San Francisco, Marilyn, through her lawyer, filed for divorce in Santa Monica, charging mental cruelty.

Hours later, those who had followed their story were asking, "Why? What really happened? We thought this was one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood."

There was disillusion, disenchantment and disapproval. And there were plenty of answers from those who had been misleading the public for months with super-saccharine accounts of this supposedly idyllic marriage.

The reasons advanced for Marilyn's marital breakup were that Joe was jealous of Hal Schaefer, Marilyn's voice coach; that Joe was jealous of Natasha Lytess, Marilyn's dramatics coach; that Joe was jealous of the 20th Century-Fox publicity staff; that Joe was jealous of Hugh (*Continued on page* 27)

More pictures on next page







Why Joe let her go!

continued

Heartsick and exhausted after facing newsmen, Marilyn reported to her studio, tried to work and smile but was soon sent home by doctors for a rest . . . before facing the ordeal of the divorce trial and the lonely weeks ahead













(*Continued from page 25*)
French, Charlie Feldman, and several other agents who handle Marilyn; that Joe was jealous of Marilyn; that Joe was jealous of the men, some extremely prominent, in Marilyn's past; that there was a conflict of careers.

In short, Joe Di Maggio has been made the "heavy" in this divorce. That is unfair and not in accord with the facts.

There is no "heavy" in this breakup. Joe and Marilyn are both to blame. When each needed the other the most, they let each other down. They talked one way about their marriage, but they did the opposite. More important, they felt the opposite.

Marilyn kept saying, "In our marriage, Joe comes first. He's the boss. We want children as soon as possible."

Joe kept saying, "Her career won't interfere with our marriage, because we won't let it."

High-sounding words, good intentions—but how were they carried out?

A few minutes before Marilyn was married, she had phoned Harry Brand, publicity chief at her studio.

"Joe and I are on the way to City Hall to get married," she announced. "I promised to let you know. And I am."

The significant part of this (*Continued on page 62*)











the truth about JIMMY STEWART

by Louis Pollock

■ An illusion must be shattered now and then, and here and there a fond but misconceived conception disrupted, in the effort to show the real Hollywood. Jimmy Stewart has been called, usually, "the shyest guy in the movies." This is about as accurate as calling Marilyn Monroe demure. Marilyn certainly can act demure. But she ain't, intrinsically. And Jimmy has been successfully shy, *on the screen,* for more than twenty years. Yet he ain't when he's being himself.

Jimmy has made a specialty of playing the underdog in pictures, the tall, gawky boy who practically has to sort out his thoughts in public as he speaks. But is he actually? Two months ago the Air Force Association of the United States, in convention at Omaha, listened to an address by one of their members, a former colonel of the 8th Air Force in the European Theatre of Command in World War II. This speaker, addressing an assemblage which included such military air power giants as Generals James Doolittle and Curtis LeMay, was Jimmy Stewart. His words were crisp and to the point. His command of himself was admirable and there was no fumbling for words. What was more remarkable, he was speaking extemporaneously. His speeches are always extemporaneous.

A guest turned to one of the older members and had to express his wonder. "I didn't know Stewart could talk so well—and with such authority!" he exclaimed. "All the pictures you see him in, well—the poor fellow is always sort of reaching for his words, never seems sure he is doing the right thing, and everybody's getting the best of him."

His listener laughed. "You're looking at the real man now," he replied. "He's not related to his screen self at all. This man you see here knows what he is doing. If he played himself in his movies he'd get the best of the villain so fast all his pictures would be over by the second reel!"

In his many portrayals of the perplexed hero, the long-suffering victim who doesn't even like to strike back at his oppressors because any sort of brutality is against his nature, Jimmy has become one of the best-liked actors in the business; (*Continued on page 64*)



Supposedly the shyest man in Hollywood, Jimmy seldom goes night-clubbing with Glorio—but shyness hos nothing to do with it. Nor did he remain unmorried so long becouse he wos too inorticulate to propose to ony girl—these theories ore just part of the Stewort legend, creoted by those who con't distinguish the reol-life mon from the gowky, over-grown boy on the screen!





Audrey's mother said, "No!" Mel's family didn't approve. All their friends said, "Don't!" And then one day, in a secluded Swiss chapel, without a word of warning they were married.

BY STEVE CRONIN

It Just HAPPENED



■ Until the very last moment before her marriage, Audrey Hepburn was under pressure to drop Mel Ferrer.

Audrey's mother, the Baroness van Heemstra, had opposed Ferrer from the very beginning of the romance. She had pointed out to Audrey that Ferrer had been married three times, that he had four children to support, that opinion of his character and talent was amazingly divided.

Audrey had made up her mind.

"I'm in love with Mel," she told her mother last September, "and I'm going to marry him. I don't care what anyone says."

The Baroness van Heemstra tried to reconcile herself to the inevitable.

"What she did not want," said one of her friends, "was the usual Hollywood clambake. She wanted her daughter to be married with dignity. She called Sir Neville Bland, the former British ambassador to Holland, and asked if he would give Audrey away. Audrey's real father is a notorious British Fascist, one of Sir Oswald Mosley's Black Shirts, and the family will have nothing to do with him.

"Sir Neville Bland said he would be honored to give Audrey away. The baroness wasn't sure when and where the wedding would be held, but she would certainly let him know in plenty of time." (*Continued on page* 70)



This is the way young love

should be—arriving fast but here to stay.

a little bit wacky, a little bit wonderful,

a little bit of a miracle for Pier and Vic!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

All of a Sudden MY HEART SINGS

■ The way Pier Angeli and Vic Damone got engaged was really incredible—even to them. And it was romantic and unforgettable.

Vic and Pier were dancing to juke-box music, "September Song," in The Retake Room, a bar and grill across the street from MGM.

"Let's get married," Vic proposed.

Pier giggled. "I can't. I have a date tonight."

"I'm serious," Vic protested. "On the level, let's get married."

"You've been drinking too much champagne."

"I had less than you," Vic said.

"But I haven't been out with you for almost a year," Pier explained. "Now all of a sudden, you want to get married. You are kidding, Vic? No?"

The crooner shook his handsome head from side to side. He said he'd never been more serious in his life.

"By tomorrow morning," Pier insisted, "you will forget what you said. You are tired this afternoon. Just tired."

"Tell you what," Vic Damone suggested. "You have to come to the studio tomorrow?"

Pier Angeli nodded.

"On your way, stop at the driving range in Westwood. Say ten o'clock. Is that a date?"

Pier gave Vic a little smile, and in the juke box "September Song" faded out. The young lovers edged over to their booth. They sipped another small glass of champagne. Across the table they looked into each other's eyes.

Gene Kelly was in The Retake Room at the same time. "Hi, kids," he greeted.

How strange, Pier thought. What a coincidence that Gene Kelly should be in the same place as they on this very afternoon. Strange because in 1952 Pier Angeli was in Munich with Gene. They were making a picture called *The Devil Makes Three*.

Pier was twenty at the time. She was chaperoned by her mother. For the length of the production they had a double room in the Bayerische Hof Hotel.

One night a call came from a Pfc. Farrinola, Damone's real family name. "This is Vic Damone."

"Yes?" said Pier.

"I'm stationed over here with the Army," Vic explained. "And I heard you were in town."

"Yes?" repeated Pier.

"Well, we're giving a show tonight, an Army show. You know, for the soldiers. I wonder if you'd be kind enough to come."

Pier hesitated. "My mother is with me. Wait (*Continued on page* 65)



Their sudden engagement announced, Pier and Vic were flooded with congratulations. The most precious were from Pier's hard-to-please mother, who couldn't have been happier.

GOLFING WITH PAL LEX BARKER IS BOB'S FAVORITE RELAXATION--AND DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH HIS WORK AS HE FEARS HAVING A









SPECIAL GIRL ON HIS MIND MIGHT DO.



by Alice Finletter

MINDING HIS BUSINESS



Taking advice from old pros like Spencer Tracy is one of the things Bob does best—and most.

THERE'S A GOOD REASON WHY YOU DON'T HEAR OF BOB WAGNER'S ROMANCES ANY MORE. HE JUST ISN'T IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE!

■ A still handsome, if somewhat grizzled, star of the screen had a short exchange of words with a younger leading man not long ago in New York which would have interested an odd million or two of the latter's fans. The veteran actor was Clark Gable. The younger one was Bob Wagner. Bob was being led to his table at the 21 Club where he had decided to splurge for lunch. He saw Clark Gable and went right over to him. It was about the first time they had seen each other since Bob used to caddy for Clark at the Bel Air Country Club—caddy for Clark and pester him with questions about getting into the movies.

"Well, you made it," smiled Clark, as they shook hands. "And I've been watching your work. It's been good. You're learning your business."

"Thanks from the bottom of my heart," replied Bob. "And you can be sure I've never forgotten what you told me about being an actor. That it *is* a business and that like any other business it needs strict attending to!"

That was all, but when an older actor so advises a younger actor these days, not the least of what he means is, "Don't get tangled up romantically before you have made solid and clear accomplishment profession- (*Continued on page 74*)

THE DUKE GOES WEST

Like the song says, "Where can I go without you?" Like John Wayne says, "Not even to Hawaii." So, like a good girl, Pilar went, too—and married him!

BY JACK WADE



John's Hawaiian home was more modern than native.



It took fast talking from John to persuade Pilar to leave her house decoration chores and make the three-thousand-mile, fun-filled trip. Later, when John became sick and needed nursing, she was doubly glad she had come along.



Evenings and Sundays were their only free time together. John and Pilar ate exotic foods, swam, skin-dived, fished and indulged in a favorite island custom—the *siesta*—when unusually rough location shooting wearied even the big Duke.





Thaught af by their friends as the mast lady-like af all Jahn's laves, Pilar made sure that she was well-chaperoned during the entire trip.

■ When John Wayne read the letter informing him that he would have to travel to Hawaii to film *The Sea Chase* he frowned deeply.

Later on in the afternoon, Pilar Palette, Wayne's fiancée, joined him on the patio.

"How would you like to take a little trip?" he asked.

"Where now?" Pilar answered. "It seems to me you'd like to stay around your house for a while after spending the summer in Utah."

"Hawaii," said Wayne. "A location."

"Oh, no!" Pilar groaned. "For how long?"

"Couple of months," said Wayne.

"I'll miss you," Pilar said.

"We'll have a lot of fun," said Wayne.

"I'll write you every day," said Pilar.

"It's beautiful in Hawaii," said Wayne. "Mary (his secretary) can be a chaperone."

"And by the time you get back," said Pilar, "I'll have the house completely finished. I'll bet you won't even know the place."

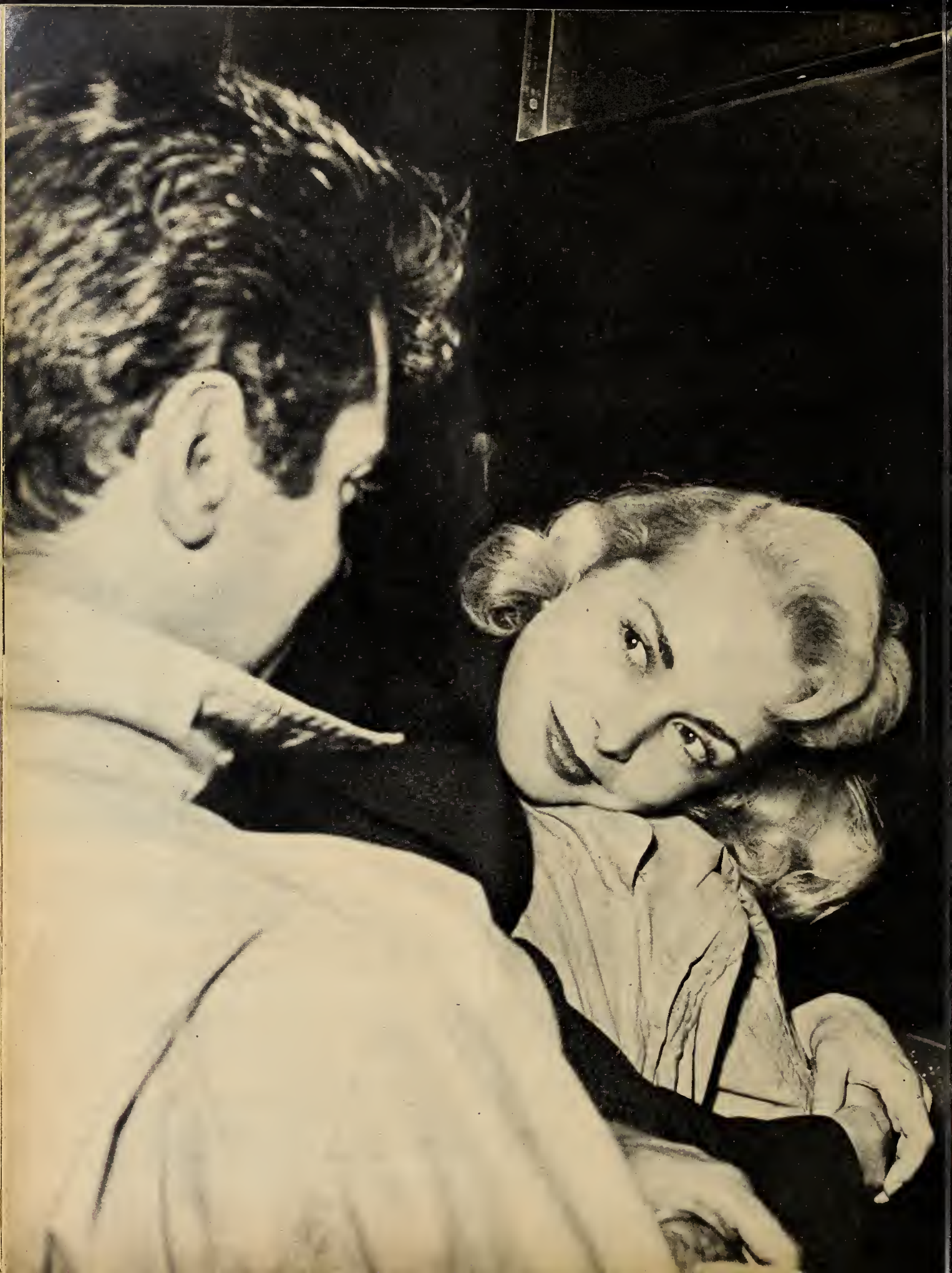
"We could leave a little ahead of time and have a vacation on the boat," said Wayne.

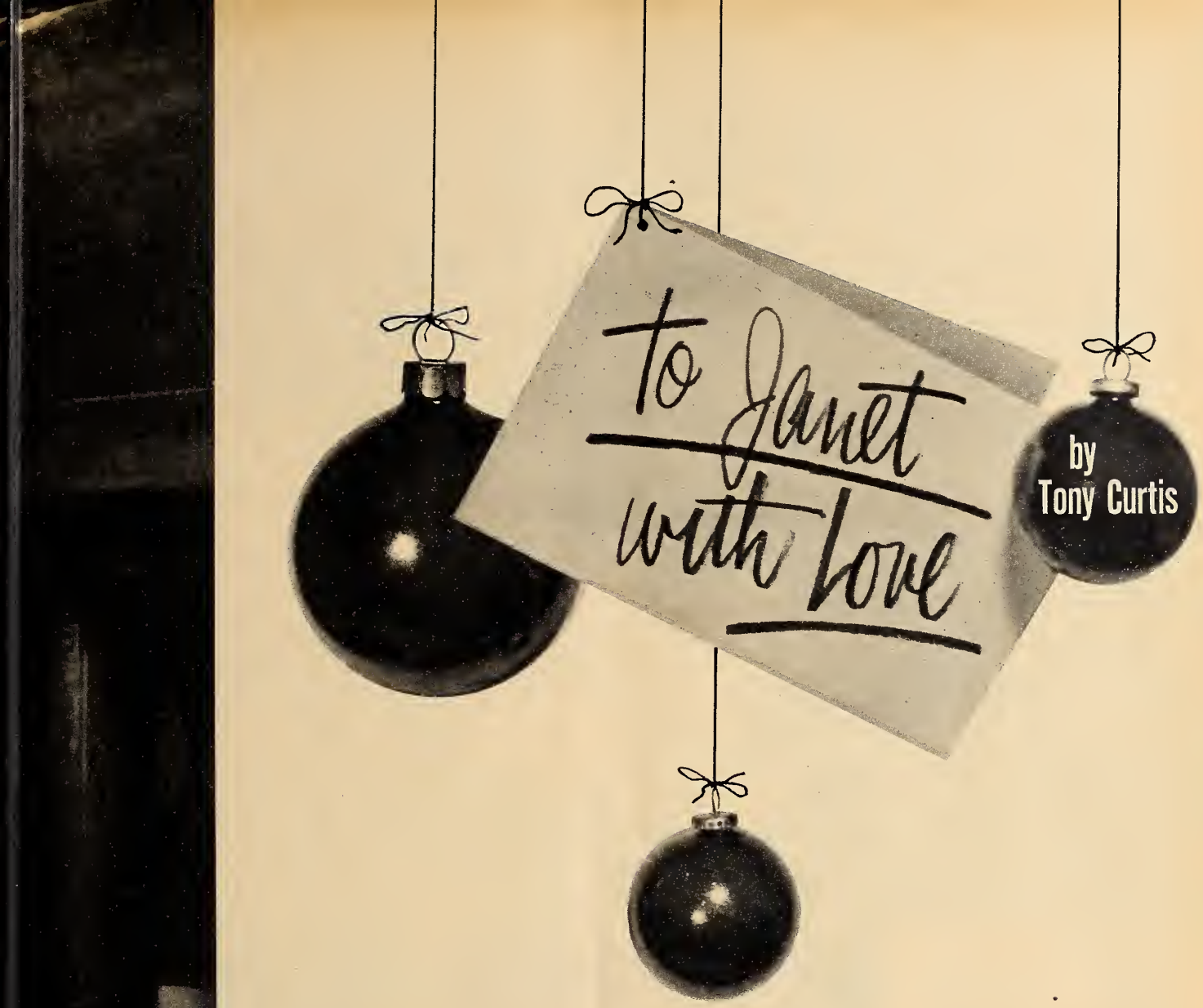
"I don't think much of a girl," Pilar said, "who follows a man everywhere he goes. Traipsing after him like a cocker spaniel."

"Neither do I," said Wayne, "unless she's crazy about him."

"I'll really miss you," said Pilar.

One week later the *Lurline*, the magnificent floating palace of the Matson Line, stood ready at the dock in Wilmington, California, while the passengers streamed aboard. A thousand relatives and friends lined the plank platform beside the ship waving goodbye to a thousand travelers lining the rails. Sailing (*Continued on page 68*)





This is a love story, one of the nicest we've ever read—or printed. It should be. It's written by one of the nicest guys we know—and he's very much in love.

■ On Christmas trees you hang presents. On this Christmas story I'm hanging a few for Janet. Not the kind you wrap in fancy paper. Or in fancy words either. Mine are wrapped in a plain word. Thanks.

It's our fourth Christmas together, and the girl has had her headaches. You've heard about some of them, but only the half of it. In this case, half a loaf is worse than none. Might create the impression of Craig's Wife round the house, or Dietitian Mary. Than which nothing could be wronger. Unlike Craig's, my wife is too straight to finagle. Biggest deal she ever connived against me was four eggs. For my own good, naturally. But we'll come to that. First, I'd like to go back a little, not to excuse, just to explain myself. And what Janet was up against. And how she operates. Whether by psychology, intuition, horse sense or her own private brew, *you* name it. All I know is, it works.

Some guys are easier to live with, some harder. Being no worm to bite the dust, I'll call myself average. Stubborn here, flexible there. Except for a bunch of quirks. Only quirks don't grow overnight. We're all conditioned.

I was conditioned to potato pancakes for dinner. Eskimos live on blubber, Chinese on rice, I lived on potato pancakes—with a bottle of cherry soda to wash 'em down. My father had a tailor shop. We never went hungry. Day-old bread wasn't that stale that you couldn't chew it. Tomatoes you could buy for a penny at the corner stand. We didn't know from balanced diets or regular mealtimes. A.M. or P. M., (*Continued on page* 77)

JANE RUSSELL No one could be farther from the supposed norm —or have gone farther with what she's got. The Body weighs 132, stands five feet, seven, measures 37-22-37, reading top to bottom: She's now in *Underwater*.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS You'd have to be blind as a bat to believe it, but the rules seem to say that Deb's bust (34) must be too large for her waist (20) and her hips (32) ought to be larger . . . or is it smaller? We like it as is.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA The girl with the unpronounceable name (we're told it's Lo-lo-*bridge*-ih-dah) is famous as er-slender, but round. The statistics: 36-22-35. Anyone worried because she thinks bust is over-developed?

KIM NOVAK With only two pictures released (*Phffft!* is the latest) Kim has proved so successful that there are already several guaranteed authentic imitators of Novak! They have a sleek 37-22-37 to live up to.







VIRGINIA MAYO

YOUNG MEN IN A HURRY


JIM ARNESS



Ten new Lochinvars have shown up in the west. Most of these fast-rising youngsters are the rugged, outdoor type, but there's a sprinkling of the suave among them, too. So far they haven't exactly stormed the ranks of the top ten—but give them time (they won't need too much) and the Gables, Stewarts and Lancasters will have to look to their laurels. Good luck to the up-and-coming!


JOHN ERICSON



PAUL GILBERT

JIM ARNESS He may not be the fustest in Hollywood yet, but he's distinctly the biggest. Six feet, five, he towers over Bob Taylor in *Many Rivers To Cross* and even John Wayne doesn't top him in *The Sea Chase*. Blonde, blue-eyed and wearing a Purple Heart, he's quite a hunk of man.

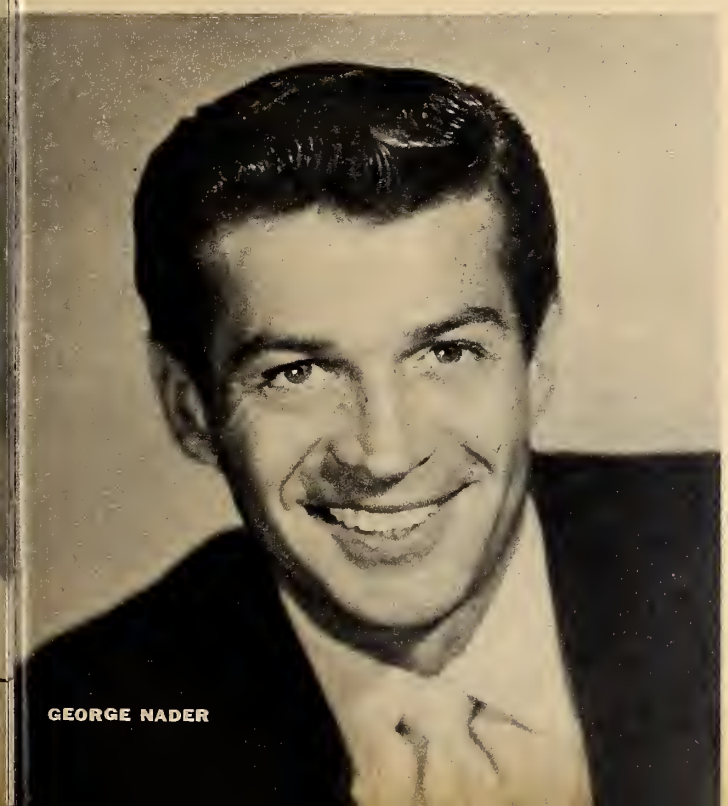
PAUL GILBERT This son of a black-face comedian and a circus aerialist has more talent than any other one-man band (he plays six musical instruments!) sings a balmy baritone, exudes sex appeal and acts so impressively that he scored a personal hit in *So This Is Paris!* with Tony Curtis.

JOHN ERICSON John got his start opposite Pier Angeli in *Teresa*. Pier's career has moved faster, but now John, blond, blue-eyed, six feet two, should catch up. A rare bird among serious actors, he makes no pretense of preferring the stage to the screen, wants his career in Hollywood.

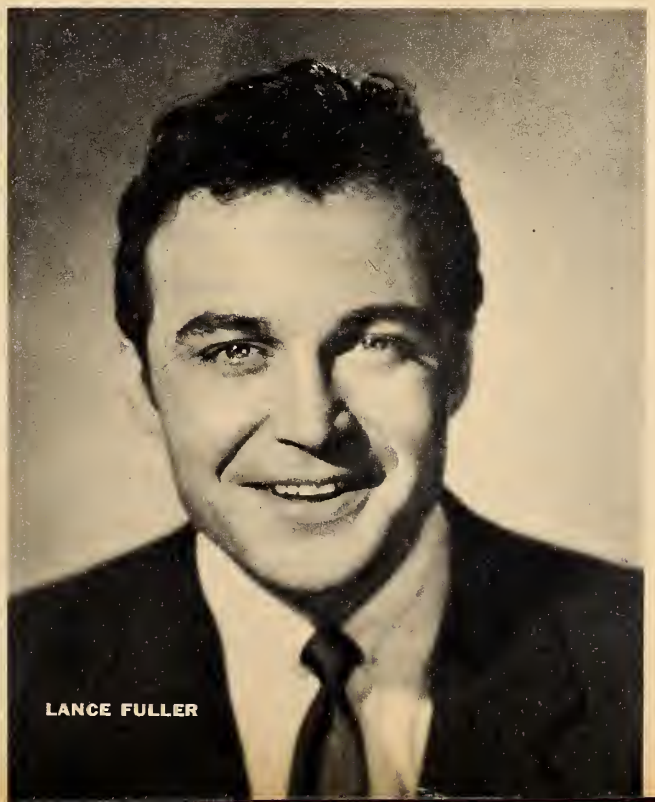
GEORGE NADER Six feet tall, weighing 173, gazing hopefully at producers with blue-gray eyes, you wouldn't think George could be overlooked. Hollywood managed to do so for three years, though, and is now in a large rush to make up time. *Shadow Valley* and terrific fan mail should help.

LANCE FULLER Publicity scares this guy, but he'd better get used to it, especially as, after one brief marriage, he is very much eligible. *That Other Woman* will mean stardom for the Kentucky-born actor; his cocker spaniel, loud sport shirts, local girls and foreign cars will be well publicized.

More Pictures on Next Page



GEORGE NADER



LANCE FULLER

YOUNG MEN IN A HURRY continued

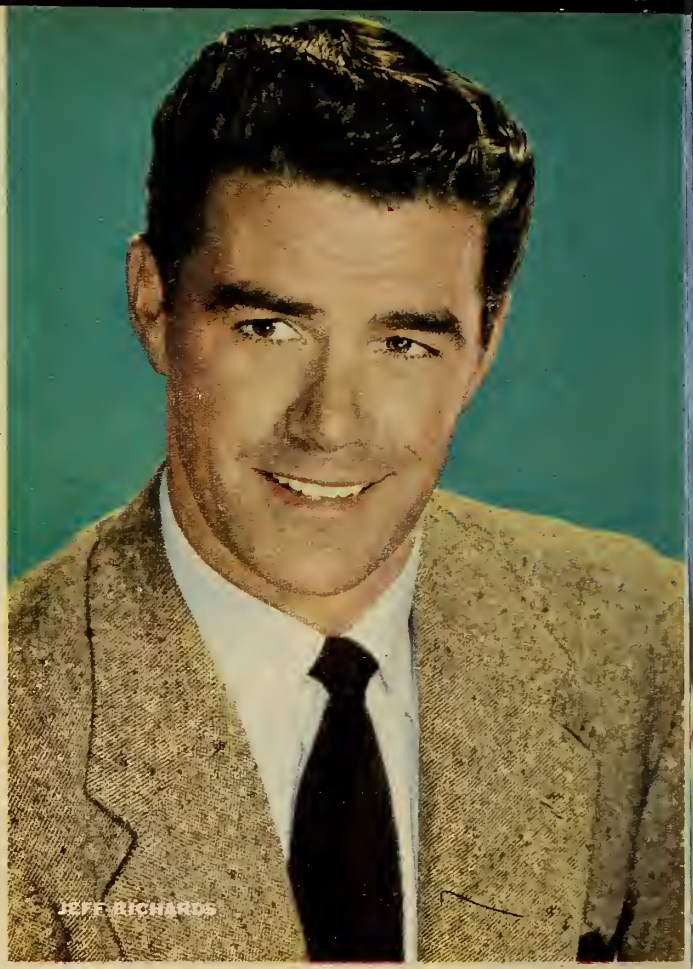
JEFF RICHARDS This ex-University of Southern California student has come up the hard way. As Dick Taylor he had a contract at Paramount for six months, another at Warners for the same amount of time, before anyone noticed him. Then his name was changed to Jeff Richards. Whether the change had anything to do with it is unknown, but Jeff attracted a lot more attention than Dick had. Now he is at MGM where plans are supposed to be big. He hopes so, and so do the MODERN SCREEN readers who have spotted him in small roles and keep hammering away at producers to give him a crack at stardom.

RICHARD EGAN The most amazing thing about Dick Egan, according to Hollywood glamour girls who live in a woodsful of married men, is that although he looks like a likely candidate for the perfect movie husband, he's single. Susan Hayward, with whom he appears in *Untamed,* apparently thinks quite highly of this San Francisco-born Army veteran. He grabbed his biggest movie break when he took the role Vic Mature turned down as a running mate to Ty Power for Susie's affections, but unlike Tyrone, has carried this activity off screen. Watch him, he's due to make big romantic news now.

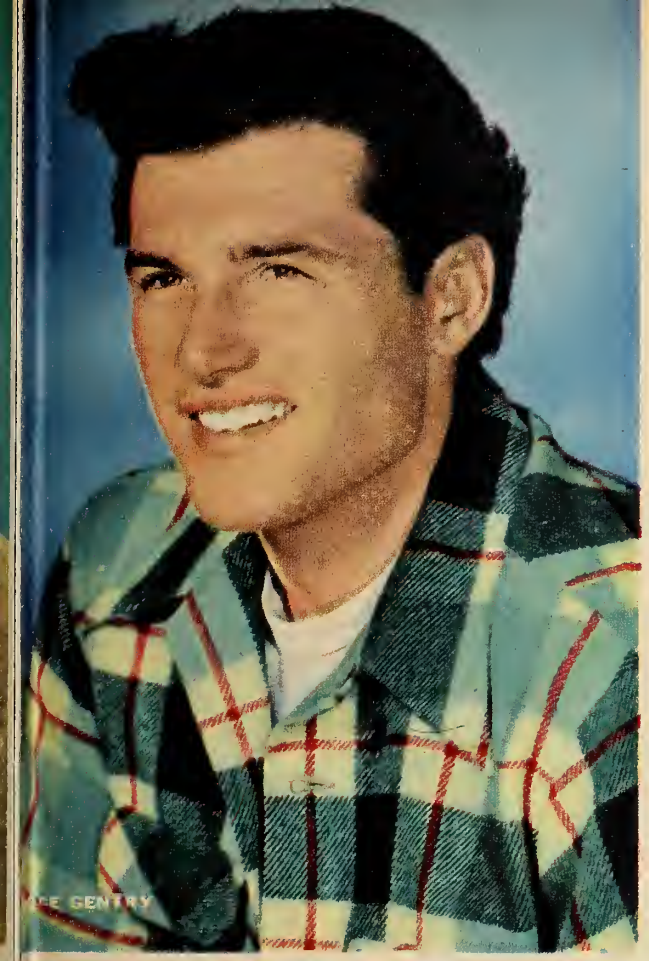
RACE GENTRY At age seventeen Race was working in a gas station under the name of John Shapiro, when an agent named Henry Willson stopped in to fill up. He signed up, too, and changed the lad's name to what it is now after helping cast him in a picture called *Lawless Breed,* starring Rock Hudson. When the public dragged its eyes off Rock to look at Race they saw 185 pounds distributed over five feet, eleven inches, and topped by brown hair and brown eyes. Although Race had made no romantic news, the studio was so deluged with fan mail that he got a long term contract and starred in *Black Horse Canyon.*

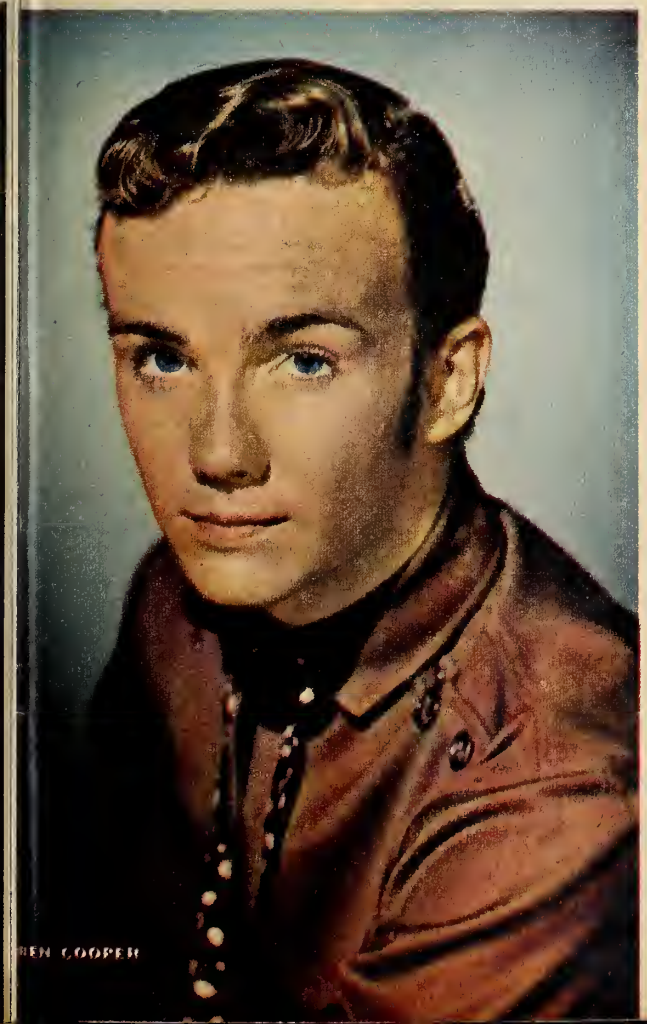
BEN COOPER Twenty-year-old Ben is half the age of the most popular movie idols and has twice the future as a result of his performances in *Johnny Guitar, Hell's Outpost* and now *The Admiral Hoskins Story.* A Hartford, Connecticut, boy who began his career on the stage in *Life With Father,* Ben has appeared in more than 3,000 radio shows since the age of eight. A slight five feet, ten inches and 160 pounds in weight, he is a rugged, blue-eyed lad and a born athlete, as he proves by his swimming record and the way he rides horseback, doing his own stunts in every picture that calls for horsey atmosphere.

CRAIG HILL His is the story of a life guard who got into movies and played the role of a life guard. The public has taken it from there. His real name is Craig Fowler, and as such he tested and was turned down for a contract at 20th Century-Fox, only to be cast a little later in his swim trunks in *Cheaper By The Dozen.* He loves classical music, modern authors, football and water sports. He's prepared to love any girl who's mad for sailing, old cars, traveling and children. He is twenty-four years of age, five feet, eleven inches tall, and getting to be as popular as a just-starting Alan Ladd—once a life guard.






EE GENTRY


EN COOPER


CRAIG HILL



Nightclubbing was Linda's idea; she had little in common with Ty, who took life seriously, concentrated on career though it meant separation.

THE POWERS HAVE FINALLY ADMITTED WHAT HAS BEEN SUSPECTED FOR YEARS—THE STORYBOOK MAR-

■ The five-year-old marriage of Tyrone Power and Linda Christian has been held together only by their children for the last four years. And most of Hollywood knew it.

Twice, as the marriage approached the precipice of disaster, Linda, gay, free-living and sparkling, announced a pregnancy and Ty told the world that he was the happiest man on earth.

When Romina Francesca, three, and Taryn Stephanie, two, came into the world, there was a feeling that things would now be different in the Power household, that the birth of a child would help to wipe clean the slate of past disputes. Ty and Linda would start all over again, and everything would be peaceful, placid and pleasant.

It didn't work out that way. By nature, Ty and Linda are too different. Ty is conservative, intellectual, serious, artistic and quiet. Linda likes to live it up.

The statement issued by 20th Century-Fox to the effect that "a conflict of careers" was responsible for the separation is not taken too seriously by most of Hollywood's insiders.

On many occasions Ty had said, "I have absolutely no objections to Linda's pursuit of a career, any career she wants." And it is true that Ty never did object to his wife's ambition.

Whether he objected to her casual friendship with the young English actor Edmund Purdom, with whom Linda worked in *Athena*, he doesn't say.

"Just say," Ty conceded, "that Linda and I have come to the end of the road."

A month before the separation was announced, Ty and Linda, despite their denials, had agreed to disagree.

Ty had gone to his lawyer, Judge Lester Roth, and Linda had consulted Richard Bergen, an attorney for the firm of O'Melveny and Myers. The lawyers were told that the handsome actor and his Dutch-Mexican wife were separating. They were ordered to draw up a property settlement.

After working on a settlement for a month, the attorneys discovered that it was unacceptable to both parties. The question of a divorce was also raised. Both Ty and Linda

TY AND LINDA CALL IT QUITS



For a while Linda and their first daughter, Romina Francesca, tried to follow Ty's tours.

RIAGE HAS AN UNHAPPY TWIST—AND NOT EVEN THE KIDS CAN BRING A HAPPY ENDING ■ by Richard Moore

are Catholic. Ty, however, has previously been divorced from the French actress, Annabella. That divorce cost him around $200,000.

In the event of a divorce, would it be a Las Vegas "quickie" or a California "one-year job?"

Questioned about the details, Judge Lester Roth said nothing until the separation was announced. Then he admitted that the marriage was finished, "and a quickie divorce is unlikely."

Following the separation announcement, there was, of course, a great deal of comment and conjecture in the press.

Wrote one reporter,"There have been rumors that Linda was seeing a good deal of a masculine star under contract to another studio."

Said a second, "Tita Purdom won't budge, so the next move is Ed's in the Power-Christian-Purdom tangle."

Linda refused to say anything. So did Purdom. So did Bill Gallagher, Ty's cousin and business manager.

The only one who would talk (*Continued on page* 71)



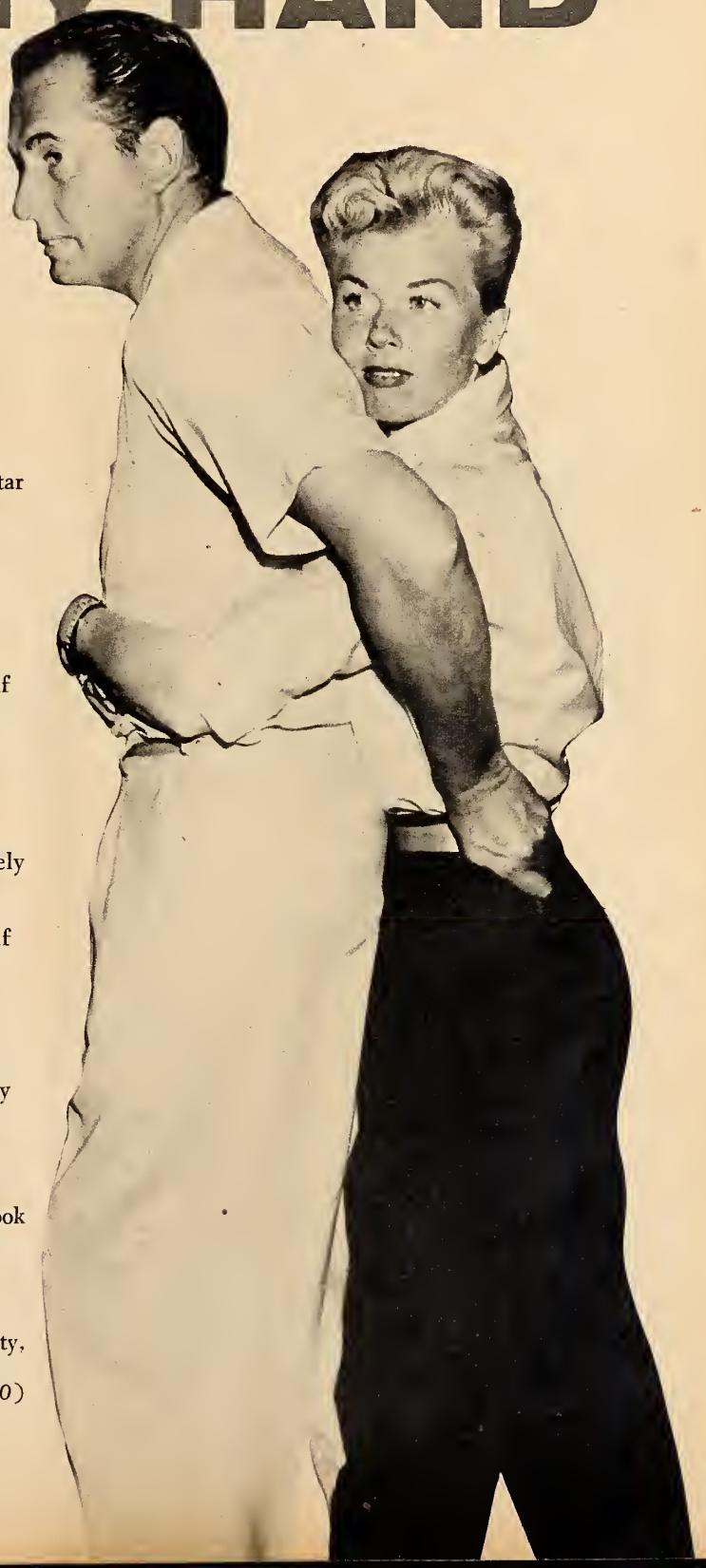
Only months ago, at Sonja Henie's party, the Powers were still telling skeptical friends that everything was fine. The loss of his daughters will be unusually hard for Tyrone to take.



They've done an amazing thing,
Doris Day and her Marty. They've made
a marriage out of equal parts of hearts and flowers and sense!

BY ELLEN JOHNSON

HOLD MY HAND



■ While lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Melcher, someone asked Doris about an interview she had once given. The subject was glamour and it had made pretty funny copy, Doris being of the opinion that they could put a wig on her, arch her eyebrows up to here, plaster the famous freckles with make-up—and still come up with nothing.

Less well publicized, the three-million-dollar corporation known as Doris Day also has eyes like star sapphires that focus intently on the face of a speaker. Now, listening to her own old words, she wasn't in the least inclined to deny them, but her expression indicated that she was a noodlehead for having uttered them in the first place.

"That must have been a long time ago," she commented with a typically quick, vigorous nod, "because I've stopped knocking myself. Nowadays, if fans stop me for my autograph and tell me how beautiful or glamorous I am, I think it's great. Even if I don't happen to agree with them, I'm glad they think so."

"I think you're glamorous," Marty said with gallant promptness.

Doris gave him what might be described as a wifely look, composed about equally of love, appreciation and are-you-kidding? "Modesty certainly is a virtue," she resumed, "but the trouble with knocking yourself is that after a while you start believing it. You think you're an ugly duckling, you begin to act like one and then other people are convinced. Not any more! Anyone who wants to think I'm a dazzling, glamorous movie star—why, great!"

"Anyone but her," Marty interpolated with a wry grin. "Know what she said to me the other night? She was sitting at her dressing table, brushing her hair, staring at herself in the mirror. Frowning, sort of. Suddenly she turned to me and said, 'Do you think my face is right for pictures?' " Marty shook his handsome head. "She's only been making hits for eight years, and she wants to know if her face is right for pictures!

"I'll tell you something," he continued. "She still doesn't know she's a movie star. Doris' greatest quality, besides her talent, is her complete naturalness. If she hears a car in the driveway, (*Continued on page 80*)

Well, here it is—
the successful Calhoun
formula for happy
marriage-making: "Don't
hedge me in, but
for Pete's sake,
don't stay away too long!"

BY NATE EDWARDS

Design for LOVING

■ There is a small, round table next to the bandstand at Hollywood's famous Mocambo, across which many of the most headlined movie star romances have been born. Across which, too, sad endings have been written.

It was at this table that Rory Calhoun sat a little more than seven years ago, an obviously lonesome guy. Johnny, the red-jacketed, diminutive waiter knew it. So did the half dozen blondes, brunettes and red heads who had danced with Rory right here at Mocambo for the last three weeks. In the wise way of Hollywood glamour girls, they sensed that here was a man who was looking for something, and that they obviously, individually and collectively were not it.

Rory was waiting for something, and not until the rhumba music stopped did the speculative people at nearby tables suspect why this most handsome of young stars, a bucket of champagne beside him, sat contemplating the two unfilled glasses at the table. As the band prepared to "take five" (five minutes off between numbers) the trivial mystery was solved. The actor stood up, barring the path of the tiny brunette singer just stepping down from the stand.

"Miss Baron—Lita—I'm Rory Calhoun."

Lita Baron looked way up at Rory's face, and remembers that she said,

"I know."

If her attitude at the time was a little on the cool side, she was to be forgiven, for as Xavier Cugat's star vocalist, and during her career as Isabelita, a very young girl with her own South American rhumba band, she was familiar with the techniques of actors and playboys whose sudden interest passes in the night. "I appear to be deserted tonight," Rory told her. "You (*Continued on page 54*)



Before she married Rory, Lito was distinctly the indoor type, didn't even like the country. Rory undertook her conversion with some hesitation. "I couldn't picture her in blue jeans," he grins.



Now, however, Lito attributes a lot of their happiness to the time they spend outdoors together, even goes duck-hunting with Rory and Guy Madison—and bags a full quota on almost every expedition.



Their boat, The Ro-Li (you figure it out!) is their favorite means of transportation and relaxation. They take it with them up to duck country, spend their vacations on it, cruising in Calhoun Cove.

WHERE RORY GOES, THERE LITA GOES ALSO—EVEN IF IT'S DOWN IN SHIPS TO THE SEA THAT USED TO TURN HER SLIGHTLY GREEN.



When it's too rough to take The Ro-Li out of the harbor, or they haven't time for the trip to the Colorado River, Rory and Lita clean up, freshen paint, make repairs and additions to the twenty-foot craft.



Week-ends they often make the run to Catalina, fish for barracuda, albacore and even sharks—which Rory has been known to attack with bow and arrow! They have no desire for a larger, less exciting boat.

More Pictures on Next Page



Now able to retire entirely, Lito once supplied most of the family income when Rory was getting his acting start, still can't resist singing professionally now and then.



"And to top off my blessings," Rory says, "Lita looks great in jeans!"



Most of the Calhouns' friends are sportsmen, non-show business people Rory has known for years. Dale Robertson and Guy Madison are very close friends, though.



(*Continued from page* 52) won't remember me, but the last time I saw you was in San José when a gang of us came down from a lumber camp to hear Cugat. I thought perhaps you'd join me for a drink during intermission."

Lita explained with gentle finality that it was against the house rules to have a drink with a customer. Later as she rejoined the orchestra, she flashed Rory a smile, the same one she tossed at all Mocambo guests. But it gave him hope, so he stuck around, ignoring the cynical smiles of wolves at nearby tables who themselves had attempted and failed to win a date with this girl.

Later in the evening as another band replaced hers, Rory tried again, suggesting just one dance. He talked quietly and swiftly. She discovered they had friends in common. He was not on the prowl. He was a nice guy and so interesting that she wanted him to drive her home that night. She called her brother who customarily dropped by to help run the gauntlet of single male customers with late-hour ideas and explained that a friend was giving her a lift home.

"That's the longest ride home I ever had," Lita remembers as she considers the early days of her romance with Rory. "We had a cup of coffee at one drive-in. A hamburger at another and a piece of pie at a third. At four A.M. he pulled us up in front of my house in his little Studebaker roadster. The lights were all on, and my mother and dad and brother confessed that they were about to send out an alarm.

"Poor Rory. They invited him in for a cup of coffee. A half hour later, he confessed behind a smothered yawn that he had to catch a six A.M. plane for a picture location in San Francisco. I told him he'd get no sympathy from me. Keeping us up all night just so he could kill time before a trip was a mean trick. After he'd gone, I frankly doubted that I'd ever hear from him again."

Lita didn't know her man very well then. She didn't know that, unlike many another Hollywood actor, being a motion picture star was not the most important thing in Rory Calhoun's life, nor would it ever be. Friends told her on casual inquiry that the way they heard it, Rory didn't have much chance to be a great big star. For one thing, he wasn't prepared for such a career. He was just a great big handsome lumberman from Vera Cruz who came to Los Angeles to visit his grandma by whom he'd been brought up. And it just happened that while (*Continued on page* 76)

Wherever I find God I will go. It may be in my church or someone else's . . . or not in church at all.

SUNDAY and ALWAYS

by Esther Williams

■ One afternoon I plunged into our pool, and, after the impetus of the dive had spent itself, lay face down in a "dead man's float." No sound came to my ears, of course; supported as I was by the water, I had little sense of weight or physical being. And with this came the thought of how perfectly I was isolated from the material world—a sealed-off privacy. A fancy struck me that I was in a sort of cathedral, a liquid cathedral, suspended between heaven and earth.

"This is my church," I thought. "What a place to pray, to know one's self thoroughly, and thus come to the door of God."

To me there is peace in cool water, and there is beauty to the surface sparkling in the sun; to break from the depths out into the light. These are just impressions, I know, but when a person says that he or she sees God in beauty, and feels Him in peaceful moments (and I do), these, too, are impressions.

You never know when you are going to find yourself being led to contemplate the spiritual side of existence; it can happen anywhere and any time; for me a pool, for others a fox hole—or a classroom.

I remember my mother, a psychologist, telling me that she never thought she was undertaking anything of any religious significance when she started to practice her profession. Mother taught school in Kansas before she was married. To her it was a science she had studied in college (keeping her degrees up at UCLA after her five children were born!) which helped reveal man to himself according to findings which were well established but of no spiritual significance.

"But I was wrong," she told me. "I discovered that if one really believes in psychology as a working force one cannot avoid the word of God in both explaining it and practicing it. God seems to be in our lives to stay. You get so far with science, sometimes very far, but never all the way without Him."

The same thing is true of my work in the studio, I guess. For instance, one morning, some months ago, I was called to the office of Mr. George Sidney who was to (*Continued on page* 67)



JACK LEMMON:

He doesn't look like a comic or live like a star—but Hollywood's never seen anything



Jack and wife Cynthia (formerly actress Cynthia Stone) share an unpretentious Brentwood home, exhibit no longings for marble halls.



A comic offscreen as well as on, Jack kids around verbally but doesn't go in for practical jokes. Wisecracks come easily; he started as a nightclub mc.



The arrival of baby Chris definitely retired Cynthia; a talented actress, she had costarred with Jack in three TV series he produced.



Variously talented, Duffy has large repertoire of tricks, displays them all. Jack, on the other hand, worries about being typed, wants to try drama soon.

like this Lemmon appeal!

BY JANE WILKIE

■ Newcomer Jack Lemmon is supremely unusual in the world of Hollywood in that he does not look like an actor. Other film actors find the fact difficult to hide or difficult to prove, but nonetheless, one and all, they need haircuts, they affect a raised eyebrow or at the very least, they wear a scarf under a white shirt in the warmest weather.

Jack Lemmon, on the other hand, looks like a young man in his mid-twenties, possibly from Boston, possibly from Harvard. He looks as though he might be married, happily. He looks suburban. His suits are well-tailored with a Brooks Brothers cut. His pug nose has the tilt to put him out of the running as a Barrymore, but to make him suspiciously Ivy League. He looks for all the world like the rising young executive of a very old, very staid paper company.

He is all these things except the last, and therefore it is remarkable that he *is* a movie star.

From such a description he might seem to be a misfit in Hollywood. On the contrary, he is as welcome as the flowers in May. For one thing, he knows his craft. For another, he gives no sign of being at all like the Hollywood conception of the Ivy Leaguer. There is no stuffiness nor snobbishness in Jack Lemmon. In his speech there is not a trace of a Boston-Harvard accent which could send Hollywood citizens scurrying for the safety of their own coteries.

Jack arrived unsung from New York in the spring of 1953 and promptly went to work in a delightful role opposite Judy Holliday in *It Should Happen To You*. During the following months Mr. Lemmon made only a small splash. Although New Yorkers knew him well (*Continued on page* 73)



modern screen fashions

AN INTIMATE FORECAST FOR GIRLS IN THE KNOW BY ONE WHO REALLY KNOWS



Off with the old, on with the new! Fashion celebrates an exciting new era! Maidenform's Mrs. Ida Rosenthol, international outharity on bros—ond fashion, believes that the new look of 1955 will be—above oll—the feminine look! The stroight-line silhouettes, with slim noturol waistlines, demond definite figure form—focus is on the bustline. There must be on uplift to the bosom—o raunded, feminine look. Mrs. Rosenthol chooses o 'round the clock, 'round the globe 1955 bra wordrobe for you—completely new, glamorous, proctical ond healthful. Exciting Moidenform bros that will moke you look like you will want to look in 1955.

NEW LOOK OF 1955

Maidenform's *Pre-lude long-line Once-over* bra for evening glamour. About $11





This season's new straight-line silhouette in fashion as created by four of America's outstanding designers. 1. Wool day dress with fullness released below the hipline, braid trim—Mollie Parnis. 2. Wool afternoon dress with satin frou—Samuel Winston. 3. Brocade taffeta short evening frock with low flowing pleats—Mollie Parnis. 4. Full length wool evening sheath with hemline flare—Harvey Berin.





Hats — Emme
Furs — Leo Ritter
Jewelry — Trifari, Boucher, Ciner
Complexion-keyed "Skin Tone" stockings —by Bur-Mil Cameo
Handbags: Leather Industries — Harry Rosenfeld
Gloves: Leather Glove Industries— Bacmo, Shlesinger, Superb

All photos—Roger Prigent



Pre-lude Regular—for daytime wear.....About $2.50



Pre-lude long-line Strapless—for dressy clothes.....About $5



Her recent life has made Ingrid more glamorous in appearance, more maternal in outlook. Her concern is for Roberto, Renzo, the three other children.

INGRID BERGMAN: after five years with Rossellini

BY JIM NEWTON

■ Five years ago in one of the most widely-publicized love affairs of the century, Ingrid Bergman left her husband, her daughter and her Hollywood motion picture career for the tempestuous love of the charming, balding, Italian movie director, Roberto Rossellini.

Today, five years and three children later, Ingrid is starring at the Stoll Theatre in London in her husband's new production of *Joan Of Arc At The Stake*.

With Ingrid are her children: the twins, Ingrid and Isabelle, two and a half, Robertino, four and a half, and Renzo, thirteen, Rossellini's son by a previous marriage. Also an Italian governess, a Swiss nurse and an interpreter for Renzo, who speaks virtually no English.

While their parents are resting or rehearsing, the Rossellini children are piled into a Rolls Royce with three bicycles—their father believes in expensive and expansive living—and driven to Hyde Park where they ride and play under the supervision of their nurses.

Ingrid, at thirty-seven, is still an incredibly beautiful and appealing woman. But life with Rossellini has changed her appearance, her personal philosophy and her values.

In Hollywood, Ingrid cared little about clothes or coiffure. She never wore make-up or jewelry.

Now she has a stylish Italian haircut, beautifully tailored suits, and an extensive collection of *boutique* jewelry: gold and diamond earrings, large cocktail rings, and half a dozen gold bracelets which she wears on both arms.

In her outlook, the change is even more pronounced.

"When I was young," she says, "I put ambition first and children second. Now that I am older, it is the other way around. I still want to act,

to take challenging parts, but now my children come first."

Is this truth or affectation?

Ingrid's friends, Humphrey Bogart, John Huston and Charles Chaplin, all agree that her children now mean infinitely more to her than any career. They don't know what motivates it. Maybe the definite decline of her motion picture career under her husband's aegis or a gradual change in personal philosophy.

They point out that it was she who a few weeks ago bundled all four youngsters into a train at Munich, made all the travel arrangements, and journeyed twenty-four hours across the continent to London while Roberto was speeding his Ferrari in the Swedish automobile races.

When Ingrid was asked, "Isn't that typical of an Italian husband?" she smiled good-naturedly and said, "No, it's typical of all husbands."

Earlier this year in Rome, it was Ingrid who insisted that her children needed a real home instead of being chronically moved from one place to another.

The fifty-seven-year-old Rossellini, who once slept in hotel elevators, finally agreed and rented a modern eight-room apartment in a futuristic building that stands on the slopes of Mount Parioli overlooking the city.

Here, Ingrid has worked out a schedule for her children. There are hours for eating, school and playing. Despite their protests that this is not the Italian way of bringing up children, the actress refuses to let the servants deviate from the schedule.

Rossellini (*Continued on page 77*)



Widely acclaimed in Europe as an actress, Ingrid attracts a great deal of attention.

LADIES' MAN

Cherchez la femme *at nine a.m. and you'll find her with Garry Moore!*





Showing how the ladies react to his jokes, Garry poses as a before-the-quip listener.



Then comes the joke. Hopeful listener smiles vaguely, sure it's funny, but not sure why.



Comes the dawn, the laugh, the applause. "The women," Garry says, "laugh prettier."



Finally, the return to apathy—but only while Garry catches his breath for the next one.

■ Monday through Friday, Garry Moore spends more than an hour a day working in front of some 4,000,000 housewives on his CBS television show. But his crewcut bristles at a mention of his "audience of housewives."

"I work for the *women*," he says, "and I don't like the way most people try to make a separate breed out of them. Women make up at least fifty per cent of the audiences for evening shows, and frankly, I don't think they change much between nine A.M. and ten at night."

By this fall Garry had appeared on more than 1100 individual shows on daytime TV. At forty, he presides over his daily potpourri of nonsense, games, animals, fashion information and world affairs with casual assurance, but he still blushes when an affectionate guest rubs his crewcut for good luck.

Garry's private life is strictly his own. His family is so little known to the public that when he launched *I've Got A Secret* two years ago, his wife Nell stumped the panel and audience with her secret—that she was Mrs. Garry Moore.

Her husband spends his evenings and week-ends at home in Rye, New York, not far from Long Island Sound where he harbors his only hobby, the thirty-six-foot yawl, *Red Wing*. Every nice week-end during the summer he takes out his boat, with his sons, Mason, thirteen, and Garry, Jr., eleven, as his sole crew. Without it, he claims, he would soon be laughing steadily without anything funny. It wouldn't matter to "the women" though—they'd just smile and murmur, "The dear boy—he has such a happy disposition!"

why joe let her go!

(*Continued from page* 27) conversation is that it was directed at a studio employee who has been important in Marilyn's career.

Any other girl would have phoned her mother, her uncle, her roommate, an old school friend. It is sad and pitiful that Marilyn had no one in the whole world she wanted to notify about one of the happiest events in her life. No one but Harry Brand. It was Harry who notified the rest of the world, and in this notification Joe Di Maggio encountered the first of his disillusionments.

JOE HAD WANTED a quiet wedding. "Just for the family," he said. He had planned everything with precision and meticulous care. He had spoken to Reno Barsocchini who manages the Di Maggio restaurant at Fisherman's Wharf. He had called Judge Charles Peery, an old friend from the Municipal Court, and during lunch at the restaurant, he had asked the judge if he'd perform the ceremony "very quietly, very quickly, nothing fancy."

You all know what happened. The wedding became a Roman holiday—photographers, flash bulbs, reporters, questions. Judge Peery had to clear everyone out of his chambers except the principals.

After the ceremony, the mob, clamoring and congratulating, closed in. Joe's brother Tom and Lefty O'Doul, his old friend, had to form a flying wedge before the newlyweds could get out.

In the meantime, Marilyn's studio made every attempt to find out where Joe and their blonde were going on their honeymoon. Joe refused to tell anyone. He was fed up with publicity.

Marilyn never has liked to disclose the exact location of her honeymoon retreat. If you ask her today where she and Joe spent the two happiest weeks of their marriage, she will say, "Idyllwild, a lovely place in the mountains about fifty miles from Palm Springs." She will tell you about "the lovely cabin we had . . . long walks in the snow . . . people and studios seemed so far away . . . Joe and I talked a lot . . . really got to know each other." But she will not tell whose cabin it was.

It was her lawyer's cabin, the lawyer who had helped her in her various studio negotiations. Always the studio, always the career, even though she was on suspension during the honeymoon.

There are many who say that if Marilyn had renounced her movie career after marrying Joe, they would still be living together today. This may be true, but would Joe Di Maggio ever have married Marilyn if she had not been a star?

If she had been plain Norma Jean Dougherty working in an aircraft factory, would he ever have given her a second look? Would he ever have seen her?

In all fairness to Marilyn, she never intended to renounce her career.

In fact, if Joe had made career abandonment one requisite for marriage, Marilyn would have walked out on him. No matter what she may have said in other ecstatic moments, career is the primary force in Marilyn Monroe's life. She has given her career everything she possesses.

Under the circumstances, who would ask her to abandon it? Certainly not Joe. He kidded himself into believing that coexistence was possible.

AS MARILYN said in New York, "I'm just a pretty girl, but Joe is one of the all-time greats."

She knew then that the marriage was coming apart and she tried desperately to stop the deterioration. But by then it was too late. Joe was convinced that he would have to play second fiddle to her profession. He knew in his soul that her career was everything to her.

This realization is what caused him such anguish while he was trying to cover the World Series for a Los Angeles syndicate.

One of the sportswriters who accompanied Joe to Cleveland and New York says, "Joe was tense and morose practically all the time. We were sure something was wrong with the marriage, and whenever we asked, he gave us the brush-off.

"After a while it got so that he would turn up at the ball park just a few minutes before the game got underway. He didn't want to talk to anyone. The only one who really knew the inside story was George Solotaire, the New York ticket broker. Joe slept in George's suite in New York, and George later flew out to Cleveland with Joe and listened to his tale of woe.

"Matter of fact, Joe wouldn't even stay until the last game of the World Series was over. He left at the eighth inning, went back to his hotel, got his bag, and flew back to Marilyn.

"Stories that he received some anonymous letter telling him that Marilyn was on the loose and that he'd best hurry back are a bunch of junk in my opinion.

"Joe just happened to realize that in Marilyn he didn't have a wife, he had a kind of public utility. I think he became convinced of that when he saw the mobs in New York that gathered to watch her work on location."

To date, Di Maggio has refused to discuss his private life in public, and it is doubtful if anyone, without his version, can reconstruct the immediate events that led to the marital rupture.

It is known that when Joe returned to the house on Palm Drive in Beverly Hills, a violent argument ensued.

Neighbors said that they could hear Joe

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THE THREE FEATURES I LIKED BEST IN THIS ISSUE ARE: (*place a check (√) in the box next to your favorites*)

- ☐ Louella Parsons in Hollywood
- ☐ Why Joe Let Her Go (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ The Truth About Jimmy Stewart
- ☐ It Just Happened (Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer)
- ☐ My Heart Sings (Pier Angeli-Vic Damone)
- ☐ Minding His Business (Robert Wagner)
- ☐ The Duke Goes West (John Wayne)
- ☐ Jack Lemmon
- ☐ To Janet With Love (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis)
- ☐ Ty and Linda Call It Quits (Tyrone Power)
- ☐ Hold My Hand (Doris Day)
- ☐ Design For Loving (Rory Calhoun-Lita Baron)
- ☐ Sunday and Always (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Magic With Figures
- ☐ Young Men in a Hurry
- ☐ The Casual Touch (Perry Como)
- ☐ Shadow and Substance (Jock Mahoney)
- ☐ Ingrid Bergman After Five Years with Rossellini
- ☐ Ladies' Man (Garry Moore)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ TV Talk
- ☐ New Movies
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions

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and Marilyn screaming at each other.

"Lots of nights," one neighbor recounted, "we could see Marilyn walking up and down the street alone. It was one A.M. or one-thirty A.M. One night I was parking my car and I saw her walking in the alley, and tears were streaming down her cheeks.

On Friday night, Marilyn had dinner at the home of Natasha Lytess, her dramatics coach. She cried all through dinner.

Natasha understands Marilyn. It is she who is primarily responsible for any acting ability Marilyn may demonstrate.

Marilyn confessed to her that she and Joe had been fighting for weeks.

Natasha knew it all along. When Marilyn, without notifying her, married Joe, Natasha, the widow of the German novelist, Bruno Frank, confided to a friend, "This marriage cannot last unless Marilyn gives up her career. She and Joe have nothing in common. This girl has an intellect. She hungers for the finer things in life; music, literature, art. The hunger is authentic and genuine and for years I have been trying to satisfy it.

"I know Di Maggio dislikes me, and I am sorry. But I am convinced this girl will not be satisfied lying on a sofa all evening watching cowboy movies on television. She is in the process of growing intellectually. This marriage is a classic example of mismating. It cannot and it will not succeed."

On the night Marilyn confessed that she and Joe couldn't make a go of it, maybe Natasha remembered her prophecy.

She tried to placate Marilyn, but Marilyn was inconsolable, almost hysterical with grief.

Joe just didn't seem to understand her. He didn't want to understand. These demands on her time—rehearsals, voice coaching, line-study, people she had to see were part of her work. It was expected of her. Worse yet, the marriage wasn't getting any better. There was no adjustment, only quarrels, increasingly bitter quarrels.

While Marilyn was crying her heart out, Joe moved into the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel where he had stayed as a single man.

WHEN HE CAME back his mind was made up. He just couldn't be straight man for a rising movie queen. He told Marilyn to file for divorce. Jerry Giesler, the famous divorce lawyer, took the case. Marilyn had talked to Giesler previously.

On Monday morning when Marilyn was due at the studio to continue work on *The Seven Year Itch,* she phoned Billy Wilder, the director, a little after eight.

"I—I won't be able to come to work," she sobbed.

"Why not?" Wilder asked.

"Joe and I have had a—" At this point Marilyn broke down.

"I can't hear you," Wilder pressed.

"Joe and I have split up," the actress finally managed. "I don't know when I'll show up."

Wilder called Harry Brand and the studio publicity chief made the announcement to the press, offering as the official reason "incompatibility resulting from the conflicting demands of their careers."

"What careers is the studio talking about?" one newsman asked. "There's only *one* career and that's Marilyn's."

Marilyn Monroe's career is a big one, but it couldn't support two people spiritually. Undoubtedly she recognized that point. But she did nothing about it.

Was there anything she *could* do?

According to one of Di Maggio's relatives, "Sure, Marilyn could have done a lot, but it would've meant sacrifice. After she finished *No Business Like Show Business,* why did she have to go into *Seven Year Itch*?

"Why couldn't she have gone off somewhere with Joe? I understand that *Seven Year Itch* cannot be released until 1956. What was the big hurry? Maybe she would've lost the part. So what? Maybe they would've had to make a new deal. Again, so what?

"A man is entitled to some of his wife's time. All through *Show Business,* Marilyn came home tired and worn out. Joe is healthy and strong. I guess they started to quarrel even back then. I guess it's all for the best. There is no sense in living in misery. Why re-hash all the trouble?"

ON WEDNESDAY, October 6, Joe Di Maggio packed his bags and left Marilyn and Hollywood. His friend Reno Barsocchini had driven down from San Francisco the night before, and as Joe left the Palm Drive residence, Reno took his bags and bounced them into the back seat.

Joe then walked out into a crowd of sixty newspapermen. "Hello, fellows," he said. "I've got no comment."

"But where are you going?"

"San Francisco," Joe said lustily.

"You ever coming back home?"

Joe shook his head. "San Francisco," he announced, "is my home. It's always been my home." He took one final look at the three-ring circus on what used to be his front lawn. Then he dashed to the car.

Approximately forty-five minutes later, Marilyn emerged from the same house, leaning on the arm of her attorney, Jerry Giesler. Reporters and cameramen swarmed down and Marilyn swayed uneasily as if she were about to faint. Her face, despite her heavy make-up, looked ashen and drawn. She was weeping as the newsreel cameras began to grind.

Cedric Hardwicke, in Rome playing King Priam in *Helen of Troy,* told Art Buchwald that he wants to win an Academy Award someday so he could make this speech: "I am happy to receive this award which I so richly deserve and it means even more to me because I won it in spite of a bad director, a jealous, uncooperative cast, a group of unbelievably lazy technicians, and an unfortunate story which was turned into a tragic script with some of the most ridiculous lines an actor has ever had to say on the screen."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

"Don't ask her any questions," Giesler said.

The reporters paid him no attention. One said, "What picture are you in?"

"I'm sorry," Marilyn sobbed. "I can't say anything."

Giesler nodded. "Miss Monroe has nothing to say this morning," he announced. "As her attorney," he added, "this is what we can say is a conflict of careers. Anything else will be presented in the proper place at the proper time."

Just why this press conference was called, no one can understand. Marilyn was certainly incapable of describing her domestic woes. She was so sick that when she reported to the studio, an hour later, she was sent home to bed.

Two days later, however, she was back in front of the studio cameras.

Attempts were made at questioning Marilyn's psychoanalyst. He had treated her on and off for three years, but naturally he did not discuss his patient.

Some other psychiatrists talked. One claimed, "I doubt if Marilyn is capable of a lasting relationship with any man. When a woman becomes a big star, she has found a sure way to self-destruction."

Said another, "In this case we have two people who are insecure, emotionally and intellectually. To have a workable marriage, a motion picture actress must find a very weak or a very eminent husband. The trouble with Marilyn is that she found a husband who *used* to be eminent. This is the one type of man she never should have married. Intellectually, however, she is incapable of judging character."

Said Natasha Lytess, "The marriage was a big mistake from the very beginning. Marilyn has known this for a long time. People just don't have one argument and decide on a divorce. There have been many quarrels, many quarrels.

"Why? Some people resent success in others. Mr. Di Maggio never could or never would consider Marilyn's feelings and sensitivities."

HOW ABOUT Joe's sensitivities? How long could a man brought up in a religious home watch his wife's sex appeal exploited?

You say Joe knew all about Marilyn's calendar pictures when he married her? You say he knew what to expect from an actress whose major forte is her figure? He should have known. But he didn't.

Joe thought that having reached the top, Marilyn would be content to taper off. He thought that perhaps he and his bride might work out the kind of relationship Laraine Day and Leo Durocher have, with Marilyn eventually doing only one picture a year. He practiced self-delusion, and that's understandable because Joe was in love with Marilyn.

He thought, somehow, that with marriage, Marilyn would be given more conservative movie parts. When he visited her on the set of *Show Business* and saw how scanty her costume was for the "Heat Wave" number, he refused to pose. Nudity or near-nudity embarrasses him.

There are millions of kids throughout America who still idolize Di Maggio as an upright, clean-living athlete. Joe didn't want them to see him posed beside a pin-up—even if the pin-up was his own wife.

In telling the judge why she was requesting divorce, Marilyn said, "Your Honor, my husband would give in to moods where he wouldn't speak to me for days. Five to even seven days. Sometimes as many as ten days. When I tried to appeal to him he'd say, 'Stop nagging me!' I was permitted to have no visitors at any time. I don't believe I asked more than three times in nine months for a visitor. On one occasion when I was sick he did allow someone but it was under terrific strain. I volunteered to give up my work but it didn't change his attitude at all. I hoped to have out of my marriage love, warmth, affection and understanding, but in our relationship there was only coldness and indifference." Jerry Geisler asked, "What effect did this situation have on your health?" Marilyn answered, "I was under the care of a doctor." She then stepped down from the witness stand and her testimony was corroborated by Inez Nelson, her business manager. A few minutes later the divorce was granted.

Right or wrong, Di Maggio is stuck with his basic nature. He cannot change.

To have saved her marriage, Marilyn would have had to give up *The Seven Year Itch.* She would have had to help Joe establish himself in a new career or some career allied to sports. She would have had to bolster his vanity. For a time she would have had to sacrifice her own career. She would have had to relinquish, at least temporarily, the limelight that placed her husband in the shadows.

She tried to do this with words. She told interviewers that Joe was the greatest, the most considerate, the most understanding and the more truly famous. She claimed that her marriage came first. But all the time she was working on her career, not on her marriage. **END**

the truth about jimmy stewart

(*Continued from page 28*) but also one of the least-known, curiously. Who thinks of Jimmy as a strong individualist? Practically no one. Yet he is as independent-minded a man as there is in the industry. It wasn't because he was shy that he didn't marry for his first fifteen years in Hollywood. It was simply because he hadn't found the right girl. But having found her, there was no hesitancy. Take the word of the girl, Gloria Hatrick McLean:

"We were having dinner and Jimmy simply asked me to marry him. It was his birthday. He made it seem not only a romantic, but a logical thing to do. I wasn't a bit stuck for an answer."

Gloria might have added that the proposal took place at the dining table in his home—the quite ordinary, two-bedroom house he bought soon after coming to Hollywood, and in which he lived for fourteen years while many a star, not half so successful as he, was moving from one wide-flung mansion to another in the best spendthrift traditions of Hollywood.

"This suits me," Jimmy used to say. But in those days, Jimmy didn't spend much time home. As he says today, "The best thing about being married is that it makes the home really home. Before I was married I would rather be any place than home. After the marriage—well, that's where you'll always find me now!"

HE AND GLORIA didn't buy their house until they had medical advice that their twins were on the way and realized there would soon be four children in the family. When they first saw their present thirty-eight-year-old mansion, Gloria didn't like the ivy-covered walls.

"It looks like a dormitory," she said.

Jimmy thought a minute—about the twins and the boys, Ronald and Michael. "What else is it going to be?" he asked.

So they bought the house and the ivy still grows over the walls. Jimmy is by no means a martinet at home. But neither is he the self-effacing husband or father many of his fans imagine him to be. There is a lot of love used in raising the children—also discipline. There is warmth and understanding and there are spankings. The author of this policy and its chief administrator is Mr. James Stewart. And no one who sees him running his family will be reminded for a moment of the neutral-type individual he plays on the screen so successfully. Jimmy takes his duties as a father most seriously. When he was asked how marriage had changed him his quick answer was simply, "I have become the father of four children."

Most of Jimmy's ideas about marriage and raising a family are on the definite rather than indefinite side. It may come as rather a surprise to hear him admit he is a strict sort of father—no one ever thinks of Jimmy as any sort of "heavy." As a matter of fact, he isn't, in that sense. "I am strict but fairly so," he holds. "I was brought up by strict parents and feel that it is important that children are properly supervised. It builds character and self-control."

When a man marries a woman who has children from a previous marriage he is often tempted to retreat from any attempt to discipline these youngsters. All of Jimmy's friends agree that he makes no differentiation between his own twin girls (who are only tots) and the older boys by Gloria's first marriage. Yet harmony in the family is so evident that people often ask Jimmy how he won his children's affection. His answer is simple. "I didn't feel that I ever had to win their affection. It just came naturally. We are a family," he said.

Jimmy never considered himself a romantic and he doesn't today. "I'm romantic in the sense of appreciating the outdoors, a beautiful night or good music," he says. "But I'm past the Joe College days."

Yet when Jimmy talks about marriage or women in general it is apparent that Gloria is never far from his mind. If someone asks him for the name of the most glamorous actress he ever worked with he shrugs his shoulders and replies that he wouldn't think of putting himself on the spot by answering such a question. But ask him who Hollywood's most exciting woman is and he has a quick, two-word answer: "My wife."

Jimmy Stewart, so repeatedly called a shy, diffident man (and there will be more stories claiming that is so), does not bother to tell anything but the truth, and in Hollywood the truth does confuse some people. A writer asked him once if he were easily embarrassed and Jimmy replied, "Yes, when there is something to be embarrassed about." The trouble is that this first writer wasn't around when another writer asked Jimmy if he liked love scenes. "I certainly do," quoth Jimmy!

It is true that in the art of social communication Jimmy is a listener rather than a speaker, but this may not be at all a natural trait, according to those who know him best. "He is forced into listening because he doesn't like to outshout the other fellow to get himself heard," reports a friend who has known him for twenty years. "But if Jimmy enjoys the topic being discussed and there is a give and take to the conversation, he is a darn interesting talker. If he weren't he'd never be able to get on his feet at such gatherings as the Air Force Association, the Boy Scouts of America conventions, and any number of national meetings, and make wonderful speeches."

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE



It was June 28, 1944. I was in a tiny room in a maternity ward waiting to be taken to the delivery room to give birth to my first baby. Through a haze I heard the nurses talking about an inspection tour. Suddenly there was a flurry in the hall. The door opened and a man peered into my room. I had a startled glimpse of the bluest eyes I have ever seen before he hastily withdrew, very red-faced. I am sure Brian Aherne was more cautious after that as he continued his inspection of the hospital!

Mrs. Dennis N. Chapman,
Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma

A LOT OF PEOPLE have noticed that Jimmy is nervous and uncomfortable in a crowd. What they forget is that the word "crowd" when mentioned in reference to a celebrity should never be used so simply. The crowds that stars find themselves in aren't just crowds in the static sense, a gathering of many people in one spot. These are masses of people who are always moving and closing in on the celebrity; you have to be such a celebrity and feel the pressure increasing from all sides to really appreciate what it means to be a Jimmy Stewart caught in a "crowd."

Jimmy has a simple answer when anyone asks him what makes him most uncomfortable when in a crowd. "The crowd."

Perhaps there is one more aspect of Jimmy which could do with clarification. He talks slowly, he stands with an easy balance most of the time, and it would seem that he is never under strain. Yet here is Jimmy's own opinion of his temperament. "I am relaxed outside, tense inside," he says.

NO PERSON is perfect. Jimmy isn't either. He knows, for instance, that he is terribly forgetful. He is deeply grateful that Gloria accepts this trait about him with understanding and tolerance. As a matter of fact, Jimmy's forgetfulness, if it is the same type which often strikes hard-working actors, could come from his very ability to concentrate on his work.

Maybe it should be recorded here that there was a day, just a few months ago, when Jimmy was actually shy. He admits this himself. He was sitting in Romanoff's restaurant when one of the waiters approached and said that another diner would like to meet him. The waiter pointed out the man to Jimmy. It was General Charles Lindbergh. Jimmy rose and went to the famous flyer's table.

"I was so nervous at meeting this great American that I talked a blue streak and can't remember what I said!"

It is hard to get Jimmy rattled and it is hard to get him angry. Sometimes people will try. Any attempt to get him to gain publicity benefits from his war record (leading his own squadron of bombers over Germany) is the surest method of getting his dander up. On this subject he has turned white and hammered his fist on a desk top for emphasis. Jimmy the soldier and Jimmy the actor are never going to be confused with each other if he has his way. Nobody who knows him has any doubts that he will have his way.

But little things have never irked him. He used to be the target for a persistent autograph hunter who would besiege him repeatedly at every opportunity. When Jimmy finally wanted to know why the boy needed so many of Jimmy's signatures the boy replied with that old witticism about being able to get one autograph from another famous actor for six of Jimmy's. Jimmy, who had already signed his name once, quietly signed it five more times.

MAYBE INSTEAD of calling Jimmy Hollywood's shyest actor he should be called the happiest. He loves his work and he is that rare phenomenon—a highly paid actor who has never been heard complaining about being in the ninety per cent plus tax brackets. Nor has he ever tried to incorporate himself into a company in order to cut his tax payments down to a twenty-five per cent capital gains basis permitted by the Treasury Department under certain circumstances.

Oh, there will be deductions, all right. He will be entitled to and will take the deductions allowed a married man and a father who is the head of his own household. Even so the government will do nicely. And that will be all right with Jimmy. Mostly, everything is.

Someone asked him the other day if he felt that he had been lucky. "Yes," he said. "However, I feel that I have worked hard and honestly to help my luck."

Thus spake "The Shyest Man in Hollywood," who, of course, is nothing of the sort, as he or any of his friends will be very glad to tell you. **END**

James Stewart can be seen in Air Command *(Paramount) and* The Man From Laramie *(Columbia).*

(*Continued from page 33*) a second. I will ask."

"Fine," Damone said. "She's invited, too. Tell her that."

In a few seconds Pier was back on the line. "I am afraid," she began, "that I, that we . . . You see, I must . . . Well, I have to work tomorrow early in . . ."

"That's great," Damone interrupted. "We'll be around to pick up you and your mama about seven-thirty."

"But my face is filled with make-up," Pier said. "And I—"

"Come just as you are," Vic said. And then he hung up.

"I changed quickly into a skirt," Pier recalls. "And in a little while Vic rode up in a jeep. Mama and I got in. Was our first jeep ride. And we went to the show. It was wonderful. When it was over, Vic introduced me to the crowd. I was scared. It was the first time I'd been on a stage. I told him not to. He didn't listen.

"But he said to the soldiers, 'There is a lovely girl in the audience. A young actress from MGM.' And I went up on the stage to take a bow. And all the soldiers, oh! They began whistling. Gee! I was so embarrassed.

"Then he said, 'Would you like me to sing a song for you?' And I said yes. And then he made me sit down and he sang 'September Song.' Everybody, all the soldiers, said hm-m, something's going on! But this was the first time I had ever been with Vic. Then he turned to the audience and said, 'Now I will sing a song for all the mamas in the world.' And he looked at Mama and sang that song, 'Mama.' But first he dedicated it to 'a lovely woman in the audience tonight, the mother of lovely Pier.'

"It was a wonderful night. And after this night, we went almost every day for two months. I had my own car, and Vic would get off from the Army every night. But then I was so young, only twenty, and I was not yet ready for anything really serious. But on the last night when we were together, Vic said, 'Let's get married.' And I did not know if he was serious. But I knew I was too young. And I did not think Mama would say it was all right. So I said, 'There is always plenty of time.'"

SITTING THERE in The Retake Room with Vic, Pier reconstructed the Munich phase of her life. And she wondered if she hadn't always been in love with Damone.

After Vic, there had been Kirk Douglas, and after Kirk, so many other boys, just dates, nothing serious or memorable until Jimmy Dean came along.

Jimmy was gone on Pier and she seemed to be gone on him. He'd flown back from New York after Pier had finished her picture, *The Silver Chalice*. She had met him and they'd gone to Arrowhead with another group. Only last week she'd attended the preview of *A Star Is Born* with Jimmy.

"Jimmy Dean, the Brando-type of T-shirt actor," one columnist had written, "hopes to take Pier Angeli for his wife just as soon as he establishes himself."

On the evening of the day Vic Damone proposed to her, Pier went out with someone else. "I am sorry. I am not going to tell you his name. He is a friend. Just a friend. Besides, I really did not know if Vic was fooling or not. All that night I thought of him.

"Next morning I went to the golf course —the one on Wilshire Boulevard—it is funny that Vic and I should play at the same course. Vic was there. He was waiting for me. 'I'm feeling the same way,' he said. 'I haven't changed my mind. Let's get engaged. And I am not drunk.'

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"Well, I have always felt very strong about Vic. There was always much love in my heart for him. So I said yes.

"That night when I went home, I was wondering how Mama would take the news. How should I tell her? So I said like a joke, kidding, 'Mama, I am engaged to Vic Damone.' And Mama said, 'Ah! You are crazy.' And she did not think it was serious. But at least I had mentioned his name. It was to prepare her.

"The next night Vic came to my house and he gave me my engagement ring. It's a beautiful diamond. It was seven o'clock when he gave it to me. And he said, 'Let's get married right away, right away.' I said, 'But we will have to tell Mama. When are you going to tell Mama?'

Faye Emerson, guesting on a radio panel show, *We Take Your Word*, was asked to trace the derivation of the word "glamour."

"That's easy," said Faye. "Glamour comes from, 'Gee, I'amour.'"

—Paul Denis

"Vic said, 'Don't worry. I will tell her tomorrow. But I don't want you around. You stay in your room, and I will do the talking.' And when it came tomorrow, Vic drove up with a big box of spumoni.

"Mama was surprised. She had not seen Vic for five or maybe six months. The last time he had called for my sister. He had taken Marisa out on dates. Anyway, Mama began to eat the spumoni, and Vic began to talk. He said, 'Mama, I am going to marry Anna.' (Pier Angeli's real name is Anna Maria Pierangeli.) Mama got so excited she couldn't stop eating. For one hour she ate the spumoni. Not maybe an hour. But she was so shocked, so surprised.

"Finally, she said, 'Are you sure, Vic? Are you sure Anna is for you? You must be sure because this marriage is for good. Does Anna know what she is doing? She is really a child.' I am twenty-two, but to Mama always I am a child.

" 'I am sure,' Vic said. Then he came to my room and got me. In front of my mother he asked me again, 'Do you want to marry me? Are you really sure?' I was glad to get out of my room. I was so nervous waiting there, wondering what they were saying. I said, 'Yes, I want to marry you.' And Mama began to cry. She said, 'Oh, I am so happy.'

"By then it was very late. After Vic went home, Mama and I—we had a woman-to-woman talk. It was four in the morning. Mama told me many confidential things about marriage. She told me Vic was a nice boy, a good boy, but that I must be sure. I said I was very sure. I did not go to sleep until five-thirty. Before I did I woke up Marisa. I told her Vic and I were going to get married. She shook her head and went back to sleep."

On October 4, Pier Angeli announced her marriage to Vic Damone on November 24 in the Church of the Good Shepherd.

"But I thought," one columnist said to Pier, "you were going steady with Jimmy Dean. Isn't this whole thing with Damone rather sudden? How did it come about?"

"I tell you," Pier said, "I met him in Germany two years ago. When he came back to Hollywood, I was going around with Kirk Douglas.

"Vic thought I was in love with Kirk. I know many people thought that. Just because we made *The Story Of Three Loves*. Anyway, it was never love. We are still good friends, Kirk and I. Anyway, Vic did not ask for any dates although in Germany we had plenty.

"I never drink here but in Munich Vic and I used to take a little champagne.

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Well, on this day I was working. I had finished early, and I just wandered onto Vic's set. He was making *Hit The Deck*. He was very happy to see me.

"'Let's go across the street,' he said, 'and have a little champagne like we did in Germany. I'll be finished in half an hour. Will you wait for me?' I said, 'Sure.' So then we went to The Retake Room, and he ordered champagne, and he put a nickel in the juke box. Gene Kelly was there in the restaurant but we danced—Vic and I—we danced to 'September Song.' While we were dancing he proposed. Gee! I was surprised. I didn't know what to say. I thought maybe he had been drinking champagne on the set. I asked him. He said no. He was very serious."

PIER WAS ASKED if Vic hadn't been dating her twin sister. Wasn't Marisa angry?

"No, no," Pier explained. "Everyone is happy for me, even our parakeets. Between Vic and Marisa was nothing, a light friendship."

How about Vic's parents? Had she ever met them?

"Two years ago," she said, "Vic introduced them. They are fine people. Vic has three, maybe four sisters. I am so excited I don't remember. After our announcement, we called them on the phone. They are very glad Vic is marrying an Italian girl. They say we have a lot in common."

Vic, at twenty-six, is not only a show business veteran but a young man of sensitivity and understanding.

One night, a week after he and Pier had become engaged, he and his manager went over to his fiancée's house. Vic explained that he had signed to sing in a Las Vegas hotel starting December 1 and as a result some of their honeymoon would have to be spent there.

Pier was agreeable. "Anywhere you say. Anything you like."

"I'm a lucky guy to have you for the rest of my life," Vic said. "Honest! And you know, Anna, I'll do anything to keep you happy. People ask me if you're going to keep your career after the wedding. I don't know how you feel about it. But anything you want to do is fine with me. You're very talented. You're a fine actress. I know you like to work. And at times, you get moody. I've seen you. There are times you like to be alone, away from everyone. I know that, Anna, and believe me, I'll never bother you. I understand you."

BY THE TIME Vic was finished, tears of joy were trickling down Pier's cheeks.

Later when she told about it, Pier said, "It is so wonderful to find a man who understands. Vic will not resent my career. There will be no jealousy between us. Only understanding. And after the babies come, I can make my own choice—stay at home or continue my career."

In the weeks preceding her marriage, Pier was the busiest and happiest girl in Hollywood. Helen Rose, MGM's stylist, designed her wedding dress. Her "dear Mama" went shopping for her trousseau. Her sister helped with the wedding invitations. And all the while, Pier and Vic drove up and down the countryside looking for a house to rent or buy.

One real estate agent who saw the small, slim, green-eyed beauty with her tall, thin, wavy-haired Vic, said, "I've seen a lot of young couples in my time, tried to fix 'em up with homes, but I've never seen any pair more in love than those two kids. Must be their Italian blood. And they've got the most soulful eyes. One look and you melt.

"I ain't much on Hollywood marriages, but if these two can keep it up, they'll never fall out of love." **END**

sunday and always

(*Continued from page 55*) direct me in my latest picture, *Jupiter's Darling*. I figured that some technical problems had come up. I walked into the conference prepared to breeze right on through whatever the trouble was. But when the talk was over I was in as thoughtful a mood as I have ever been because I had a really intriguing assignment—to become a new kind of Esther Williams!

Oh, I'd be the same girl in many ways, but it was necessary that I take on new dimensions in guess what! Femininity! I'd better explain—or let Mr. Sidney do it.

"So far in your pictures you have always been the American go-getter type of girl," he told me at the conference. "You see the man you want. You make plans. You launch a direct attack. And you win in this manner. But this time we are dipping into ancient history to show a woman whose ways were more subtle, a woman who wins by seemingly losing, by yielding. And yet, by so winning, conceivably also loses! It is for each woman in the audience to tell which, by the prompting of her own experience."

Jupiter's Darling, you may know, is based on Robert Sherwood's hit play, *The Road To Rome*. It concerns the perplexing failure of the great warrior, Hannibal, to attack and sack that city after crossing the Alps and finding it at his mercy.

According to Sherwood's play, Hannibal was dissuaded by the feminine logic, not to speak of feminine presence, of Amytis, wife of the then dictator of Rome, Fabius Maximus. Amytis had somehow managed to make her way to Hannibal's camp and into his tent, and had also somehow managed to make him forget his war plans. It was with that second "somehow" that my role was concerned.

Groucho Marx is an avid baseball fan. He finally went to see a game between two all-girl teams. "In all the years I've been attending ball games," he said, "this is the first time I've ever wanted to kiss the third baseman!"—*Paul Denis*

This was very interesting, but also a little bit worrisome. Any time anyone wants to give old Esther a crack at this deep, under-the-skin acting she is intrigued. But she'd also like to make sure of doing a good job. Here was a role that not only required hard study, but also a psychological knowledge and understanding of the character (we're back to my mom again). So I went looking for this girl Amytis . . . rather, I went looking for the kind of reading that would conjure her up for me. And where do you think I found her? Well, good bits of her were in the Bible in the book of Esther. And insights into her ways and kind of thinking were in other philosophical works, including Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*.

"And think not you can direct the course of love, for love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course.

"Love has no other desire but to fulfill itself.

"But if you love and must needs have desires, let these be your desires:

"To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night.

"To know the pain of too much tenderness,

"To be wounded by your own understanding of love;

"And to bleed willingly and joyfully.

* * *

"And then to sleep with a prayer for the beloved in your heart and a song of praise upon your lips."

WHEN I READ these words of Gibran's I was beginning to come close to the sacrificial nature of a woman in love, and not only that, but I realized how near such ways are to the sublime theme of love in religion. That's what it took to get me in the frame of mind necessary to feel I could be an Amytis!

It's funny but I sometimes think that what adults have to study to learn about their spiritual world, most children often know instinctively. When my oldest boy, Benjie, who is not yet five, was heard saying not long ago that there was more to the world than his mommie and daddy, I knew he meant he had experienced already the feeling that there was a higher force, a mysterious guiding Something. I was not surprised. In talking to him I had seen this belief coming to life in his eyes.

Of course this God of Benjie's is a child's God; I can tell by the trust in his eyes that there is no wrath to this God—only love and sunlight and warmth. This is the same God I know, but I didn't get to Him until my childhood was over. This doesn't mean I never received religious training when I was young. I can remember hearing my first stories about the Bible when I was two. But no impression was made upon me then.

Today I feel that the faith I have never happened to me—I happened to it. I had to think and feel my way to it. On the way to the satisfaction of coming into belief there was a period when I had nothing. But I don't think of this as a time when I was an agnostic or an atheist; rather I recall it as a time of wander and wonder. I remember in my early teens crying out to my mother of my perplexity.

"Do you know I don't believe in anything?" I asked. "I just don't believe. Like being in a vacuum. What shall I do?"

Mother showed no alarm. "Do?" she asked. "Nothing. You are already growing into belief. You have become the kind of person who must reason her way to something as well as feel it. Now you are in an intermediate stage, but you'll come to what you want, to what you feel you need."

I did. There was no great revelation. Faith came bit by bit, rubbed off on me, sort of, when I knew or touched goodness. It is still coming to me and, I honestly think, more through the everyday things of life than through formal seeking. And because this is so I have for the last few years been convinced that mine is a work a day religion.

It shows no preference for Sundays but can make me aware of its presence at any time; as strongly when I am on my feet as when I am on my knees, as greatly when I sip a cup of coffee as at a time when my children are being christened.

DON'T LET ME take away from the power of such moments as one experiences in deep devotion at one's church; I value these as much as anyone. But I would no more divide life into faith and non-faith periods, or even strong-faith and weak-faith periods, than I would divide myself into devout and non-devout parts. I mean that if I am close to the true spirit when I am saying my amens in church I must also be as close to it in as seemingly pagan a place as a nightclub if there I am doing a Christian deed for someone. Wherever man helps man the Lord is being praised.

Since I have brought my mother into the cast of characters of this article in a prominent way maybe I should say a direct word about her. As far back as I can remember she was always a figure surrounded by books; books all over the house; in the parlor, in her bedroom, even at her side when she worked in the kitchen. But she never gave of her learn-

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ing to us as mere learning, as so many facts, but always as a way of living.

Mother is the same person today that I have always known her to be—a highly useful person. Working with three other psychologists she has a counseling service which is operated without thought of profit. To pay for the expenses of their group they make a charge of as little as one dollar and never more than five dollars.

Mother has never been too busy to be a mother to me, even today, but she *is* too busy to be my fan. Her work is as important to her as my work is to me—maybe I should say more so when I think of how serious she can be and how I, sometimes, cannot. And when she thinks of her children, she thinks of *all* of them on an equal plane. So I'm never surprised when people ask her if she isn't proud of me, and she replies that she is, but that she's proud of my two sisters and brothers, too. She never has appeared bowled over about my career. Then, one day, she spoke on this subject in a different tone.

The place was the Westwood Hills Congregational Church in Los Angeles. The occasion was the christening of our three children, Benjie, Kim and Susan. (Being the disorganized me that I am, the christening was done at one time on a wholesale basis.) When Mother kissed me her first words answered the old question.

"Yes," she said (and for a moment I wondered what she was starting to say), "today I am really proud of you!"

THAT'S MOTHER. She was not so much impressed by the success of my professional life as she was by success in my personal life. I think she has a very mature attitude and one that I have adopted to serve me through the years in matters of faith as well as in matters of family.

It is important to recognize what is important and what is not. To believe is important, when *how* you believe may not be. I am struck by an illustration that may seem rather light but makes sense to me. Maybe it will to you:

A fellow asks you for a date. Then before he arrives he sends a corsage. The corsage is fine, of course. It shows you that he considers the date important and does things properly. But the main thing is getting asked for the date. A date without a corsage is still a date. A corsage without a date—well, it's just a decoration.

My spiritual date in life is with God. Wherever I can find Him, or wherever I can find signs that attest His presence and His goodness, I will go. This may be in my church, or it may be in another church, using this or that form of approach. He is in all churches, I believe, and from all I borrow to know more about Him and His ways. Only this is important.

Two lines from Alexander Pope's *Essay On Man* say all this much better:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

END

the duke goes west

(*Continued from page 37*) parties were just breaking up in the cabins. A dozen or so guests still milled around in Wayne's cabin, reluctant to go ashore. Pilar Palette was talking with Michael, Wayne's eldest son, who was going along. Wayne joined them.

"Why don't you and Mary go to your cabin and freshen up before we sail," Wayne said to her.

"I will go," said Pilar, "if you will just explain one thing to me. How is it I am going on this trip? Didn't you hear me when I said I wouldn't go?"

"Sure I did," said Wayne grinning. "But you're just a little cocker spaniel—and you're crazy about me."

THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL at Honolulu may never be the same. When John Wayne vacations he does so in an elegant and expansive manner. The trip over had been fun. The Wayne party included his son, his business manager, B. C. Roos, and Mrs. Roos, a Panamanian banker and diplomat, Tony Arias and his wife, Mary St. John, his secretary, and the cocker spaniel. A relentless perfectionist when he works, John Wayne is also a tireless playboy when he plays—and the voyage had been an endless round of games and rousing dinner and cocktail parties. The group took over half a floor of the Royal Hawaiian.

There are hotels in Honolulu that specialize in freedom of action and casual attire for guests but the Royal Hawaiian is not one of them. Natives call it the Pink Castle because it is painted pink and resembles a citadel of respectability and decorum jutting out somewhat reservedly onto Waikiki beach. You eat your meals at regular hours at The Royal Hawaiian and you don't go about in the bars and cafe without a jacket. And a couple of nights a week you wear a dinner jacket or an evening gown to supper.

After a pleasant dinner the day before Pilar's birthday, everyone retired to the hotel for a few last stories and a nightcap in Duke's suite. About eleven o'clock Wayne spoke to Pilar.

"Look," he said, "you're going to have a very busy day tomorrow. Why don't you go to bed and get some rest?"

"I'm not tired," said Pilar.

"To bed!" said Wayne. And Pilar went.

She had just fallen asleep. It was one minute past midnight, the dawn of her birthday. Suddenly the door of her room was thrown open. In filed an entire Hawaiian orchestra, complete even to a trio of native singers. Someone flicked on a light and the music began. Pilar opened her eyes in disbelief. The troubadors filled the entire wing with their music and song.

"Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you!"

They sang the song twice and then Duke, grinning from ear to ear, told her to get up on her feet and get dressed, there was going to be a party.

And it was a party for fair. Pilar was whisked by her friends in a sleek, black limousine down the street to Don The Beachcomber's where the large banquet room had been reserved and had been filling up with scores of people for an hour. When she arrived, the birthday song was sung again and a hundred and thirty glasses were raised high in a toast to Pilar's health. The cream of the Island society was there and a good sprinkling of Hollywood folk. Mrs. John Ford and her daughter Barbara and Barbara's husband, Ken Curtis. The Van Heflins, the William Bendixes and many others. Along one side of the room the entire wall had been transformed into a magnificent birthday card, with "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PILAR" spelled out in script fashioned from thousands of orchids.

The merrymaking went on well into the morning and at the end, when Duke was driving her home, Pilar turned to him.

"Now I know," she said, "why I came along on this trip."

"Now you know," said Duke. 'You're really not a cocker spaniel. I just wanted us to be together on your birthday."

BUT ONE DAY the vacation was over. The time had come to go to work. And the location wasn't in Honolulu.

'There's no point in your going home now," Duke told Pilar. "Mary is coming along and you can get a nice place at the Kona Inn. The studio has found me a little house and we can have fun evenings and on week-ends. What do you say?"

"Why do you talk so much?" said Pilar. "Make the reservations."

And so, the next morning, one of the sturdy little airplanes of the Aloha Airlines made a wide sweep off the Kona Coast of the big island of Hawaii, a hundred and seventy miles south of Honolulu and came to rest at the edge of the village of Kailua.

The party drove to the house. The Kailua area is made up of jungle and lava flows. The jungle is thick and lush and very green and the beds of the lava flows are black to dark brown rivers of cinders and solid rock that have frozen into a million different shapes as the anger of Mauna Loa, her crater hiding high in the clouds, subsided. But there is still excitement in the lava flows, because Mauna Loa is active and as recently as 1952 spilled millions of acres of molten rock down into the sea right at the edge of the village.

Duke and Pilar's car traversed a black hard road which had been built of crushed lava. It cut through the jungle, halting now and then to ease past crews of native boys who spent their days chopping down the growth which built up overnight. And then they came to the house, one of the most modern to be found in any corner of the world. It is open on all sides except for screens that keep out the hordes of flying insects that abound in the area. The main walls are of stained koa wood and alternate sections of white-painted brick. There is no convenience known that the owners, Senator and Ouida Hill of Hilo, Hawaii, have left out. But it is the setting of the house that is breathtaking.

The house is built on a promonotory of black lava on the beautiful bay of Keauhou (pronounced key-ah-hoe) and around a semi-circle of palms and fragrant bushes lie the primitive homes of the native



IT HAPPENED TO MY BABY

I have always admired Olivia de Havilland, so I wrote to her and asked for a photograph. She sent me one and we started a friendly correspondence. When my first baby was born, Miss de Havilland did a wonderful thing. I received a package in the mail. In it was a small pair of baby booties Olivia de Havilland had made for my baby. I shall always cherish them.

Teresa Junghans
Monroe, North Carolina

fishermen, each family with its bright red outrigger canoe pulled ashore onto a skidway of small logs.

DUKE AND PILAR stood and watched the activity for a long time before they went into the house. Across the small bay children of four and five were sporting in the warm water, swimming like Olympic champions. And from another bank a man and his wife went to sea after urchins, spiny cactus-like creatures that cling to the coral and rocks on the bottom. The man swam ahead and his wife followed ten feet behind towing on a rope a washtub that would carry their catch. Some distance from shore the man began his dives. He would plunge to the floor of the sea and, with a wire fork on the end of a short stick, snatch several urchins from their homes, bring them to the top and toss them in the tub. When they got to shore they offered Duke and Pilar some of their prizes, explaining that the poisonous spines must be broken off, the crusty skin of the fish opened and the meat eaten alive and raw. Duke and Pilar said they just weren't hungry.

ANY LOCATION TRIP during the making of a movie is rough, but *The Sea Chase* jaunt to Hawaii was a honey. The locale was a cove where the jungle grew thick right to the water's edge. There was anchored a large, rusty ship, looking so likely to sink that when it first dropped anchor off the jetty at Kailua all the natives for miles around came to look at it.

At six o'clock in the morning, Pilar and Mary St. John, still half asleep themselves, would come trotting down the road to the house, ringing a bell to awaken Duke. Then, while he dressed, they would prepare breakfast for him. And at a quarter to seven Duke would dash across the lava flow to a waiting car, which drove him to the jetty, where he boarded the ship for a long day of shooting at sea.

The evenings were fun, though. Duke would return to the house about six o'clock. He would join Pilar and Mary and any other guests who might be there in a half hour of swimming in the warm water of the bay. Then would come an hour of walking and exploring the rock-lined shores for shells or boating with a glass viewer to observe the lovely coral.

At about seven-thirty, dinner, prepared by a local Portuguese woman named Laura and her daughter Rose, would be served.

Another hour of chess, cribbage or gin rummy and Duke's eyes would begin to close, so Pilar and Mary would send him off to bed and then return to their own quarters for a bit of the same tonic.

Sundays were generally gay. Duke and Pilar would swim several times, fish a lot and take long *siestas* on the wide, flat benches on the lawn. And if they had the energy they would skin-dive (Pilar became a very proficient skin-diver) and bring back all manner of strange finny creatures for Laura to cook for lunch. Sometimes, although they preferred being alone, Duke and Pilar would ask other members of the company to come over for cocktails. And one week-end, when a guest arrived from the mainland, they threw a bang-up party. From the names of the guests it might have taken place in Beverly Hills. Duke's son Pat was there and Henry Fonda and Mr. and Mrs. Ward Bond and the director, John Farrow, and Lana Turner and a half dozen others.

But the entertainment was different. Just as coffee was being served after dinner, a strange procession appeared a hundred yards from the house where the lava flow ran into the sea. A group of white-garbed natives carrying torches and several shrouded shapes walked slowly to the water's edge, chanting a dirge in a strange tongue. At the water's edge they raised the torches high and cast their burdens into the sea. The guests were awed.

"That," said Duke, "is a Hawaiian burial service. The lava beds are too hard to dig, so the natives bury their dead by torchlight in that manner."

When it was all over, Henry Fonda approached one of the musicians.

"That was a very impressive chant you were singing during the burial," he said. "What do you call it?"

The Hawaiian grinned. "That was a joke we played on you," he said. "And when we chanted, we just kept repeating *'We are crazy Hawaiians.'*"

THE VACATION or location, whichever you wish to call it, is over now and Duke and Pilar are back home in Hollywood. But there is one incident they won't soon forget.

Duke fell ill. He got an infection in his ear that was extremely painful and, for a while, really serious. He is a big man, proud of his size and his ability to take anything. But this tiny bug laid him low. A doctor was called from Honolulu who ordered him immediately to a hospital in Hilo on the other side of the mountain.

Pilar bundled her man into a car, covered him with blankets against the chill night air of the mountain top, and, driven by a native boy, they traveled to Hilo where Duke was given emergency treatment and put to bed at the Naniloa Hotel. He passed into a deep sleep induced by the illness, the fatigue of the drive and the medication. When he awakened in the morning the first thing he saw was Pilar curled up with a blanket on a chaise longue across the room. She hadn't slept. Duke gave her a weak grin.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "Away over here in Hawaii, three thousand miles from home!"

Pilar was wan, but she managed to smile. "I'm just a cocker spaniel," she said. "And I'm crazy about you. And now I really know why I came on this trip. Go back to sleep. I'll watch over you."

It was a surprise to no one that in the first week of November Duke and Pilar were married in Honolulu. District Magistrate Norman Olds performed the single-ring ceremony in the garden of Territorial Senator William H. Hill. The word "obey" was omitted, perhaps to persuade Pilar that she isn't treated like a cocker spaniel!

END

IMPORTANT NEWS: *Your choices for 1954's most popular stars . . . the winners of* MODERN SCREEN'S *Silver Cup Awards . . . will be announced in the February issue on your newsstands NEXT MONTH!*

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it just happened

(*Continued from page 31*) Audrey and Mel decided to be married in Europe for several reasons. Audrey is European and most of her family lives in Europe. It would be easier to avoid the press in Europe. Mel thought he might have to start a film in Rome after their honeymoon. Audrey thought she might have to make a picture in London. She is under contract to a British film company which has loaned her out to Paramount.

On Saturday, September 25, Audrey and Mel were married in a tiny Swiss mountain chapel at Burgenstock, a resort above Lake Lucerne.

On Monday, MODERN SCREEN received this cabled report from Zurich:

Darling, elfin Audrey Hepburn married Melchior Ferrer, thirty-seven, on Saturday.

In fact, she married him twice, first in a civil ceremony, held in the back parlor of the mayor's house in Buochs. This is a small town that lies below Burgenstock. The ceremony was in Schweizer Deutsch (*Swiss German*). *Ferrer did not appear to understand very much of it.*

The second ceremony took place in the Burgenstock chapel. There are only 220 people in all of Burgenstock, and apparently few of them knew about the wedding.

The chapel is French Protestant, and while Audrey is Dutch Protestant, Ferrer is said to be Roman Catholic.

It was a dreary, dismal, rainy day. Audrey was beautifully dressed. She seemed very small and fragile and frightened. She was wearing a white organdy gown designed by Balmain. On her head was a garland of white roses. She wore white gloves and carried a white prayer book.

Ferrer seemed self-assured. He was wearing a dark suit with a white carnation in his buttonhole.

Until they both stood at the altar, some of Audrey's friends might have secretly hoped that Ferrer would go the way of Jim Hanson. You know that in 1952 Audrey was engaged to marry James Hanson (he was formerly one of Jean Simmons' constant dates) after she finished Roman Holiday. *Invitations to their wedding were already out in England when Audrey canceled it.*

In 1950 it had been the other way around. She was engaged to marry Marcel Le Bon, a French actor who was and is a crooner of sorts. Le Bon was offered a contract in the United States. He left Audrey and went to New York. She was then a chorus girl in High Button Shoes. *Le Bon married an American girl instead.*

Anyway, with such a background, perhaps some of the twenty-five guests were secretly expecting something unusual to take place at the wedding. Nothing did.

After the ceremony there was a wedding reception at the Burgenstock golf club. By this time a few of the townsfolk had heard of the wedding. A photographer tried to get pictures at the reception. One of the guests smashed his camera.

When newspapermen heard about this in Rome they were very angry. Ferrer had been staying in Rome. Reporters who had asked his press agent, Hank Kaufman, if anything was up, were told, "No, Mel is merely flying up to Switzerland for a little vacation. He will be back in a week."

Kaufman said later that Ferrer had never mentioned the wedding to him.

Audrey and Mel stayed at their reception two hours, drank a little champagne and then left for their honeymoon hideaway in the Swiss Alps for two days.

Then they took a train to Rome. At the railroad station, the press descended but Audrey and Mel were not giving interviews. They were still on their honeymoon, they said, and they wanted to be left alone.

They got into a car and headed for Cinecitta, Rome's Hollywood, with the press in wild pursuit.

FURTHER CABLES from Europe reported that in an effort to escape reporters and photographers, the Ferrers went to Albano, a village 120 miles from Rome.

There in a twenty-room stone villa, Ferrer bolted all the doors and refused to talk.

Italian movie producer Vittorio Forges Davanzati, a friend, finally went out and announced, "The Ferrers have asked me to obtain for them police protection. After all, gentlemen, they are on a honeymoon. I assume many of you have been on a honeymoon. A man does not like having 150 reporters underneath his bedroom window at such a time!"

"All we want," cried one newspaperman, "is to ask them a few questions, just a few questions."

"That crazy chauffeur of theirs drove so fast we were almost killed following them," another reporter cried out.

Audrey and Mel decided to hold a press conference that night.

"When did you fall in love with Mr. Ferrer? When did you decide to marry him?" Audrey was asked.

"When Mel and I were acting together in New York, I said to myself that I would like to get married to him. There was no day nor any particular moment when we fell in love. It just happened. There was an understanding between us after a while that we would get married. I have great faith that it will work out. I am sure it will."

On Marlene Dietrich's first day in America she re-did a movie scene a dozen times. The director's instructions to her were: "Walk through the door, count three to yourself, then turn around." The close-up was to her eyes. "We'll try it again," said the director. Then it was "count up to six," then "ten" and finally "count up to twenty." This was the big scene of the movie, and the critics said that in Dietrich's eyes the viewers could see years of sweeping tragedy.

"What I was thinking to myself, at the time," Miss Dietrich later confessed, "was 'If this is the way pictures are made here, I'm taking the first boat home tomorrow.'"

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Sadly enough, the general feeling in Hollywood is that Audrey's marriage will not work out. Many people believe that Audrey is somehow under Mel's complete domination. As soon as this breaks, they expect the marriage to come apart.

"I cannot, for the love of me," said one Hollywood actress who has played opposite Ferrer, "understand what Audrey sees in the man."

An answer to that comes from Mrs. Florence Vivienne Entwhistle, a professional photographer, who is, incidentally, Sarah Churchill's mother-in-law. She made some portraits of the actor. These are now in Audrey's possession.

Said Mrs. Entwhistle, "Some women are fascinated by the nice, miserable expression on Ferrer's bordering-on-the-plain sort of face. I know I was. He's a man you feel you *must* mother. He certainly brought out the maternal in me. It's that lean and hungry look he has."

Hollywood, of course, is often incorrect in predicting the courses of marriages.

There is no doubt that Audrey is completely and devotedly in love with her husband. During their courtship he wouldn't let her out of his sight, and she was content to let him manage her private and professional life. That courtship began last year after Audrey had finished her second Hollywood picture, *Sabrina.*

UNTIL THEN there had been no American love affairs for the Dutch-born actress. "I'm so busy with my career," she had said, "that I haven't even had time to analyze my innermost thoughts. I'm still in the process of learning about myself. Until I do, there's no possibility of marriage."

Then Audrey went to a Hollywood cocktail party and met Mel Ferrer. She knew practically nothing about him.

Later she was to learn that he had been born in New Jersey and had left school to marry sculptress Frances Pilchard. They had gone to Mexico where Mel had tried to write. They had two children, Pepa and Mark. Then Mel had drifted away from Frances. After their divorce he became interested in stage work.

He married Barbara Tripp and they had two children, Mela and Christopher. This marriage also ended in divorce and in 1942, Mel remarried his first wife.

After their second marriage Mel and Frances separated frequently. During one of these separations Mel found Audrey.

When Ferrer got the rights to a French play, *Ondine,* he convinced Audrey that she would be a natural for the lead. He talked the Playwrights Company into producing the play. Naturally, he would star opposite Miss Hepburn. The Playwrights Company agreed with alacrity.

Soon the word was all over New York: Audrey and Mel were inseparable. No one could talk to Audrey without first checking Ferrer.

In addition, Mel began to tell Alfred Lunt, the director of *Ondine,* what was wrong with his work. This antagonized several members of the cast who leaked to newspapermen the opinion that Ferrer's acting was mediocre, his ego enormous, and his hold on Audrey "practically hypnotic."

About the same time, Audrey's mother began to hear about her daughter and Mel Ferrer. And she began to worry. Ferrer was still a married man, for one thing.

But not for long.

According to his wife Frances, "He told me that he had fallen in love with Audrey Hepburn, so last December I went down to Juarez in Mexico and I got a divorce."

So in January, 1954, Mel was free to court Audrey. "Audrey," he announced, "must be protected from people as if she were royalty."

AUDREY'S MOTHER tried to intervene. Backstage in Boston where *Ondine* was being tried out, Ferrer asked her, "What have you got against me, anyway?"

The baroness didn't think he was the right sort of man for Audrey. Audrey was young. She'd had no father to guide her. She had gone to school in Holland during the Nazi occupation. She had gone to England as a refugee. The family had lost most of its money. She had worked as a chorus girl. She had come up the hard way. Certainly, she was entitled to enjoy her success alone. Besides, Mel had been married three times. There were four children to look after. Audrey, at twenty-five, was too young for him. She didn't want her daughter to get hurt. Her daughter had been doing marvelously well without his intervention. Why didn't he get out of her life and leave her alone?

Mel told the baroness that he was in love with Audrey, Audrey was in love with him, and that he had no intention of leaving her daughter alone.

He became even more possessive.

AUDREY HEPBURN is no fatuous, silly little girl. She reads the newspapers and she understands what she reads. She saw what was being written about Mel. She understood that her mother objected to him violently.

In Mel she had a man who would take care of all the details, leaving her free to concentrate on her art. Perhaps she and Mel would become another Lunt and Fontanne, another Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. Here was a man who had been an actor, writer, producer and director. Was she really in love with him? How many men did she know, anyway? She began to worry and she lost weight.

The doctor said she needed a rest. Walter Winchell wrote, "Mel Ferrer is the chief reason Audrey Hepburn's worn out. They're in love."

Audrey and Mel had been inseparable; she had seen him in all circumstances, and she believed he was a good and gentle human being.

She left *Ondine* and not very long after, Audrey and Mel then discussed marriage plans. Audrey said she would go to Switzerland for a vacation. Mel said he would go to Italy and then join her in Switzerland.

It was September when they were reunited. Audrey Hepburn, the charming, brown-eyed, actress who had started at the top by winning an Academy Award for her first full-length role, became the third Mrs. Mel Ferrer. **END**

ty and linda call it quits

(*Continued from page 49*) was forty-one-year-old Ty, and his talk was practically all about his profession.

"Linda and I haven't been getting along for some time," he admitted. "Call it incompatibility. So we might as well end our marriage.

"I'm leaving for the east. It's very exciting to return to Broadway. I'm going to do Christopher Fry's play *The Dark Is Light Enough* with Katharine Cornell. Twenty years ago Kit gave me a job as Buzz Meredith's understudy in *Flowers Of The Forest.*

"In order to do the play I've had to give up several film commitments, one in Brazil, one in Ireland, one with my own company. But I think I've made the right decision."

Ty then took off for a fast week-end in New York where he discussed the details of the legitimate production and the possible itinerary of the road show.

IN HOLLYWOOD a friend of his said sadly, "The poor guy wanted to be out of town when the studio announced his breakup with Linda. But he'll be back. He's nuts about those little girls of his."

Ty flew back to the coast a few days later, drove out to his house, one of the most fashionably decorated in the movie colony, and asked Romina if she'd like him to take her to Kiddyland.

Romina clapped her little hands and a half hour later, she was riding on the merry-go-round at La Cienega and Beverly Boulevards. Watching the little beauty enjoy herself, Ty looked sad. Perhaps he wondered, since he was going east, when he would see his child again.

Ty Power hoped against hope that his marriage would succeed. He tried everything. He took Linda to the Philippines when he went on location. He gave her freedom to travel around the world with Bill Gallagher and Mrs. Larry Kent. Knowing how much she loved Rome, the city of their marriage, he agreed to the purchase of a fashionable apartment there. He indulged Linda's every whim. He gave her every convenience money could buy—a lavish home, servants, nurses for the children, a Duesenberg, an Alpha Romeo, a $12,000 Bentley. But material possessions are a poor substitute for love and almost a year ago Ty and Linda began to fall out of love.

This development came as a great shock to the movie colony because if ever there was a marriage that seemed to have everything, it was the Powers'.

Back in 1948 Ty Power was going steadily with Lana Turner. It was commonly accepted that Ty and Lana would be married after the handsome young actor returned to Hollywood from a good will flight around the world.

What most of Hollywood did not know at the time was that Ty had quietly been dating Linda Christian, a vivacious Mexican beauty. She was widely-traveled and she could speak six languages.

Ironically, it was Lana Turner who introduced Linda Christian to Ty Power. One day on the set of *Homecoming,* Lana was talking to Linda when Power arrived.

"This is Linda Christian," Lana said.

"How do you do?" greeted Ty.

Linda took it from there.

SEVERAL MONTHS later when Power set down his plane at the airport in Rome, Linda was on hand to greet him. She showed him around the city she knew so well, dazzled him with her continental sophistication.

From this point, Lana Turner didn't have a chance.

By flying to Rome, "by getting there fustest with the mostest," Linda had outmaneuvered Lana.

Later, Ty and Christian continued their romance in Mexico City, another city that Linda knows well.

In Mexico City, it was implied that Ty was angry with Linda "for seeing so much of Mr. Big," supposedly an extremely powerful Government official. But when he was asked about this he denied it.

Linda Christian is, of course, a native of Mexico. She was born in Tampico, thirty years ago, of a Mexican mother and Dutch father. Her real name is Blanca Rosa Welter. Just how and where she conjured up the name Linda Christian she claims she doesn't know.

Linda followed her father, an oil executive, from station to station: Italy, Palestine, Holland, China and Switzerland.

"There was a time," she once said, "when I wanted to become a doctor but then I gave up the idea."

In Mexico City, however, she once worked for a plastic surgeon. After that she became a model, catching the watchful eyes of many Casanovas, some Mexican, some American.

WHEN LINDA first came to Hollywood in 1945, she was acquainted with Errol Flynn. She lived in the Commodore Apartments on Hollywood's Franklin Avenue. From there she moved to Angel's Castle on Sunset Boulevard and thence to the swank Bel Air Hotel.

To begin with she had an extremely limited wardrobe, but it wasn't very long before she was touring the night spots, bedecked in furs and jewelry. MGM gave her a screen test and signed her. In a matter of months, the green-eyed siren was dating the handsomest men in town.

Once she met Tyrone Power, however, Linda fell in love and began to concentrate on the dark, moody actor.

A year after they met they were married in the Roman church, Santa Francesca Romana. Three years later, they named



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their first daughter Romina.

"We want lots of children," beamed Ty. Said his mother, "The baby looks exactly as Tyrone did at her age."

After Romina was born, Linda decided to renew her screen career. There were no objections from her husband. It was whispered around town, however, that Linda was perpetually restless, continually dissatisfied, that no amount of travel and adventure could sate her.

When Ty settled his contract with 20th, a studio he'd been with for twenty years and began the tour with *John Brown's Body*, it was said that Linda was getting awfully lonesome, that to occupy her time while Ty was on the road, she sometimes dined with men about Hollywood.

In 1953 there were a dozen rumors that the marriage of Linda and Ty was over, in fact, that they had even consulted a lawyer about a pre-divorce settlement.

Ty squelched these rumors with an irrefutable answer: Linda was pregnant again.

Taryn Stephanie was born in September, that year. Ty bought his wife and two daughters a beautiful new home in the Pacific Palisades, and the rumors died down. But not for long. All through 1954 they grew bolder and stronger.

WHEN EDMUND PURDOM, a tall, handsome, English actor, arrived in Hollywood with his ballerina wife, the former Anita Phillips, it was said that he had a good chance to star opposite Olivia de Havilland in *My Cousin Rachel.*

A fellow Britisher, Richard Burton, got the part, however, and subsequently the Purdoms were reduced to poverty.

"I was so broke," Purdom says, "that I couldn't afford to pay the doctor's bill when my daughter Lilan was born. I was nearly deported for being unemployed. In order to eat, I pawned my wife's wedding and engagement rings and her father's watch. I had no money for bus fare. I had to walk from studio to studio looking for a job. Once we were evicted for not paying the rent."

The twenty-seven-year-old actor does not mind discussing the hardships he encountered before he found a degree of Hollywood fame by substituting for Mario Lanza in *The Student Prince* and for Marlon Brando in *The Egyptian.*

He will not, however, discuss his friendship with the Tyrone Powers or any phase of his private life.

"I do not believe," he says, "an actor's private life is any of the screen magazines' business. I stand on my work."

Ed and Linda worked together in *Athena,* where their friendship blossomed.

Purdom does not care to confirm or deny the rumors that eventually he will divorce his wife and marry Linda Christian. Nor will he talk about the story that had him romping all over Mexico with Linda and Ty while his wife was awaiting the arrival of their second child. Nor will he dignify with any sort of reply the innuendo that his friendship with Linda was responsible for arousing Tyrone Power's jealousy.

On the set of *The Prodigal,* Purdom would only say, "I hope to be making a trip to London shortly. If the studio pays my way I'll have to do publicity for *The Student Prince.* Anyway, I do want to get back to England for a bit."

One cynical Hollywood citizen suggested the possibility that Purdom wanted to get out of town until the rumors subsided.

Thus it is probable that as you read this article, Tyrone Power is working in New York, Linda Christian is vacationing in Mexico City and Edmund Purdom is visiting in London.

Just how or where or when all three or even two of these extremely handsome people will get together again, no one can say

END

jack lemmon

(*Continued from page 57*) from radio, television and Broadway, to Hollywood he was an unknown quantity. He seemed to be an unassuming lad, medium height, medium build, medium coloring (brown eyes, brown hair) with a boyish voice.

When *It Should Happen To You* was previewed, reviewers across the nation mentioned Jack with adjectives ranging from pleasant to laudatory, and hailed the medium young man as a rare find for the screen. They said he had a warm and appealing personality, that he was deft as all get out at comedy, that he was an actor of conviction and that the screen should see more of him.

The recognition of his talent naturally pleased Columbia Pictures, who had put him under contract after his debut performance on Broadway in *Room Service.* Noting the acclaim for Jack's comedy, they assigned him to *Three For The Show* with Betty Grable (comedy role) and scheduled him for *Phffft!* (comedy role).

Jack reacted in two ways. He was happy as a clam to have hit Hollywood's big time, but he was worried by the thought that he might be typed as a comedian. He knew, he said, that he could do other things, that he wanted to do all kinds of roles and that he hoped he'd have the chance.

There's a valid reason why Lemmon has been thrice cast in comedies, besides the fact that he is adept at this most difficult of arts. Personally, he is a very amusing young man. He speaks with a flair for phrase and a humorous twist.

HE ACKNOWLEDGES Boston as his birthplace but adds that the family moved to Newton (seven miles away) when he was a small child. He claims his parents were a rather soft touch for their only child, endeavoring to give him piano lessons and all the things they felt were advantages and he felt were extremely dreary projects. There were his days at Phillips Andover Academy, prepping for either Yale or Harvard. This kind of thing was made possible by his father's success in the bakery business plus the invention of a machine that perpetually produces doughnuts. Jack can tell you all about doughnuts, how they are best made, and even the why of the hole in the middle, an interest which shows him to be a grateful young man who knows whence his blessings came. He has been unusually lucky, he figures, for he not only had all this, but when he took his V-12 tests at Andover he was assigned to a Naval Reserve unit at Harvard—ten minutes from home. Recalling those three years at Harvard he twinkles at the mention of the nearby Wellesley girls, gives a pitch for the pulchritude at Pine Manor, omits the fact that he was president of the Hasty Pudding Club and elaborates on his opinion that at college he was a horror. "I must have been a stupid little jerk. I thought I was a big wheel on campus and it's interesting to me now that when I meet guys who were in my class I find them tremendously stimulating and not meatballs at all."

After three years of Navy training at Harvard he was assigned to a desk job in Boston's Fargo Building as Ensign Jack Lemmon, traffic officer. He spent his days picking up a phone and announcing meekly: "Lemmon. Jeeps."

A few months of this and he was assigned to the aircraft carrier *Lake Champlain.* During his few weeks aboard Jack had two hours and twenty-two minutes at sea—a trip from Norfolk to Newport News—and it turned into a fiasco worthy of a movie (comedy role). The Navy had the misunderstanding that Jack was a communications man and assigned him as communications officer of the big ship. This job ordinarily would have been held by a full lieutenant at least, but the war was over and the ship was being de-activated as quickly as possible. So Ensign Lemmon set happily to work taking inventories and figuratively chucking overboard everything he could find—including the code books.

The *Lake Champlain* had no sooner put to sea on Ensign Lemmon's sole sea voyage than a huge tanker was sighted, bearing down upon her. The tanker, according to Jack, was signaling by semaphore, by every flag the Navy had ever seen and by lights flashing so frantically that the hulk looked more like a Times Square sign. The captain on the bridge of the *Lake Champlain* leaned over the side and roared downwind to his communications officer. "Lemmon! What are they saying?"

Ensign Lemmon, who didn't know an S.O.S. from a Full Speed Ahead, didn't have a clue. And when he asked a Chief standing at his side the man said, "I've never seen such a signal in my twenty-two years in the Navy. And we can't find out. You've logged all the books over, sir."

"It must mean something!" squeaked Ensign Lemmon.

"I can guess," said the Chief. "I'd say she's out of control—that her right rear screw's broken, maybe. In which case they've got the right of way, sir."

It was something, better than nothing, and so Ensign Lemmon howled the conjecture up to the Captain who shouted, "Great balls of fire!" and began spewing orders. Within minutes the two ships passed each other, missing contact by mere inches.

It turned out that the Chief's guess had been correct to the letter, and Ensign Lemmon was given a recommendation and shortly sent back to Boston where he took his leave of the U. S. Navy.

HE BORROWED $300 from his father. Lemmon, Sr., wanted his son to join him in business, but Jack had set his sights on show business. The family was pleased, having been sprinkled with entertainers (before the bakeries Jack's father had done a soft shoe routine on the stage and his mother was a singer) but apprehensive about Jack's chances in a world where there are 2000 men for every job.

The $300 was soon gone, spent for room and meals while the young genius composed show tunes that didn't sell and scores for Broadway musicals that never opened. Finally he got a job playing piano in an obscure nightclub. For a pittance he played all the tunes he'd ever written, and the customers growled through the smoke, "Hey, bud, play something we *know!*"

Later he got another job in another nightclub, this one owned by another Harvard graduate who fraternally allowed Jack to spread his wings. Mr. Lemmon did seven shows a day, writing, directing, producing and emceeing them and never re-

In the village of Neauphie Le Chateau, outside of Versailles, lives a young lady with her husband and two children. She goes shopping each day with the other villagers, who look upon her as one of their own and address her as "Madame David." They know only that "Madame David" is a respected, happy member of the small community and that she once lived in America. They don't know she was a child movie star, nor that her name was Deanna Durbin.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

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Name_____

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peating once. "A young actor needs a place in his beginning where he can smell something awful, but he learns." In the early months in New York there were many jobs like these. Jack lived in a succession of cold water flats. One, priced at $2.50 per week, was on the top floor of a seven-floor walk-up, over a delicatessen. The rising odors, captured for eternity in Jack's apartment, were more than made up for by Isaac, the delicatessen owner, who knew a hungry boy when he saw one. He donated sundry fat sandwiches without thought of reward.

There was a flat which boasted seven rooms, a piano and a library of 1000 volumes. They were all pocket size pulps, to be sure, but it was a library nonetheless, and it was in one of the two rooms Jack used. The other five were closed off because of mice.

There was the classier flat at $5 a week. The door had no latch and no doorknob, just a padlock.

There was the attic flat with a skylight in lieu of windows, a nest for which Jack paid a flat $3 weekly. The phone was in the basement and tenants who wanted phone service were asked an additional twenty-five cents. For this weekly sum, when they were phoned, the landlady bellowed their names up the stairs. Jack was the only one who couldn't afford the quarter, so whenever there was silence following the phone's ring he plummeted down six flights of stairs in an effort to get there before Signora Graciana had hung up.

At this rate there wasn't much hope of paying back Lemmon, Sr., his three hundred dollars, but Jack had learned that his father had once borrowed $1000 from *his* father and it took him six years to return it. This happy bit of news relieved his conscience and allowed him to plod on.

Eventually he did this, beginning with parts in radio soap operas and graduating to television, appearing in more than 500 shows, not including the three TV series which he produced and starred in.

He tells it all in high good humor. But Jack Lemmon is a great deal more than amusing. He has the rare sensitivity of the dreamer, he has quick intelligence and underneath the fun he is quite serious.

Some of this stems from his father, a man seemingly steeped in industry, who once said, "The first day I cease to find romance in a loaf of bread I'm going to get out of this business." Jack agrees with his father. He recalls with considerable sentiment and nostalgia the summer home in New Hampshire he and his dad built with their own hands. And he remembers his years at Phillips Andover when he wanted more than anything else to be a painter. Before he was sixteen, *The Atlantic Monthly* carried an article written by young Lemmon's art teacher, Pat Morgan, who used Jack as a model for his story on the dreams and thoughts of a youngster who envisioned painting as his life's work. Pat Morgan and his wife made a deep impression on Jack, and he still treasures the stolen hours spent with them in their home "because when I was in their house they were not my teachers but my mentors, and they treated me as a person with my own thoughts and needs."

JACK WAS A serious young man. After his discharge from the Navy he went back to Harvard for a year's course in physics, in order to get his degree. And he was serious about his music and his acting. When he first went to New York—the first night he was there—he walked all night through its streets and along its rivers, dreaming of his future in the city. It was dawn when he walked down Shubert Alley and saw the old sign with its peeling paint, "Through these portals pass the great and ungreat of show business." To Jack it was a personal challenge.

Tom Ewell's mother went to see her son perform in *The Seven Year Itch*. Later she confided, "Everybody in the theatre loved you." Tom asked, "How did you know?" She explained, "They told me because they knew I was your mother." Tom asked, "And who told them?" She answered, "I did."

—Paul Denis

"It was the first time I'd been away from family and friends—the people who used to applaud my efforts whether or not they were any good. And now that strangers didn't rise to the bait all the time I began to realize I was out of the parlor and on my own. I did a lot of growing up."

Lemmon watches other people, their words, gestures and deeds, their pattern of behavior. He speaks of being an actor, and of being a star. "There's no connection between the two. Wanting to be a star is a phase you go through. When things begin to move, you're too busy with craft, with worrying about your ability, to be impressed by autograph seekers. All your values change. When I walked along the river at night I promised myself one thing if I ever made the grade—clothes. Now I'm too busy even to think about clothes."

He is serious, and after four years still excited, about his marriage to Cynthia Stone of Peoria, Illinois. He and Cynthia met when they had roles in an off-Broadway play, and married two years later, disregarding the fact they couldn't afford it. Just now, Cynthia is at home with Christopher Boyd Lemmon. He was a little late in his arrival, putting his prospective parents into a dither. Jack was working in *Phffft!* and every time the telephone on the set rang, he all but knocked over the rest of the cast and crew to answer it. But he finished the picture and was sitting calmly at home when the baby got ready for his appearance at Cedars of Lebanon, June 22, 1954.

Of Cynthia Jack says. "She can do anything and do it well. If she gives a party or decorates a home or visits the kids in the Children's Hospital or acts in a play, she does it beautifully. She has innate taste. I think the reason we're so happy is that we're on the same level of communication."

LEMMON thinks and philosophizes about people. He understands himself rather well. He can even explain the attraction show business has for him. "The first thing I remember is our move from Boston to Newton when I was about four years old. The woman next door wanted me to play with her son—his name was Billy Tyler, I remember—and it's all so clear to me that I can still feel the embarrassment and shyness that came over me. I didn't want to play with the kid because I felt I was a complete stranger. I think that's why I'm in show business—I feel the need for acceptance. My parents made me feel loved and wanted, of course, but it might be because I was an only child that I wanted acceptance on a large scale."

It would seem he is going to get that acceptance—and on a very large scale. He will capture his audience with his light, comic touch and then, when he is given the opportunity to prove that his acting ability covers the same range as his conversation—from the ridiculous to the sublime—he will certainly become one of America's favorites.

Jack's dabbling in paints and pianos, his charming singing voice, his directing and producing of TV shows, his talent for musical composition, all make him a Jack-of-all-trades. But he is master of at least one. Whether or not he looks the part, he *is* an actor. **END**

minding his business

(*Continued from page 34*) ally." Further, for anyone who has ever wondered about Bob, and how his thinking about himself runs, this snatch of dialogue between him and Clark Gable has specific implication. It is a good bet that Robert John Wagner, Jr., is following a personal policy which is normal for a young and ambitious man of his age; his work comes first. Everything else, including girls just now, is diversion.

Of course, there *is* diversion. Bob is young enough to hunger for fun, and he gets a tremendous kick at the way the world has widened and doors have been flung open for him these past two years since his successes in *12-Mile Reef, Prince Valiant, Broken Lance* and *White Feather*.

"It's a little staggering," he tells you with a grin, "but I've found an effective counterbalance—work. Good, solid work."

So Bob still talks to girls, but not with the kind of message that would start them making plans.

Yet that report that has been going around for more than a year now, about a hidden clause in Bob's contract forbidding marriage, has absolutely no basis in fact. There is an excellent reason why no such provision is written into the agreement between Bob and 20th Century-Fox. One of the studio's executives explained it in quick words:

"Bob's no fool. He knows that getting a marriage started is as important and requires as much attention as getting a career started. He will want to give his marriage everything he's got when it happens. But unless he falls in love accidentally—and *violently*—there is no chance he will propose to any girl within the next few years. And if by chance it does happen and he does fall in love *hard*—well, that's another reason why we don't have any clause against it—no contract *could* stop him from going ahead and marrying the girl in that case!"

BOB HIMSELF made an interesting comment on the subject the other day when he was preparing for some tests in connection with the filming of his newest picture, *Lord Vanity*. "A fellow is practically twenty before, for the first time in his life, he really becomes an individual," he said. "I mean before he leaves his childhood home and is away from the parental influences. But no sooner does he attain this state—and boy it's sure a brief one for some fellows!—than his friends start making with the questions about marriage. Well, sir, it's sure going to happen to me, all right. I'm the marrying kind. But not yet. Not quite yet."

"Are you sure?" he was asked. Bob nodded. He was in one of the front offices and he went to the window and pointed

out toward the big buildings housing the various stages. "I only have to walk into one of those, just walk in, mind you, to get a real thrill," he said. "That's all I need so far. So I can't say I'm lonely yet as a man. Not really lonely when my work can give me such a wallop. After all, it's thrilling to be part of a business as farflung and colorful as this.

"Just yesterday a producer told me that no minute of a twenty-four-hour day passes without one of my pictures being shown on a screen somewhere; be it in Hong Kong, Thailand, Nome, Alaska or in deepest Africa. I suppose that's because a number of my pictures have been released internationally within recent months. Now for a kid who used to think his was the kind of face anybody could forget, and who washed dishes once for $15 a week, this is rich stuff to take, and humbling, too. But I want to take it just a little bit longer. Then? Well, it'll only need the quickest flash from the right girl's eyes and there won't be any use looking for me amongst the stages any more—I'll be long gone John at the altar!"

"But don't you think you should have a certain girl in mind?" his questioner asked.

Bob smacked a hand against his forehead. "Oh, no!" he laughed. "If I had a girl on my mind where would I do my thinking about work?"

IT SHOULD BE pointed out that the fascination the movies have for Bob involves more than just stepping in front of the camera as an actor. Even though he insists that he has no thought of ever getting into production he spends a great deal of time with people who are in the technically creative end of the business.

He got started at this because he didn't like to get involved in studio discussions, feeling abysmally ignorant while others talked mystifyingly about such processes as "scoring," "dubbing," "pre-recording," and "looping."

"What do you need to know all that for?" someone kidded him once. "All you got to do is look handsome. I bet you never took a girl out in your life who asked one question about dubbing or looping."

"No," Bob admitted, laughing. "But if a girl should ask me, what a dope I'd sound like trying to explain if I didn't know!"

Bob doesn't need anyone's urging in his quiet campaign to improve himself, nor is anybody's kidding going to stop him. When he was cast in *Lord Vanity* he was invited to discuss the story with Charles Brackett and Delmer Daves who will produce and direct the picture. As they dipped into the period and locale in which the action is laid (18th Century Europe and America), Bob found himself doing much more listening than speaking, and eventually he had to fall completely silent.

Bob had gone to work right after high school, and hardly anyone would expect him to be familiar with the historical details. Bob is nevertheless not going to lean on this for an excuse. Many a night when he could be dating around town he is digging into books. When you add to this stint the other pursuits he must attain proficiency in before he can successfully fill a role in a picture like *Lord Vanity*, it becomes apparent there is going to be little idleness in his life for a while.

He is constantly surprised at the amount of work involved in producing a picture, even though he has been in some twelve productions since he first attracted interest in *Halls Of Montezuma* four years ago.

"For instance, I thought when I made *Prince Valiant* the toughest part of my work would be in getting my lines down right," he said. "All I overlooked was learning such skills as jousting on horseback with a knight's long lance, swinging a heavy medieval battle-ax and dueling with a broadsword. It took the noble knights of those days all their lives to get to be any good with these weapons. We in the picture had a few weeks to look as if we were good, even if actually we probably were terrible and couldn't slay even a midget-sized dragon."

Learning his lines and the proper delivery used to be a frightening bugaboo to Bob. In one scene, when he made *Let's Make It Legal* a few years ago, he blew up twenty-one times. But his improvement since then has been phenomenal. And, as he says with a smile when you talk about his social life, "It takes a lot of night work over my scripts at home to be able to keep on getting paid for day work in the studio."

This sort of attitude on Bob's part is beginning to make Hollywood realize that he isn't going to be the slough-it-off type of star who figures he can get by in his career with a smile for the camera and a wave for the crowd. Someone was reminding him recently about the long grinding years the great stars of the legitimate stage used to put in before they were considered as masters of their art. "Don't remind me!" begged Bob. "I can already see that I'll be years catching up with the prominence the studio has given me."

Everyone who knows Bob's story will recall that for a short period in his life he bowed to the wishes of his father, who is in the steel business, and undertook to learn that business. Actually he tried his hand at selling stainless steel.

He didn't work at it long, but he found there was one aspect of the job that he wasn't bad at—meeting people and establishing the warm personal relationship necessary in sales promotion. It was his father who first realized this.

They were talking about Bob's desire to concentrate on movie work, and his dad, who was arguing against the move, citing Bob's lack of acting experience as a handicap, unconsciously strengthened Bob's case. "Our steel customers all like you," he said. "My reports are that they like to have you come around and see you again. That shows you have a good personality." Then he had to laugh because what he had said was easily as good a reason for Bob's becoming an actor as it was for him to sell steel.

But though Bob's father opposed him originally, and Bob felt he had hurt him by leaving the steel business, he knows his success has pleased everyone at home and that he hasn't "flopped" as a son.

He also knows that with his kind of people a son is expected to make another sort of success. He is expected to marry the right girl and raise a fine family.

THIS MAY BE only in the back of his mind right now, but it's there. In the meantime he wants another big picture or two to his credit to further prove to 20th Century-Fox that they picked the right boy when he was put under contract. Not that his company needs any such additional proof. When Bob first went to work there he wrote to Darryl Zanuck, head of the studio, thanking him for the opportunity to act and assuring him that he would come through. Just the other day he met Mr. Zanuck at the door of the administration building.

"That was a nice letter," said Mr. Zanuck, who has a long memory. "I'm glad you have kept your promise. In fact you are doing a wonderful job."

Bob says that to him these words were like finding a firm handhold while climbing a steep mountain. "I really think that maybe I have a chance to make it now," he says. "If work will do it, study and work, I'll study and work." He laughed suddenly. "Boy, when I do meet the right girl I ought to be in a great mood for romance!"

END



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design for loving

(*Continued from page 54*) he was out horseback riding Alan Ladd spotted him and with Sue's help managed to get him a job acting in *The Red House*. He had worked around here and there, had a stock contract at Selznick studios, but every time a big part came up the big boss hired a big star instead.

A lot has happened since that time, but before going into that, let's go to something that happened on location for Universal - International's picture, *The Looters*, a few weeks back. Rory had taken Lita to Colorado Springs for the location. Lita, not being what Hollywood knows as a persistent "location wife," was staying in a hotel in town. The phone rang.

"Rory is sending a car for you," a voice said. "He wants you up here right away."

"Oh no," Lita replied. "Tell him I'm doing all right. Not a bit lonesome."

The voice persisted. "He won't take no for an answer. Says it's very important."

Two hours later, full of anxiety, Lita arrived on the set, and as she walked past the cameras toward a huddle of cast and crew around a huge table the hills resounded with the singing of "Happy Anniversary." Lita almost wept, and cameras recorded the event which she says is one of the nicest surprises she's had in her life.

That night, as they sat around the campfire, everybody told anecdotes about his own courtship and marriage.

Finally it was up to Rory, who is far from the most talkative guy among actors. In fact, if it had not been that he was among close friends, and there happened to be a talkative one in the bunch, this story couldn't have been told.

Seems that after Rory caught his six A.M. plane for San Francisco after that first all-night date with Lita, he was a "gone guy." Every day he managed to get next to a phone and run up a whopping bill. Not long after his return, he built up their occasional dates into a steady thing, and on his birthday, August 8, again driving her home, he worked up the courage to say, "Let's fall in love and get married."

There may be other nightclub entertainers who, on receiving a proposal, have said, "You'll have to ask my mother and father." None are on record until now.

"Lita's mom and dad had a restaurant and parking lot on Cherokee Street in Hollywood at the time," Rory recalls. "I used to drop in there at odd hours, help park cars, work in the kitchen with Lita's brother, Pete. So Lita and I drove down there, and while she went in to talk to her mother, I buttonholed her dad.

"'Mr. Castro,' I said, 'do you want to go to a wedding next Sunday?' He said sure, whose wedding? 'Your daughter's,' I told him.

"'My daughter's? Lita's? For golly's sake, who would she be marrying?'

"'Me,' I told him."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Castro could believe it. Mother Castro, once convinced, held out for a church wedding. They were fond of Rory, but both being Catholic, they wanted their daughter to be married in the family faith. The urgency of first love not to be denied, Lita and Rory insisted that they were going to be married the following Sunday in Santa Barbara. The wedding took place on schedule in an Episcopal church with Rory's mother and stepfather present, as well as all of Lita's family.

SINCE THEN, this love that first blossomed in the dimly lit and improbable atmosphere of nightclub Mocambo has flourished beyond all the expectations of hard-boiled columnists who first made note of it. Except for an occasional experimental jab aimed by some irresponsible reporter, there has been no sort of factual discord between Mr. and Mrs. Rory Calhoun.

A miracle? Not if you know Rory Calhoun. He doesn't think like a movie star and he doesn't behave like a movie star husband of the usual type. It isn't necessary for him to prove his manhood by occasionally "straying off the reservation," and coming home just short of the filing of divorce papers. For one thing, most male (and some female stars) sooner or later cease to think of other human beings as quite in the same class with themselves.

Rory Calhoun, on the other hand, is closer to "people" than he is to fellow stars. One of them asked him, "Don't you get tired of all these interviews?"

"How can you ask that?" Calhoun responded, incredulously. "Look, friend, when I talk to a reporter, I'm talking to *people*. Sometimes in this business we may think that we're mythical gods, but we are people. And when I am interviewed I'm not being a great, big, generous guy when I say that these are *my* people; at least those who have been kind enough to express an interest in me. Without them, I'd have been flat on my back long ago. Matter of fact, I was flat on my back and they saved me. Not just the "movie fans" that so many Hollywood characters express in terms of utter boredom. I mean the sensible men, women and kids who have written me wonderful, intelligent letters. As long as I can talk and as long as they care, what they want to know about me they can know.

"When I say the pleasure is all mine, I'm not being a politician. The pleasure *is* mine! Did you know that these people were rooting for me when all I was on the screen was a few chin whiskers and a middle background camera shot? The people who pay for tickets at the box office are the star-makers, star-shakers and star-breakers, and I'm not apple-polishing when I say so. I hope that my life is going to be such that they'll always keep that personal interest."

ABOUT THAT LIFE, on a couple of occasions Rory was so discouraged that he nearly chucked his screen career for the outdoor life which he knew would support him. But his "people" always showed such strong interest that the gradual contract manipulations no one quite understands finally led him from studios where he was little or seldom used to his present seven-year contract with Universal-International. The pictures may not always delight the critics, but they pay off. *Dawn at Socorro* and *Four Guns To The Border* are two.

In the intervening years, Rory and Lita have had their good times and bad, but they've never done any public moaning. Two years ago, they finally managed to buy the home they wanted, a solid ranch style house in Beverly Hills, with a swimming pool and plenty of room for Rory's boat, which he built almost entirely himself, an archery set, and other sports equipment. Hardly had they moved into it when tragedy struck. Lita lost an expected child. She had been in a dancing picture and hadn't known about the expected event until she had overtaxed herself. Philosophically, they agree that they will be blessed again.

This year, too, Rory's beloved Grandma Mickey, whom he was visiting when he was first discovered, died while he was far away on a location he couldn't leave.

ON THE BRIGHTER side, Rory's ranch investments are finally turning out to be more assets than liabilities. Oddly enough, Lita's parents left Spain because they didn't like the country. Peter Castro didn't care for ranches and Mom always was "tooken" with a severe sunburn when she stayed out in the sun for a half hour. They were desolate when the freeway construction ploughed under their nice home in Hollywood, but along about that time Rory's grandpa passed away, forgetting to leave a will. Rory helped them bid in his home and ranch near Ojai, not far from Rory's own place. It's not far from the Ojai Inn and it's across the street from a fabulous home Loretta Young is building.

This is why, on week-ends, you can seldom find the young Calhouns at home. If they're not winging their way toward Boulder Dam with Rory's boat on a trailer, they're visiting Mom and Dad. Lita confesses that at first she too, didn't like the country too much, and water made her sick.

"I got used to it, though," she says now, "and if you want to know the one big secret of the happiness Rory and I are having together, it's in leading our outdoor life together. We just don't come home, sit, and after dinner rush out to parties. Our favorite spot is Calhoun Cove. It's on the Colorado River and we like to go up there with some friend like Guy Madison, camp out with sleeping bags, stay out fishing all day, then come back and settle down to planked fish and tossed salad before a huge campfire.

"There's something else that's important, if any young people happen to be listening. A good marriage doesn't have to be confining. For instance Rory doesn't mind at all if I work now and then. Last winter I took a job at the St. Regis Hotel, dancing and singing with Billy Daniel. Rory was busy and away on a picture location. But we weren't separated more than three weeks. We've both seen people in show business rush off to Europe without each other. Human beings have a way of developing new interests when they are apart too long. When they get back together they don't have a genuine interest in their mutual problems. I guess the best formula for a sound marriage is a combination of "don't hedge me in, but for Pete's sake, don't stay away too long."

Rory Calhoun seconds that, and adds: "It's nice if a fellow's wife can be handy with a rifle or a six-shooter when a man's away. I just got back from bow and arrow hunting with Howard Hill to find that Lita had filed a report with the Beverly Hills police on a prowler. Seems that in the middle of the night she heard a noise below our second floor bedroom window. She listened for a few seconds to make sure it wasn't a dog or a cat, then she sneaked into my den and grabbed a hunting rifle. It may have been silly for her to turn on the light, but the police say that the sight of her standing there aiming that artillery scared the daylights out of the prowler. He fell right through an awning and its a cinch he won't be around Beverly Hills again for a long time. If an efficient police force isn't bad enough, no sensible second-story man wants to face a wild-eyed little gal on the trigger end of a 30-30!"

END

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ingrid bergman

(*Continued from page 61*) understands his wife's prediliction for order and lets her rule the house. But he usually comes home for lunch. Then his Latin temperament and natural effervescence turn things into a turmoil. Rossellini is a sparkling conversationalist who shouts, gestures, laughs and acts out anecdotes.

He speaks a broken English, his wife speaks a broken Italian, and together they are ecstatically happy, no matter what the rumors.

DOES INGRID ever regret her runaway romance with Rossellini?

She says, "No, I have no regrets. I miss Pia." (Her fourteen-year-old daughter by her former husband. Dr. Peter Lindstrom.) "But one cannot help falling in love, and I would probably do it all over again."

As to the censure and condemnation by the American public (she was denounced by many women's clubs and in some communities her films were banned), the actress admits, "Things were not easy. I was kicked and pilloried and damned. I have never been able to talk about this before, but one afternoon while I was still in the nursing home with Robertino, I was visited by a man from Hollywod indirectly representing the motion picture industry.

"I can't give you his name—it would serve no purpose—but he told me that he had been sent to Italy to help me solve all my problems. I could regain the respect of the American public, he said, if I would not marry Rossellini, if I would promise never to see him again and would return to my first husband, Dr. Lindstrom.

" 'But what will become of my baby?' I asked him. 'Don't worry,' he said. 'We'll put it in a home.' Then he said that when I returned to America I should make a radio broadcast, explaining that I had been a victim of infatuation. I should ask forgiveness. He assured me everything would then be all right.

"The more I listened to this Hollywood citizen, the angrier I got, I almost jumped out of bed. I screamed that I loved my child, that I loved Rossellini, and I told him to get out."

Two years ago, Signora Rossellini believes, the tide of public opinion began to turn.

"People who kicked me began to change. They began to help me up from the floor. Maybe they just felt sorry for me."

One person who did not change was Ingrid's daughter Pia, now living with her recently remarried father outside of Pittsburgh.

In 1952 when Ingrid petitioned the California Superior Court to allow Pia to visit her in Italy, the golden-haired child, then thirteen, told the Court that she had visited her mother a year before and didn't want to return to Europe a year later.

Moreover, in the privacy of Judge Mildred Lillie's chambers, she confided, "I don't love my mother."

When asked why, Pia said, "I don't think she cares about me too much. She didn't seem very interested about me when she left. It was only after she left and got married and had children that she suddenly decided she wanted me."

Pia also testified that she saw precious little of her mother in Hollywood. Here is a sample of her testimony:

COURT: *Pia, before your mother left for Italy, did you spend much time with her?*

PIA: *No.*

COURT: *Did you eat with her?*

PIA: *No.*

COURT: *Did your mother ever eat with you?*

PIA: *Not that I can remember.*

COURT: *When she wasn't working, didn't you see her quite often?*

PIA: *No, because then she went to New York.*

COURT: *Did she ever take you with her?*

PIA: *No.*

INGRID BERGMAN feels that given time, Pia, too, will change, that one day she will relent and forgive her mother's transgressions. She writes Pia regularly and hopes her daughter will visit her in Europe next summer.

Until then, Ingrid is determined that none of her other children will ever be able to accuse her of not spending much time with them. In Signora Rossellini's new scheme of things, a career must always take a back seat to love and children.

END

to janet with love

(*Continued from page 39*) when I felt like eating, I ate. Mornings, a big bowl of coffee, mostly milk, with matzos broken up in it. At school, a hot dog which I paid for and the root beer they threw in free. Plus what I scrounged from my friends, like an apple or cooky left over in their tin boxes. Plus a couple of dirty dried apricots. We'd swipe 'em from wagons and stuff 'em in our pockets for emergency rations. Covered with two weeks' lint, they tasted fine. But potatoes were the mainstay, and the way my mother cooked pancakes they were also a pleasure. I never felt cheated, I never got sick, I never had so much as a cold when I was a kid. I enjoyed my food. I didn't know any better than to thrive on it.

SO ALL OF A SUDDEN I'm in Hollywood, and what happens? A conspiracy. At Universal they break for lunch on the hour. Okay, I can handle Universal. If I'm not hungry on the hour, I take a walk. If I'm hungry at three, I send out for hamburgers. But the plot thickens, I'm invited to parties where they serve full-course meals. With tidbits yet. Full-course meals destroy my appetite. Tidbits I don't appreciate. Food is secondary with me. To stay alive, I eat. But the oolala bit with the delicate palate, this I don't dig. And on top of insulting me with filet mignon, there's something else. Filet mignon becomes a symbol. They're forcing their tastes on me, moving in on my idiosyncrasies, tampering with my likes and dislikes. It's an affront. Nobody's going to rob me of the things I grew up with, and hooray for my side. Of course I could've stayed home with a sardine in the first place. But who wants to be reasonable?

That's how things stand when I take a bride, God bless her, who's also conditioned. Only the other way. Three balanced meals a day. Right out of the book. For Janet's metabolism, it's great. She likes proteins. I like cherry pie and Pepsi-Cola. She likes to eat by the clock. I like to eat by a very whimsical stomach. This could drive most women ga-ga, but not Janet. Sure, she wants me to eat healthy, but she won't press. Hands off is her slogan, she respects my sacred identity. Till a crisis blows up.

My dad gets sick. The job separates me from my brand new wife. I do a Finn-twin. From 150 I drop to 130. I catch my first cold. Aha, I'm falling apart. When Janet sees me, she flips. She starts with the food. To build me up. A wife's natural anxiety. Who could object? Me.

I say, "Stop with the food!"

She says, "You can't sustain life on coffee and a doughnut for breakfast."

I come out with the hokey lines. "Man does not live by bread alone."

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"It helps," she says, and coaxes me into breakfast. Janet coaxes nice. I swallow one egg, scrambled. She gives me a kiss and tells me she'll up it to two. Without kissing or telling, the pile grows bigger. I look at the plate, I look at her. "How many eggs in this mishmash?"

She blinks a little. "Four." I get mad. But under the madness, my funnybone clicks. Here she's cheating me and I ask her and she tells me the truth. A female George Washington. Somebody else would've lied it down to three. Janet's relieved. It's even my fault a little. "You should've guessed sooner. It was killing me to keep the secret."

For dinner she dreams up dishes to please me. I turn them down. She's patient, she's rational, she's sweet. "We'll find out what you like by the process of elimination." I eliminate everything. I act like a chowderhead. What I don't know, I won't eat, even when personally introduced by Janet. I don't know lamb with mint sauce. I don't know green jello with carrots inside and mayonnaise on top. You've seen this dessert? Or salad? Or foolishness? To me it's *ersatz*. If you want carrots, serve carrots. Jello's for babies. Mayonnaise you can stick right back in the jar and clamp the lid on from here to eternity. Then there's something called chicken *à la king*. I don't even care to hear the name pronounced. So Janet gives me steak. I'd rather have a hot pastrami sandwich, but I'll do her a favor. A small steak, she says. Only it's nine inches high. And a nice glass of milk. But I can't mix milk with meat. More conditioning from the early years. With meat I drink orange soda. But orange soda's no good for me. Milk's good for me. Milk has nourishment. Orange soda has bubbles. I push away the milk and the steak together. I dine on halvah. (*An overpoweringly sweet candy. Ed.*) Janet loses patience, which she should have done long ago. "Eat what you like, Charlie, and if you don't like it, try living on air."

WHEN YOU'RE USED to being coddled and it stops, your eyes can fly open. Suddenly I see how tough it's been on Janet. Here's this lovely girl who should be saving her energy, knocking herself out trying to keep me healthy. For which I should thank her, not fight her. On the set I can't live with intrigue. At home I can't live with friction. Not because I'm a wonderful joe with more ideals than the next fellow. Because I'm a peace-lover. It's the nature of the beast. Also of the beauty, my wife. When you meet Janet halfway, she comes three quarters. What's compatibility, anyway, but trying?

We talk it over, we compromise, we adjust. I change my ways a bit, she changes hers. If we have meat, we have meat, and no cream sauce over it. I keep my soft-drink cellar. When there's pie for dessert, everything's cleared off so the meat doesn't show, and I drink milk with the pie. Milk and pie go together. Instead of four, I get two eggs for breakfast, and a strange thing happens. I become very concerned. Maybe she doesn't care; maybe she doesn't love me any more. I keep hoping she'll slip me a couple of extra eggs. I want it both ways—my individuality and my wife fussing over me, a very pleasant sensation which I miss. Still I get two eggs. I think maybe I should go starve again. I brood. Till I catch her peeking out of the corner of her eye to see how much I ate. So all right, now she loves me again and I'll be a good boy. So good, I'll even try a new dish now and then. Like Welsh rabbit.

Welsh rabbit used to be a bad word to me. I'd see soft, friendly little creatures killed by shotguns, dissected, stuff poured over them and here, take a bite! My stomach turned; it made me literally sick. One day Janet mentioned Welsh rabbit for lunch. I went green. She brought me a cold towel, she held my hand, she waited till the fit passed. Then: "Tony, just what do you think Welsh rabbit is?"

"Let's change the subject."

"Tony, it's *cheese*. Plain American cheese melted over plain toast!"

"Th—that's all?"

"That's all."

"Where's the rabbit?"

"In the forest, in a Disney cartoon, never on toast."

From green, I got real indignant. I *like* American cheese. If they called it right, I'd have eaten it twelve years ago. But no, they have to call it a bunny from Wales. Just to eat my heart out.

SO MUCH FOR the food department. Now for the house. I can honestly say without fear of contradiction that I'm the world's sloppiest character, married to the world's most fastidious girl. The way I feel about rabbits in the diningroom, that's how she feels about disorder in the house. True, she lives and lets live. Muss it up all you like, as long as you let her straighten it out again. Like I'm lying on the couch, watching TV. "Janet, could I have a glass of water, please?" She puts it on this little table, I take a sip, I watch TV thirty seconds, I reach for the glass, my hand can't find it, I jump to see if I knocked it off, it's gone. "Janet, where's the water?"

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"I thought you'd finished."

She brings another glass, I take a sip, same routine, same thirty seconds, only this time I *know* I didn't knock it off. "Janet, will you leave the glass of water alone?"

She gets the point. Now she takes it away, but not so fast as she used to.

I overdo things worse. Though sloppy, I'm clean—you have to make that distinction. I bathe three times a day. I come home from the studio, I change, and wherever I happen to be, I throw. If it lands in the middle of the livingroom, who cares? What's wrong with a pile of clothes in the livingroom? I don't even see them. Till my wife starts picking them up. Then I burn. Not because she invades my right to throw. This is a different story altogether. This offends my notion of what's becoming. It's not her job to clean up after me. "Janet, for Pete's sake, will you sit down and rest?"

"Look, I'm not asking *you* to put them away. For all I care, you can throw them into the pool. And I'll fish them out. Just don't resent it when *I* put them away."

Appeal to my sense of fairness, and I listen. I make a magnificent gesture. Janet's allowed to pick up my clothes. More than that, I sometimes pick them up myself. I realize I'm a big boy now and there's nothing cute about dirty socks in the livingroom. So I stick them in the hamper. Not always. You don't break the habits of a lifetime overnight. But I try. My wife gives me an A for effort. For accomplishment, I'm worth maybe C minus. Once in a while I get carried away, and wash my own levis. You know how there's always a beautiful pair that faded just right, and that's the pair you can't live without tomorrow. I dump them into the washing-machine, I dump soap. Janet never bats an eyelash. "Enjoy yourself. Play." Only thing bothers her, they're still damp in the morning. "Where're you going in wet pants?" she might ask, but she doesn't nag. Instead I find on the bed a new pair of levis. With a note "Sorry, darling, I couldn't buy them faded."

WHICH DOESN'T mean that everything goes like greased butter. It still upsets me to see her flying round the house after flying round the studio all day. But I'm big about it, I keep my mouth shut. Because, little by little, the light dawned. Especially after a simple exchange of questions. When we moved, she put away clothes and dishes herself. What she couldn't lift with her own two hands, she supervised. "Why, Janet? We can afford help."

"And you can afford to have your car washed, Tony. But you're always out there with the chamois, polishing. Why?"

"I get a bang out of washing cars."

"The same kind of bang I get out of keeping house."

That wrapped it up. I saw my wife had a hobby. Like I listen to records, like somebody else takes a steam bath, Janet cleans up. It relaxes her, soothes her, makes her feel good. Should I yap because her hobby's different from mine? Or spoil it for her by pulling an ugly puss? She lets me fool round with my model submarines, I let her fool round with the house. To merge 100% isn't necessary. Or advisable. It's enough to accept. And agree to a normal amount of disagreement.

There was a time when we yessed each other to a fare-thee-well. What Janet liked I had to like, and vice versa. You want to be happy? Share your interests. That was for us. We'd share every silly interest if it killed us. I'd say, "Let's go grunion hunting."

She'd light up like the Great White Way. "I'd *love* to go grunion hunting. Tell me, is it anything like autograph hunting?"

Or she'd ask me to meet her at Sylvia Frostbite's shower. Well, I could hardly wait! Good old Frostbite. I hadn't seen good old Frostbite in forty years, why don't we give her two showers, why don't we run, not walk, to the nearest Frostbite?

As I've mentioned, my wife is an open person. She couldn't take it. I was getting a little punchy myself without knowing what to do about it. Janet knew. She looked me square in the eye. "Tony, if I never see another grunion, it'll be too soon." I fell down with pleasure. And with Janet's blessing, I stayed home from Frostbite's shower.

IN ONE SENTENCE she blew away all that phony sweetness-and-light. She cleared the air. Married, we're still separate people with separate forms of expression. If we share love and the same basic outlook on life, the rest is a bunch of nothing. Our tastes aren't that precious that they can't stand a little kicking around. Now Janet says, "Why don't we put the flower pot here?"

"The hi-fi," I say, "is no place for a lousy geranium."

She says, "Very good," and puts it someplace else. Once I'd have worried about hurting her feelings. She showed me that's kid stuff.

For her humor, her honesty, her sense of proportion, I'm grateful. And for her

warmth. I remember the first time I took her home to dinner. We weren't engaged or anything. I just took her home as I'd taken other girls who were always welcome. My mother is an outgoing woman, though a little quiet with strangers. My father's still quieter. So I bring them a movie star. Their backgrounds are poles apart. It could have been awkward. Except with Janet, you can't be awkward. She's too natural. Her friendliness bubbles, her laughter infects you, the walls come tumbling down. In five minutes we were just people who liked each other.

Later, after our marriage, my mama done tole me, "From the first night, I hoped she would be your wife."

I kid her a little. "You're making it up."

But she's very serious. "The heart tells you. And look how it turns out. A girl who takes care of the house, who doesn't throw money around, who watches to see that you're happy. Everything a mother dreams for her son, that's Janet." The way my mom talks, you'd think she invented my wife.

THE LONGER they know her, the better they love her, and with reason. Janet wears well. She's a mixture of softness and stamina. Her emotions are easily stirred. At a sad movie she's a four-handkerchief weeper, and the only girl I know who can cry at a Disney cartoon. But in the clinches, she's a rock. Her life hasn't been any bed of roses. Along the way she's met hardship, disillusion, grief. These are lessons we all learn, and we all react. They can shatter us, frighten us, make us cynical—or the opposite. With Janet, it's the opposite. They taught her more courage, more wisdom and sympathy. If I seem to be bragging about my wife, I'm not. Just the facts, ma'am, from one who's in a spot to know.

The cast of *The Solid Gold Cadillac* received a message from co-author George S. Kaufman. He sent them a postcard from Europe: "When I think of all you people working away in New York while I am in sunny Italy, it makes me sad—but not very."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

When my mother and dad got sick at the same time, I was off on location. In the middle of the night Bobby called Janet, and from then on nobody had any problems except to get well. Janet shouldered the rest, went to the hospital, saw that the folks were comfortable, took charge of Bobby. On the phone she told me what happened—without glossing over what I needed to hear, or building it up either. When I got home, she didn't make any fuss. We both knew how we felt, why pile up the words? But in a hundred quiet ways she spared me. Kept people away from me, laid my clothes out, saw that there was gas in the car, always left five or ten bucks in the clip on the dressing table, just in case. If I wanted to go to the hospital at four in the morning, fine, she didn't bother me about food and sleep. Every night after work she'd meet me there. If I wanted to talk, talk. If I wanted to keep still, she'd open a book. Her strength and tenderness were like arms around me. For *Bambi,* an animal story, Janet has tears. For the realities, she has character. And for character there's never been found any substitute.

On the lighter side, I also like her firmness. Which brings me back to Bobby for a minute. Whether because he's the baby, whether because Mom lost a son in between, Bobby can twist her round his finger. He doesn't feel like homework right now, he talks her out of it. Easy. He talks *me* out of it. Takes him a little longer, but he'll spare the time. Not Janet. "Why don't you do it *now,* Bobby?" And he does it. Of course, I think my brother has a crush on my wife. He's reached the right age, fourteen, and he shows the signs. Calls her up on arithmetic problems. When I hear Janet say, "Eight's divided by seven," I know it's Bobby. Instead of "Hi!", he gets real formal with her. "How do you *feel* this evening, Janet?"—like he's bowing from the waist. Or he sits in the car with me, he clears his throat. "Janet's very pretty, isn't she?" We're married three and a half years, and all of a sudden Janet's pretty. It slays me, but I try to act offhand. "You like the way Janet looks?" He goes shy on me, stares out the window. Five minutes later: "Uh—yeah." I describe this bit to Janet. "Isn't that sweet?" she coos. Next time they meet, she tells him to do his homework. That's a gift, too. To make your husband's brother learn his lessons.

In the last analysis, marriage is companionship. All the words boil down to that. Janet's my good companion. We both don't get our kicks from running around, but from being together. Here's an ideal evening. The fire goes, the music plays, there's food on the barbecue and friends come in. Never more than six—maybe the Champions, Dick Quine, Blake Edwards, the writer who's about to turn director, Jeff Chandler when he's in town, Rosie and Joe Ferrer. A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and all six beside us in the wilderness, that's what we call fun. Here's another ideal evening. The fire goes, the music plays, Janet's on one couch, I'm on the other, we read, we talk over the day's work, we plan how to fix the house nice, I massage her neck so she relaxes. Once in a while we play Scrabble. Not very exciting, is it? But excitement isn't happiness or fulfilment. That's what my wife gives me. She gives me peace.

AND IF YOU WANT something tangible, I can tell you that too. The hi-fi's my baby. I planned and designed it. I talked to the guy who was building it, we went over the measurements—so long, so wide.

"Where do you want the TV set?" he asks.

"No TV set, this gismo's costing enough."

"Look, there's a chassis and tube that go with it."

"Thank you very much, but what's the joker?"

Well, it seems Miss Leigh called and told him it's part of the outfit. I go home and find Miss Leigh. "Funny thing happened. Out of a clear sky drops a TV set."

"Oh?" she deadpans.

"Somebody phoned Bill, he forgot the name." I pause for effect. "I hate to say so, honey, but he thinks the person who called was a charming girl."

The charming girl giggles, the charming story spills. Not long before, she'd been on a TV show. Instead of money, she asked for a Fleetwood chassis and tube to fit the hi-fi. If you think I'm thrilled to get it, you're right. But not half as thrilled as my wife to give it.

So this Christmas I'm hanging presents for Janet. One's marked: I'LL DRINK MILK. One's marked: YOU CAN PUT MY RECORDS AWAY BEFORE I STEP ON THEM. One's marked: I'LL TRY TO MAKE B PLUS FOR NOT THROWING. One's marked: TAKE THE GLASS AWAY, ONLY BRING IT BACK. There's a big one marked: YOU CAN EVEN WASH MY CAR IF IT MAKES YOU HAPPY.

On top stands a star, shinier every year. That one's marked: LOVE. **END**

(Janet Leigh can now be seen in MGM's Rogue Cop; *Tony Curtis will soon be seen in Universal's* So This Is Paris.)

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(*Continued from page 51*) she's so anxious to know who's visiting us that she's hanging out the upstairs window, yelling, 'Who is it?' I have to haul her back and say, 'Honey, wait, wait! I'll go down and open the door.' I'd say that my wife isn't so much a movie star as a very talented girl whom circumstances have pushed into the limelight. She still doesn't take to the idea."

DORIS DAY has to be one of the best investments the studio ever made, because she never has made a picture that wasn't a hit.

"If I have made progress," Doris says thoughtfully, "it's because I had to. I often wonder if I would really have worked this hard without the incentive of Terry's future. Someone once told me that Aries people are inherently lazy—fortunately, I haven't had time to find out from personal experience whether it's true."

She was attacking a steak with evident relish—but then, as Marty says, Doris can always eat. "I remember the day we got married. We went to Van Nuys and found out that they issued licenses for everything *except* marriage, so we had to go to Burbank. About this time Doris got hungry, so first I had to take her home to eat!"

"He said, 'Imagine anybody being hungry at a time like this!' " Doris chortled. "Then on the way to Burbank I decided to pick up some fabric for a chair cover, and we got into an argument about the color."

"A discussion," Marty corrected. "It was much too early in our relationship to start arguing."

Do not be misled by their casual words into thinking this was not a hearts and flowers romance; it was. Doris has got herself quite a guy, and she knows it. He's handsome and always impeccably dressed, he's one of the smartest business men in Hollywood—and if Doris consistently reflects a happy personality, Marty sets the mood with his eternal but gentle teasing. Since their marriage she wears a new air of assurance, knowing that Marty is there in the background, making the big decisions, quietly seeing that the necessary gets done and the trivial doesn't harass her, looking after her interests.

As Doris has expressed it, "I can't give Marty credit for starting me on my movie career, but I certainly do give him credit for managing it wisely and thoughtfully—and for being the right guy for me."

And she's the right girl. Their references to their marriage are a polite and subtle cue that you are off-limits in attempting to invade that area of their life. They aren't going to tell you any more than that about the way it was, because they share a conviction that how much they love each other and why is their own business. If sticky-minded reporters asked Doris whether her husband remembers to kiss her every time he joins her for lunch in the commissary (he does) she wouldn't answer. Similarly, while Marty is never an unreasonable man, he is very protective of Doris; if a subject is either sacred or, for some reason, painful to her, we just don't talk about that. And those who have insisted on stories on those subjects have discovered to their chagrin that Martin Melcher's memory is enviable.

MR. MELCHER is always welcomed by the press. Partly because he's an intelligent and witty man, but also because he relaxes Doris, who has a deep and unshakable antipathy to doing publicity. She does not—repeat, *does not*—consider herself too big to bother. She tends to be a little wary because—what's to write about a perfectly normal, ordinary girl named Doris Day who doesn't happen to like rigged-up publicity? She has a Cadillac and a pool and a volley-ball court in which she takes deep pleasure and which she is glad she can afford. She isn't about to be photographed in the kitchen pretending that she does her own cooking. Why should she, when she hates to cook? She loves her family, camellias, new clothes, food, singing, and playing with Terry—not necessarily in that order. She has an aversion to the modern contraption called a telephone. In her studio dressingroom there is a drawerful of chewing gum of every size, shape and flavor, and she's as tickled as a kid when she gets someone else addicted to her favorite vice of chewing away on the set. She has a list of hit records as long as your arm. She's going over to Metro to make a picture, her first time off her home lot. So, what's new? Who'd be interested in reading stuff like that? Nobody, in the opinion of D. Day—so what fantastic thing are they going to print about her instead? It's enough to make a girl wary.

But tall, urbane Marty is also there. He may start the ball rolling by telling a joke, which will be new and very funny. This reminds Doris of *her* currently favorite story and, completely unself-conscious, she launches into its recitation. Marty listens, chin in palm, and at its conclusion he ribs his wife with deadpan glumness: "You know, honey, this is the third time I've heard that story, and I still don't get it." A bright-eyed blue glance flashes at him; they're playing the typically married game, and Doris is amused. And this is how you get to know her, through the fine Italian hand of Marty Melcher.

QUIET, PLEASE!



One day in New York a friend and I went to a Marlon Brando movie. As we watched we talked about it, complimenting the star. All of a sudden there was a tap on my shoulder. I turned as the fellow behind me said, "Listen, honey, would you mind keeping quiet? What do you see in Marlon Brando, anyway?" I was speechless. It was Montgomery Clift, and sitting next to him was Marlon Brando!

Janet Bruders
Irvington, New Jersey

NOW THAT the mood is set and the key is minor, Doris comes alive. If you mention a favorite record she made last year, she's likely to sing the first few bars of it, to the surprise of no one present. She confides the matchmaking plans she has for one of her friends, eyes sparkling. At this point Gordon MacRae enters, kisses her warmly on the cheek, straddles a chair, and drones, "I was born on May—"

"Who cares about the dull details of *your* life?" Doris joshes—and then asks to be brought up to date on them. "How're Sheila and the kids? What's doing with *Oklahoma*? You know, your hair's longer than mine now. Do you like it over on the Metro lot? I'm glad, because I'm going over there to do my next picture." She sends love to Sheila as Gordon departs, observes affectionately, "There's a really talented boy."

Herself? Lucky, she has called it. "The only acting I ever did before I came to Hollywood was in a Mother Goose play. I was a duck. There was a goose in it, too, the star—but I wasn't even smart enough to play the goose!"

On her approach to her profession: "I have great admiration and respect for talent, enterprise and honesty; I have no patience with sloppy living or sloppy working. I think that fame most often comes to the people who deserve it, but for myself, I don't think I could have done it for the sake of seeing my name in lights alone. The incentive for me had to be more real, more immediate—my family. Not that I discount my picture work and the things that being an actress made possible, but I try never to over-emphasize that kind of success. I prefer to temper my enthusiasm for professional success with gratitude for the success of my marriage and home life."

RIGHT NOW the immense enthusiasm Doris gives to everything she touches is centered around the recently-formed company of Martin Melcher Productions, Inc.; this is going to be the greatest, the most. Apprised of her big dreams, Marty said with a grin, "My wife's business sense is keen, but she isn't half as relentless as she sounds. What she does about the company is to dart in and out of our conferences—and she's a darting expert. She always shows up at exactly the right time."

If Doris does have a good sense of business, it's just an extra doodad that she doesn't need with Marty around, and perhaps it gets a little rusty. There was the time, for instance, when her total contracts soared to a cool $3,000,000 and Marty thought it expedient to make Miss Day into a corporation. This involved lawyers to be consulted, papers to be drawn, endless other legal mishmash to which he attended. Then he carefully explained to Doris the reason for and procedure of every step taken. She signed her name where indicated and asked indignantly, "Do you know what they want for those draperies I was pricing?" Business sense, yet!

It could be that in these times a cheerful, happy personality is suspect, but Doris Day gives the lie to those who would say that hers isn't for real. She has learned a profound lesson: that for her love is more essential to life than bread, that happiness is gained in precisely the measure it is given. Why else does she, between scenes, meet more visitors to the set than any other star in Hollywood? Why, when she could be resting in her dressingroom, does she stand patiently, smile radiantly, having her picture taken with the man from Kansas City whom she will never see again?

To Doris, it figures; *she* is happy, it only costs a little extra effort to make other people happy—and she pays for what she gets. Everybody does, one way or another.

SUCH A SUNNY, lovable girl. But nobody, not even Marty Melcher, is going to persuade this one that she GLITTERS in upper case letters, that the sound of her sigh or her smallest thought are of importance. She'd be an idiot not to be able to tell that she has arrived by the material things around her. But in her own pleasures, in her own mind Doris is still a simple and uncomplicated human being.

"You know what?" she says with the kind of candor that undoes her severest critic. "We were at this party and Marty pointed out Artur Rubinstein to me. In a little while he came right over and told me he felt that he had already known me a long time. I said, 'You *do*?' and he said yes, because his daughter collected my records. Can you imagine a great pianist like Artur Rubinstein bothering to say a sweet thing like that to *me*?" **END**

(*Doris Day will be seen next in Warners'* Young At Heart.)



These are Beth Anderson's hands. She soaked them in detergents. Only the right hand was given Jergens Lotion care – and look at the difference. *This photograph is unretouched.*

Proved: There's a sure way to stop "Detergent Hands"

"Jergens Lotion proves more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping 'detergent damage'," states a national research laboratory.*

Recently, 447 women volunteered for a grueling experiment. They wanted to find a way to combat "detergent hands."

Under supervision, they soaked both hands three times a day, in detergents. After every soaking, Jergens Lotion was smoothed on their right hands. Their left hands were untreated.

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The famous Jergens Lotion formula has been steadily perfected for 50 years. It *positively stops detergent damage*, and ends roughness and chapping from other causes. It keeps your hands soft and lovely and is *never* sticky or greasy.

Today you'll find Jergens a heavier, creamier lotion, with a delightful new fragrance. Still only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



Jergens Lotion *positively stops "Detergent Hands"*

*NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.*

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Liz Taylor

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

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COLD CREAM

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"Such wonderfully luxurious complexion care!"

Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, "I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it's the most wonderful beauty soap I've ever used!"



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JAN 14 1955

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SAFELY STOPS ODOR 24 HOURS A DAY!



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New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

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FEBRUARY, 1955

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modern screen

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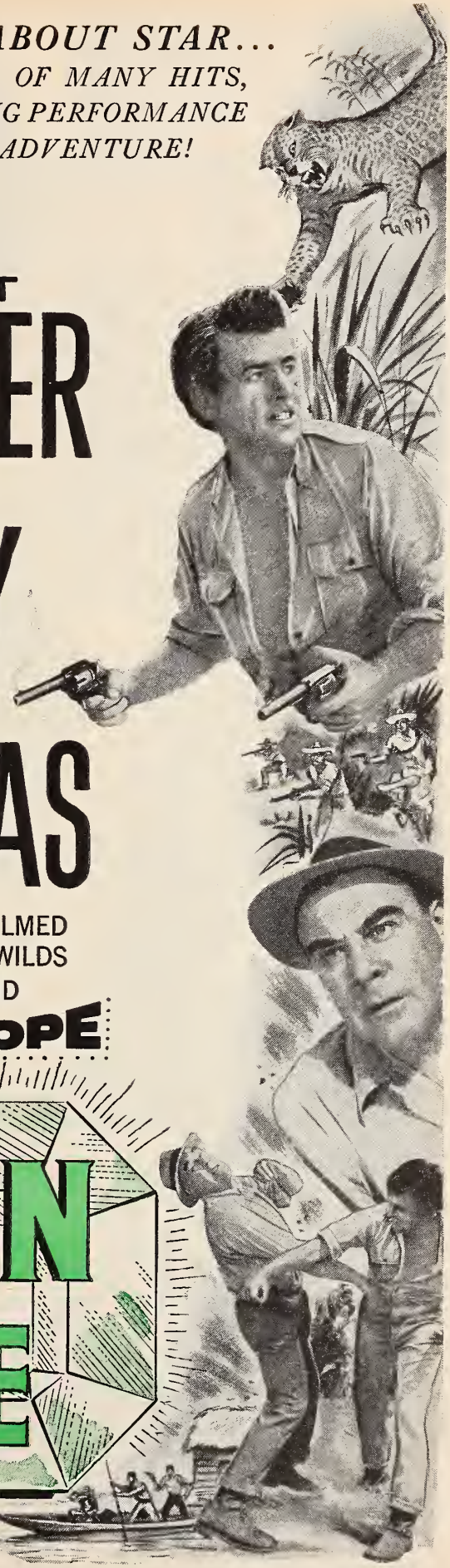
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NOW IN HER MOST EXCITING PERFORMANCE
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IN **COLOR** AND
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AN M-G-M PICTURE
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JOHN
ERICSON
WITH
MURVYN VYE

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that James Mason is quitting pictures? Is he really buying a hotel in Las Vegas? —H.T., London, Eng.

A. *In the future Mason will make only those movies he likes. He is interested in real estate financing.*

Q. What is the status of the Dan Dailey-Gwen O'Connor romance?
—B.E., Los Angeles, Calif.

A. *Here again, gone again.*

Q. I have it on good authority that not too long ago the Beverly Hills police were called to the home of Mario Lanza. What happened? —T.D., Phila., Pa.

A. *A domestic quarrel.*

Q. Is it true that Jeff Chandler wishes he hadn't become a movie star?
—H.R., Kansas City, Mo.

A. *He'd rather have become a songwriter.*

Q. Isn't there a good deal of jealousy between Bob Wagner and Dale Robertson? —S.L., Syracuse, N. Y.

A. *None whatever.*

Q. How many letters does Marilyn Monroe receive a week? Is it true that she volunteered to give up her career for Joe? What made Joe refuse to speak to her for long periods of time?
—B.T., Iron Mountain, Mich.

A. *Marilyn receives on the average 15,000 letters a week. She testified in court that she offered to give up her work for Joe, but Joe has refused to discuss the cause of his marital moodiness.*

Q. What happened to Tony Dexter, who played Valentino?
—G.W.N., Syracuse, N. Y.

A. *Dexter is touring the country with Mae West as one of the principals in her personal appearance act.*

Q. Hasn't Mamie Van Doren been married secretly three times?
—E.U., Newark, N. J.

A. *Miss Van Doren has been married once. She was sixteen at the time.*

Q. Is it true that Jack Webb is disliked by people who started out in show business with him years ago?
—B.Y., San Francisco, Calif.

A. *Like most successful men, Webb has alienated some friends on his way up.*

Q. Why was the recent Keenan Wynn automobile accident in Palm Springs hushed up? Who was in the car with Wynn? —E.E., Indio, Cal.

A. *The accident wasn't hushed up. Wynn turned his Porsche over while rounding a turn. He was alone in the car.*

Q. Is it true about Jeff Hunter and Debra Paget? —F.E., Seattle, Wash.

A. *They are good friends.*

Q. Isn't there a big producer in Hollywood determined to make Marla English a big star?—E.S., San Diego, Calif.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Hasn't Debbie Reynolds been taking instruction in the Jewish faith so that she can convert when she marries Eddie Fisher? —G.J., New York, N. Y.

A. *Debbie wants to learn about Judaism, has no intention of converting.*

Q. When Ava Gardner and Marilyn Monroe sing in pictures, are their own voices used? —S.L., Hanford, Wash.

A. *Ava's is not. Marilyn's is.*

Q. What is the general opinion in Hollywood of Edmund Purdom?
—E.R., Cullendale, Ark.

A. *Unnecessarily temperamental.*

Q. Could you please give me an advance word on Tyrone Power in *The Long Gray Line?* I've heard conflicting opinions. —H.E., Hollywood, Cal.

A. *The consensus is that it's the best picture Ty Power ever made.*

Q. Will Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald ever again make movies together? —V.W., Phila., Pa.

A. *Probably not.*

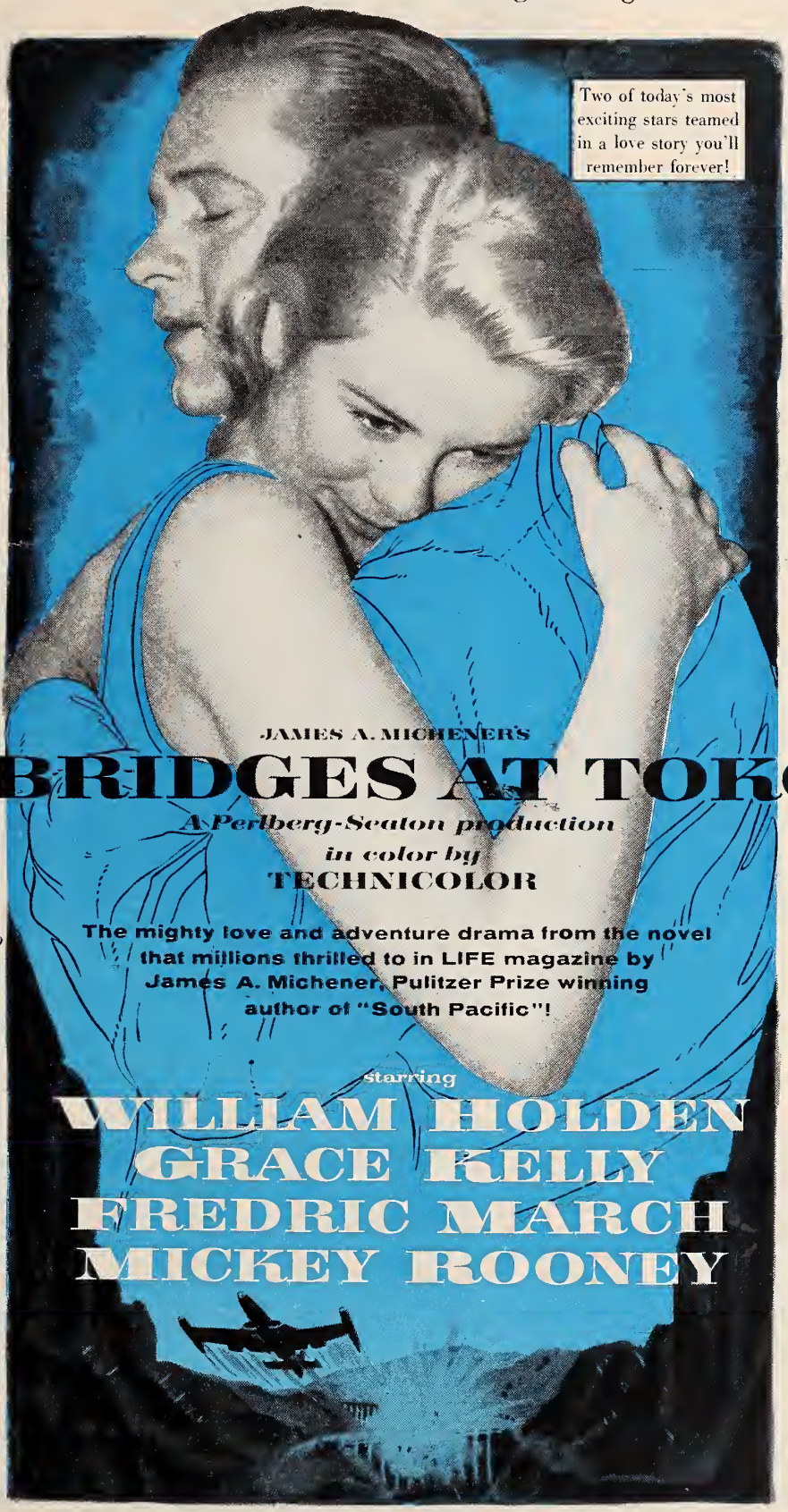
Q. I heard that Janet Leigh eloped to Reno when she was 15. Is this true?
—J.B., Cohasset, Mass.

A. *Yes.*

Q. What in heaven's name ever happened to Farley Granger?
—K.R., Delmar, N. Y.

A. *Went to Europe, returned to Hollywood, now trying out in a film for MGM.*

Tomorrow, the deadliest mission ... tonight, the greatest love!





William Holden as Lt. Brubaker, who'd done more than his share!



Fredric March as the Admiral, big brass . . . with a heart of gold!



Grace Kelly as Nancy, who followed her man to the ends of the earth!



Mickey Rooney as Mike, the 'copter pilot, all fun— and fearlessness!

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Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES · From the Novel by James A. Michener · A Paramount Picture

* * *

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modern screen's top ten award winners

1. ANN BLYTH*
2. LIZ TAYLOR
3. JUNE ALLYSON
4. DEBBIE REYNOLDS
5. JANET LEIGH
6. MARILYN MONROE
7. DORIS DAY**
7. SUSAN HAYWARD**
8. BARBARA STANWYCK
9. AUDREY HEPBURN
10. LANA TURNER

1. ROCK HUDSON*
2. TONY CURTIS
3. JEFF CHANDLER
4. WILLIAM HOLDEN
5. JOHN WAYNE
6. ALAN LADD
7. ROBERT WAGNER
8. MONTY CLIFT
9. CHARLTON HESTON
10. MARLON BRANDO

stars of stars award winners

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TV award winners

ANN SOTHERN*
GEORGE GOBEL*

newcomer award winners

GRACE KELLY*
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HENRY KING
STANLEY KRAMER
HARRIET PARSONS
DICK POWELL
OTTO PREMINGER
GEORGE SIDNEY
NORMAN TAUROG
HAL B. WALLIS

**Silver Cup Winners*
***Tied for seventh place*



modern screen's silver cup award winners for 1954

Here they are, the stars you elected to the charmed circle as this year's award winners. Your ballots poured in to us by the thousands daily, and when the final votes were counted, we found that you had given us the closest race for top honors in the long history of MODERN SCREEN'S famous popularity awards.

You selected Ann Blyth and Rock Hudson (both first-time winners) as the most popular stars of 1954. To Ann and Rock and the entire distinguished roster of Top-Ten stars we extend our warmest congratulations. These awards, representing the affection and respect of over 5,000,000 readers of MODERN SCREEN, are the true measure of their achievement.

You may not have realized it, but over the years you also prepared another award, one we were very proud to give—that of Star Of Stars. It went to Barbara Stanwyck and Alan Ladd, consistently among the most popular in ten years of MODERN SCREEN polls.

For the first time this year, awards were given to your favorite new TV personalities of the year. They went to newcomer George Gobel and all-time favorite Ann Sothern, top comedians both.

And to Grace Kelly and Robert Francis, whom you selected as the most popular new movie stars of 1954, we offer a special welcome.

This year, too, we introduced the Starmaker Awards. These went to ten of Hollywood's greatest producer-directors, the men and women who work behind the scenes to plan a movie, put it together and bring it to you. They don't always get the publicity they deserve but they merit our grateful recognition. The citations presented to them read: "For inspired leadership and guidance, for proving, through personal achievement, that movies are better than ever . . ." We are proud to congratulate these great Hollywood showmen.

The cups and citations were presented at a gala MODERN SCREEN party in Hollywood. The hostess was our own gracious Louella Parsons, who has the complete story and pictures in her exclusive gossip section starting on page 9 of this issue.

The editors want to thank you all for your ballots, for your enthusiastic help that made these awards possible. We are proud to present them in your name.



"I bid you seek the lost silver Cup—
for Sin is rising like the swollen rivers..."



WARNER BROS. PRESENT THE MIGHTIEST STORY OF GOOD AND EVIL
EVER TOLD, EVER LIVED, EVER MADE INTO A MOTION PICTURE!
FROM THE RECORD-SETTING BEST-SELLER— READ BY OVER
TWENTY-FIVE MILLION PEOPLE TO DATE AND STILL GOING STRONG!

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A VICTOR SAVILLE PRODUCTION IN CINEMASCOPE WARNERCOLOR • STEREOPHONIC SOUND

WITH A CAST OF THRONGING THOUSANDS. STARRING

as HELENA, the Seductress — VIRGINIA MAYO
as DEBORRA, the Innocent — PIER ANGELI
as SIMON, the Magician — JACK PALANCE
AND INTRODUCING as BASIL, the Defender — PAUL NEWMAN
WITH WALTER HAMPDEN

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Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irritation, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You'll find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is *mildest* of them all!

Skin Specialists Say: "MILDER CLEANSING IS BETTER FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!"



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Palmolive Is Proved Even Milder than America's Leading Cold Creams!



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

Liberace sat quietly at a table with his "best girl," his mother, and pointed out the movie stars to her. She was as excited and interested as any fan would be.

Jeff Chandler arrived with a pretty blonde, but I never did get her name.

Dick Powell arrived an hour before June Allyson did "because she had to go to the beauty parlor and I didn't," laughed Dick. "That's where men have the best of it at these parties."

When June came in (she is the winner of three former polls) she rushed up immediately to Ann Blyth and congratulated her. "If I couldn't win it, I'd rather you won it than anyone," June said, giving Ann a big hug.

You'll just have to pardon me when I say that the happiest moment of the evening came when George Delacorte honored my daughter Harriet on the fine production job she did on her charming and money-making movie, *Susan Slept Here*. I'm so proud of her, proudest of all to be known as her mother.

Other producers and directors honored were Stanley Kramer, George Sidney, Henry King, C. B. DeMille, Hal Wallis, John Huston, Dick Powell and Norman Taurog.

All in all, it was a delightful party, really the best of many months.

I'M ON MY SOAPBOX about the astounding bad manners of certain actors who have been loudly proclaiming, "I have no intention of marrying Miss So-And-So"—whoever the lady happens to be.

Haven't these ungallant gents ever read an etiquette book? Or hasn't anyone, even a press agent, ever told them that it is the *lady* who does the denying or confirming of approaching nuptials?

After Marlon Brando announced his engagement to Josane Mariani-Berenger, he must have given Emily Post a terrible turn when he told reporters, "I don't put much stock in engagements." This takes the prize as the year's low in taste, sir.

Even my old friend, Clark Gable, was quoted from Hong Kong as saying, "I have no intention of marrying Kay Spreckels or any other girl." Knowing Clark, I'm sure he didn't mean this as bluntly as it read in print.

One of the silliest denials of intended matrimony came from Texas millionaire Sid Richardson, of Fort Worth, who was quoted in a magazine article as saying that he "warn't gonna marry Joan Crawford."

Who ever said he was? Certainly not Joan who has never thought of Richardson, with all his zillions, as anything but a good friend with whom she dines in Texas.

From Europe, Rock Hudson "firmly denied" that he is marrying his constant companion, script girl Betty Abbott. Was this necessary, Rock—when there are a lot of people who believe you will marry Betty?

EDDIE FISHER TOLD ME over the telephone from New York, "Don't you believe all those rumors that Debbie and I will be married in January, Louella.

"I wish it could be that soon, but because of our contracts we can't be free to take a honeymoon for two months before

"Fight" of the year: Lewis vs. Marciano —for the Muscular Dystrophy Drive.



This is Dean and Jerry's pet charity—and they really do a great job for the fund, too. They've done benefits and telethons—and now Jerry actually consented to get into the ring with World's Champion Rocky. Dean got in, too—as referee.



"Punchy" Lewis said, "I'll finish him early. He's a sucker for a right kick to the shins . . ." and fainted (almost).



Dean announced, "I expect a good, clean fight. Anyone want Lewis? I'm taking Rocky and giving 50 to 1."



Lewis (who weighed in at 92 pounds) went down. "I must get my manager to a psychiatrist," Rocky remarked.



The bout (which ended as expected) was held at Paramount Studios. Nearly 300 M.D. patients attended the event.



June. June it's going to be, and not before."

That's what the man says.

With so many Hollywood stars being married within weeks, days and hours of one another, it is understandable that the laugh of the month comes from a Gander newspaper which published the picture of a pair of Hollywood newlyweds with the following caption:

VERA-ELLEN, POPULAR MUSICAL STAR, ON HONEYMOON WITH PAT NERNEY, STOPS BRIEFLY IN GANDER.

Bet it wasn't brief enough for Jane Powell!

Girls, if you have any hope of becoming Mrs. Liberace (and apparently a lot of women would like to) don't ever write a series of articles about the piano-playing idol!

Joanne Rio did—and it was a fatal error. Lee was dating her and seemed to like her better than any girl he had yet met. They were seen everywhere together and some gossips predicted the romance might lead to matrimony. Then, Lee left town—and Joanne gave out that interview telling what it was like to date him and to kiss him!

Wowie! *That did it!*

I ran into Lee at a party soon after he returned to Hollywood. Always the gentleman, he didn't mention Joanne's name. But he said with a good deal of force:

"Before I get married, I want to be the aggressor and do the courting myself—in *private!*" He emphasized that last word.

I really stepped on the loud pedal when I asked, out of the blue, "Have you seen Joanne Rio lately?"

The look he gave me spoke volumes—but what he said was, "I've been very busy lately with my concerts and recordings and reading the script of my first picture which I'll make for Warners. I'm really quite, quite busy."

And that was *that.*

PETER LAWFORD RECEIVED THE NEWS over the long distance telephone that he would be a father in April! No, it wasn't the stork on the other end of the line!

It was his wife Pat calling from New York where she had gone to visit her parents, former Ambassador Joseph Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy.

Pat had reason to believe a little stranger might be on the way before she left Pete in California—but she didn't get the official word until she visited the Kennedy family doctor in New York.

The happy Lawfords celebrated by taking a trip to Honolulu when Pat returned.

News of a different nature reached another Hollywood man via telephone this month. I mean Dr. Lew Morrill who didn't know (until I telephoned to get a statement from him) that his wife, Rhonda Fleming, is divorcing him in Switzerland.

Lew was plenty unhappy when I reached him.

"I didn't know a thing about this," he said. "When I left Rhonda in Italy everything was fine between *(Continued on page 16)*

Pier Angeli said "I do" to Vic Damone . . .

and everybody cried except the bride. What a beautiful wedding Pier had . . . and what a stunning bride she was in white lace with appliquéd pearls.



"I'm so happy, hon," said Debbie Reynolds—who taught Pier her first slang!



Jack Benny wished them success, too; he has a great deal of real affection for Pier.

Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean were married . . .

and the ceremony was done twice because Mitzi didn't give Jack his ring the first time. Her friends gave Mitzi a wonderful shower shortly before the wedding.



Mala Powers and Yvonne Ruby were the hostesses; the shower was at Mala's house.



Later, when she spotted Jack at the door, Mitzi simply bubbled over with happiness.



Then came Ann Blyth. I hope Pier and Vic are as happy as Ann and her Dr. Jim.



Dean Martin, one of the ushers, kissed not only the bride but the groom as well!



Their wedding cake was huge, decorated with roses, doves and musical notes!



Marisa Pavan, Pier's sister, was maid-of-honor and Bo Roos, Jr., was best man.

It was a breathless moment of sheer spiritual beauty when Pier carried her bridal bouquet of lilies of the valley and white satin ribbons to the niche of Our Lady, and kneeling, left the flowers at the foot of the shrine.

Her MGM boss, that sentimental Irishman Eddie Mannix, had tears in his eyes when he walked down the aisle with Pier. But her eyes were shining as she looked only at Vic, waiting for her at the altar rail.

Marisa Pavan, sister of Pier and maid-of-honor, seemed to me to be still breathless from her rush back from location at Key West. The wedding was a Wednesday and Marisa got back to Hollywood Monday night.

To her bridesmaids, Taina Elg, Elaine and Sandra Farinola (Vic's sisters) and Lupita Kohner, the bride gave charming gold bracelets. Vic gave his ushers, Joe Pasternak, Tony Martin, Dean Martin and Robert Sterling and his best man, Bo Roos, Jr., the most stunning cuff links—gold squares set with star sapphires.

Six hundred guests filled St. Timothy's Church in West Los Angeles and witnessed the beautiful double-ring ceremony. Two hundred and fifty were invited to the wedding breakfast at the Bel Air Hotel.

Among the happy faces at both events, I saw bride-to-be Debbie Reynolds and lovely Mrs. James McNulty, who must have been thinking of her own lovely wedding when she was Ann Blyth—her smile was so sweet.



"I'm thrilled!" Mitzi kept saying. She received stocking bags, towels, everything!



Mitzi and Jack had taken out their license in Santa Monica just the day before this.



Anne Francis and Mala were especially pleased that no one had warned Mitzi.



Finally Jack took her home. A few days later they were married in San Francisco.

Before Mitzi Gaynor married Jack Bean, Mala Powers and Yvonne Ruby gave her a lovely bridal shower at Mala's house. Both Mitzi and Yvonne were pupils of Mala's mother, the dramatics coach.

Incidentally, all three of the newlywed couples—Mitzi and Jack, Pier Angeli and Vic Damone, Vera-Ellen and Victor Rothschild—got their licenses on the same day—November 17—in Santa Monica.

Certainly Mitzi and Jack had the most unusual wedding! The judge had just finished the marriage ceremony at the home of the William Frenches in San Francisco, and stood beaming at the young couple.

But, instead of turning to her bridegroom for the traditional kiss, Mitzi stood staring at the judge.

"What's the matter?" the jurist whispered, leaning toward Mitzi.

She gulped and extended her hand. In it was a gold wedding band.

"I guess you didn't know I had a ring for Jack, too," she said nervously. "I didn't get a chance to put it on!"

The judge could barely keep his face straight, but he made a gallant effort.

"All right, Mitzi," he chuckled. "We'll do the ceremony all over again."

And that's how it happened that the sprightly Miss Gaynor and her public relations bridegroom went through *two* marriage ceremonies before they were pronounced man and wife.



The most absurd publicity stunt of the month: the wire service which released a photograph of Marilyn Monroe dancing with Clark Gable and captioned it: THE NEW, BIG ROMANCE OF HOLLYWOOD. *Clark was seated at her table at a party and invited Marilyn to twirl around the floor with him, the one and only meeting they ever had.*

the letter box

ERMA MCCULLUM, IDAHO FALLS, is heartsick about the Edmund Purdoms: "He has been my favorite actor ever since I saw *The Egyptian*. I was so thrilled about the way he and his wonderful wife Tita had struggled through so much together before sudden fame came to him. Better they were back in that one room over a garage, and *together*, than for him to be famous and adrift from his family." *You're so right, Erma.*

EVELYN WISTER, DETROIT, writes: "Stars who do not have sufficient appreciation to answer their fan mail shouldn't have fans." *Let me tell you the truth about answering fan mail, Evelyn. If stars attempted to answer every letter written to them they would have time for nothing else. What happens is, in most cases, their secretaries read the mail, answer most of it, with the exception of letters which are so outstanding they are brought to the players' attention. These they often answer themselves.*

MRS. R. S. GETCHELL, FORT BRAGG, N. C., believes, "There should be a big reward for anyone who can produce a photograph of Marilyn Monroe, with her mouth *closed!*" *No comment.*

From OSAKA, JAPAN, AKIKO NAKASU writes that *The Letter Box* is her favorite department because, "It expresses so many foreign views from fans of which I am one. Be pleased to know that *Rhapsody* is the biggest hit of the year in Japan and was much applauded. I shall never forget good music and fine Elizabeth Taylor. Also like Audrey Hepburn. With her, what's new?" *Audrey's a bride, Akiko. That's the latest in her private life and* Sabrina *is her latest picture.*

DAISY MCDERMOTT, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, nominates Roy Rogers and Dale Evans as the "outstanding Hollywood couple of the year. These fine people have won the admiration of the world by opening their home and giving so much love and devotion to adopted children." *I second everything you say, Daisy.*

us. I can hardly believe this is true—or that she didn't tell me herself."

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM: Pier Angeli (Mrs. Vic Damone) who never has looked so beautiful in her career as she does in color in *The Silver Chalice* and who never has performed with such maturity.

Now, if Pier had been married to Vic at the time she made the Warner picture, it might be thought that love and marriage had made the big change in her.

She was in love, all right, but with James Dean, the brilliant young actor from Broadway who was on the same lot starring in *East Of Eden*.

Cupid plays some strange tricks when one is twenty-one—and Eros never played a more startlingly sudden one than when the Italian beauty was dating Dean up until two weeks before she announced her engagement to popular singer Vic Damone!

Less than a year ago, everyone thought the Latin charmer with the enormous black eyes might become Mrs. Kirk Douglas.

Despite all these romances in her young life, no girl in Hollywood has been more carefully chaperoned than Pier whose mother, Signora Pierangeli (Pier's real name is Anna Pierangeli) seldom let her out of her sight until Vic came along.

Mama is very happy about Vic. She nods her head happily when she says, "They are both good Italians, good Catholics and good children."

And I predict that the newly matured Pier will soon be one of our best young actresses.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED what the conversation might be if you ever had the chance to indulge in a little informal chat with Royalty? No matter what your imaginings might be, I'm sure it couldn't be more unusual than my chat with His Royal Highness Prince Axel of Denmark at the dinner honoring the charming visitor at the Statler Hotel. The Prince had flown over on the initial flight of the Scandinavian Airlines over the North Pole and naturally his arrival was quite an event.

I might add, it turned into quite an event for me. I had no more than been presented to the handsome Prince than I was nearly rocked back on my heels. He said, smiling cordially:

"How old do you think I am?"

Now, I ask you—what would you answer?

I gulped and said, "Thirty-five?"

"Wrong," he replied. "I'm sixty-five."

If a Prince could ask such a question I decided I could, too. "How old do you think I am?" I asked.

"Oh, you—you're just a *baby*," answered His Majesty. "A man who can say that to a woman my age is wonderful in my book, whether he is prince or peasant," I managed. Is this your idea of a small chat with a Prince?

PERSONAL OPINIONS Unless somebody stops Debra Paget from performing that vulgar dance of hers in nightclubs (I saw it when she was part of the stage show at the San Francisco première of Désirée) she's going to ruin her career. It's nonsense for her to think she has to cavort in such a manner to attract attention—all bad, I might add.

Without a doubt, the happiest man in Hollywood is Robert Taylor, who becomes a father for the first time next spring when he and Ursula Thiess welcome the stork. Says Bob, "I'll be a perfect idiot over the baby."

I'm still wondering why Eleanor Parker denied right up to the last minute that she was marrying artist Paul Clemens—and then married him on Thanksgiving Day.

Susan Hayward never looked so cute in her life as she did with the short-hair wig she tried on before consenting to have her own shoulder-length tresses cut for *A Soldier Of Fortune*.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH

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It cleanses better than *any* soap; better than many a cream! Why? Because it actually gets down *under* "Make-up Clog" and dirt, and clears them out!

As a foundation base for make-up, you just dab a mere *dot* of Tussy All-Purpose Cream on forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and neck. Blend it into your skin. A special Tussy moisturizing ingredient in the cream, helps give your skin a flower-like beauty all day long.

At bedtime, use it freely to soften skin through the night. Tussy gives you so much *more*...6 full ounces for only $1.





Use Tussy Dry Skin Freshener after cleansing, to remove every trace of cream and grime. Pat it on; it helps reduce the look of large pores. 8 oz. bottle, only $1.

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FALSE START

Pity poor Miss Allyson,
all dressed up with nowhere to go—
and all those people giggling!



■ June Allyson can paint some of her most heartbreaking experiences with the lightest of brushes, and she does it so artfully that the worst of them become hilariously funny in the telling.

One of the most embarrassing moments she ever lived through was her first night on the Broadway stage. The beginning of her career was the result of the dare of one of her classmates. A devoted fan of Astaire and Rogers, June had boasted that she could dance as well as they, and one plump-faced adolescent finally revolted. "Yah!" she said. "If you're so good, go get a job on the stage!" So June had gone to an audition where she was hardly visible among the tall, willowy veterans of the chorus line. For some reason beyond her ken, she was hired to fill in. The show was *Sing Out The News*, and for long weeks June rehearsed, or perhaps we should say "trained" with the chorus, for she had had only two dancing lessons in her life. The family was excited, of course. No less hysterical than June, her mother scraped the sugar bowl to buy a seat for herself (front balcony). In addition, she badgered all their friends into being present on the magic night when June made her Broadway debut.

It was bad enough, being opening night. The jitters were prevalent backstage. June stood in a corner, going over the routine in her mind and hearing, as if from a distance, the persistent knocking of her knees. When the curtain went up the chorus line bounced front and center and began the intricate drill that opened the show. Once she got used to the lights, June happily realized the dance had been going on for two full minutes and she was not only still upright, but was actually in step.

Then the music crescendoed for the finish. The line came together in the middle of the stage, advanced, then retreated. All but June. Missing her cue, she danced forward. And the curtain came down behind her. The dumbfounded orchestra leader signaled his men to begin the music again, and June desperately summed up her situation. It meant a solo—that much was certain—but it had to be a solo that would get her off the accursed stage. She cast a frantic look behind her and confirmed the suspicion that the separation in the curtain was invisible. She couldn't back off, so she figured a trip to the left might do it. The buck-and-wing was the only step she had really mastered, so hopefully she bucked and winged to the left. The curtain was the foremost one of the stage, and she couldn't get through. So she bucked and winged all the way to the right and found herself in the same predicament.

Out front, the audience at first was hushed. Then as it began to realize something was wrong, a few titters turned into a roar. June's mother, surrounded by her friends in the balcony, was the shade of an overripe plum. And June, bucking and winging like a mighty mite, finally backed gratefully through the curtain as it mercifully parted to swallow her.

Why she wasn't fired then and there, no one will ever know. Perhaps the director suspected that this diminutive bit of comedy relief had the makings of a star.



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TV TALK

Sid Caesar's new wife . . . Steve Allen acts, too . . . the latest word on Arthur Godfrey

Sid Caesar has known for months that he might use **Nanette Fabray** on his show every week. He didn't tell anyone—even denied it vehemently—because he didn't want anyone to say that Nanette wasn't as good as Imogene Coca. He figured if he waited for a while before he had another "wife" on the show that people might forget just a little how wonderful Imogene used to be in the part. They say, by the way, that Sid makes a lot of decisions on the advice of his psychiatrist. The doctor doesn't sit down and plan the shows with Sid, of course, but it was apparently he who encouraged Sid to produce his own program. Here's hoping that what's good for the psyche is good for the ratings! . . . Nanette is thrilled with her new job. She hasn't had a good part on Broadway for too long. The little pert-nosed redhead is still seen around with her ex-husband, who now works for **Max Liebman,** who used to be Sid's boss! . . . **Sheldon Reynolds,** who produces *Foreign Intrigue* in Europe, is just as glamorous-looking as any of the actors who play in it. Really more so. He's kind of a cross between Frank Sinatra and Louis Jourdan! Beat that! . . . **Mike Wallace** is doing very well playing the romantic lead in *Reclining Figure,* the play that Arlene Francis's husband, Martin Gabel, produced. You should have seen Mike's wife, **Buffie Cobb,** opening night. She sat in the front row and never took her eyes off Mike when he was on stage. **Steve Allen** was offered the part, you know, but Steve is much too busy these days to do anything extra. He has been asked to go back on *What's My Line?* but he won't even do that. It takes hardly any time at all, but Steve figures he can't spare even another two or three hours a week away from home. His advisers also figure he doesn't need *What's My Line?* any more. When he was on it before, it was his only network show. Now that he's on the network so often, he can do without the panel. He doesn't need the money. That's for sure! People who didn't see him in his one stage appearance two years ago (there aren't many who did; it lasted only three or four nights!) don't realize that Steve is one of the better young actors around these days . . . You'd hardly recognize **Georgeanne Johnson** in *Reclining Figure.* Her part is not at all like her Marge Weskit on *Mr. Peepers* . . . Now it's **Besty Palmer** whose acting style is reminiscent of **Kim Stanley's**—that same smacking of the lips. Notice it next time . . . Speaking of Kim Stanley, she is not at all at ease when she has to appear on an ad-lib television show. Kim needs a script. The critics said that she didn't get enough of one in *Traveling Lady,* the **Horton Foote** play that made her a star before its early closing. But Horton can still go to other authors' plays and enjoy them. Many writers who've been panned are likely to sulk. Not Horton. He is convinced that he, too, will write a hit. In the meantime, he and his family are living quite well on his television money . . . They say that **Jayne Meadows,** being older than **Audrey,** has a lot of influence over her little sister. Yet Audrey's career is in much better shape than Jayne's. When Jayne recently did get a chance to do something besides panel-sitting on *I've Got A Secret,* she muffed it. She was well into rehearsals for a play that might have revived her career, but then she got sick. It *wasn't* pneumonia as the newspapers said, however; it was mostly disappointment that her part wasn't bigger. Yet Jayne, who made her acting start on Broadway, is dying to do more than guess secrets . . . People who have met Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows and the Meadows' parents say that the girls' father, a minister, is very much like Steve—really quiet. Their mother, on the other hand, is very chatty, just like Jayne . . . The latest rumor on **Arthur Godfrey** is that CBS doesn't much care if he quits. At one time they would almost have gone bankrupt if he had left. But now that the sponsors are screaming to get on the air, CBS figures it could easily sell his time . . . **Lee Grant** has been taking intensive speech lessons so that she can lose her New York accent and get to play more parts. Expect to see her more and more . . . Don't let *Person To Person* fool you. Usually, days before the show, **Ed Murrow** has lunch with the people who are going to be interviewed—those who live in and near New York anyway. He and an



Eva Marie Saint of *Waterfront* and her husband, Jeffrey Hayden, came to a gala preem.



Martha Raye and Ed Begley prefer Connecticut living, rarely tag out for formal appearances.

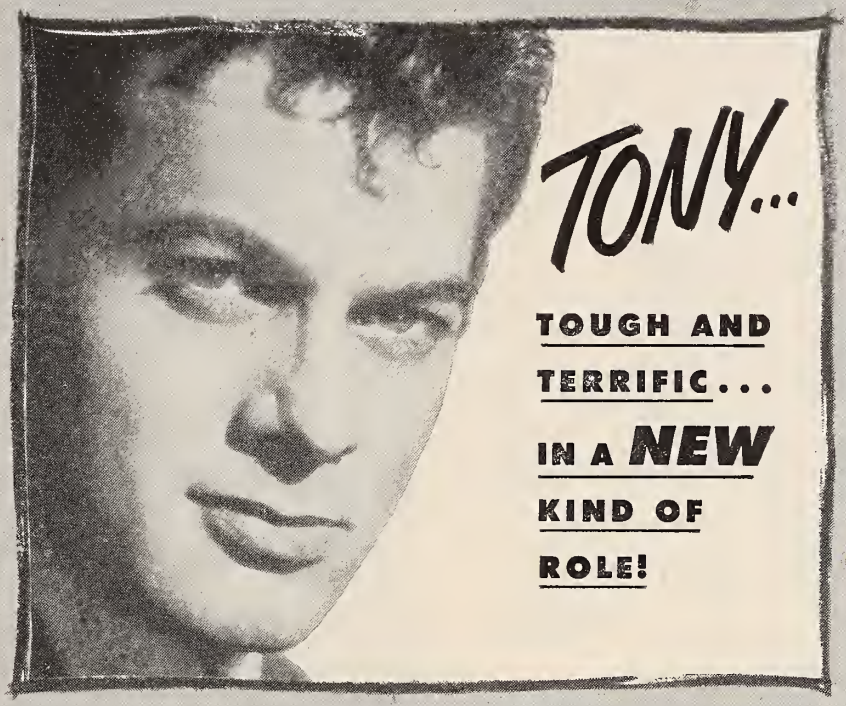
assistant interview them and get a pretty good idea of the questions and answers that will be on the show. They always eat at a swank restaurant just a half block from CBS at Ed's favorite table. He doesn't eat much. Ed never has been interested in food, and he doesn't even seem to notice what he has on his plate . . . **Mary Livingstone Benny** really is afraid of live television, but not so much because she doesn't think she can act. She's more afraid of how she looks. The funny part is that she looks wonderful. And she's almost as old as her "thirty-nine-year-old" husband! . . . No one who saw **Peter Lawford** on Steve Allen's show last year was at all surprised when he turned out to be one of the hits of the season on *Dear Phoebe*. Peter may not always have had luck with his parts in MGM movies, but he did a sketch with Steve that proved he was a very talented comedian. Here's betting his movie career starts all over again . . . **Frank Sinatra** isn't the happy-go-lucky character he seems to be. He is carving out his newly-rejuvenated career very carefully. He is determined to do all sorts of different roles, one after another, and to make variety the spice of his professional life. He wants to play a part in the movie version of *Foreign Intrigue,* and if Sheldon Reynolds can manage to write one in for him, he will . . . Another girl who can't just get up and sing impromptu in front of a television camera is **Dorothy Dandridge.** She must have her own accompanist, special setting, and lots of rehearsal. If not, she just doesn't perform with that impact you see in *Carmen Jones* . . . You know the favorite television star of lots of Hollywood stars? **Dr. Frank Baxter,** the erudite scholar on CBS Sunday afternoons. They call him up and write him letters—and even ask for his advice on their acting! And he's just like a kid about it —just as thrilled as you or I would be if the phone rang and a movie star were on the other end . . . It's funny what television cameras do to girls' figures. **Pat Marshall,** who sings on *Tonight* on **Edye Gorme's** days off, looks like an ordinary-sized girl but she could compete with Jane Russell—and maybe win! . . . Don't believe all those silly rumors that **Ed Murrow** is going to pack up and go over to NBC. He has no intention of leaving CBS. *See It Now* and *Person To Person* will continue at their old stands, and, what's more, Ed will do a show for children. He is one of the most devoted fathers anywhere, and his interest in his son Casey's upbringing makes him a natural for a kids' show.



Milton Berle and his wife, Ruth Cosgrove, enjoyed being interviewed by George Jessel.

From the Sensational *Collier's* Magazine Story

"THEY STOLE $2,500,000 AND GOT AWAY WITH IT!"



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Rate Yourself

on this true or false quiz about internal sanitary protection

		True	False
1.	Tampax is based on the well-known principle of internal absorption.	☐	☐
2.	Tampax was invented by a doctor.	☐	☐
3.	Tampax can be worn by any normal woman.	☐	☐
4.	Though only 1/9 the size of an external pad, Tampax is as absorbent.	☐	☐
5.	User's hands need never touch the Tampax.	☐	☐
6.	When properly worn, Tampax cannot be felt.	☐	☐
7.	Tampax prevents odor from forming by preventing exposure to the air.	☐	☐
8.	Tampax can be worn in shower or tub.	☐	☐
9.	Both the applicator and the Tampax itself are easily disposed.	☐	☐
10.	Regular, Super and Junior Tampax refer to differences in absorbency rather than in size.	☐	☐
11.	Millions of women have used billions of Tampax.	☐	☐
12.	Tampax is over 20 years old.	☐	☐
13.	Tampax is sold in over 70 countries outside America.	☐	☐
14.	Tampax is sold at *both* drug and notion counters.	☐	☐
15.	A month's supply of Tampax can be carried in the purse.	☐	☐

Answer: *All of the above statements are true. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.*

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Picture of the Month: ATHENA

■ There's a place near Hollywood called Muscle Beach where young men stand in the sun all day flexing biceps. In Hollywood is every kind of cult and vegetable juice known to man. MGM has dipped into all this and come up with a gay Technicolor musical about wacky people. Jane Powell (*Athena*) has six sisters with names like Minerva (Debbie Reynolds), Niobe, Calliope, etc. And she has a grandpa (Louis Calhern) who builds Bodies out of even the most depressing raw material. He himself is seventy-eight but can still flip in the air like a pancake. And she has a grandma (Evelyn Varden) who is given to trances on the lawn which result in messages from friendly constellations. They (Jane and family) live in the hills, but down below in unsuspecting smog are lawyer Edmund Purdom and TV singer Vic Damone. Edmund is a very stuffy fellow engaged to Linda Christian. Jane assures him that *that* marriage isn't in the stars. In no time he has lost all hope for a normal, miserable existence. (At one stage in his bewilderment he finds himself being televised with Mr. Universe.) Vic Damone takes a little easier to Jane's family. Especially to Debbie. To win her he just has to part with flabby muscles and give up meat. It's very light and fantastic and funny, and of course the songs are cute and catchy and the production numbers lots of fun.



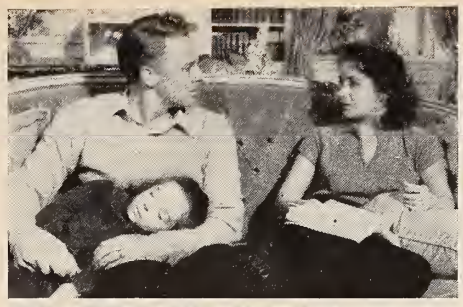
THE FAR COUNTRY I liked this western—probably because it's a northwestern having to do with gold. This fellow James Stewart cares for no man except old Walter Brennan. They're headed for Skagway to trade a load of cattle for a ranch in Wyoming. But Stewart is wanted for murder and in Skagway he upsets a hanging, giving John McIntyre, who runs Skagway, a chance to confiscate the cattle. This leaves Stewart even more bitter and defiant. Ruth Roman, tough as nails but *rich*, hires him to take her up to Dawson where she'll build a gambling house and corrupt the population, which is busy gathering gold. People up there are happy until Ruth arrives and McIntyre arrives—then there's murder all over the place with Stewart lifting not a finger to defend the oppressed. But a young girl (Corinne Calvet) has been working on his conscience and you can tell he always had a heart. It was just iced over. Technicolor—U.I.



SIGN OF THE PAGAN Fifteen hundred years ago there was Attila the Hun, a ferocious Mongol conqueror who swept across Europe and sat under the gates of Rome wondering whether he dared to go in. Not that he was afraid of any living man. He was terrified only of the Christian God. Jack Palance plays Attila and he's the epitome of a bloodcurdling barbarian who is still oddly moving and human. Jeff Chandler is the one Roman who doesn't rattle in his armor before him, and Rita Gam is Attila's wildcat daughter who eventually defies him. Eduard Franz, Attila's soothsayer, keeps muttering doom into his ear and finally scares the daylights out of him. It's a big, spectacular film (in CinemaScope) with a new slant on the far-reaching effect of early Christianity. Everybody is wrapped in furs and horns and superstition. And it's fun to see a movie about a relatively untapped era. With Ludmilla Tcherina—U.I.



DÉSIRÉE The trouble is, Marlon Brando looks like Napoleon and acts like Napoleon but you never get the feeling he *is* Napoleon. Maybe because it isn't Napoleon's story after all. It's Jean Simmons' story. She's Désirée, daughter of a well-to-do silk merchant (now dead). Désirée fell for Nap when he was just a general and was jilted by him when he met Josephine (Merle Oberon), a worldly, influential lady. Well, if Napoleon won't have Désirée, General Bernadotte (Michael Rennie) will. And there's nothing wrong with *him*. He becomes King of Sweden. Napoleon starts conquering the world but never once does he forget Désirée or stop wanting her. Out of focus as it may be, the movie is still vastly entertaining. The acting is fine, the sets and costumes are extremely expensive and you're given a boudoir view of some very important people. With Cameron Mitchell, Elizabeth Sellars. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS If there was ever a dream of a writer his name was F. Scott Fitzgerald and here's one of his stories—almost unrecognizable but still terribly romantic and touching. It's about a struggling writer (Van Johnson) and his beautiful, undisciplined, vivacious wife (Elizabeth Taylor) who loved in Paris with the spirit of the Twenties, although unfortunately, it's the Fifties. Johnson loses faith in himself, starts drinking heavily and playing around with divorcée Eva Gabor. Elizabeth becomes suddenly serious, wants to go home. They have a little daughter (Sandy Descher) whom both adore. One night, a pie-eyed Johnson locks Elizabeth out and she catches pneumonia. Her sister (Donna Reed), who once loved Johnson, takes care of the girl. When he comes to claim her a couple of years later, Donna is too bitter to turn her over. I cried all the way through. With Walter Pidgeon. Technicolor—MGM



THE VIOLENT MAN Edward G. Robinson is back and he can still scare me. Only this time he's crippled and with all his bluster is obviously not in control of the situation. Wife Barbara Stanwyck is in control. And she wants him to make her a present of the whole valley. He's trying, and with his sadistic henchmen riding wild there isn't a rancher who doesn't sell out dirt cheap—or die protesting. Even Glenn Ford wants to sell. He's no coward; his fiancée May Wynn is pushing him to go east. You can push a man like Glenn too far—which is exactly what Robinson and May do, in different ways. So Glenn sets about restoring a little dignity and equality in that valley. Robinson's daughter (Diane Foster) sees through Mom, realizes she's carrying on with her brother-in-law (Brian Keith) who's running the ranch. But Stanwyck is capable of more than that. She's capable of murder. CinemaScope—Col.



TRACK OF THE CAT Sometimes a movie gets so symbolic you wonder what it's about. *Track Of The Cat looks* awful pretty—the color's vivid, the photography's artistic, the scenes fall into dramatic tableaus. But what goes? Here's this big brother Bob Mitchum out hunting a mountain lion (his other brother was killed trying) that's been bothering cattle on his ranch. And on the ranch are the weirdest people I've ever seen. A hundred-year-old Indian giving everyone the creeps; a selfish, domineering mother (Beulah Bondi); a hard-drinking father (Philip Tonge) who rants in his cups; an old maid sister (Teresa Wright) getting more and more bitter; a younger, unassertive brother (Tab Hunter) planning to marry Diana Lynn who is silly enough to hang around. Everybody talks, but not really to each other. And Mitchum is out there in the snow hunting, hunting. Why, I ask you, why? CinemaScope—Warners



GREEN FIRE Naturally, Grace Kelly is cool and beautiful (but smoldering underneath) and Stewart Granger is reckless, irresistible. Throw them together—fireworks! He's a kind of adventurer, looking for emeralds in a South American mine not far from Grace's coffee plantation. Money's scarce in both places so Grace resents it when her brother John Ericson throws his last *sou* into Granger's risky project. Also, Granger lures away all of her plantation workers, and with his fancy blasting sends the river coursing into her yard. Paul Douglas, Granger's buddy, gets fed up with being same. He's sweet on Grace, too—and begs her to let him dynamite Granger's mountain so that the river will run in a whole different direction. It's at this point that Granger finds emeralds. Well, the mountain's all set to blow—will Grace go through with it, will Granger let her, or does he care for emeralds more? Technicolor—MGM



THE PURPLE PLAIN Gregory Peck is a lone wolf gone "round the bend" (that means *loco*) in his associates' opinion. Reason is his bride was killed right before his eyes in a London air raid. Now he's an RAF pilot in Burma and since he has nothing to live for he takes his crew through hell trying to get himself bumped off. This is pretty wearing on everyone. Finally, unit doctor Bernard Lee introduces him to a beautiful Burmese girl (Win Min Than) who works with missionary Brenda De Banzie. One-two-three and Peck's back from around that bend. But next flight out his plane crashes into enemy territory. His navigator's legs are burned, his passenger is so sure he's finished he shoots himself and there is Gregory. Trapped, you say? Now that he has something to live for you couldn't kill him with a bomb! So unreal and romantic I loved every minute. Technicolor—U.A.

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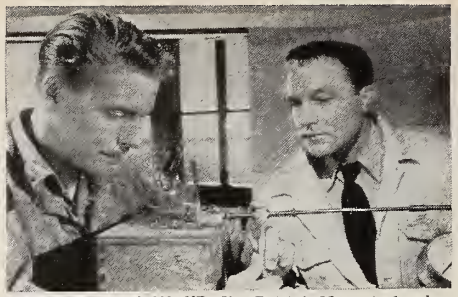
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GREYHOUND



CREST OF THE WAVE The British Navy is hard at work on a little island off Scotland. That is, they *were* hard at work perfecting an underwater missile when the perfecter himself exploded testing the tricky thing. American scientist Gene Kelly arrives with helpmates Jeff Richards and Fred Wayne. These two bunk with a crew of British seamen and have their own little dramas involving international amity, plain amity and the meaning of heroism. Kelly's British assistant, John Justin, resents him. He figures the missile was just about perfect and now Kelly is going to walk away with all the glory. Kelly is more anxious to walk away alive which is why he displays such thoroughness and starts his experiments from scratch. Even so, the first trial run ends in disaster. Looks like the jig is up until Justin gets an inspiration and everyhody feels brotherly love. With Bernard Lee, Sidney James—MGM



THE BLACK KNIGHT From Castles Usk to Yoenil to Camelot, from dungeon to tower to Patricia Medina runs Alan Ladd. And who is there to stop him? Well, there are some crazy knights. Ontzlake, for one. Wait a minute! Ontzlake is his *only* friend. Ontzlake (Andre Morell) gives him a horse; King Artbur (Anthony Bushell) gives him leave and Ladd gets ready to avenge the burning of bis master's castle. (Patricia is master's daughter.) Okay. So King Arthur is having his own troubles. Sir Palamides, bis Saracens dressed like Vikings, and King Mark want to overthrow him and Christianity. Not that Arthur believes it. He tosses Alan into a dungeon, thinks *he's* the traitor. Wait till you see all those pagans whooping it up at the Druid's Temple with poor old Pat writhing on the Sacrificial Stone. Wait till you see those Saracens storming Camelot. Guess who gets knighted after the battle. Technicolor—Col.



"SO THIS IS PARIS" If this is Paris, I'm Helen of Troy, hut I'll go along witb a gag. Sailors Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson and Paul Gilbert looking for romance find Gloria De Haven, Corinne Calvet and Mara Corday. Not all at once, but the idea's the same. Tony thinks Gloria is a sophisticated French singer since she's singing in a French cafe. Turns out she's a Jackson Heights, New York, American witb five kids. This gives Tony pause, till he's assured they're orpbans. He likes Gloria but Corinne Calvet, who is loaded with French money, flips for bim. Gloria is furious; Gene Nelson is jealous (Corinne was, *his* discovery) and the guy who has been paying for the orphans dies. Tony arranges a big charity bazaar at Corinne's place when Corinne isn't home. Because if Corinne were home she would call the police. But she does come home. Fate, you know. Plenty of songs and dances. Technicolor—U.I.



THE GOOD DIE YOUNG The title of this movie stumps me. Don't see much good about three men who can't find anything better to do than sit in a pub drinking beer and falling into trouble. Weak, maybe. Confused, maybe. John Ireland has this bit player (Gloria Grahame) for a wife but she has ambition. Every time he's on leave from the Air Force she's on the town with a movie star. Richard Basehart is in England to carry home his war bride (Joan Collins) but all he has to do is lift a valise and his mother-in-law (Freda Jackson) takes an overdose of sleeping pills. And Stanley Baker—he's a boxer who has finally saved enough money to quit the ring but is too beat up for normal employment. All of them fall under the spell of Laurence Harvey, a playboy supported by his wife (Margaret Leighton). He talks them into robbery No violence, says he. My, what a liar!—U.A.



DRUMBEAT All of a sudden Alan Ladd, who has shot more Indians than anyone, is appointed Peace Commissioner by President Grant. He's got to talk sense to those scalp-happy Modocs who are piling up trophies along the California-Oregon border. Ladd will talk but Captain Jack (Charles Bronson) won't listen. Me big man, he grunts, thumping his chest. All the Modocs aren't naughty. Marisa Pavan and her brother Tony Caruso are reservation types. They ride with Ladd into hostile Modoc territory, eyes peering at them from every rock and root. Ladd talks to Bronson. No soap. Next thing you know there's a massacre. Ladd is itching to pull that trigger because the Army can't fight Indians worth a dime. Finally Ladd, a general (Warner Anderson) and some other earnest characters arrange a peace parley. Disaster. Go get him, boy, the President tells Ladd and Ladd nabs that monster Modoc in no time. With Audrey Dalton. CinemaScope—Warners

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

A STAR IS BORN *(Warners):* Judy Garland and James Mason in the story of a girl who became a star with the help of a man who couldn't help himself. The acting is fine, the musical numbers wonderful. No one should miss it. Technicolor and CinemaScope.

THE COUNTRY GIRL *(Para.):* Bing Crosby delivers a superb performance in a tense, beautifully acted version of Odets' hit play about a has-been actor, his wife (Grace Kelly) and director (William Holden).

CARMEN JONES *(20th-Fox):* Dorothy Dandridge is probably the sexiest Carmen ever seen on the screen. Harry Belafonte as Joe is fine, Pearl Bailey great, the singing excellent, Hammerstein's lyrics ring remarkably true—and the music was good to begin with. CinemaScope.

PHFFFT! *(Col.):* Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon, teamed this time in the bright and clever story of a just-divorced couple. Light-weight but very funny. With Jack Carson.

UNCHAINED *(Hall Bartlett):* An exciting, off-beat prison story about an off-beat prison. Elroy Hirsch, Barbara Hale.

THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA *(U.A.):* An amazing mixture of love, sex, satire, tragedy and Technicolor that will keep you fascinated, if slightly confused. Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart, Edmond O'Brien and others turn in topnotch performances in this complex Cinderella-like tale.

THE CHALLENGER

Up till now, no one has tamed Shelley. Up till now, she hadn't met Sernas!



■ A handsome and athletic young Frenchman is pairing off with Shelley Winters these days, and people in Hollywood are laying odds that he'll be the first of her sparring partners to be on his feet at the final bell. They're even betting that Jacques Sernas will be able to tame the sometimes hot-tempered Miss Winters.

Jacques has yet to be seen by an American audience, but his 165 muscular pounds will be all over the neighborhood screens, when Warner Brothers' *Helen Of Troy* is released. In it, Jacques stars as Paris, the man who tamed the most beautiful woman in all the world.

He's in Hollywood now for *Jump Into Hell*. Cynics say that's an apt role for anyone who gets into the same ring with the fiery Shelley.

When warned of this, Jacques shrugged. "I do not expect to get my fingers burned," he said. "Miss Winters is a beautiful and delightful woman. But I have encountered harder things than women."

In 1940, when Jacques was fifteen, Germany conquered France. Too young to join the Army, Jacques joined the French underground. For over a year he carried messages through the streets of Paris, hid forbidden pamphlets under his shirt. One night he was stopped by two German officers. The pamphlets were found, and Jacques was sent to a concentration camp for a year and a half.

"Ah, he is a brave one, that Jacques," says one of his friends. "This Miss Winters, she had better watch out. Or soon she will be the tame one, purring like a cat."



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Doris Day co-starring in "YOUNG AT HEART" An Arwin Production in WarnerColor. Presented by Warner Bros.



This is an actual photograph of a woman's hands after taking the detergent test. The right hand was given Jergens Lotion care — the left wasn't. Even scientists were amazed at the difference. ***This photograph is unretouched.***

Proof: You can stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Do you wish your hardworking hands were as pretty as your neighbor's? They can be. Read this story of a dramatic experiment.

Recently, 447 women volunteers soaked both hands in detergents three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand. The left hand was untreated.

In 3 or 4 days these women saw an amazing change! Untreated hands were roughened and reddened. Hands treated with Jergens remained soft, smooth, *without a trace* of detergent damage!

No *other lotion* tested proved as effective as Jergens. The women were delighted with this significant discovery.

Jergens Lotion has been steadily improved for 50 years. Use it daily and your hands will be pretty despite wind, weather and housework. Never sticky or greasy, Jergens takes just seconds to apply!

Get a bottle today, and notice how much richer and creamier the Jergens formula is now. It has a lovely new fragrance, too, yet still costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



*NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.*

Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***



THEY'RE YOUNG

AND IN LOVE,

NEWLY-MARRIED,

FULL OF HOPE.

THEY'RE MR. AND

MRS. GUY MADISON!

they say it's wonderful

by William Barbour

■ Last fall Guy Madison kissed Eva Gabor and Virginia Grey goodbye and crossed them off his list. He began to concentrate on Sheila Connolly, a size-nine beauty from County Kildare. This brown-eyed, twenty-four-year-old daughter of a well-known Irish jockey had been a model in New York.

Except for three people—Guy, Sheila and Guy's business manager, Charley Trezona—no one expected the sudden marriage.

After all, Guy was involved in a full-blown divorce problem with Gail Russell.

Gail, nervous and sick, teetering perilously close to a complete breakdown, had filed for divorce in April. Guy had followed with a cross-complaint. Both petitions had been (*Continued on page* 74)



The haneymoan was spent in a matel in Rena, where Guy was an lacatian. Sheila, wha plans to stick clase ta her man, has given up just-starting career far marriage, even turned down affer ta ca-star with Guy.



JANE AND PAT

HONEYMOON REPORT FROM EUROPE

Paris

Mr. Charles D. Saxon
Editor,
MODERN SCREEN

Dear Chuck,

Well, here's the complete story of Jane Powell's honeymoon. I may as well say right at the beginning that, like most honeymooners, she and Pat Nerney did their darndest to dodge anyone who tried to muscle in—definitely including the press—but, like most celebrities, they were pretty easy to trace. Especially as they spent so much time gazing into each other's eyes that they hardly ever noticed the little men in trench coats sneaking up on them with pencil and paper, until it was too late.

Their first stop was Paris. This is a great city for the young-and-in-love; wind and weather permitting, you can spot couples kissing on almost every street corner—and sometimes (when the weather is *very* good) right smack in the middle of the street. Jane and Pat did a lot of window shopping and made a few buys, too, though Janie brought a perfectly stunning wardrobe with her (including her wedding dress, a gorgeous affair I'll describe in a minute). She wore a tailored topcoat, appropriate for trudging these somewhat windy streets, and Pat never took his glasses off—which may account for the fact that almost no one recognized them, although everyone knew they were here. The French papers, in fact, made quite a to-do about their arrival, which shows how popular Janie (and her romance) is around here, where celebrities are a dime a dozen. *Voici* a few samples from the Paris journals:

"The young Hollywood star Jane Powell arrived in Paris today for her second honeymoon. (Note: all the papers mentioned the fact that this is the second for both—but none of them explained why they bothered to stress it!) *She is a singer-dancer-comedienne and in* Rich, Young And Pretty *she played Danielle Darrieux's daughter. She has just married the young industrialist, Pat Newney* ("Feature that spelling!" Nerney howled) *and her latest picture is* Seven Brides For Seven Brothers, *which, coincidentally, happens* (*Continued on page* 88)



At the conclusion of their small, beautiful wedding, Pat was solemn, Jane radiant.



Although he's rumored to be an arch-conservative in his infrequent public appearances, Dick drives a sleek foreign sports car—and is likely to drive it to Alaska or anywhere else on a moment's notice.



College-educated, he is an avid reader and a good conversationalist on the most serious topics. But those who say he has no sense of humor just haven't been listening—or watching his soft-shoe routine!

Sometimes the most hated man on the screen, Dick is nonetheless peaceful by nature, has shown no tendency to beat Jean or his daughter.

Confusing Mr. Widmark has been called everything from Dick The Fiend to Richard The Hermit. He's variously known as bashful, bloodthirsty, terrible and terrified. But his wife has another name for Dick—and another story to tell!

BY JACK WADE

"Nutsy Fagan" at home



■ Every so often a select set of sophisticated Manhattan writers and critics strike it rich for a day. This windfall occurs when their old pal, Richard Widmark of Hollywood, blows into town, gives them a jingle and suggests a noontime get-together. These ink-stained scribblers desert the modest coffee houses where they customarily huddle and march hungrily uptown toward swank and expensive 21 Club to meet Santa Claus.

After an orgy of fine food and drink they push the astronomical tabs cavalierly toward Dick's plate. Then they set to work ruthlessly whittling down the big movie star they knew when.

On one such occasion, John McCarten, the caustic movie critic of the *New Yorker*, loosed a wicked barb. He noted their dimlit, inconspicuous table by the kitchen door and serving tables where dishes clattered and soup sprayed in passing.

"Dick," he remarked anxiously, "I'm worried about you. Obviously you don't rate with important people like the captains at 21. I can only conclude from this scornful treatment that as a Hollywood celebrity, Widmark, you're through!"

Dick grinned. He'd far rather be roasted by those witty ones than be kissed by a lovely fan. He's a modest and retiring man, but common sense tells him he's about as "through" in Hollywood as a newborn babe. Since he walked confidently away last year from a cozy Twentieth Century-Fox contract paying him $3000 a week, Dick Widmark's career has shot ahead. At that luncheon, he was hustling back to Hollywood from starring in *Prize Of Gold* abroad to make *The Cobweb* at MGM. After that he was set to scoot over to Africa for *Safari*. Awaiting his return will be a queue of Hollywood producers as long and hopeful as Errol Flynn's string of bill-collectors.

As for his celebrity—Dick Widmark had just collected ample evidence that nobody's forgetting him since he checked off Darryl Zanuck's payroll—although the tributes to his fame remain a little back-handed. Only a few nights before, in London's swank *Les Ambassadeurs* cafe, a tipsy American had weaved up to him, grabbed his paws enthusiastically and held them in a vise-like grip. When Dick, who doesn't like to be touched, tugged away, the drunk flared, "Whassamatta—doncha wanna be friendly? Big Hollywood star—hey? Won't shake my hand!"

"I can't," Dick pointed out. "You're holding mine."

"Yeah—but if I let go, you'll sock me!" cried the fuddled fan.

Incidents like that no longer surprise or dismay Dick Widmark. After all, when an actor starts his screen career gleefully pushing a crippled old lady downstairs as Dick did in *Kiss Of Death*, and as (*Continued on page* 68)





With brother Howard, her first dance.

With Marshall Thompson, her first date.





With King Charles, her first hit.

Elizabeth Remembers

This is a woman with A Past. It certainly isn't Wicked and it isn't even Secret —but it sheds some interesting light on things to come to Liz!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ In the corner of the white couch, Liz sat remembering through the not-yet twenty-three years of her young life. She wore black slacks, an olive green velvet blouse and looked the way Elizabeth Taylor looks since she tacked Wilding onto her name, loveliness deepened by a new serenity. At intervals she dipped into a plate of what she called garbage—*hors d'oeuvres* to you—or mildly asked a poodle to stop cavorting, which request the poodle failed to take seriously. At intervals two gentlemen wandered through, the elder pausing every now and then to drop a comment into her stream of reminiscence. Him she addressed as Nostril, a recent modification of Nose. The younger answered amiably to Jughead or Sport, though most of the time he didn't answer at all, being intent on business of his own. Pursuing these affairs, he took a spill. Before the lip had time for more than a quiver, he had been scooped up and was riding high on his father's shoulders, small hands and feet secure in his father's grasp while the warm voice crooned comfort: "What a terrible, terrible experience!"

Elizabeth smiled up at them, and turned thoughtful as Michael bore his now gurgling child from the room. "This is the kind of moment you remember. This is an image that will always come back to me—my son laughing down from my husband's shoulders. It's nothing but everything, because it holds happiness like a cup. Except for here and there, my whole life has been a happy one. But with a difference. I'm aware of it now. I'll never take it for granted. Jan Struther, who wrote *Mrs. Miniver*, wrote a little verse which says so exactly what I feel that I learned it by heart. It's called *Biography* and it goes like this:

One day my life will end; and lest
Some whim should prompt you to review it,
Let her who knows the subject best

Continued on next page

Elizabeth Remembers
continued

With Glenn Davis, her first "phase."





With Bill Pawley, her first engagement.



With Nicky Hilton, her first marriage.

With Monty Clift, her first "real" acting.



With Britches Jughead Sport, her first baby.



Tell you the shortest way to do it.
Then say, "Here lies one doubly blest."
Say, "She was happy." Say, "She knew it."

"I know it. That's the difference between before and after Michael."

Her earliest memories focus on the countryside of Kent, sixty miles from London. There Victor Cazelet, the godfather she adored, bought an estate. There he turned over to the Taylors an old brick house, set in a meadow of buttercups against an ancient forest. To Elizabeth, Kent was enchanted ground, where you hunted mushrooms in secret places, picked the first primrose, found an iridescent dove's feather on some woodland path. Where your heart could embrace not only cats and dogs, but turtles, lambs and guinea pigs and, dearest of all, the mare Betty, a gift from Victor. Thinking of the dream days in Kent, she sees a child riding her horse around the lake, and tries not to dwell on the sequel.

In 1947 she revisited *Little Swallows*, neglected and overgrown since Victor died in a wartime air crash. "I picked a rose for memory, and I should have let it go at that. But no, I had to find out what became of Betty. They wouldn't say in so many words. From what they did say, I gathered that horse meat was her end. And learned that some questions are better left unasked."

At seven she broke with her past and cried and cried. They were all desolate at the thought of leaving England, but the others understood. Even Howard, nearing ten, understood some of it and tried to explain to his sister. "Daddy and Victor think there might be a war, so they're sending us to America to be safe." Elizabeth went on crying. She was no stranger to America, having been taken back and forth to see her grandparents. But England was home. All across the Atlantic and out to Pasadena, where Granddaddy lived, she wept and refused to be comforted. "Darling, the trouble will be over soon and then we'll go back." Mrs. Taylor believed it. Her daughter apparently didn't. In any event, soon wasn't soon enough.

At length the tears had to dry up. Yet through the eight years that followed, through the excitements of growth and career, nostalgia never died. Listening to symphonies, which she loved, the stir of emotion would draw her back to the lovely, green, clean-smelling countryside where she'd sunk her first roots, and leave her aching for England. "Even now, when America is my home, I'd still be heartsick without the feeling that I could go back at least once a year. At seven it was like a wound. Not until I went back the first time did it heal entirely."

After Daddy joined them to open his art gallery in Hollywood, they moved to the Pacific Palisades. At school she developed a mad crush on a gorgeous-looking boy. One day he was gracious enough (*Continued on page* 77)



The days just aren't long enough for Chandler, Hollywood's busiest guy.

the TALL ONE

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ On a certain day in his second bachelorhood Jeff Chandler awoke quite early to hear a slight thump on the floor, and to experience, somehow, a vague feeling of sadness. The noise had nothing to do with the sadness, but it took a moment of letting the sleep drain out of his mind before he realized this. Then he remembered that he had taken a book and read himself drowsy when he went to bed the night before. Just now the book must have (*Continued on page* 62)

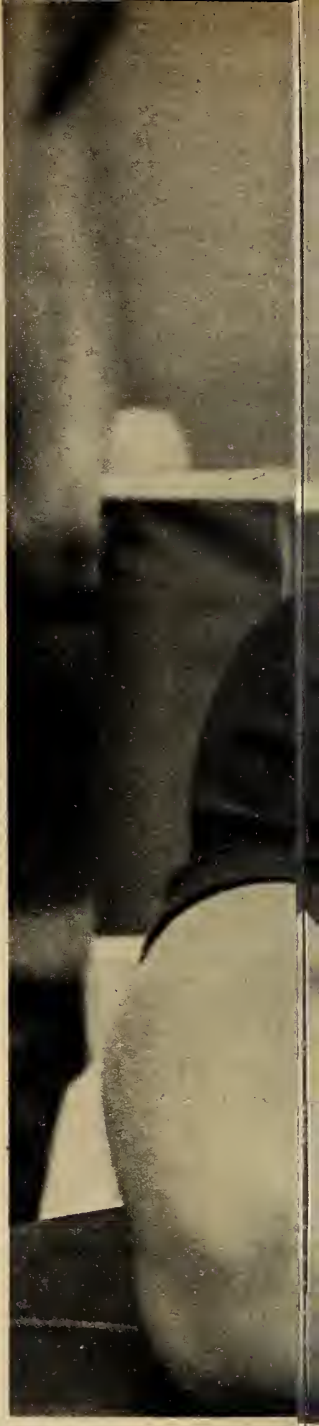
YOU ASKED ME— SO I'M TELLING YOU

UNACCUSTOMED AS HE IS TO WRITING OPEN LETTERS, TONY CURTIS HAS WRITTEN THIS ONE—IN ANSWER TO THE LETTERS YOU'VE BEEN SENDING HIM!









In the early days of their marriage Tony and Janet insisted on sharing each other's hobbies—even if it killed them. Now, more sensibly adjusted, Janet admits that she prefers being photographed to becoming a shutterbug herself, admires Tony's art but doesn't reach for duplicate palette and brush. Tony, equally happy, no longer feels obliged to accompany her to tea parties!



Dear People:

I have a knack for putting my foot in my big mouth. I'll never forget how I did it when I met the Queen of England. They told me I was supposed to address her as "Your Royal Highness." It ought to be easy for an actor to remember three words. When my turn came, my mouth opened and I muffed the line. I remember a quick three seconds of agony before I stuck my hand out, shook hands and said, "Hello." Then I wanted the floor to open and swallow me.

Almost as bad, or worse, was the recent occasion on which Edward R. Murrow on his *Person To Person* program honored Janet and me with a visit to our home. When the time came for the program to begin on our interview, we were ready. The cables weren't. Mr. Murrow couldn't hear me and I couldn't hear him. Suddenly I was aware that around eleven million people had walked into our living-room. I opened my mouth and to this day I can't remember what I said. But I must have done a lot of talking. Janet said I shut up just in time, and then Mr. Murrow came back in with his questions.

Anyway, the result was that we've had more than 3,000 letters a week saying a lot of nice things and asking a lot more questions. I just didn't know how it would be possible to answer them all until Janet suggested that I call up the editors of MODERN SCREEN, who are our buddies. We did. This letter is the result. I am dictating it to a beautiful MODERN SCREEN blonde (*Continued on page* 83)



They say interviewing me is like getting a clam to talk. So I thought I'd try to help. Only—where do you start?

I was

I guess I was a fairly average guy...

with distinctly above-average parents.

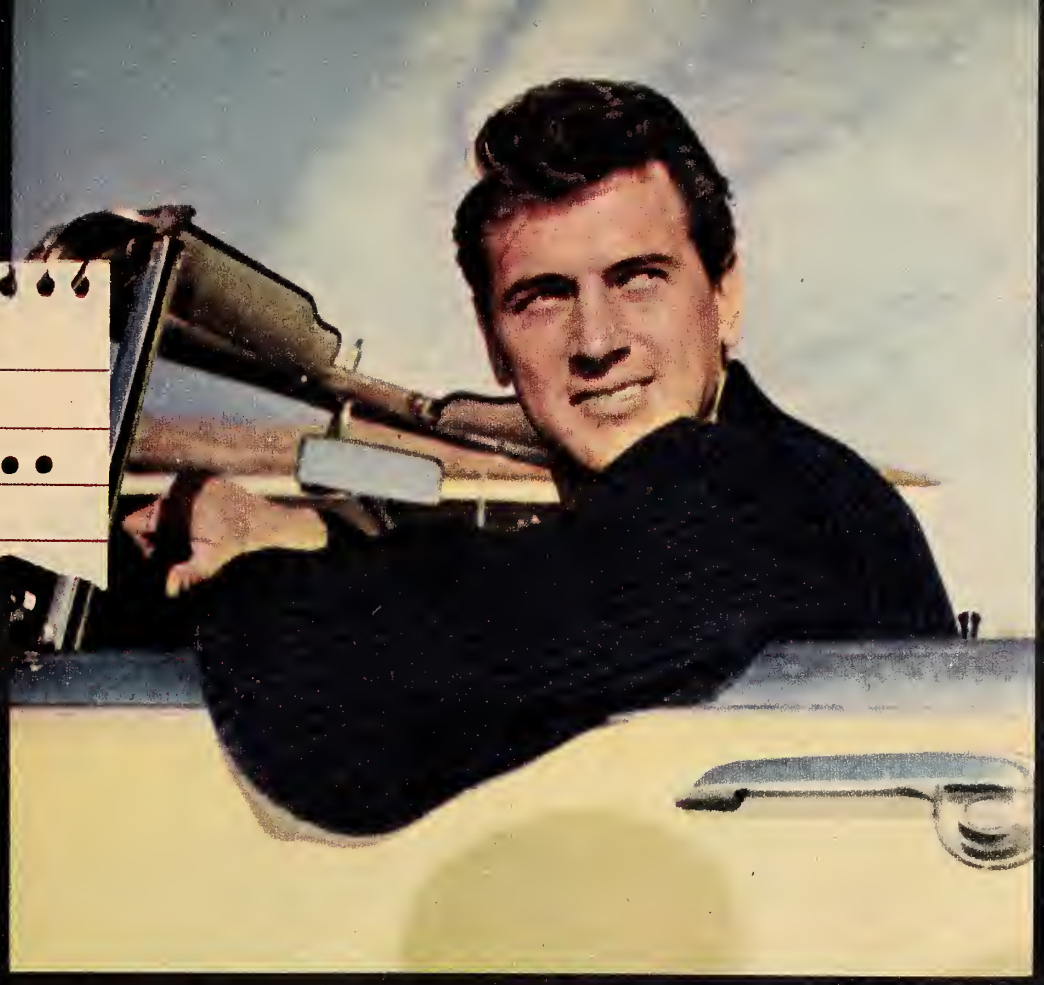






I started as a muscle man, pure and simple...

born...



And as to the future...no comment right now.

now I hope I'm considered an actor, too.

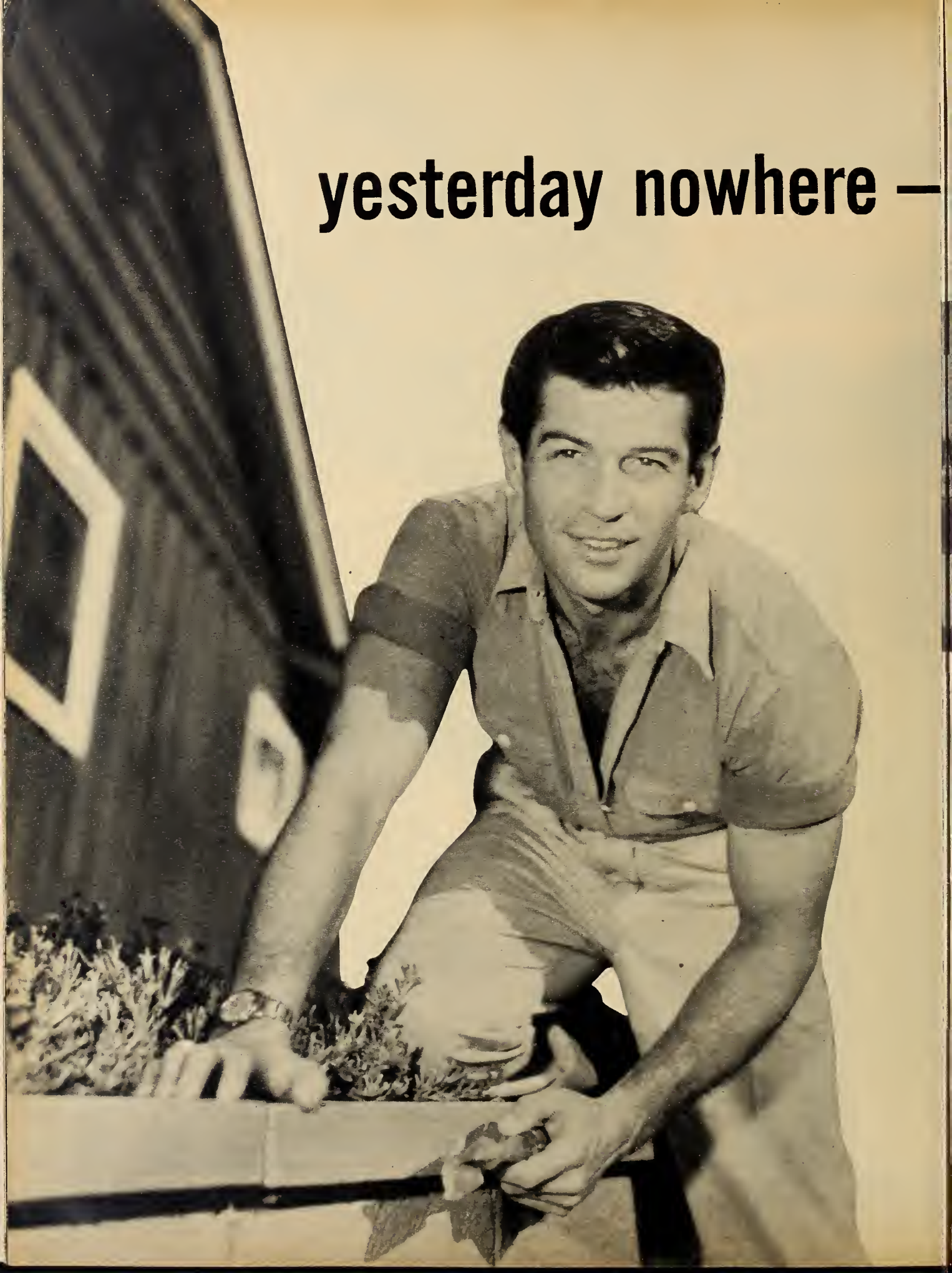
by Rock Hudson

■ Today I had an interview. In Hollywood an interview consists of three people. (1) the writer, who hopes the actor will have something to say, (2) the actor, who hopes the writer will have something to ask, and (3) the publicist or press agent, who accompanies the actor to make sure the writer doesn't ask any rude questions and that the actor doesn't give any rude answers.

Today's interview was the third this week. It was, approximately, the 450th time a writer has sat opposite me, trying to extract a story that will shake the world. This is very remarkable. The *first* time I was interviewed, the reporter ended the conversation by closing his notebook and leering at me. "At least," he said, "you were born."

I feel for these people, these scribes of Hollywood. Contrary to public opinion, stories about movie stars are not woven out of thin air. They are drained out of human beings who have donated their every experience and thought to a hungry press, and there always comes a time when there is nothing left to (*Continued on page* 58)

yesterday nowhere —



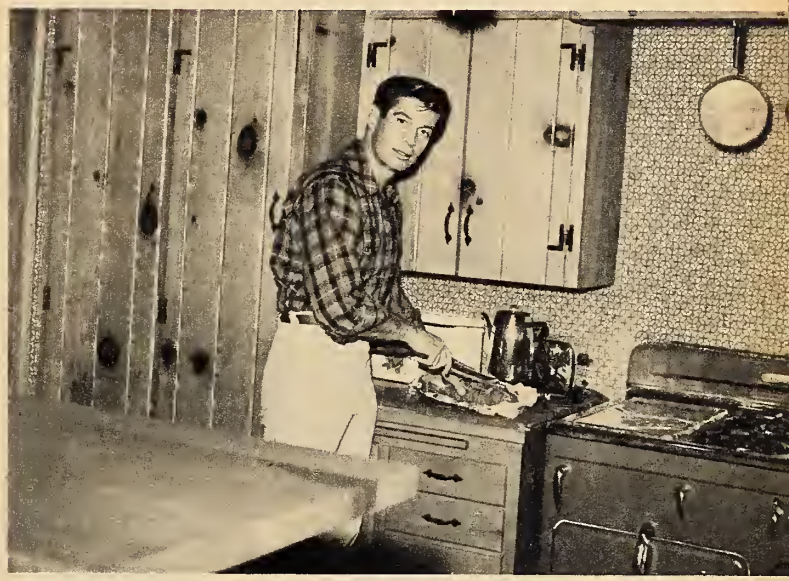
today the most

This is George Nader, the newest, the nicest—the guy Hollywood's got a new word for—zoing!

BY TONI NOEL



Though he dresses conservatively for dates, George prefers plaid shirts and levis around the ranch house he shares with two beloved black cats, offspring of pal Rory Calhaun's Siamese.



Even when he doesn't have an early morning studio call, George is up—and eating—by six. Much of his day is spent answering the fast-rising fan mail that helped him get his movie breaks.

■ "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. . . ." The fact that these words are to be found in the Good Book didn't make their truth any more palatable to George Nader, Jr. Born and raised in southern California, a stone's throw from the film capital, the tall (six feet, one inch), dark (well, hair and tan, anyway) and handsome (unqualified) George was strictly nowhere in Hollywood until he went abroad to make pictures. Then he was in—like nobody else but Nader.

His is not a particularly unique experience. Shy, soft-spoken Fred Zinneman, whose brilliant *From Here To Eternity* practically walked off with last year's Academy Awards, had this rueful comparison to offer: "I was under contract to one studio for ten years, no better and no worse a director than I am today, and nobody even knew my name. I was so unknown, in fact, that when I came back from Europe after making *The Search,* Hollywood thought I was a foreign import and swamped me with more offers than I could accept!"

And so it was with George, for whom the world of footlights was the only world from the beginning. The son of a prominent oil (*Continued on page* 86)



Known as a smooth operator with women, George nonetheless considers himself the "close to the sail" type, says there has always been one like him in every generation of the Nader family!



RACE GENTRY:

THE KIDS GO FOR HIM. BUT THE ONE REALLY IN LOVE WITH RACE IS A POWERFUL LADY NAMED LUCK!

by Nate Edwards

■ As the songwriters keep insisting, it is in that part of Italy centering about the Isle of Capri, that some of the world's most handsome human specimens are to be seen. The women are slim and quick-eyed and they laugh when they dance. The men are mostly dark, deep of chest and full of fun and fire. As a matter of fact there is a legend that all babies in Capri are born with smiles on their faces. But twenty years ago that legend was stretched to include the birth of a boy in the city of Los Angeles in California. His name was John Papiro and he must have known his racial heritage traced back to Capri because, as his mother reports, the traditional smile was there. Today John is still smiling. His name has been changed to Race Gentry and he is the newest of Hollywood's younger male candidates for screen stardom. (*Continued on page* 72)

ava gardner: THE GAL THAT GOT AWAY

Once again the girl who has everything has lost everything worth having. Whose fault is it that Ava is running away again?

BY ELLEN JOHNSON

■ Two days before *The Barefoot Contessa* was premièred in Hollywood, Ava Gardner came to town. She came quietly and sedately, driving her Cadillac in from Palm Springs where she had been living in blissful seclusion.

Ava did not want to come to Hollywood. But she had contracted to exploit her latest film, and to the long-lashed brunette, her word is her honor.

Once in town, Ava checked in at a beauty parlor on Wilshire Boulevard where her hair was washed and set for the occasion.

Came the night of the première, and Ava stole the show. She wore a pink sequinned sheath gown with a tiara to match. She set the crowds gasping. There were plenty of other beauty queens making appearances at that première, but no one's glamour could compare with Gardner's.

Ava grows more beautiful with the passing time. And yet there is about her an air of ineffable sadness, of femininity unfulfilled, of moods dark and depressed.

No one in Hollywood understands Ava Gardner—not even her three ex-husbands, all of whom are experienced in love and the pursuit thereof. Collectively, Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw and Frank Sinatra have had twelve wives.

You might think then that one of these three men could find an adequate explanation of Ava and her ways. But no. Ava remains Hollywood's number one mystery, a beautiful, bedeviled, fascinating creature who has found money, fame, success and adoration—and with it all, loneliness and sorrow. (*Continued on page* 45)

More Pictures on Next Page



Since her third marriage ended, Ava has known two more futile



AT THE PREMIÉRE of *The Barefoot Contessa* Ava smiled for newsmen and fans—but for no special man in her life.



DIRECTOR JOE MANKIEWICZ congratulated her on her performance. Ava's stature as an artist has greatly increased in the last few years.



IGNORING the empty seat beside her, cameramen mobbed Ava, who, as usual, is living much of her life in the headlines.



LATER she was joined by more show business friends and admirers . . . but no one to replace Dominguin, one of her two last—but not greatest—loves.

romances. Surrounded by men wherever she goes, she's still the loneliest gal in town.



WELCOMED in most of South America, in Brazil even Ava's dignity as an actress was insulted when she was mobbed, kicked, asked to leave her hotel for a reported fit of temper.

(*Continued from page* 43)

The fault has not been hers.

By nature she is warmhearted, open-minded, unselfish and considerate. But Ava Gardner is a girl who has lost at love. And love is the keystone of her very life.

Her three unsuccessful marriages were lived in Hollywood, and because Hollywood brings to her mind the memory of these marital failures, she frequently says, "I don't like Hollywood. It's a tough community to work out a marriage in. So much gossip. So much spotlight.

"I don't want to sound ungrateful or anything like that. Heaven knows it's better for me to be an actress than, say, a stenographer. But I'm happier when I'm in Europe."

Ava has stayed away from California for nearly all of the last two years. She roamed Africa, England, Spain, Italy and made three pictures overseas.

In Spain and Italy she also cultivated the friendship of Luis Miguel Dominguin, handsome, wealthy, retired bullfighter. Friends suggest that theirs was more than a friendship. They imply that Ava, seeking companionship, aroused Dominguin's Latin ardor. They point out that in Madrid, the actress and her sister moved into the Commodore Apartment Hotel, close by Dominguin's town house.

Ava is older than the retired matador; at the time of their romance she was thirty-one. Luis was twenty-nine. That was the first time she ever seriously dated a man slightly younger than herself.

When Dominguin came to Hollywood last year, Ava was sitting out her divorce residence requirement on the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe.

For a short time, the handsome Spaniard became a house guest of writer Peter Viertel in Beverly Hills. There a Spanish-speaking reporter questioned Luis Miguel.

"Of course," he said, "you're going up to Lake Tahoe to see Ava. Tell me, do you plan to marry her? Is it on the level that you're both in love?"

Understandably, Dominguin was taken back a bit by the flurry of questions.

"Ava," he explained diplomatically, "is very good fun. In Spain she and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grant and I (*Continued on page* 75)



This is a happy story about a happy star—strictly for people who feel like rejoicing with Judy!

Nothing but Blue Skies

by Louella Parsons

■ "With everything else wonderful that has happened to me this year, I get pregnant, too! How lucky can you be?"

This gay, delighted speaker was my girl Judy Garland, so very happy that the words seemed to be tumbling over one another when she called me the minute she got the good news from the doctor that she was on the stork's calling list again.

"I just found out five minutes ago," she laughed. "Now never say I didn't tell you the minute I heard, myself. What do you suppose I've done to deserve having everything good happen to me at once?"

Now, I know some Hollywood actresses who might take a very dim view of being pregnant right after the greatest smash come-back ever achieved by a star who had been away from the screen five years—as Judy had.

There are some super-ambitious belles who would much rather cash in on such a tremendous success by way of Las Vegas or another picture contract than get ready to welcome a third little stranger.

I've said ever since I met this little girl with the big talent that they threw away the pattern when they made her.

I said, "Judy, I want to do a story about this."

"You're on," she agreed. "What shall we call it? How do you like *A Starlet Is Born*? That's a plug, Louella. But, listen. Sid and I are leaving tomorrow for Chicago and New York where I'm really going to plug *A Star Is Born*. We'll be back in two weeks. When will you be here?"

I told her I'd be at her house exactly five minutes after they came back.

Sure enough, just a few hours after the Lufts flew back from the east I was at their old English-style home, next door to Lana Turner's, in Holmby Hills.

Judy has welcomed me to her home many times, usually wearing her favorite matador pants and bright shirts. But now she looked chic, indeed, in a smart black dress with a white ribbon collar.

"The New York influence," she explained. "I got used to dressing up and looking smart and well-dressed at all hours."

As Judy led me into her favorite room, the den (done in light blonde wood and soft beige divans and chairs). I mentioned to her that she looked to me as though she had gained considerable weight.

"I always *lose* weight the first two months I'm carrying a baby. After that—look out! The pounds start to pile on. When I'm six months pregnant I look like most women do at eight months. I just waddle around, big as a house, and not giving a darn."

"Hey, there, you with the stars in your eyes—you've had quite a problem with weight," I chided. "It would be a shame to pile it on again after what you went through to get your figure ring-weight for *A Star Is Born.*"

"Oh, I don't mean I stuff myself," said Judy, who had seated herself on the couch in the window seat and sat like a little girl with her knees pulled up under her chin.

"You see, Louella—the point is I feel so *wonderful* when I'm pregnant. I don't know the meaning of morning sickness or the other discomforts so many women suffer.

"I'm at my healthiest when I'm carrying a child—and I mean mentally and physically. You know how nervous I sometimes am? Well, all that feeling vanishes when I'm pregnant. Absolutely nothing (*Continued on page* 81)

Some go steady, some play the field. Some spend big money, some go for walks in the rain. One thing movie kids have in common: they're so normal it's amazing!

BY BETTY MILLER

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG DATING SET



PAUL GILBERT is a one-girl guy, the girl being Barrie Chase, a blonde who doesn't think that being a comedian's steady girl means thot she has to giggle at his every remark.



NOT GOING STEADY but definitely concentrating on each other, Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson find daytime dates are a good way to catch up on fun they had to miss while working on pictures.



LANCE FULLER may skip dating entirely for a month or so ("just not in the mood") then, on the spur of the moment, phone a favorite girl like Melinda Markey and make a day of it.



CLEO MOORE usually dates three or four times a week and prefers last-minute plans with a casual lad like Brad Jackson, whose dating philosophy is "Comb your hair—and forget yourself!"

■ Seeing pictures of our young stars, dressed to the teeth for première dates, many people probably think "What a life!" Others might add enviously, "Nothing but cakes and ale!" But would be wrong. For one thing, cakes are fattening, and for another, surprisingly few Hollywood youngsters do enough drinking to mention. And when they're at a première, all gussied up, it's at the express wish of their studios. That isn't dating; that's working.

What they do in their own free time is so average as to be a revelation. The kids have one rule in common: *no* dates while working on a picture. They're all serious about their careers; they realize that they must look and give their best, and during production they have to get up early in the morning. The routine then is usually dinner at home, a couple of hours of studying the next day's lines, and early to bed.

So Hollywood's younger set must make up for lost time between pictures. With them the daytime date has become almost as popular as the conventional evening one. Take a young man like Lance Fuller. He considers himself a cyclic personality. "I'm the moody type," he admits. "I have ups and downs about everything—including my future in pictures. I even date in spurts. Sometimes a whole month will go by without my taking a girl out. Then the urge hits me and I'd like to go out every night. Generally, though, I confine my dating to the week ends."

Lance may not go out often, but when he does he makes a day of it. On this particular Sunday he picked up pert Melinda Markey and drove out to the popular Circle J Ranch at Newhall. First there was a fast game of Ping-pong to warm them up, then a romp in the pool to cool them off. Having (*Continued on page* 56)

More Pictures on Next Page



LANCE and MELINDA (she's Joan Bennett's daughter) share a love of active, athletic, open-air activities. Lance usually type-casts his girls, invites different ones for different occasions. Ordinarily, he spends about twelve dollars on a date.



NOT PUBLICITY-SHY, Hugh O'Brian and Eve Miller frankly enjoy being recognized in public and written about in columns. Nonetheless, their dates are usually simple and inexpensive. They can spend hours window-shopping.



PAUL and BARRIE see each other four times a week, frequently for a swim at the pool in Paul's apartment house and a home-made meal—made by Paul! It works out perfectly because Paul loves to cook and Barrie is mad about eating—and both believe that hobbies should be shared whenever possible.



NO LONGER GOING STEADY, Bob Francis is playing the field, enjoys dates with singer Joanne Gilbert. Unlike many of the other youngsters, he believes in spending at least twenty-five dollars on a date—and (possibly as a result) dates less frequently than he might. His favorite evenings are partly planned, partly spur-of-the-moment.



TAB AND LORI go in for what they consider canventional dates; dinner (unless they wark late at the studio), theatre (the best seats available), a chat with the cast backstage (Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton this time), a leisurely drive home and a very friendly goodnight.



HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG DATING SET continued

Once a date with a star meant an evening with a mob, fans and photographers—and who ever heard of fun? Now it means doing the things that everybody does and loves—the things that end with a light-hearted feeling and a happy time to remember!





Saying goodbye to parents, his fiancée, Josane Berenger, flew to America carrying photo of Marlon, which, to his reported annoyance, she cheerfully displayed to cameramen.

How Marlon Brando Proposed

Four months ago we told you that Marlon had been tamed. Now it seems the wild one has been domesticated as well!

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ How does a man like Marlon Brando get to meet a French fisherman's daughter in New York? It's simple—as simple as any boy and girl meeting anywhere who say hello and fall in love at first sight. Because, according to both Marlon and Josane Mariani-Berenger they knew right away.

It was last February, when Brando caused such a hassle by walking out of *The Egyptian*, off the set, off the lot and off to New York for psychiatric treatment.

In the meantime, French Josane had been introduced to a New York psychiatrist by the artist she worked for. She went to New York and lived with Dr. and Mrs. Schneider at first, teaching their children French. One evening she went to a party given by acting teacher Stella Adler. And there she met Marlon Brando.

They say that Hollywood (*Continued on page* 54)



More Pictures on next page



These exclusive pictures are the only ones ever shot of Brando at home!



Marlon's white cat gets less publicity than last pet,



...famous raccoon Russell, once called his great love!

How Marlon Brando Proposed continued

was stunned by the news of Marlon Brando's engagement to Josane Mariani-Berenger, the twenty-year-old stepdaughter of a French fisherman.

Actually, no one in Hollywood was surprised by the announcement except, perhaps, some of the girls who used to go out with Brando.

Rita Moreno, who had dated him before he left for France, said, "When I was out with him, Marlon seemed to feel that he was several years away from marriage. He must have had a change of heart."

Said Movita Castaneda, "It is difficult for me to believe that he plans to marry in the near future. He is such a free soul. He never wanted to be tied down. We shall see. There is a big difference between getting engaged and getting married."

Over at 20th Century-Fox, however, where Brando made *Désirée* last summer, the news of the enigmatic actor and the gamin-like Josane was received with a casual shrug.

"Look," said one publicity man, "a few months ago Josane was here. Did you ever see Brando so solicitous?

"He brought Josane on the set practically every day. He treated her as if she were a queen. When we asked him if she might be interested in meeting the press, he said, 'Please, she's just here for a vacation. Give her a break.'

"His friend and make-up man, Phil Rhodes, drove Josane all over town. Marlon has a pretty good eye for beauty, you know, but he wouldn't look at another girl.

"It was pretty obvious that he was in love with her, and I don't think he made any effort to hide it. As far back as August he was really gone on her. And I must say he's

picked himself a really nifty little package. This Josane is as sharp as a razor blade. Doesn't miss a trick, and she's really loaded with sex appeal.

"Brando has always gone in for the sultry, brunette type. No, the news didn't come as any surprise to us.

"It probably didn't surprise the readers of MODERN SCREEN, either. Your magazine reported Bud's interest in Josane a couple of months ago. Brando didn't deny it. In fact he was trying to find out how you found out who Josane was. He thought he'd kept it under wraps."

ACTUALLY, while touring the 20th Century lot one day, a reporter saw this tiny, attractive, dark-eyed brunette, accompanied by a chaperone. She was going everywhere with Brando.

The chaperone was asked, "Who's the girl with Brando?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't say anything about her." Asked the same question, Brando admitted forthrightly, "Her name is Josane Mariani. I met her last summer. She's from France."

"Is it a romance?"

Instead of flipping his lid, Brando was polite. "That's part of my private life," he explained. "Nobody's interested in that."

"Are you kidding? *Everyone's* interested in that! Is she an actress?"

"She has acted a little," he admitted.

"Does she live in France?"

"I don't want to be rude," Brando said, "but I just don't want to talk about her."

It looked pretty serious between Bud and Josane. They were inseparable. They were in love, and it was so reported in the November issue of MODERN SCREEN.

When Josane left for France, Marlon's father arrived in Hollywood to discuss various business affairs with his son.

At the same time it was rumored that Bud was dating Pier Angeli, Rita Moreno and a half dozen other girls. But he was faithful to his Josane. They had come to an understanding, and Bud had promised to meet her, first in Paris, then in Bandol.

In October he journeyed to this Riviera resort (population 3,000) where Josane lived with her mother and stepfather in a tiny three-room house back of the dock.

Bandol is twenty-five miles from Marseilles. Typically, Marlon arrived on a hired scooter. He moved in with his prospective in-laws, and a day later, the following advertisement appeared in the Toulon newspaper, *Le Petit Varois*.

"M. and Mme. Paul Berenger are happy to announce the engagement of their daughter, Josane, to M. Marlon Brando."

BRANDO IS extremely well-known in France. His family is of French origin, the name having once been spelled "Brandeau." You can imagine the eruption that ensued after this announcement appeared.

The townsfolk gathered around the fifty-year-old Berenger house and clamored for the romantic details.

"Is your daughter," one civic leader asked, "engaged to the *actor* Brando?"

Madame Berenger nodded happily. An hour later everyone in Marseilles had heard the news. Two hours later reporters in Paris began to fly to the south of France to interview Brando.

Bud and Josane were out fishing with her stepfather as the engagement news was broken. When they returned to the house, Marseilles reporters were on hand.

"Are you really engaged?" he was asked.

"Sure, I'm engaged," he said. "What's so mysterious about that?"

Bud was wearing grey flannels and a striped T-shirt. Josane wore blue jeans and a striped T-shirt, too.

"We thought," said one reporter, "that maybe you came down here just for the fishing."

"I'm here," Bud announced, "for three things. I want to get to know my future parents-in-law—very nice people.

"I want to live for a while under this beautiful blue sky—here where my fiancée was born.

"And I want to relax in the sun."

Josane was then asked how and where she had first met her fiancé.

Up until three years ago, she explained, she had stayed at home helping her mother. Then a painter, the late Moise Kisling, a Polish-born artist who had a studio in Bandol, asked her to pose for him.

Later it was determined that Josane had posed in the nude for eight paintings, the best of which is entitled "Young Girl With Lilies." It is owned by a wealthy French planter who lives in Indo-China. Immediately, there was a rumor that Marlon is anxious to buy up all these paintings.

Anyway, Dr. Schneider, a New York psychiatrist, was in Bandol. Moise Kisling introduced him to Josane. The doctor asked Mr. Kisling's model if she would like a job in New York as a governess, reportedly at

doris day and four other top hollywood stars demonstrate the amazing new **modern screen** five-style haircut in the **march** issue . . . with pert miss d. on the cover. at your newsstand **february 8.**

$200 a month. Josane says she discussed the offer with her parents, and they gave their consent.

LAST FEBRUARY when Brando walked out of *The Egyptian*, he flew to New York for psychiatric treatment. At a party of Stella Adler's he was introduced to Josane.

"Two hours after we met," Josane says, "he said to me, 'Will you be my wife?'

"Naturally I was surprised, but later we got to know each other well. Then I visited him last summer when he was working in California."

When asked how Brando liked Bandol, Josane told reporters, "I hope my town will give him the peace of mind and soul he is seeking."

Josane's hope turned out to be short-lived. As more newspapermen arrived in Bandol, Brando grew increasingly angry. "I can't stand this persecution any longer," he shouted. "Isn't there any place we can have a little privacy?"

Because the reporters were harassing him, Bud decided to cut short his idyll with Josane and go to Italy. Before he left, however, he told newsmen, "I consider myself officially engaged to Josane. This is no gag or publicity stunt as some reporters have had the disgustingly bad taste to imply. Josane is the only girl I ever really wanted to marry."

The actor told his sweetheart he would meet her in New York and took off for Cannes, Genoa and Rome, in that order, once more aboard his trusty scooter.

In Rome he held a press conference and reaffirmed his engagement.

THE LITTLE GOVERNESS, left behind in Bandol, but suddenly thrust into the spotlight, handled herself with confidence.

"I love Marlon as a man," she asserted, "and not as an actor. I am proud to be the daughter of a fisherman. I cannot see that Marlon and I are different from any other couple in love."

Sighed Josane's mother, "Up until now my daughter has been interested only in her studies and in posing as a model. Ah! This is her first love affair."

Next day Josane packed her bags, kissed her parents goodbye, and flew to Paris. When her plane landed, fifty-six reporters rushed out to meet her. The model disembarked, carrying herself like a little queen. Her lovely, clear-featured face was perfectly made up. On her eyelids was the slightest covering of blue eyeshadow. She wore a black satin flared ballet skirt and a form-fitting blue jacket.

She seemed to be perfectly at ease, completely in control of herself. As she entered the arrival room, crowds mounted the balcony to look at the future Mrs. Brando. Some called out encouragement.

"Isn't it true," someone asked, "that your parents forced Marlon into the engagement by inserting that advertisement in the Toulon newspaper?"

"Isn't it a fact," another reporter queried, "that your parents were furious when they learned about the holiday you and Marlon had spent in Paris? Isn't that why they put that ad in the paper?"

Instead of waxing indignant, Josane merely smiled. "My parents put that announcement in the paper," she said, "with Marlon's full approval."

"I wonder," she was asked, "if you would care to show us your engagement ring."

"I'm sorry," Josane said. "I am not going to show it. I carry it in my handbag."

"When will you be married?"

"I think we will be married in America. Maybe in June."

"In Rome yesterday, Mademoiselle, your fiancé was quoted as saying that he has to make two films in England before he can go to New York and marry you."

"Nonsense," Josane said. "He doesn't have to make any film in England. I don't know where you heard that."

A BLACK CAR pulled up to the airport exit. Josane got in and drove off. On November 8 she landed in New York, still bewildered at the public's refusal to attribute Brando's betrothal to love.

As you read this, it is probable that Josane and Marlon are in Hollywood where Bud is preparing to star in *Guys And Dolls* for Sam Goldwyn.

The conjecture on the lasting qualities of a Brando-Berenger marriage is endless.

According to one view, largely feminine, Brando will never marry Josane; just before the wedding he will get cold feet.

According to another, the marriage will come to pass but Brando is such an impossible man to live with that after a short while, Josane will divorce him.

Another point of view centers around the belief that Brando will make an exciting but reliable husband and that the marriage will be lasting.

ONE OF BRANDO'S closest friends says wearily, "Granted, Bud is neurotic, high-strung and unpredictable. The fact remains that he has had plenty of experience with girls. If he has decided that

Josane is the wife for him, then that's good enough for me.

"Bud has tremendous power of concentration. If he concentrates on making a good marriage, it will be the most wonderful, wholesome marriage you can imagine.

"I know what people are saying about his being a child. I know all about that. They're saying he is using Josane as a mother replacement, that if his mother had lived he never would have become engaged to Josane.

"Maybe there's some truth to that. I just don't believe it. Bud and his mother were very close. The whole Brando family has always been close but he never was what you'd call a 'mama's boy.' No, sir. Ever since he was nineteen, Bud has been on his own, more or less. When he proposed to her last year his mother was still living.

"I'm sure he has every intention of going through with the wedding. What's more, Josane will make him a perfect wife. She's a fine cook, a little heavy on the garlic, but Bud goes in for that, also for her *bouillabaise* and the sauces she makes.

"I'm not sure, but I think she's half-Italian or half Corsican. Certainly, she's devoutly Catholic. When Bud left her to go to Italy, she went to church directly and prayed for his safe trip. She doesn't believe in divorce and I don't think Bud does either.

"He has always been crazy about kids, and if they have children then I'm convinced the marriage will last.

"Between Brando's parents there was a great and memorable love, and he remembers that. Brando is a remarkably sensitive man. Often in his life he has been lonely; he has tried to seek out the meaning in his existence. He does not find motion picture acting very rewarding. He does it for the money and he's frank about it. Personally, I wouldn't be surprised if he quit the movies tomorrow morning and became a cattle rancher.

"I mention this because Bud has always been searching for an anchor or a guidepost. In Josane, he has someone who will give his life meaning. She views marriage realistically and is quite tolerant. She expects Marlon Brando to be moody, quixotic, unconventional.

"I have never heard of a French woman who undertook marriage as a lark. Josane knows that with Brando she will have her hands full. But in their companionship I predict they will find exultation and rare happiness." **END**

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hollywood's young dating set

(*Continued from page 49*) worked up the appetite of healthy young animals, they stowed away one of those enormous brunches for which the ranch is noted. When a long horseback ride failed to deplete Lance's mischievous energy, Melinda put him to work cleaning the stable. They roughhoused, they clowned and, at sunset, they had a final stroll out on the desert. Result: one long, lovely day as innocent of Hollywood pretense as you could find. The cost to a young actor: twelve dollars.

"Anyone can afford the kind of dates I enjoy," says Lance. "Fortunately, I don't go for the girls who want you to make a big spread." He does go for different kinds of girls for different activities because, as he points out, the one who shares his passion for the Griffith Park Observatory might hate bowling, which he also enjoys, and the one he takes bowling might be bored by a whole day at the beach.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, most young Hollywoodites prefer spur-of-the-moment fun to planned dates. "You can't plan ahead in this business," Columbia's blonde and beautiful Cleo Moore said. "Sure as you work up something elaborate, the studio wants you to do something else—and, after all, our careers come first." Cleo dates three or four times a week when she isn't working, doesn't drink, and goes along with Lance's theory that the type to date depends on what's doing. She likes all sports, both as a participant and a spectator, enjoys floor shows and live theatre, and is m-a-a-a-d for the movies. "That's my idea of the perfect date," she says. "I'm enjoying myself and I'm learning."

Her date for this occasion was Brad Jackson, who might be described as a couth Marlon Brando. He's considerably more conservative in his choice of wearing apparel, but there is the same refreshing forthright quality, the same dedication to acting. "I don't have much time for dating," he says. "I'm a long way from perfecting my technique as an actor, and I attend classes five nights a week. Since I can only date a couple of times a month, I choose the girls I take out pretty carefully. No particular type; it just has to be somebody I already know I like and can relax with. I love sailing and I spend as much time as I can skiing up at Big Bear. If I invite a girl, I'm going to be pretty sure she isn't the clinging-vine type who can't do these things right along with me.

"I can't stand clinging vines and I can't stand barflies—male or female. Maybe I'm a rebel, but the way I figure it, there are acting actors and publicity actors, and I think the emphasis on being seen in those swank spots on the Strip is for nothing. I don't *want* people to recognize me because every month they see pictures of me taken at Ciro's or Mocambo. I don't want an agent planting items that I'm testing for a role or I'm romancing some movie queen I haven't even met. If I give a good performance in a picture—okay, write about that. But no phony build-ups.

"That's why I like to date a girl like Cleo; she's real. I called her and said, 'Let's do something together tomorrow.' She didn't make any offended feminine noises about such short notice, and it went without saying that if either of us got a studio call, the date was off. So we had dinner—not on the Strip—played miniature golf, caught a late movie, and stopped for a malted on the way home. It cost only eight or ten bucks, but we both had fun. That's the imporatnt thing. My formula for a successful date: comb your hair, clean your nails—and forget yourself."



REAL RIGHT CUSTOMER

I was standing at the sweater counter in Saks, Beverly Hills, waiting for a salesgirl. I heard her customer say: "I'll take two of these cashmeres and pick one out for yourself because you've been so sweet." I looked up and discovered that I was standing beside Doris Day!

Mrs. Lee Bankston
Baytown 'A,' Texas

ANOTHER YOUNG man with an understandable repugnance for nightclub dates is Paul Gilbert. Having first achieved prominence as a nightclub comedian, still partially earning his living through that medium, the quiet, serious Paul's idea of heaven is to be as far away from nightclubs as possible when his time is his own. Although he maintains a well-stocked bar for guests, Paul never touches liquor; a one-girl guy, he steady-dates beauteous Barrie Chase. They get together about four times a week, usually, and when Paul is working their dates are likely to be at home. His apartment building features a pool in which they spend considerable time, and after swimming and sunning Paul usually can be found slaving over a hot stove, preparing lunch. It's an ideal arrangement; they both like his cooking.

Paul digs speed boats, sports car racing, and bullfighting the most. "Where we go on a date, what I spend, doesn't matter. The essential thing to me is that my girl share my enthusiasm for whatever we're doing. I'm just not the kind of guy to enjoy having my hobbies while she has hers; I want us to do things together.

"Of course, comedians are kind of difficult to peg as dates. I guess a girl doesn't know what to expect of a professional funnyman. He's liable to get a girl who accepts his invitation because she thinks he's comical, so he has to work all evening entertaining her. Or the other extreme, the girl who doesn't think he's in the least funny but suspects that he's trying to be, so *she* works all evening, falling out of her chair in appreciation when he says it's a nice evening or taxes are terrible. And you can't blame the girl; there are comedians who are on-stage every minute that they're conscious. How is she supposed to know?"

BOB FRANCIS isn't a steady-date man, but he's a wary one to pin down to a comment. "Well, it figures, doesn't it," he parries ,"that if you date one girl more often than the others, it's because you found someone who can do and enjoy the things you like?" He's an exciting combination of the planned-in-advance and spur-of-the-moment type date. Joanne Gilbert knew what to wear, because Bob had mentioned dinner at Jack's at the Beach when he called her, but beyond that nothing of the evening was planned. Spontaneously they agreed after eating that hitting the concessions on the pier would be a ball. If you like carrying home loot, Bob is the ideal companion for an expedition such as this, being a natural athlete who hits bulls-eyes with admirable regularity. He's also the man to give a girl the full treatment, figuring to spend "at least" twenty-five dollars per date—which might be the reason he dates only a couple of times a week!

WITH HUGH O'BRIAN anything might happen. It might be champagne and an opening night on the Sunset Strip or, as on this date with Eve Miller, an invitation to spend some time together with no

specific goal in mind. The couple had lunch at the Town & Country on this first date, then browsed through the many shops there—which is as good a way as any of getting to know each other better.

"Like this jacket?" Hugh asked. Eve did.

"Hugh, look at this stunning bone china!" Eve exclaimed, and Hugh looked.

If at their tender ages their pockets weren't loaded with the wherewithal to buy what they admired, they had high enough spirits and imagination enough to get a bang out of playing-like.

A little later they were recognized by a group of teen-age college students touring Hollywood, and it would be hard to say who enjoyed the encounter more. Eve and Hugh asked the visiting kids almost as many questions as they answered, patiently held still for pictures and took pictures before they departed, leaving behind them a whole busload of new friends and fans. Total cost of date: about five bucks. Five bucks only—but they had a lovely time, holding hands as they window-shopped, talking diffidently of their dreams for the future, having their morale boosted a thousand or so per cent by the fact that they had been recognized.

Hugh is one of Hollywood's hardest working and most serious young actors. He goes out "as often as I can" because, unlike Brad Jackson, he feels that publicity is important. "If you get around often enough, the fans become familiar with your name and your face, they write letters—and studios watch fan mail."

A favorite escort of feminine stars, he may lead his date beautifully through a waltz, but Hugh has also been known to show up in church with a girl who hadn't seen the inside of one in many a moon.

TAB HUNTER, about as eligible as a bachelor can get, expresses a definite preference for the planned date. And a good thing, too, since his Ideal Girl takes a dim view of brash young men who call and say, "I'll be over in five minutes—let's do something." When Tab takes Lori Nelson out, theirs is likely to be the most conventional date in town. For this one, because they are both avid theatre addicts, he had bought tickets for a revue called *That's Life* well in advance. Because of a studio commitment they were unable to have dinner together; Tab picked up Lori and drove directly to the Las Palmas Theatre. Since he is a boy to go to some pains to see that everything about a date is just right, they found themselves in excellent seats behind two other famous first-nighters, Eleanor and Glenn Ford.

After the show they went backstage to congratulate the cast, including talented Barbara Ruick who greeted them with her proud husband, Bob Horton, at her side. Then Lori and Tab wended their leisurely way homeward, talking about the performance they had just seen, stopping on the way for a drink. It was too late for Tab to come in for a visit, so they parked before Lori's house to talk a little longer before ending the evening with a warm good-night kiss. Cost of an average date to Tab: fifteen to twenty dollars.

SPEAKING OF KISSES, these Hollywood kids gave serious attention to a problem that holds the interest of most teen-agers—what about that first-date kiss? Is it the right thing to do? Does a boy expect it as his just due, having done his best to show the girl a good time?

The girls formed a solid line of resistance; they were unanimously agin' it. Lori put it this way: "No, not even if you like him. If you don't kiss him on the first date—or the second—he'll look forward to the next date more. He'll think, 'Maybe tonight!' "

And Cleo added, "I've got a seventeen-year-old sister, and I hope I'm getting the same message through her head. I definitely don't think a boy expects it unless the girl gives him some encouragement. How a boy behaves on a date depends entirely on your own conduct. You don't owe him anything. Besides, suppose you go out with a boy for the first time and by the end of the evening you've decided that you can't stand him. Are you going to let him kiss you anyway, just because you always do?"

THE BOYS didn't exactly share these sentiments, but oddly enough there was only one who gave a positive yes to the question. Lance Fuller said, "Naturally I expect to kiss a girl on our first date. If there hadn't been some physical attraction between us, we never would have gone out together in the first place." He didn't say, however, whether he always gets what he expects.

The other handsome young eligibles were hopeful, perhaps, but more inclined to look to the way the ball bounces. Bob Francis said, "I certainly wouldn't consider that a girl *owed* it to me. If the date went as well as we both hoped, if we had a wonderful time and liked each other as much as we had expected—well, if it happens, it happens. But I wouldn't want to kiss any girl because she thought it was expected of her."

"There isn't any yes-or-no answer," was Brad Jackson's opinion. "It's a matter of instinct. You can usually tell by the way a girl looks at you, by the way she talks and laughs, if she wants you to kiss her. Sometimes you make a mistake and get the slap routine, sure, but not often. By the time you've spent a few hours with a girl, you ought to know whether her mind is on some guy in Korea, or she's so wrapped up in her career that she's afraid of emotional involvements. If I had any rule, it would be, 'Don't force yourself.' "

Brad was even brave enough to look at the other side of the coin, the woman's side. "I guess it's possible, though it never has happened to me. Well, if at the end of the first date the girl would rather be kissed by this guy than eat for the next week, it still depends on her. She doesn't have to make it obvious—but if she wants to be kissed, she'll let him know it."

Tab said, "I can only speak from my own experience, but the first time I dated Lori, I was too interested in finding out what kind of person she was to think about anything like that. She's so quiet and modest, you know, that you really have to work to find out about her. I thought she was beautiful and talented, and I wanted to know more about her. I think I got as far as kissing her on the cheek—that brother routine that I hate—but any time you see me kissing her now, that's the genuine article!

"As for first dates, generally, I think it's a chemical thing. If you both feel that the way to end the date is with a kiss, you just do it. If it's natural, it's right."

WHICH BRINGS to mind the handsome young Broadway actor who came to Hollywood to make a picture. After a few months here he had an interview with a newspaper columnist who asked, among other things, his opinion on kissing.

He said that he did not kiss girls on first dates. "Nor," he added, "on any consequent dates."

"Never?" asked the incredulous reporter, knowing that he had been escorting some of Hollywood's most glamorous stars to premières.

"Never," he answered firmly.

"But why not?"

The young man from Broadway shrugged. "My wife won't let me." **END**



HAVE A HEART

Wherein young Bob Mitchum unwittingly woos his future wife.

■ The marriage of Bob and Dorothy Mitchum has gone through considerable strain in the years since they have lived in Hollywood. Yet it has stood the various tests and is stronger than ever. It could well be they were fated to have such a bond through life, for their romance began, many years ago, through a fluke.

As a boy, Mitch was never the romantic type, but there was a nine-year-old blonde named Nancy who lived up the street, and whose charms overcame him. He thought she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and feeling half ashamed and half worshipful, he kept it a secret love. That is, he thought he did. But his sly glances in school and the covert way he watched Nancy from behind the livingroom curtains didn't escape the attention of his brother John. And John was endowed with as much of the demon as Bob was.

As Valentine's Day approached, Bob spent agonizing, furtive hours over paper lace and hearts, creating a valentine he hoped would be worthy of Nancy. But as fate would have it, February 13 brought with it an attack of measles, and Bob was unceremoniously bundled to bed. Next day he inserted the valentine into a large envelope and hailed his brother with what he hoped was nonchalance.

"Do me a favor, and take this up to Nancy's house, will you?"

John grinned evilly. "What is it?"

"Oh, just some homework I promised to help her with."

"No kidding?" said John. "Okay."

Any fool could hold the envelope up to the light and see the outline of a paper heart, so John smiled to himself, and promptly delivered the valentine to a girl who lived down the street—a dark-haired girl named Dorothy Spence, who eventually became Mrs. Mitchum.

I was born

(*Continued from page 39*) say. For my part, I have told about my home, my parents, my first tooth, my dog. I have dug up my earliest memory and my baby pictures. I have told my favorite soup and my most embarrassing experience. Two thousand, five hundred and six people have asked how I got started in movies. And I've told them. Twice that many have asked when I'm going to get married. "Born in 1925?" they say. "How about getting married?" They've asked me what kind of women I like and what kind of women I don't like. And I've told them. I've never been able to understand *why* anybody cares about any of it, but then, this sort of thing is all part of being a movie actor. So I do it. It got so I almost felt sorry for myself, but now I sympathize with the press, doomed to earn its bread by writing about squeezed lemons.

Today's interview was with a female I shall call Jane because her parents did it first. Kate, the studio publicist, phoned me about it yesterday. "Meet us at the Wild Goose at twelve o'clock," she said.

"What's the angle of this one?" I inquired foolishly.

"Angle!" spluttered Kate. "Angle! Are you kidding? There aren't any left." Kate is really a very nice person, one of my favorite people. I like her because she understands this business so well. And she understands me. She ought to. She's been on all 450 interviews. And she insults me quite neatly. "Don't be late," she said before she hung up.

I was late, of course. This is because I got up at eleven, which was too soon, and not being one to waste time, I dropped in to visit the mother of a friend of mine. Honest. And so I got to the Wild Goose fifteen minutes late. Kate and Jane were already there, sitting near the fireplace.

"Hi," said Jane. Jane is the easy-going type, unlike those reporters who have a stabbed look when they interview you. She gives the impression that she doesn't care whether she gets a story or not.

"You're late," said Kate.

"Now, now," I said, easing myself into the booth. The girls had been considerate enough to leave the spot for me that faced the fire. It also faced another booth containing two likely looking females, so I congratulated myself. "Don't rant at me," I told Kate. "I was a little early, so I dropped in to see old Mrs. Jones. I was doing a goodness."

"Well, do your goodnesses on your own time," Kate retorted. "We've got to be at Joe's office at two for pictures, then—"

"Sure," I said. "We'll make it."

"It's been a long time," Jane said. "We've both been places since the last interview. You've been to Europe, I've been to Europe."

"You've been to Europe?" I said. "Isn't it great? Isn't Italy sensational?"

"Jane's interviewing *you*," Kate said.

"Okay," said Jane. "How did *you* like Europe?"

"I loved it," I said.

"He's given five stories on Europe," said Kate.

"Oh," said Jane.

And that reminded me. "What are we going to talk about?" I said.

"I apologize," Jane said. "I'm fresh out. Let's just talk, maybe we'll think of something." Then she gave me an evil grin. "How about women for a subject?"

I picked up a table knife and ran it across my throat. And then the waiter hove to. I ordered lunch for the ladies and speculated on my own. It had to be breakfast-ish. "Eggs," I said. "About three of them scrambled. And sausage—link sausage—and some potatoes. Hash 'em up a little. And toast."

"How about acting for a subject?" Jane said, and the waiter started to go away.

"Excuse me," I said, and called the waiter back.

"He hasn't finished ordering," Kate told Jane.

"Hasn't *finished?*"

"Not anywhere near," said Kate. "He eats."

"I want something to start with," I told the waiter. "Fruit cup. A big one. And coffee. And some sliced tomatoes." Then I turned to Jane. "Excuse me again. Would you like a cocktail or some wine?"

"Wine would be nice," she said.

So I ordered some *Chablis*. "Did you ever drink *Beaujolais* over there?" I said.

"How about acting?" Kate prompted.

"Acting? I'm still learning. Which hasn't discouraged six stories on the subject."

"Maybe food," persisted Jane.

"He's done it," Kate said. "All about frogs' legs and hominy grits."

Jane ploughed forward. "Philosophize on life?"

I smiled at her, a little sickly. "Done to a crisp. Discourses on customs, solitude, prayers, fear and fortune. And the writers made me sound like Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer on a bad day, granted, but they did a good gilding job."

JANE STABBED the tablecloth in a triumphant gesture with her fork. "See? You're articulate! You're intelligent! I keep telling you there's something under all your malarkey." Now, Jane always says this. She suspects hidden depths. She thinks because I read an occasional book I have a brain lurking somewhere. It's just wishful thinking, because she wants a new slant on me.

Fred Allen says he's on a strict salt-free diet.

"In fact," he says, "when I returned to New York from Hollywood, I took the northern route—to avoid any contact with Salt Lake City."

—Paul Denis

"Let's do one," she said now, "on your heretofore unknown brilliance."

"Mine?" I said.

Jane sighed. "About travel—have you told everybody everything about Europe? Isn't there anything left?"

"A bit," I said. "But a gentleman keeps some things to himself."

"I'm not prying, son," said Jane. "Just asking. I recall your first trip was spent on Guernsey Island. With a lot of cows, and that you didn't have time to see anything. But this last summer you must have been all over the place."

"I was," I said, "and to tell the truth there's nothing I like to talk about better." So I told her how, once I got away on my own, and didn't have to stay at plush hotels and such, I'd breezed all over the continent, eating at restaurants that never had seen an American, and hotels the same way. I made it on six dollars a day, not in an effort to stint on spending, but trying to find the places that weren't commercialized. I told her how I'd always hated to be alone, but that in Europe I'd learned to like it. How sometimes, in the middle of the night, I'd go out for long walks, all alone.

And then the waiter arrived with the lunch, which included a ten-inch dinner plate of hashed brown potatoes.

"Are you going to eat all those potatoes?" Jane asked.

"No," I lied. "You want some?"

"Thanks, I'll stick to my chicken *crêpes*," she said.

I shifted in my seat and my shoes landed in a new spot with a crunching sound. "Were those your feet?" I apologized to Jane. "Or yours?" I said to Kate.

"Mine," said Jane with a grimace. "Was it just shoes?"

Kate laughed. "When you sit at a table with Rock, you learn to keep your feet tucked under your chair. We get fewer fractures that way."

"I found a new love in Venice," I said, and Jane leaned forward as though somebody had shoved her.

"You did?"

"Water skiing," I said, and Jane collapsed like a punctured balloon. I told her about it anyway. How I saw the skis for rent on the Lido pier, and thought I'd take a crack at it. I'd tried it once or twice in California, but on the Adriatic it was better. I got so fascinated with it that I went skiing three times a day. And then I tried it on the Bay of Naples, and that was something I'll never forget. It was at night and there was a full moon, and the water was just like glass, so clear that you could see to the bottom. That was the night the Neapolitan Music Festival was going on in Naples, and the whole city was lighted up. I was staying with a friend who owned an island just off the shore and had a villa that took up the whole island. The kitchen and the telephone were on the shore, and they had to row seventy-five feet every time they brought food to the dining room.

"Nobody'll believe it," Jane said. "Wasn't it awfully annoying when the phone rang?"

"You know how they are," I said. "They just shrugged and got into the boat for the voyage."

"*I* know how they are," said Jane, "but lots of readers would doubt it."

"You want some of my potatoes?" I asked Kate. And dear old Kate came through by saying no, but did I want some of her chicken? So I helped myself to her *crêpes*, and Jane's eyed widened.

"Pardon me, I missed my cue last time," she said. "Do you want some of *my* chicken?"

I turned it down—a guy has to draw the line somewhere—and went on to tell her about that night on the island off Naples. The music came floating over the water from the city, and the moon rose just above Vesuvius, and I sat on a balcony of my friend's villa sipping a drink and thinking Italy was a pretty fine place, that it was nice to be alone, and I didn't think I'd ever mind being alone again.

"Now that you live alone over here," said Jane, "are you happy? And don't you find it easier to play your records without having to worry about annoying someone else?"

"They go all the time," I said. "And in Naples I bought recordings of all that wonderful Neapolitan music."

"I know an original question," Jane said. "What picture did you just finish, and what are you going to do next?"

"Just did *Captain Lightfoot* in Ireland. Next *Tacey Cromwell*—I'm a gambler in it."

She bent over her notebook to write the movie titles. "How old are you?" I said, and Kate shot me a dagger from her eyes.

JANE JUST GRINNED at me, but Kate began to lecture. "Rock Hudson, don't ever ask a woman her age!" She turned to Jane. "He did that just once—he loves to shock people—and I could cheerfully have shot him. It was a woman writer older than you—"

"Nobody's older than I am," Jane said. "And besides, it was me. I, that is. It was about two years ago, and I was so surprised by the question that I answered him before I could stop myself."

"I remember," I said. "We were all in

the trailer on the back lot when I was making *God's Country*, and I had my shoes off. What did you end up with for a story that time?"

"It was about women," Jane said. "What else? When are you going to get married, Hudson?"

"You know what I'm going to do?" I said. "I'm going to tell every reporter I see for six straight weeks that I'll never get married, and then I'm going to turn around and do it."

"Dear boy," said Kate.

"I understand," said Jane, "that you've been dating a new girl this week."

I grinned at her. "Phyllis," I said. And then there was a long silence.

"Well?" said Kate. "What about Phyllis? Who is she?"

"Phyllis," I said, and grinned again. "Phyllis."

"Gee, thanks," said Jane. "All right, what *don't* you like about women?"

"I don't like 'em maudlin," I said. "The kind that start philosophizing about life and look as though they're being wheeled into surgery. They get real sad and deep, and between lipstick applications they tell you how the world is going to pot and nobody really loves anybody else. And when they express an opinion that's nine miles off beam and you ask how they know that, they give you a shuddering sigh and say, 'Because I am a woman.' Me, I like a goin' gal, who's all for laughs."

"Just suppose I trap you on that statement," said Jane. "Once I talked to a girl who told me she'd had many conversations with you on the subject of the ancient philosophers versus the modern philosophers. She had lent you a pile of books and according to her, you came forth with some very weighty thoughts."

"Me?" I said, and refilled the glasses.

Jane sipped at hers. "Some day I'm going to find out what's underneath that front you put on. You can't convince me that you're nothing more than a big lovable clown."

"That's not the way you do it," I said. "This is the way it's done." I leaned over and stared deep into her eyes. "Tell me," I monotoned, "what's the *real* story?"

She laughed. "I'll bet you get sick of being interviewed."

KATE KICKED ME under the table, so I just smiled.

"Tell me," said Jane, "isn't it pretty awful when you're dating a girl and columnists keep insisting you're going to marry her? I mean, how on earth do you feel when you pick up the girl on the next date? You know she's read the items, and you must be very embarrassed."

"You just answered your own question," I said. "It's awful."

The waiter came over for the dessert order. Girls will be girls so they didn't take any, but I went over the list, a good gooey one, and settled on chocolate cake.

"Some interview," muttered Kate.

"I know what," Jane said. "Tell me about your landladies. You've lived in so many places out here, there must be some stories."

Kate kicked me again, and I said I'd be better off if I didn't go into the subject. Jane persevered. "I'll bet they all think because you're a bachelor and a movie star you'll give wild parties and break up the furniture."

"I don't," I answered. "Scout's honor."

"You entertained in that one place—that was the only time," said Kate, "It was way up on a hill and suited for a party because you didn't have any close neighbors."

"You mean the place on Coldwater?" I said. "Or the one on Woodrow Wilson?"

"It was up on Kings Road, or maybe it was the house."

Weeks ago
no reconciliation
seemed possible
for the Pecks.
But here's the
latest word:

FUTURE INDEFINITE



■ When Gregory Peck was in Hollywood a few months ago, he agreed to be interviewed "provided there is no discussion of my personal life."

Greg and his wife, Greta, had agreed upon a divorce and Greg simply did not want to explain Veronica Passanie or Hildegarde Neff or any of the other glamorous women correctly and incorrectly thought to be part of his personal life overseas.

"All I'll say," he admitted, "is that what Greta and I have decided upon is the best thing for the boys."

The Pecks have three sons ranging in age from nine to four, Jonathan, Stephen and Carey.

Greg has always spent as much time as possible with them. He insisted that the entire family accompany him to Rome two years ago before he started *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn.

When the Pecks began quarreling, Greta took the children back to California. Greg grew so lonesome that he cabled and asked if Jonathan could fly over to spend the Christmas holidays with him in Switzerland. Greta allowed their nine-year-old Jonathan to go.

Greg spent almost a month in California last time. He took his boys on a trip to the mountains. But he's soft-hearted and sentimental and he just couldn't explain that he would no longer live in the same home with them. They still don't know about the divorce.

He spoke about *Moby Dick*, the picture he has just finished in Ireland. He told the boys about letting his beard grow and wearing a peg-leg for the part. And he told them about his adventures in Ceylon where he made *The Purple Plain*.

Then he flew back to Europe, *Moby Dick*, and Veronica Passanie, his twenty-one-year-old Parisian traveling companion. According to reports he was unusually meditative, extremely pensive.

One week end he turned up at Claridge's Hotel in London, sat down at a table and ordered a glass of milk.

After a while he was disturbed because people were staring at him. ("If I live to be a hundred," he says, "I'll never get used to being stared at. It gives me the feeling that I've forgotten to put on my pants or something.") Greg got up and walked away. He didn't look happy.

Gregory Peck is scheduled to arrive in Hollywood any day now, and as yet, his wife has not filed for a divorce. And now it seems that Greg may be not too anxious for one.

An agent who knows him well says, "He's changed a lot these last few months. Seems more settled. The thing you have to remember about Greg is that he's a guy who never had a fling until he went to Europe.

"My own opinion is that a year or so ago Greg got taken with European ways, the glamour of something new, the idolatry of the women, the superiority of the men. But all of that is gone now.

"This fellow is no expatriate. He's not going to give up a wife and family and California living and settle down for good in London or Paris or Rome.

"And he loves his boys too much to want each of them to be what he was—a child of divorce. That's why I think a reconciliation—is very possible."

Another of Peck's friends insists, however, "That Veronica Passanie has got her hooks in this guy, but good. And European women don't let go of any man without a fight. A fellow needs a lot of will power. Greg's hour of decision is coming very close."

"I think you mean the one with all the steps, I forget where it was."

"What about landladies?" Jane insisted.

"Let's say some were peachy, some were cheeky," I said.

"Let's get back to Europe. I'm safer there," said Jane.

"Amen," said Kate.

So I told about how cold and dismal Paris had been and how I met a guy I knew when I was having lunch there, and how afterward we saw a travel poster about sunny Italy and how the next morning we were in Rome. We went in from the airport along the Appian Way, lined with ruins of old walls and steeped in quiet. Maybe a cow or two along the way. If I half closed my eyes I could see the Roman legions marching along the ancient cobblestones. I told how I'd first gone into St. Peter's and how a shaft of light had come down through the dome and given a golden light to a piece of marble statuary. And I told how I loved Austria, even better than Switzerland. And how director Douglas Sirk had said, "In Paris work is distasteful, but in Vienna it's unhealthy." And how I'd met Ginger Rogers and her husband in Italy and Ginger and Jacques and I went to the beach and how much fun it was to eat spaghetti washed down with *Chianti* on the beach instead of hot dogs and cokes.

"Hey," said Kate. "How many reporters have grilled you on Europe? Jane doesn't want a story on Europe. Do you, Jane?"

"I don't know what I want," Jane said.

"You like *soufflé?*" I asked. "I almost *soufflé*-ed myself to death."

"Doesn't it take something away from your memories when you *have* to tell so many people about it?" Jane asked.

"What I should have done, when I had time coming back on the *Queen Mary*, was to write down what I did in each country, and relegate a different country to each writer." I shifted, and again my shoes came down on something that didn't feel like the floor.

"Ouch," said Jane. "What size do you wear?"

"There are some questions I won't answer," I said.

"I'll ask this one again," Jane said. "Don't you get sick of the goldfish bowl existence? Have you ever had your shirt torn off or been asked to kiss sniffly babies or autograph some woman's sneakers?"

"If those things happen, then I'm lucky. The only time I got miffed was when I sneaked out of town to visit my grandmother in Mobile. I flew to New Orleans and grabbed another plane to Mobile, and no sooner got there than a New York paper phoned and wanted to know if it was true I had eloped with Marilyn Monroe.

"A. I was traveling alone.

"B. I never met Marilyn Monroe.

"B, 1. My grandmother doesn't faintly resemble Marilyn.

"C. I hadn't told anybody where I was going and still haven't the dimmest idea how the paper found out, much less got the telephone number.

"Then the local paper sent over reporters and photographers, and soon the front lawn was covered with people. I even caught one kid climbing through a window into my room to swipe my clothes. The paper had printed the telephone number, too, so I finally had to leave so my grandmother could live in peace again."

"The price of fame," said Jane.

"Yeah," I said. "Say, isn't that Joyce Holden over there?"

"Where?" said Kate.

"Over there. In that booth."

"Why don't you wear your glasses?" Kate said.

"I didn't know you wore glasses," Jane said.

"Him?" said Kate. "He can't see wood for trees. Once he was driving me somewhere and when I saw a road sign I mentioned we were seven miles from our destination. 'One mile,' said Rock. I looked again and the seven was as big as a Black Maria but he kept saying it was one mile and I began to wonder if he could see the road."

"Well," said Jane. "I got something new. He wears glasses." She looked at me. "When are you going to open the door and let me know what you're like inside?"

"Maybe sometime," I said. "Did I ever tell you about the place in Palm Springs where I go to get away from it all? It's a one-room shack away off in the desert. Has an outhouse, no electricity. It's wonderful. Real quiet."

Kate sat up. "Is that the place we're going this week-end for Modern Screen pictures?"

"Yep."

"I can hardly wait," groaned Kate.

Jane closed her notebook and looked at me vaguely. "I'm finished—I think." So we stood up and walked out to the parking lot, and then I noticed that Jane was beginning to get that stabbed look.

"You get enough—or anything—for a story?" I said to her.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Let's see. Europe and big feet and glasses and Europe and a hidden brain, I think, and Phyllis and *soufflé* and Europe."

"He's done Europe," interposed Kate.

"Yes, I know," said Jane thoughtfully. "Well, at least he was born."

She wandered off to her car, immersed in thought. I noticed her shoulders were sagging a bit and I felt sorry for her. So I came home and wrote this up and I'm going to send it to her. Maybe it'll give her some ideas. I want to help. I really do. **END**

WHO DO YOU DREAM ABOUT?

We want to know which stars you want to read about, what you like and what you don't like in MODERN SCREEN. We want to know all about *you*, because your opinions are carefully tabulated to direct all our future plans. And for those of you who like bargains, here's something extra-special—for a limited time, we are able to offer to *every reader* who fills out this questionnaire a fabulous reader-participation subscription at *less than half price*! Read the details below

THE STARS I WANT TO READ ABOUT THE MOST ARE:

1._____ MALE

2._____ MALE

3._____ MALE

1._____ FEMALE

2._____ FEMALE

3._____ FEMALE

THE THREE FEATURES I LIKED BEST IN THIS ISSUE ARE: (*place a check (√) in the box next to your favorites*)

- ☐ Louella Parsons in Hollywood
- ☐ Modern Screen Silver Cup Awards
- ☐ They Say It's Wonderful (Guy Madison)
- ☐ Jane and Pat (Jane Powell)
- ☐ "Nutsy Fagan" at Home (Richard Widmark)
- ☐ Elizabeth Remembers (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ The Tall One (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ You Asked Me So I'm Telling You (Tony Curtis)
- ☐ "I Was Born" (Rock Hudson)
- ☐ Yesterday Nowhere—Today the Most (George Nader)
- ☐ Race Gentry
- ☐ The Gal That Got Away (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Nothing But Blue Skies (Judy Garland)
- ☐ The Young Dating Set
- ☐ How Marlon Brando Proposed
- ☐ False Start (June Allyson)
- ☐ The Challenger (Shelley Winters-Jacques Sernas)
- ☐ Have A Heart (Robert Mitchum)
- ☐ Future Indefinite (Gregory Peck)
- ☐ Never Say Dye! (Sheree North)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ TV Talk
- ☐ New Movies

THE STORY I LEAST LIKED IN THIS ISSUE IS:_____

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your skin "*dies*" a little

There are 1-to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—open to such serious troubles as stretched pores . . . coarsened texture . . . cracking and "shriveling." These periods of skin "un-balance" occur right after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. Meanwhile, your defenseless skin "*dies*" a little . . .

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The world's most-famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equaled. Get a large jar—begin giving your skin this simple, *complete* beauty care soon. *More women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made.*

La Comtesse Alain de la Falaise

The Comtesse is the daughter of the late Sir Oswald Birley, England's court painter; and a member of a famous French family, dating back to the Crusades. She has unerring fashion sense, is keenly aware of the rewards of effective skin care. "The most important part of my complexion care comes immediately after washing," she says. "I never leave my skin un-protected an instant, but restore it to normal at once with Pond's Cold Cream. And at night, I always have a deep Pond's cleansing."

(*Continued from page 35*) fallen behind the headboard. It was *The Little World Of Don Camillo.* I must remember where it is, he thought. But the sadness? He straightened out in bed, looked out the window at the San Fernando Valley and a sky that was cool and blue now, but would soon be hot and blue, and waited for a prompting. Then it came to him that this was to be the last day of *Foxfire.*

Too often, he knew, when an actor is working, he can hardly wait for his assignment to end. He himself had thanked his stars a few times when making films he would just as soon forget. But *Foxfire* had been different. The role had caught his interest and had filled his thoughts as no other had in a long time. Everyone in the picture enjoyed working in it, he knew, from the whole cast to the pleasant girl who starred opposite him (and he saw Jane Russell's face as he had caught it the other day when he happened to be doing a difficult scene with her. Momentarily out of camera range, she had dared to break her expression for a fleeting smile of encouragement).

He couldn't help a reminiscent smile growing on his own face now, in recollection, and probably he would have gone on thinking about Jane and the incident had not his alarm clock given the sudden, ominous click. Quickly Jeff swung his hand over to the clock and choked it off. He felt better because he always liked to beat it to the punch. Chandler wins again! he announced to nobody in particular. Snapping the blanket away from him he swung his body out of bed—as usual unadorned by pajamas—and headed all six feet, four inches of it for the shower. On the way he passed a full-length mirror and sneered at his reflection. That'll keep you from overacting today, he told himself.

As the water sprayed over him, he fell to thinking about the apartment he was in—a one-bedroom apartment, with living-room, kitchen and dinette—that was the second (or perhaps third) roost he had lived in since he had left the ranks of the married. First there had been that place out in West Los Angeles—nice, but he had been brand new again to apartment life and somehow he couldn't consider himself set there. Then there was the house out in Apple Valley. He liked that but not until helicopters were as available and practical as cars could he work in a Hollywood studio and live in Apple Valley. So that had brought him to this apartment in Coldwater Canyon, not far from the studio, and he should be satisfied here but he wasn't. And he began to think of a place he had once seen out in Sherwood Forest, deep in the valley, yet not too far for daily commuting. Maybe that would be it. And he would build a house out there. Apartments were not for men of his size and habits.

NINE MINUTES after Jeff Chandler got out of bed he was standing before his wardrobe in a pair of shorts, trying to make a selection from the ten suits and five pairs of slacks. He hummed a few bars from the title song of *Foxfire* (which he had written with Studio Composer Hank Mancini) and then reached to one side in the wardrobe for something that had not even been hanging in sight—a white, terry cloth coverall. He pulled it on, stuck his feet into a pair of loafers and headed downstairs for the car. He was thinking of the open house he and Tony Curtis were to throw that afternoon in their new adjoining dressingrooms.

Yet that didn't stay in his mind by any means. No sooner was he in his car than he began turning the radio dials, trying to bring in Dick Whittingill, the morning disc jockey at KMPC, who might possibly be playing a certain song recorded recently for Decca records by one J. Chandler. It was always kind of funny to hear your own voice coming out of the ether to you. But he didn't hear his voice. He didn't even hear Whittingill on his first try. On his dialing way to KMPC he heard someone else mention his name. A commentator was telling the world that Jeff had been seen the night before, escorting one of Hollywood's newest beauties—a girl of just the right kind of hazy repute to make her activities ripe subject matter for all the columnists. In a mechanical sort of way Jeff fell to wondering who had seen them. Then he sat up suddenly. Wait a minute! He hadn't been out the night before; he had gone to bed reading a book. Furthermore, he didn't even know the girl in question! Oh, well. He dismissed it from his mind and went hunting for Whittingill again. When he found him Dick was playing Sinatra records. Jeff decided to listen. A fellow can always learn something.

A slight ache developed in his shoulders as he drove and he squared them back to stretch out of it. He knew the cause; he had the slight misfortune of being longer than his bed. When he got that new house there would have to be an extra-sized bed in it, one in which he could lie full out without touching top or bottom, or hanging partly over the edge. Just as he turned off the freeway, and with the studio only half a block away, Sinatra finished his last number on the radio and the disc jockey, Whittingill, announced the song Jeff had recorded, "Always." Jeff wanted to hear it but decided he was too near the studio to be caught listening to himself sing. And this shouldn't really be, he mused. An actor must make faces at himself and a singer must listen to himself, even as an artist must watch what his fingers draw—yet it would almost always be interpreted as an indication of vanity. He pulled up just inside the gate and headed for the commissary.

Between takes on the set of *There's No Business Like Show Business,* composer Irving Gertz tells Lionel Newman (who's supervising The Monroe's music in this film) of an experience he had with an independent movie producer. It seems that Gertz and the producer were discussing the price for composing an original score for the latter's next movie.

"Remember what they say," said the producer. "A score is good only when the audience isn't aware of the music."

"No argument there," replied Gertz, "but what has that got to do with our financial discussion?"

"Plenty," said the producer. "Do you think I'm going to pay you big money for the music the audience doesn't even HEAR?"

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

ALMOST THE FIRST person he saw inside was Tony Curtis. Jeff waved his sign for "the usual" to the waitress and sat down beside Tony.

"How are the deltoids?" demanded Tony.

"Hardening, really hardening," Jeff replied. "And how are your Latissimus Dorsi? Fine, I heard."

Tony nodded grudgingly. "Well," he grunted, "that's what Marvin says, but I suspect flattery."

Jeff laughed—which was what Tony had in mind anyway, he knew. What they were talking about, of course, were muscles of the shoulders and upper body, and Marvin was Marvin Hart, a physical trainer whose mission was to keep them in shape. But what tickled Jeff was the picture of Tony even pretending he was worried about this. At Tony's age muscles need little besides being let alone.

"What really interests me," said Jeff, "is something I read the other day."

"To wit?" urged Tony.

"That muscles weigh more than fat," Jeff went on. "Now this must mean that if a person takes exercise because he or she is fat, parts of the body are being developed and enlarged, the muscles I mean, which weigh more than the fat which is being taken off. What do you make of that?"

Tony put his hand to his head. "You can't win!" he cried. But then he got another idea. "The answer may be—don't exercise too hard," he announced.

HIS BREAKFAST came—two eggs over, dry toast and black coffee, and he pitched in, talking to Tony about the party they planned for the afternoon, until Tony had to run off for an early call. One of the boys from the publicity department slid into the empty seat. "Is it true," he asked, "that a certain guy went out with a certain girl like I heard about on the air this morning?"

"It is true," replied Jeff, "that when I go out with some young lady with whom I'm proud to be seen nobody ever seems to see us and nothing is ever said about it. But when I do not go out with someone I would be very unlikely to go out with, there are long bulletins about this event which never took place."

"That's what I thought," said the other. "I just wanted to be able to act as your spokesman with reasonable assurance that I was telling the truth. I knew someone had made a mistake. I'm glad it was the columnist, not you."

Jeff nodded. "My escutcheon remains stainless, or blotless."

HE WALKED to his new dressingroom and felt quite an anticipatory pleasure knowing he was going to see it again. The term "dressingroom" was the understatement of all time, he felt, as a description of this handsome suite of livingroom, den-office, kitchen and bath, which some master decorator's hand had laid out. Every appointment, from the sparkling, full-length wall mirrors to the soft depths of the divan and great easy chairs was on a luxury level. When he opened the door he stood there, as he took it all in, and wondered again how it had all happened.

"It's incredible!" he thought, closing the door and taking off his coveralls to put on the rough khaki outfit, with half Wellington boots, that made up his costume in *Foxfire.* "How did that Brooklyn kid ever get here? Who even let him get a start? Who thought he was worth bothering with?"

HE WAS STILL filled with wonder when he reached the set. Passing Jane's portable dressingroom he put on a show of peeking inside. She was in a chair getting her hair brushed. "Hi!" she waved. "Don't tell me any funny stories when I get out to talk to you. Remember, these are sad scenes we're doing this morning."

"*All* my scenes are sad!" he countered, as if boasting, and went ahead to his portable dressingroom and started looking over the script. When he felt he had a ready command of the lines he stepped out again and he and Jane talked until a call for them came from the cameras. Jane looked up at him.

"All right, Tall One, let's go," she said, smiling.

As they walked (*Continued on page 64*)



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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(*Continued from page 62*) together, Jeff reflected that this was her way of reminding him how pleased she had been when she knew they would work together. She had said nice things the first time they had met on the picture—about his voice, his acting, and then, with a thankful sigh, she had finished up, "...and to be working with a real big-sized man at last! You don't know how much it does for me! After all, I need a little realism if I am going to be able to act with any conviction!"

There were a good number of scenes to be canned this last day and the crew, very much on its toes, worked smoothly to make the transitions from one sequence to another. Jeff was glad there wasn't too much time to think of anything except the shots he had to do. Lunchtime overtook him before he had any idea he was hungry, but then, in that instant, he craved a great meal. It was horrible sometimes to be big and become the victim of an appetite gone suddenly voracious. "Down boy!" he mumbled to himself, and when he got to the table in the commissary he ordered a hamburger steak.

Jane came to the table and ordered a chef's salad. Her mother, Mrs. Geraldine Russell, was visiting, and joined them for lunch. A little later Aaron Rosenberg, the producer, and Joe Pevney, the director, sat down. Soon Jane was into her favorite subject—how to stimulate legislation easing the restrictions of child adoption. She had become an expert on adoption, Jeff realized, and so interested in it that she was interesting to listen to. As she talked on he found himself thinking about Jamie and Dana, and was warmed by the thought that he would be talking to his little daughters soon.

When Meyer Davis was in Rome he lunched with Fernandel, the French film star. A girl approached them and asked the actor to baptize the stuffed dog she was carrying. "You have seen me as 'Don Camillo,' little girl," Fernandel told the child. "That was a movie. I am not a real priest" . . . "That does not matter," said the child. "This dog is not real, either."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

That afternoon Jane and Jeff did the scene they called "The break-up," in which she had to accuse him of wanting to treat her like a squaw and making her walk ten paces behind him. It was Jeff's last scene in the picture. Jane had another two scenes to do without him.

"I'm through," he told her. "I'm going back to my dressingroom and I'll see you later."

"I've still got work to do," she wailed. "See, I'm always behind you! Two scenes —ten paces—but behind!"

He went back to his dressingroom, changed now to one of several suits he kept there, and prepared to welcome his housewarming guests. He opened his own door wide and he sent someone for Tony's key to throw open the door to his dressingroom as well. He had no idea where Tony was, but he suspected that some special rushes from his newest picture were being run for him.

For the next two hours he was too busy being a host to do any thinking. Since it was a working day people didn't stay long; they just dropped in for a sip of refreshments, an inspection of the premises, and an exchange of good wishes as they left. Eventually it was time for Jeff to go back to the *Foxfire* set but someone rushed into the dressingroom. Jeff automatically held out his hand and then dropped it. It was Tony Curtis.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "This was your party as well as mine and you weren't even here."

Tony gesticulated. He waved his arms. He walked up and down the floor. And this was all to illustrate the fact that he was terribly sorry but there had been a delay in the screening and he wasn't able to get away before. "What can I do now?" he asked. "Can I help?"

Jeff considered. "Well," he began, "you might look around the place and see if anyone spilled a drink."

Tony nodded. "And if I find a spilled drink? Then what?"

"Unspill it," said Jeff.

Tony thought a moment and then waved his understanding. "Got'cha, boy!" he said, and went sniffing around the place.

By the time Jeff got back to the set the shooting was over and Jane's make-up man, Shotgun Britton, was laying out her farewell presents for the members of the crew and cast. Nobody ever got slighted working in a Jane Russell picture because there was no possibility of anyone's name being forgotten or overlooked. None of the gift packages had names. They were all fine gifts, of about equal value, and there were enough for everyone. Jane filled a table with them, stood back and simply said, "Grab one, kids!"

A half hour later he sat with Jane and Dan Duryea and Mara Corday in the projection room to watch the rushes of scenes they had made four days before. When it was over everyone told everyone else that they were great and then Jeff went to Jane and they wished each other "*au revoir* but not goodbye" because that next picture for them was coming up soon. Back in his dressingroom he phoned his former wife, Marge. She told him she had found the sort of house she wanted out in Westwood. They rejoiced that it was near a good school and then Marge called to the girls to come to the phone and talk to their father.

Feeling better after he talked to Marge and the girls, he drove out of the studio for about a two-hundred-yard run to Storey's where he had dinner alone in a booth. By the time he got out to his office in Beverly Hills it was after seven o'clock. He sat for a few hours answering an accumulation of personal mail. Then he dialed a number. The girl who answered was Dani Crayne, one of the new younger actresses at the studio. It seemed she was ironing a blouse when he called and not unwilling to stop ironing.

Jeff, who thought it might be nice to listen to some hep music remembered that there was a new popular combo, Matt Denis and his group, opening at the Keyboard. Dani liked the idea. "I'll be by and pick you up in fifteen minutes," he told her, and wouldn't budge a minute when she insisted on more time.

When they had left the Keyboard and had gotten something to eat at another late spot, and when he had brought Dani back to her place and had finally gotten home to his place—it was midnight. Some seventeen hours after he had climbed out of his bed he was back into it. He found his book, punched up his pillows and riffled through the pages to find his place. He wasn't feeling sad at all any more. He was in a good mood to learn more about the adventures of the small-town Italian priest, Don Camillo.

But of course, another thought crossed his mind. Don Camillo wouldn't be a bad part for him, would it? And then he was sorry this had occurred to him. A fellow ought to be able to open up a book and read it objectively without tripping over his own career. And he settled back to read. **END**

MAKE YOUR CLOTHES THE WAY THEY DO IN HOLLYWOOD

■ Busy, beautiful Terry Moore, next in 20th's *Daddy Long Legs*, not only finds time for acting, charities and school but for planning and sewing many of her own clothes, too. Terry poses in a two-piece dress with a contrasting cummerbund that she made of Indian Head cotton fabric. Terry also plans other clothes of Indian Head fabrics—has set up her sewing room and is ready to go!

photo by John Engstead

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

Automatic Necchi console model sewing machine. A wonder worker that does plain and fancy sewing without attachments. Necchi machines start at $98.95. A free booklet about Necchi and Elna machines is yours for the asking (see an Elna on page 67). Write Fashion, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

On the table—The Ann Baldwin life-size, light-weight, individualized dress form—easily adjustable to your measurements—and only $3.98! More about it on page 66.

Far right—bolts of colorful cottons—guaranteed not to shrink or fade. By Indian Head Mills. *Gala Stripe* (201-3) comes in six combinations. Gold, brown and white; emerald, white and grey; red, navy and white—just to name a few. All 98¢ a yard. *Solid color cottons*—black (241), Turqua (206). Terry's blouse, Mimosa (127) and her skirt, Emerald (229). There are dozens of other pretty solid shades available, too—all at 89¢ a yard. *Polka Dot* (101-1) comes in red, navy or emerald dot on white background. $1 a yard. *Peasant Print* (509-6) comes in black, red or navy print on white background. $1 a yard. Buy Indian Head cottons by name—and number. Modern Screen has arranged to give you a free Indian Head fabric chart of new spring cottons. Write Fashion, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

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Thread—Coats & Clark
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modern screen fashions



MORE →

(*Continued from page 62*) together, Jeff reflected that this was her way of reminding him how pleased she had been when she knew they would work together. She had said nice things the first time they had met on the picture—about his voice, his acting, and then, with a thankful sigh, she had finished up, "...and to be working with a real big-sized man at last! You don't know how much it does for me! After all, I need a little realism if I am going to be able to act with any conviction!"

There were a good number of scenes to be canned this last day and the crew, very much on its toes, worked smoothly to make the transitions from one sequence to another. Jeff was glad there wasn't too much time to think of anything except the shots he had to do. Lunchtime overtook him before he had any idea he was hungry, but then, in that instant, he craved a great meal. It was horrible sometimes to be big and become the victim of an appetite gone suddenly voracious. "Down boy!" he mumbled to himself, and when he got to the table in the commissary he ordered a hamburger steak.

Jane came to the table and ordered a chef's salad. Her mother, Mrs. Geraldine Russell, was visiting, and joined them for lunch. A little later Aaron Rosenberg, the producer, and Joe Pevney, the director, sat down. Soon Jane was into her favorite subject—how to stimulate legislation easing the restrictions of child adoption. She had become an expert on adoption, Jeff realized, and so interested in it that she was interesting to listen to. As she talked on he found himself thinking about Jamie and Dana, and was warmed by the thought that he would be talking to his little daughters soon.

When Meyer Davis was in Rome he lunched with Fernandel, the French film star. A girl approached them and asked the actor to baptize the stuffed dog she was carrying. "You have seen me as 'Don Camillo,' little girl," Fernandel told the child. "That was a movie. I am not a real priest" . . . "That does not matter," said the child. "This dog is not real, either."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

THAT AFTERNOON Jane and Jeff did the scene they called "The break-up," in which she had to accuse him of wanting to treat her like a squaw and making her walk ten paces behind him. It was Jeff's last scene in the picture. Jane had another two scenes to do without him.

"I'm through," he told her. "I'm going back to my dressingroom and I'll see you later."

"I've still got work to do," she wailed. "See, I'm always behind you! Two scenes —ten paces—but behind!"

He went back to his dressingroom, changed now to one of several suits he kept there, and prepared to welcome his housewarming guests. He opened his own door wide and he sent someone for Tony's key to throw open the door to his dressingroom as well. He had no idea where Tony was, but he suspected that some special rushes from his newest picture were being run for him.

For the next two hours he was too busy being a host to do any thinking. Since it was a working day people didn't stay long; they just dropped in for a sip of refreshments, an inspection of the premises, and an exchange of good wishes as they left. Eventually it was time for Jeff to go back to the *Foxfire* set but someone rushed into the dressingroom. Jeff automatically held out his hand and then dropped it. It was Tony Curtis.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "This was your party as well as mine and you weren't even here."

Tony gesticulated. He waved his arms. He walked up and down the floor. And this was all to illustrate the fact that he was terribly sorry but there had been a delay in the screening and he wasn't able to get away before. "What can I do now?" he asked. "Can I help?"

Jeff considered. "Well," he began, "you might look around the place and see if anyone spilled a drink."

Tony nodded. "And if I find a spilled drink? Then what?"

"Unspill it," said Jeff.

Tony thought a moment and then waved his understanding. "Got'cha, boy!" he said, and went sniffing around the place.

BY THE TIME Jeff got back to the set the shooting was over and Jane's make-up man, Shotgun Britton, was laying out her farewell presents for the members of the crew and cast. Nobody ever got slighted working in a Jane Russell picture because there was no possibility of anyone's name being forgotten or overlooked. None of the gift packages had names. They were all fine gifts, of about equal value, and there were enough for everyone. Jane filled a table with them, stood back and simply said, "Grab one, kids!"

A half hour later he sat with Jane and Dan Duryea and Mara Corday in the projection room to watch the rushes of scenes they had made four days before. When it was over everyone told everyone else that they were great and then Jeff went to Jane and they wished each other "*au revoir* but not goodbye" because that next picture for them was coming up soon. Back in his dressingroom he phoned his former wife, Marge. She told him she had found the sort of house she wanted out in Westwood. They rejoiced that it was near a good school and then Marge called to the girls to come to the phone and talk to their father.

FEELING BETTER after he talked to Marge and the girls, he drove out of the studio for about a two-hundred-yard run to Storey's where he had dinner alone in a booth. By the time he got out to his office in Beverly Hills it was after seven o'clock. He sat for a few hours answering an accumulation of personal mail. Then he dialed a number. The girl who answered was Dani Crayne, one of the new younger actresses at the studio. It seemed she was ironing a blouse when he called and not unwilling to stop ironing.

Jeff, who thought it might be nice to listen to some hep music remembered that there was a new popular combo, Matt Denis and his group, opening at the Keyboard. Dani liked the idea. "I'll be by and pick you up in fifteen minutes," he told her, and wouldn't budge a minute when she insisted on more time.

When they had left the Keyboard and had gotten something to eat at another late spot, and when he had brought Dani back to her place and had finally gotten home to his place—it was midnight. Some seventeen hours after he had climbed out of his bed he was back into it. He found his book, punched up his pillows and riffled through the pages to find his place. He wasn't feeling sad at all any more. He was in a good mood to learn more about the adventures of the small-town Italian priest, Don Camillo.

But of course, another thought crossed his mind. Don Camillo wouldn't be a bad part for him, would it? And then he was sorry this had occurred to him. A fellow ought to be able to open up a book and read it objectively without tripping over his own career. And he settled back to read. **END**

MAKE YOUR CLOTHES THE WAY THEY DO IN HOLLYWOOD

■ Busy, beautiful Terry Moore, next in 20th's *Daddy Long Legs*, not only finds time for acting, charities and school but for planning and sewing many of her own clothes, too. Terry poses in a two-piece dress with a contrasting cummerbund that she made of Indian Head cotton fabric. Terry also plans other clothes of Indian Head fabrics—has set up her sewing room and is ready to go!

photo by John Engstead

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

Automatic Necchi console model sewing machine. A wonder worker that does plain and fancy sewing without attachments. Necchi machines start at $98.95. A free booklet about Necchi and Elna machines is yours for the asking (see an Elna on page 67). Write Fashion, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

On the table—The Ann Baldwin life-size, light-weight, individualized dress form—easily adjustable to your measurements—and only $3.98! More about it on page 66.

Far right—bolts of colorful cottons—guaranteed not to shrink or fade. By Indian Head Mills. *Gala Stripe* (201-3) comes in six combinations. Gold, brown and white; emerald, white and grey; red, navy and white—just to name a few. All 98¢ a yard. *Solid color cottons*—black (241), Turqua (206). Terry's blouse, Mimosa (127) and her skirt, Emerald (229). There are dozens of other pretty solid shades available, too—all at 89¢ a yard. *Polka Dot* (101-1) comes in red, navy or emerald dot on white background. $1 a yard. *Peasant Print* (509-6) comes in black, red or navy print on white background. $1 a yard. Buy Indian Head cottons by name—and number. MODERN SCREEN has arranged to give you a free Indian Head fabric chart of new spring cottons. Write Fashion, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

ACCESSORIES:

Terry's flats—Jolene
Nylon hosiery—Holeproof
Dress shields—Kleinert
Wonder washable buttons—B.G.E. Originales
Thread—Coats & Clark
Scissors—Hoffritz

THIS MODERN SCREEN SEWING EDITORIAL WILL BE FEATURED NATIONALLY IN THE LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 68. IF YOU CANNOT SHOP IN PERSON, ORDER BY MAIL FROM THE STORE NEAR YOU.

modern screen fashions



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Photos by Roger Prigent



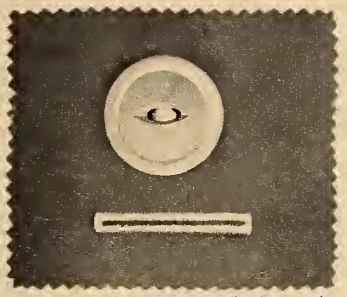


Ann Baldwin chats about clothes and sewing with Joan Fontaine—shows her a miniature model of her individualized dress form.

SEW AND SAVE

■ Joan Fontaine, star of top hit *Tea And Sympathy* on Broadway—like most busy actresses—has her studio clothes as well as her personal clothes fitted on an individualized dress form. Joan poses here with the Ann Baldwin dress form that can be *your* individualized dress form because it is easily adjustable to your measurements. This life-size, light-weight form is quickly assembled—easily dismantled. Drape and design on it, adjust patterns, alter garments—do everything that will assure you that your clothes are just right for you! Purchase by bust, waist, hip and dress size. $3.98. In the Ann Baldwin handy Spool Bag—Coats & Clark's thread.

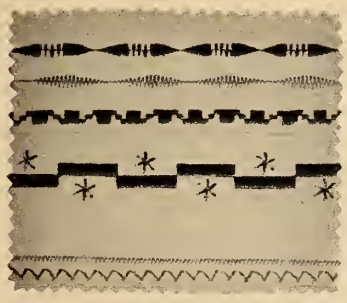
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Sew on buttons in a flash—make bound (or thread) buttonholes neat and trim · on all fabrics.



Have the most beautiful of appliqués on your towels, linen, blouses, underpinnings and party skirts.



You can dream up a million pretty, dainty things with the hundreds of quick embroidery stitches.



Monogram your gifts and your own things—lingerie, dresses, blouses, scarves, towels, linens and such.



Photo—U-I

■ Pretty, red-haired Piper Laurie now in U-I's *Smoke Signal,* takes time out from her many movie tasks to sew handsome gifts and many of her own clothes. Here Piper makes a little gingham apron on a versatile Elna-Supermatic portable sewing machine that is easy to handle, works like a whiz, does tricks like magic—all automatically! One of the many outstanding features of this machine is that it sews on buttons, makes buttonholes and monograms as well as fancy embroidery stitches and appliques all without any special attachments. Elna machines start under $200. Elna sewing machines—at all Necchi-Elna sewing centers.

THESE ARE THE STORES THAT ARE FEATURING THE MODERN SCREEN SEWING EDITORIAL

ANN BALDWIN DRESS FORMS—Pp. 64, 65, 66 available at the notion counter:

Akron, Ohio—A. Polsky Co.
Boston, Mass.—Breck's of Boston
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Corp.
Bridgeport, Conn.—D. M. Read Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Namm-Loeser's, Inc.
Butler, Pa.—A. E. Troutman Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Rollman & Sons Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Bailey Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Sterling-Lindner-Davis
Cleveland, Ohio—Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse Fashion
Connellsville, Pa.—A. E. Troutman Co.
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Co.
Dubois, Pa.—The Troutman Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greensboro, N. C.—The Meyer Co.
Greensburg, Pa.—A. E. Troutman Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Pomeroy's Inc.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox & Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage-Allen & Co.
Houston, Texas—Foley Bros. D. G. Co.
Houston, Texas—Joske's Of Houston
Indiana, Pa.—Troutman Co.
Jackson, Mich.—The Field Co.
Jackson, Miss.—R. E. Kennington Co.
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Kansas City, Mo.—Geo. B. Peck Co.
Latrobe, Pa.—S. R. Reed
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson Co.
Muskegon, Mich.—Hardy-Herpolsheimer's
New Castle, Pa.—New Castle Dry Goods
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New York, N. Y.—Goldsmith Bros.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—John A. Brown
Paterson, N. J.—Quackenbush Co.
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Co.
Rochester, Minn.—Donaldsons
Rochester, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards & Son
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.—The Golden Rule
Salem, Mass.—Almy, Bigelow & Washburn
San Antonio, Texas—Joske's Of Texas
Savannah, Ga.—Levy's of Savannah
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marché
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Ohio—Edward Wren Store
Syracuse, N. Y.—Dey Bros. & Co.
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Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Pomeroy's, Inc.
Winston-Salem, N. C.—Anchor Co. Inc.
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INDIAN HEAD FABRICS—Pp. 64, 65 & NECCHI-ELNA SEWING MACHINES—Pp. 64, 65, 67

Akron, Ohio—A. Polsky Co.
Batavia, N. Y.—Carr's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Dubuque, Iowa—J. F. Stampfer
Evansville, Ind.—The Evansville Store
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Lincoln, Nebr.—Gold & Co.
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Memphis, Tenn.—Bry's
Pine Bluff, Ark.—Frong's Dept. Store
Portland, Ore.—Olds & King
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Wallace Co.
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INDIAN HEAD FABRICS—Pg. 65

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New York, N. Y.—Stern Bros.
Sacramento, Calif.—Halle Bros. Stores

If you cannot go into one of these stores order by mail from the store nearest you.

"nutsy fagan" at home

(*Continued from page 31*) recently as *Broken Lance* tried to murder his brother in cold blood, a certain impression is bound to get around. On locations in Texas rawboned ranchers have inched menacingly up to Dick in cow country bars and muttered, "Don't try anything funny around here, son!" A few years back on the street of a small Nebraska town a righteous lady snatched Dick's arm, whirled him around and hissing, "You nasty little squirt!" let him have her dainty knuckles square in the kisser. Once he was riding a storm-tossed airliner right after he made *Slattery's Hurricane* where he'd guided one himself on film through a tornado. As Dick wandered up into the nose, the craft dropped a couple of hundred feet in a sickening wrench. "Well, Slattery," cracked the sarcastic pilot, "what do we do now?"

EVEN ABROAD, as Dick discovered only recently, they've got his number. After finishing *Prize Of Gold* in England, Dick and his wife Jean bought a Sunbeam-Alpine and took off on a sentimental holiday retracing a bike tour he'd made right after college. Gliding one day on the Grand Canal in Venice, they heard wild shouts, looked back to spy swarms of boats chasing his gondola with gesticulating Italians shouting, "Bandito Americano!"

But despite all this world-wide notoriety, there was still a certain wry truth to his *New Yorker* pal's razz: As a glamorous personality Dick Widmark in person is a flop—and he probably always will be, because that's the way he wants it.

In Hollywood's Mocambo or Ciro's Dick would probably get the same nonenity treatment he received at 21 if he ever stepped inside, which he hasn't in the seven years since he hit town. In that same time he has attended exactly one première, where he was so terrified by the star treatment that he swore never again and meant it. By now Dick's tuxedo has nourished generations of moths, and a movie society dictatress recently flattened his social standing for keeps with the remark, "Isn't it a shame about Richard Widmark? When you come right down to it all he is is a great actor!" She didn't know it of course, but she was stating pretty accurately just how Dick Widmark would like things to be for him in Hollywood—if that were possible.

WHEN DICK finally sprung himself from the contract he was "sweating out" at Fox, calls for pictures and interviews shifted from studio buffers to his home and the buzzing telephone almost drove him nuts. In self-defense he hired a press agent. Then the frustrated tub-thumper called Dick's wife, "I'm pretty confused, Mrs. Widmark," he confessed. "Your husband says he wants me to handle his publicity, but he also says, 'Keep them all away from me. Don't mention my private life. Don't make me exciting or glamorous. Don't say anything that isn't absolutely true, in perfect taste, and so forth.' In other words, Dick tells me, 'Go ahead—but don't do anything!' What do you make of it?" Jean couldn't advise him.

Because of his notorious reticence about his private life, his stubborn refusal to mix into the Hollywood social circus or go for any of what he calls "the yak-yak and phony trim" of a Hollywood star's existence, Dick Widmark has sometimes been tabbed an antisocial sorehead, and even a dull boy. He has been termed cynical, humorless and belligerent by people who don't know him. But what people say about him, as long as it's not true, does not keep him awake nights. Publicity has never raised a worry wart on Dick's Swedish complexion. When he first arrived at Fox after *Kiss Of Death* he was called into a publicity conference where a ballyhoo expert made the mistake of beginning, "Now, how can we sell you?"

"You don't have to sell *me*," flared Widmark. "I'm not for sale!" Which was his way of announcing right at the start that he was his own man. This means a man with two determinations: (1) to do his job to the limit of his talents and energies and (2) to lead a completely normal life away from it. That's a big order in Hollywood. Dick carries it off only by resolute schizophrenia.

"When Dick makes a picture," his wife Jean says, "he could be all by himself in Times Square. He's strictly Nutsy Fagan—in a world of his own. And if anyone snaps him out of it he blows his top and you could peel him off the ceiling!" At such times Jean, an artist herself (she describes herself as 'a writer of unproduced plays') is sympathetic and understanding. She can hear Dick pacing the floor often all night chewing into his part. She watches him push away his food and lose an average of ten pounds on every job. He came back from England minus twenty after making *Prize Of Gold*. This however doesn't disturb Jean in the least, because she has been used to it for an even dozen years. In fact, it was this all-out concentration of Dick's that made Jean Hazelwood's heart flutter when she first spied him back on the campus of Lake Forest University in Illinios.

"Dick was a lone wolf, even then," she recalls. "That's what made him so attractive. He never acquired any social graces; he didn't have time. Teen-age frivolities left him cold. He stalked around the campus, lost in a dozen things—football, debating, honor societies, class presidency, dramatics and, of course, finally teaching. Most of the time he worked, waiting tables at Marshall Field's branch store. It was thrilling just to see the ambition that burned him up so intensely. A guy like that is irresistible."

Peter Donald was doing an audience-participation show on CBS, and he was worried. "I wonder what I ought to do," he told writer Martin Ragaway, "if a contestant says an off-color word." Ragaway answered, "It's simple. Just step to the mike and say, 'This is the *National* Broadcasting Company!' "
—Paul Denis

Richard Widmark went on to Northwestern University after Lake Forest, chasing his Master's degree in speech and dramatics. "Life was real and life was always earnest with Dick where acting was concerned," Jean says. "From the minute he gave up his law course to go after what he wanted instead he was playing for keeps."

WHAT BROKE into Dick's post-graduate was what usually does—no money to carry on. He went to New York when a radio director friend offered him a job in a radio soap opera called *Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories*. By slugging night and day, pretty soon he was racing from one radio show to another and making enough money to marry Jean. The minute he did, the double life he leads today began. With his marriage certificate Dick acquired a stubborn allergy to any and all frou-frou connected with show business intruding into his home.

At the start the newlyweds even moved clear away from it. They never lived in

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New 1955 Model Drastically Improved—Price Slashed 1/3—New flexible material makes amazing dress form easily adjustable—larger or smaller—to fit your size. Does virtually everything a $30 dress dummy can do — and costs only 1/7 the price.

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And now Ann Baldwin passes on still more new mass production savings direct to you. And best of all on her new 1955 radically improved and simplified model. Simpler, sturdier, even easier to put together, better looking. Instead of raising the price Ann Baldwin has slashed the price 1/3 saving you $2.00 on the new low price of $3.98.

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Scientifically placed guides for the side, front, back, shoulder and waist seams, automatically stop you from making a mistake. Simply fit your dress on the dress form and you know that it is perfectly centered to give a more professional look to your garment at the very first fitting. And because you pin your patterns right on your Ann Baldwin Dress Form you see at a glance what your dress will look like on you when finished . . . where it needs more material — where it needs less . . . whether sleeves or shoulder lines need altering—whether the neckline, waistline, sleeves and hem will come exactly the way you want them to. Never again will you need to waste 3 or 4 hours fitting on your dress. Never again will you have to rip out the seams because you couldn't get your dress to hang properly. Never again will you have to twist, turn and bend to get an even hemline.

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☐ HIPS
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(*Continued from page 68*) New York. They set up housekeeping in suburban Bronxville, and that's where young Mr. Widmark headed the minute his acting chores were over. "All the other actors haunted Sardi's after shows, yak-ing up the place," Jean recalls, "but not Richie. When I met him at the studio or the stage door it was—whisk—off in his '35 Ford—but not necessarily to sleep. If he didn't sweat his part to tatters the rest of the night he cooked up a project to test something he was curious about."

One of those projects was a bunch of experimental recordings. They're home-written skits and take-offs on Broadway and radio shows, with Dick and Jean the stars, naturally. The dialogue is definitely surrealistic and the sound effects the same. "We used a vacuum cleaner for a tornado and the kitchen pots and pans for the clanking of hospital surgery," reveals Jean. "We did our own screaming." They had to stop it finally when notes from outraged neighbors appeared: "Please find a quieter game to play or get out!"

So the Widmarks got out—to White Plains, New York. They've never hung around cities any more than they could help. Dick hates them and what he calls their "claustrophobia houses."

Coming home through New York Dick tarried only to treat his lowrating pals to lunch at 21, then beat it before nightfall to his in-laws, the John Bainbridges, up in Bronxville. For years, whenever he came east Dick set off into the back country of New England hunting remote dream spots. In their minds the Widmarks, through such tours, have mentally acquired "at least fifty farm houses" according to Jean, and traveled around 50,000 road miles. Last spring when Dick's "freedom" from Fox was finally all set they really bought one. "Widmark's Folly" is a 200-year old house concealed by eighty acres of woods in the Massachusetts Berkshires, officially at a place called South Sandesfield, but don't try to find it. The town is just a rural post office in another house down a winding dirt road and you'd probably get lost, as Dick and Jean have a time or two themselves. The place, which set them back $10,000, is already completely furnished and set for some future Utopian existence. So far, they've spent just one night there. But they still talk seriously of transferring their home base to that lonely haven, and commuting to Hollywood, which in Dick Widmark's isolationist mind is too crowded for comfort.

Mandeville Canyon, out Santa Monica way, is the farthest Dick has managed to remove himself so far. His castle there is a sprawling yellow ranchhouse set in a cup of woodsy hills, with about everything on the two-and-a-half acres that a home-loving guy could want—swimming pool, barn, guest cottages and a mammoth patio.

After the head of steam he works up for every movie job has simmered down, Dick Widmark studiously flops his personality over with a Jekyll-Hyde switch. First thing he does is to completely forget his last picture. Often he doesn't bother to see them; in fact, has yet to look at *Broken Lance*, never did see *Garden Of Evil* or the one he did with Marilyn Monroe, *Don't Bother To Knock*, among others. One reason is because he believes no artist can afford to look back. Another is that viewing himself on the screen is painful because everything he does is, in Widmark's opinion, "horrible." The one picture Dick actually admits he liked was *Panic In The Streets* which Elia Kazan, his Guild mentor, directed and in which Dick played a normal, next-door character.

But it doesn't mean that Dick Widmark scorns the medium that has been so good to him. Actually, Dick is a rabid movie fan from away back and probably one of the keenest students of movie history and techniques. He courted Jean in Chicago movie houses, and could always be lured into Manhattan for the old flickers at the Museum of Modern Art. "I know them all back to the *Great Train Robbery*—and beyond," he boasts, "even to John Bunny and Flora Finch in *The Kiss*." A photography nut, he brought back 2700 feet of his European tour and one of his biggest extravagances in Hollywood is film rentals. Because he always runs them off on his own projector—especially his own—he never goes out where audience reactions could make him squirm.

TURNING TO THIS and other hobbies—the voluminous library, his paint box and his hammering and sawing jobs around the place—Dick's good nature returns. In his relaxed spells the high-tension concern with his own acting which has sometimes made him sharp and explosive with colleagues he suspected of goldbricking on the set vanishes. "When he's off the hook, Dick mellows like a persimmon after an October frost," one friend puts it. "Suddenly he loves everybody."



GURGLE, GURGLE, LITTLE MARGIE

Celebrities are the norm in the Neiman-Marcus Beauty Salon and I am always pleased to serve them. Recently one came to my table unannounced and, in reply to one of my comments, she gurgled. I said she'd be good competition for Little Margie. *"It would be some accomplishment, wouldn't it?" she said, rather disparagingly. I resented that and said I'd tried to imitate it and had heard others try it, too. It wasn't until I received my tip envelope and saw that it was from Miss Storm that I realized who had made light of* My Little Margie.

Katherin Faye Sherill
Dallas, Texas

"Personally, I've never witnessed the terrible-tempered Widmark in my life," says his closest pal, actor Henry Morgan, who lives up the canyon. "The only blow-up I know about, Dick told me himself—and the joke was on him." That was when Dick came home one week end from a Sierra location to drive his daughter, Ann, to the Griffith park zoo on a Sunday and got caught in a crawling traffic jam. Monday he showed up back at Lone Pine with a neck so stiff he couldn't move it. "I got sore in that traffic jam and yanked my tie loose," Dick explained sheepishly. "Nearly broke my neck!"

Henry knows both sides of Dick Widmark probably better than anyone except Dick's own family. He has worked with him and played with him too. Like the rest of Dick's small group of intimates—Karl Malden, the actor, Bob Ardrey, the playright, composer Adolf Green and writer William Saroyan—he feels free to barge in any time and, if Dick isn't working, whip up a storm. "Sure, Dick's an intellectual," says Henry, "absolutely concentrated on his job, ambitious, sincere, and on the other side of the card, a very serious citizen. But that doesn't mean he can't cut loose and have fun. People who think Dick's a square just don't know him. He packs a terrific sense of humor."

Sometimes for no good reason at all the above bunch collect at Dick and Jean's and when they do they're usually there until morning. Dick sets up his drums, Bob Ardrey pounds the piano and Henry sings—or rather they all do, helped along at times by tone-deaf Bill Saroyan bawling Armenian folk songs. When things really warm up Dick and Henry go into their soft shoe specialty.

WHILE DICK will scrap for every dime due him at a studio as a matter of principle, he's surprisingly disinterested in the stuff that makes the world go round. "We'll never be rich," predicts Jean cheerfully. "Dick doesn't want to be. Thinks it would be dangerous." He has no business manager to dole out spending money and collect oil wells like most stars in his bracket. He has refused all TV, gravy so far. He doesn't want to produce his pictures. And where Dick's dough goes is seldom on himself. He has only five conservatively tailored suits and a pile of old work pants that Jean swears are "ready to walk away." He doesn't own a piece of jewelry beside his watch. His personal extravagances are his hi-fi, records, five cameras, the antiques he loves to track down and bring home, the oil paintings he can't resist. Once he gets something, however, try to get it away from him.

For instance, Dick still owns the '35 Ford phaeton he commuted in from Bronxville, 'way back when. The station wagon his in-laws use in Bronxville. was driven back on one trip, is still there in his name. The gray Sunbeam-Alpine he and Jean drove through Europe has just arrived at Mandeville Canyon and will doubtless never depart. On his last trip to England Dick brought back an MG, but because it cramped his long legs he reluctantly sold it. As the buyer drove away, Dick chased him down the street yelling, "Hey, come back! I've changed my mind!" but it was too late. Smack in the middle of their rich antiques sits a battered table Dick bought for twelve bucks when they were married. He won't move it out of the living-room.

DICK'S PRIVATE nature is possessive and hyper-loyal to anybody or anything which has ever been close to him. All of the pals he sees constantly today Dick knew back in New York. Another should be added, Pete Simon, a gutsy fellow who gets around in a wheel chair but runs a popular college hangout near UCLA. Dick met Pete, learned he had a tough time making a living and lent him the money to open "Dude's." Until he got rolling Pete lived for two straight years in the Widmark's guest cottage. Another marathon house-guest is "the dog who came to dinner," a collie named Trigger that Dick kept when a friend went to Europe. The friend, Warren Stevens, soon was back, but Trigger continues to pad happily around the Widmark's with another inky pup, Choo-choo, and a pet chicken christened Claude. All have free run of the house. The only time Dick balked at an aspiring member of the Widmark family was when Annie brought in a mangy baby 'possum from the hills. He hustled that one right back.

Ann can make her shy dad do things he'd never normally dream of doing in public. She traveled right along when the Widmarks went to Europe and had her last birthday in Copenhagen where she lured Dick to the Tivoli amusement park and made him dance with her as the Danes gawked happily. In Berlin where part of

Prize of Gold was filmed, she actually talked him into an excursion behind the Iron Curtain into the Red Zone. In looks Annie is a half-and-half copy of both her parents, which is as it should be. Because Jean and Dick Widmark are a perfectly blended team that Hollywood gossip has never been able even slightly to crack.

Nobody who knows Dick could imagine his existing without the quiet, capable and intelligent woman who's his balance wheel. "Jean *is* Dick," as one friend puts it, "and vice versa." But even Dick Widmark would be the last person in the world to argue that his wife has had a soft touch in the chameleon role of switching back and forth with the alternating storm-and-sunshine of his work and leisure.

JEAN GOT HER initial shock on their first wedding anniversary. It happened that Dick's first Broadway play, *Kiss And Tell*, opened the same night, April 5. He forgot all about the anniversary, of course, and, Jean recalls, "there was a heck of a lot of more dramatic scene after the show than there was up on that stage—with tears."

That wasn't the last time Dick skipped either—and you can throw in a few birthdays, Mother's Days, and scattered events close to a wife's sentimentalities. But Mrs. Widmark doesn't regard herself as a martyr. "I'm really lucky. Life with Dick is always a Third Act," sighs playwright Jean. "The suspense is terrific." Because despite his militant longing for hearthside normalcy actually around the house Dick Widmark is unorthodox.

Jean, for instance, never knows exactly what time it is; Dick sets all the clocks ahead in varying degrees. Long ago she gave up planning breakfast together; breakfast for Dick, who can owl it all night with a stack of books, might be at four the next afternoon. He pays no attention whatever to the conventional holidays if he's wrapped up in a job. If he isn't, Jean might walk in loaded with groceries to find the car warming up, bags packed and Dick impatiently urging, "Come on, let's get going!" Exactly where he doesn't know. Once they started off for San Francisco and wound up in Death Valley. Nobody was more surprised than Jean when Dick finished reading a script the other night and asked her next morning, "How would you like to go to Africa?"

Jean Widmark cherishes the cozy self-deception that this is really all very normal, and she succeeds in passing that illusion on to Dick because—well—she loves him. If she walks in on a train of moving vans backed up in the drive someday with the antiques being stowed aboard for Widmark's Folly back east, it wouldn't wrinkle her freckles too deeply. She could be a Massachusetts farm wife as easily as a Hollywood star's backer-upper, and Dick could work off his chronic acting hangovers splitting rails instead of his personality.

Such a rustic resettlement, however, seems a long way off for Dick Widmark the way they're roping him down with starring deals. When you back him against the wall he'll grin and admit, somewhat garrulously for him:

"I have no real kicks. This is a great business and it affords me and my family a pleasant life. I've served my movie apprenticeship. I'm grateful for what I've learned. There's a lot now I want to do here. I'm lucky to be making my living at what I love—acting. I'm not mad at anybody. So I want to stick around until I've had it. When I fall apart and they don't want me any more—I'll move on."

But it's hardly likely that he'll be asked to do so. While they'll undoubtedly park glamourless Dick and his pals right back with the dirty dishes next time he lunches at 21, it looks like "Widmark's Folly" will have to wait.

END



(*Continued from page 42*) John, whose father, Guido Papiro, has lately retired as a small manufacturer of costume jewelry, grew up in West Los Angeles with never a thought of becoming an actor. Even now the business of having make-up applied to his face makes him wriggle with distaste. He was one of those neighborhood kids who are always busy trading. He would leave the house in the morning with, say, two spark plugs and a Chevrolet hub cap, return by nightfall with a sea-eroded outboard motor. In his small-boy years he built and swapped skate-boards and coaster wagons. In his teens it was hotrods and "drag" assemblies. There isn't any doubt but that he would be wheeling and dealing in jet planes or rocket ships by now had he not gotten himself a job a few years ago in a filling station patronized by many film people. The right man came along, one thing led to another, and soon Race was making a brief appearance at U-I.

Playing the role of Rock's son he was seen in only the last five minutes of *The Lawless Breed*, but with his deep-set, brown eyes and warm Latin face, his shock of dark brown hair and remarkably light carriage for a sturdy, near six-footer (5' 11"), he didn't need any more time than this. The picture hadn't been released a month before feminine fans began writing letters to the studio by the thousands. Some of the girls said that if they could have him for Easter they wouldn't need anything at all for Christmas. He was signed to a long-term contract.

SINCE THEN, Race, appearing in another picture, *Black Horse Canyon*, co-starring Joel McCrea and Mari Blanchard, has completely clinched his status as a romantic screen personality. Even more than that, he not only reassured his studio that he can be somebody in the film world—he convinced himself as well. He is finally taking his career as an actor seriously.

Piece by piece, he is forgetting old projects; a Model A Ford motor block he was going to overhaul and soup up, a seam-sprung speed boat he was going to replank, caulk and race, a 1937 Auburn he planned on modernizing. He is a member of the U-I school for its younger players, and he even supplements his studies there by private tutoring in essentials of drama.

"Take it from me, Race means business!" an old friend of his, Dean Marlo, said the other day. "He never got into anything in his life without giving it all he's got—and Race has got a lot!"

One thing that Race has a lot of is the kind of masculine good looks Rock Hudson has. That's why he was cast to play Rock's son in *The Lawless Breed*. And, curiously enough, Rock has been like a sort of father to him ever since. It was Rock who discovered a sure-fire way of putting Race at his ease during the first days at the studio when everything seemed strange to him. Seeing Race sitting stiffly in the commissary one lunchtime, not talking, and looking neither right nor left, Rock went over and whispered in his ear. What Rock said was that he had spread word to all the girls in the studio describing Race's silence as brooding because he was deep in a family *vendetta* and had sworn to kill three men before the year was out.

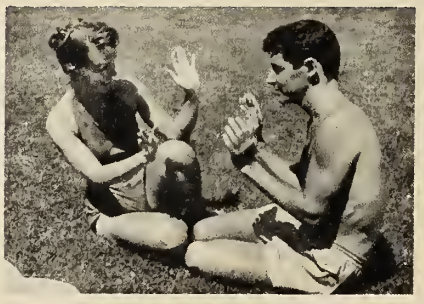
"Now don't let me down!" warned Rock. "Keep on stalking around the studio like you do, never saying a word and looking kind of grim!"

Race laughed so hard at the idea that he slid off the chair and under the table. When he got up again his self-consciousness was gone, for that day anyway—which was what Rock was after. Now, every time Rock sees Race under possible tension he has only to start whispering.

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL is the first studio Race has ever entered via the front gate. He used to drop in on 20th Century-Fox regularly by climbing over the fence when he had nothing better to do; he lived only a few blocks away. As this sort of uninvited visitor he watched dozens of pictures being made and got a liking for the way adventure stories were filmed. He would like to play the John Wayne type of roles if he gets to the point where he can do the choosing.

Stars like Gene Tierney, Dan Dailey, Faith Domergue and Dick Long lived either next door or across the street from Race's home during his boyhood, but that meant nothing to him. He remembers that his mother once invited Dailey to dinner to cheer him up after Dailey's dog, Duke, had been killed in an accident—and Dan cried for nearly two hours.

Race remembers this only, he thinks, because he, too, loves animals. When he was fifteen he visited the dog pound and fell in love with a puppy that appeared to be part Irish Setter and part Golden Retriever. He wanted to buy the pup but when he got back with his mother and the nominal fee, the pound was closed. Since the next day was a Saturday, and Race had the idea that that was the day the pound exterminated the week's accumulation of unclaimed dogs, he couldn't sleep all night. At dawn he ran to the pound, climbed the fence and kidnapped his love. The dog's name is Ruggie and Race still has him. There is only one sad angle to the story. The dog Race stole was in effect "stolen" from him soon afterwards. Ruggie loves Race's dad first of all, not Race.



MODERN SCREEN'S CRYSTAL BALL

A hint of things to come appeared in MODERN SCREEN'S *first story about Eddie Fisher in the November, 1953, issue. Now that he is engaged to Debbie Reynolds, let us quote from that story:*

"There was a chance to he might go to Hollywood, the TV *star said. His agent was talking over a one-picture-a-year deal with Paramount.*

" 'If I made a picture, I'd like to play opposite Debbie Reynolds,' he said, 'but I don't suppose Paramount could borrow her.'

"It was the first time in all his conversation that Eddie had mentioned a girl."

FOR A BOY who was going to be an actor Race showed an aptitude for the wrong subjects when he went to school. At St. Paul, the Apostle, in Los Angeles, where he got his elementary education, at University High in nearby Santa Monica, and during a year and a half's attendance at Santa Monica City College, he was good in math, physics and chemistry, but poor in English. It has been pointed out to him that this is quite characteristic of fellows who get to be stars in the kind of outdoor action type of pictures he likes. You could say about the same thing of the scholastic records of Clark Gable or Guy Madison and certainly of John Wayne. This doesn't mean Race is all beef; he has a love for history, a fine sensitivity for mechanical design, and plays a fine, analytical game of chess. But mainly he is one for stretching his muscles; he was a busy if not a great athlete in school.

Up to the time he was signed for the movies Race was considered a pretty lucky boy by his family because he won a baby contest when he was a year old, found $125 in cash in a storm drain when he was twelve, beat out a case of inflamed appendix when he was thirteen and never got drowned sailing the old boat wrecks he wangled in his trades. All through high school he lived well on double lunches; after eating his own he would steal some girl's lunch.

During one semester at Santa Monica High he stole the same girl's lunch for three weeks, not because he was mean but because it became some sort of fetish with him and he couldn't stop. One noon he took off as usual with her lunch box and sat down in a selected hideout to eat it. His first bite on a sandwich told him he would have to look for a new victim—what looked like a fine slice of ham between the bread slices was actually a slab of red inner tube.

THESE DAYS, when Race reads of vandalism in the schools, he wonders if they could be talking about guys like him. Race's gang never broke any windows in school or chopped up any desks—they confined themselves to stunts like gluing up the pages of the teachers' roll books and sneaking in the gym during the girls' dancing lessons to watch them prance around, reportedly in "daring" costumes.

Race got that job at the gas station where he was discovered because he wanted to save money to buy a twenty-foot speed boat. He was seventeen and by this time his trading was beginning to worry his mother, Mrs. Frances Papiro, who wanted him to settle down. She must have been afraid that his business habits would affect his personal ones because she issued a warning to him one day. "If you change women like you change cars, when it comes time for marriage you'll never be happy," she told him.

One day when Race was at the station a man drove up in a '41 Chevy sedan and told Race to put five gallons of regular gas in the tank while he went into the washroom to change his shirt. This man could have discovered Race if he wanted to and made a big star out of him; he had made big stars out of other people—the biggest, in fact. But he just came out of the washroom, paid for his gas and drove off. His name was Howard Hughes.

BUT THERE WAS another man, an agent, who had been watching Race and who talked to him one day. His name was Henry Willson and among his discoveries and clients are stars like Rock and Guy Madison. He began trying to talk Race into taking a test and perhaps because Race had lived among movie people all his life he wasn't impressed. Then one day Willson tried a new approach. "Look," he said, "if you knew you could make as much money in a week as an actor as it takes you in six months here, would you pass it up?"

"No," replied Race, instantly, his trading instinct aroused. This was different. This was dickering, man!

Race is still not making in a week what

he used to make in six months . . . but he isn't so far from that figure either. Willson took him to Raoul Walsh who was to direct *The Lawless Breed* and Race demonstrated his complete ignorance of even the rudest rudiments of acting. "Fine!" beamed Walsh, who is best known for hurling thunderbolts of wrath when he is displeased with any member of his cast. "He looks the part and we never have run out of film yet. We'll keep him at it until he does it right —out of sheer exhaustion if not talent!"

Oddly enough, Race, who couldn't act for beans in his first few scenes, caught onto the business quickly enough to be turning in passable performances by his third day before the cameras. A very strong asset which he possesses is a quick and accurate memory. Another is a flair for mimicry which can stand a lot of development yet but does come to him naturally.

ALL THE TIME Race spent fixing up cars and driving them in his youth has been of little help so far to him in his career. He would have been better off learning to ride a horse which, of course, he had to do the moment he was signed. His horsemanship is reported as mostly lacking so far but he has shown he has the courage to ride if not the seat. In *Black Horse Canyon* he obeyed a director's injunction to "Let him all out!" while riding a pony downhill, with the result that the horse tripped and went into a full front flip in which Race was fortunately thrown clear, but, unfortunately, right on his face. He climbed right back on the horse to finish the scene before his bruises swelled.

Some weeks after Race began work at the studio he realized one day that he had not as yet been to a Hollywood party—the kind he had read about in the papers. At just about this time he got an opportunity to escort Susan Cabot to Ciro's, and this proved to be the famous affair at which Darryl Zanuck, head of 20th Century-Fox, stripped to the waist and vainly tried to demonstrate to everyone present that he could chin himself one-handed. The story goes that Zanuck got the idea for his gymnastics because Race confessed to him how he used to climb the fences at 20th. Zanuck is supposed to have replied that he could go over those fences one-handed, while reading a script with the other.

Actually Race's social life is not much different from what it was before he turned actor. The truth is he goes out with the very same friends, old pals from his high school days. One of these is Dean Marlo, who has also turned to acting. Another is Sylvan Cole, who divides his time between attending Santa Monica College and working at an aircraft company. A third friend is Dave Schweitzer, who works for the telephone company. Dave was along the first evening Race was ever asked for an autograph by a stranger. They had dated two girls from their high school days and were seated in Coffee Dan's, a popular eatery, when a young lady came to their table.

"Please forgive me," she asked Race, "but I'm in California only on a short visit and someone said you were in pictures. Could I have your autograph?"

Unused to anything like this, Race was blushing by this time. He reached for a napkin (the girl hadn't offered anything to write on) and scribbled his name. The girl thanked him even as she looked down at his signature. Then her head jerked up.

"Race Gentry?" she cried. "Who's he? I thought you were Rock Hudson!"

He decided later that if anyone again ever asked for an autograph he would joke about it first and accuse the person of not even knowing who he was. Well, someone did ask Race for his autograph a few weeks later, at a picture première. "G'wan!" he laughed at the girl. "You don't even know whose autograph you want. What's my name?"

Sure enough the answer came back, "Rock Hudson, silly!"

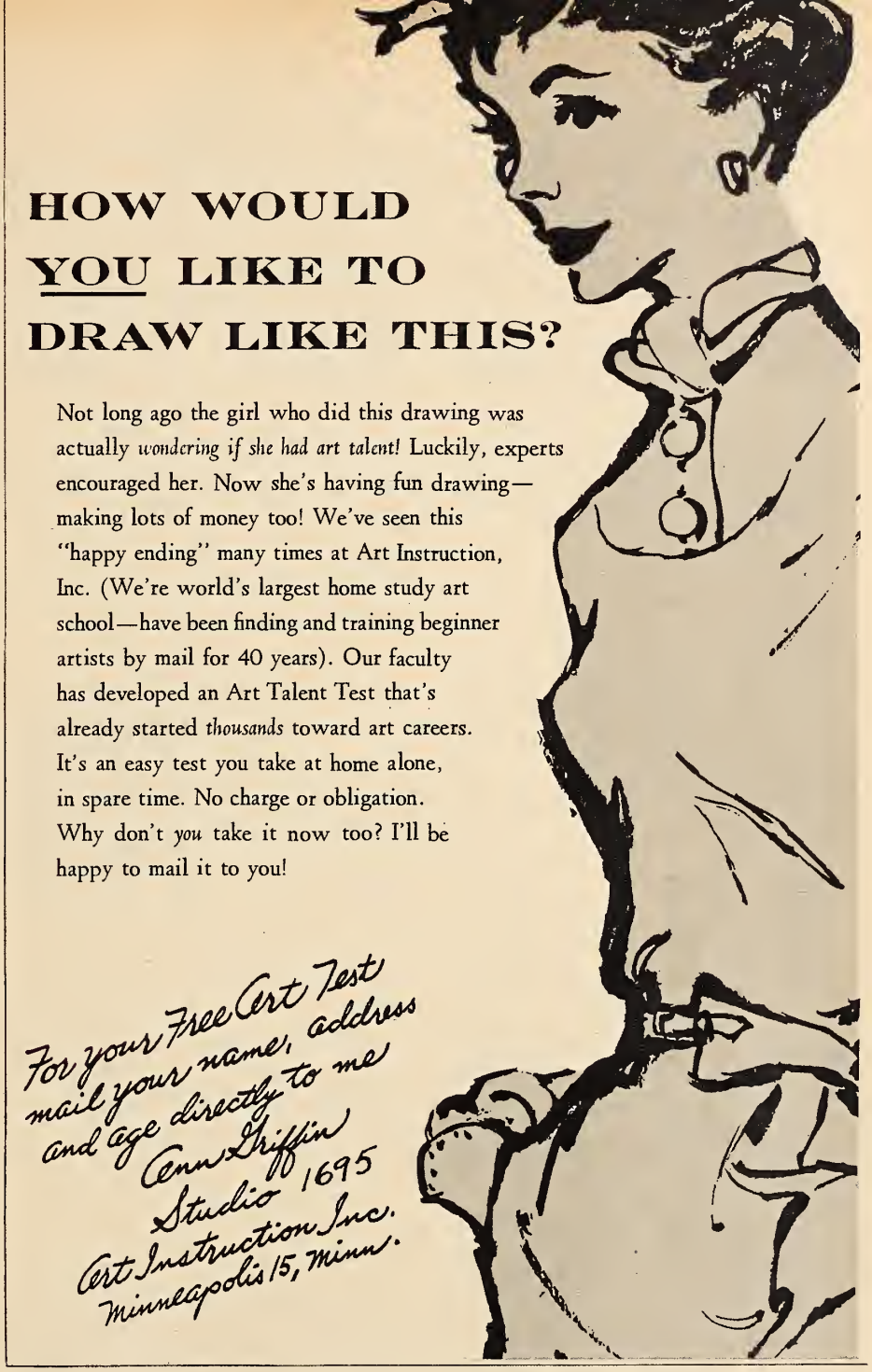
Race isn't giving out any autographs these days. He is waiting to decide whether to grow a mustache or a beard for stronger personal identification. Rock's suggestion is that they get into a saber fight and give each other distinguishing, and, of course, romantic, scars.

RACE, TOO YOUNG for active military service up to now, has been a member of the Naval Air Reserve for the past three years, reporting for training two weeks every summer and the first week end of every month. Between this and his new career he is a busy boy but this doesn't mean he hasn't any time for girls. He will always have time for girls.

NOT LONG AGO Race went down to a beautiful little promontory in the Pacific Ocean a few miles north of the Malibu Beach colony and bought an acre and a half of land. Some of his pals think this is quite a significant move. They point out that Race's parents married young, that Race has a brother, Pete, who married young, and a sister, Carmen, who married young. And Race's maternal grandfather, Salvador Carese, was one of the founders of the harbor town of San Pedro and lived there until he was killed in an automobile accident at the age of ninety-six.

"It's all very clear," says Dave, Race's pal. "Race has to obey family tradition. He has to marry young, live somewhere near the water with wife and family, and keep living out there until he is around a hundred."

END



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRAW LIKE THIS?

Not long ago the girl who did this drawing was actually *wondering if she had art talent!* Luckily, experts encouraged her. Now she's having fun drawing—making lots of money too! We've seen this "happy ending" many times at Art Instruction, Inc. (We're world's largest home study art school—have been finding and training beginner artists by mail for 40 years). Our faculty has developed an Art Talent Test that's already started *thousands* toward art careers. It's an easy test you take at home alone, in spare time. No charge or obligation. Why don't *you* take it now too? I'll be happy to mail it to you!

For your Free Art Test mail your name, address and age directly to me
Conn Griffin
Studio 1695
Art Instruction Inc.
Minneapolis 15, Minn.

(*Continued from page 27*) filed in California, a state in which it takes one year for a divorce to become final. The parties to any California divorce are always warned by the Court that they cannot marry until the decree is final or the offending party may be held for bigamy.

So naturally, no one expected Guy Madison to elope to Mexico with Sheila Connolly. But that's exactly what he did.

Why would he refuse to wait a year for the final decree?

The answer is simple. When you're young and you're sure you've found the one girl who will make the perfect wife, when you believe the time to be together is now—then you start looking for legal loopholes.

You say to yourself, "I'm in love with this girl, and I'm going to marry her now. I'm sure the lawyers can work everything out. Thousands of couples have been married in Mexico before their divorce decrees became final."

Guy Madison and Sheila Connolly felt that way last October. "So on Saturday, October 23," Sheila remembers, "Guy and I got in the car and drove to San Diego. Then we took a plane to El Paso which is across the river from Juarez.

"Guy had the marriage ring with him. He had asked me what kind I wanted and I had said, 'Just a simple gold wedding band so that people can see I'm married.' The ring is a quarter of an inch wide.

"Anyway, we were supposed to get married on a Tuesday. The Mexican judge who was scheduled to perform the ceremony, called and said, 'Let's make it Monday instead.' Guy said that would be fine with us.

"Came Monday and we got a call from Juarez. A friend said, 'The judge is ready to marry you. Better come over right away or he'll take off for lunch. Then we may never be able to find him.'

"Guy and I rushed down to the bridge that crosses the Rio Grande into Juarez. We applied for a permit to cross and get married in Mexico. The man who gave the permits wasn't there. We had to wait ten minutes. Finally when we got the permit, we raced over to the judge's office. It was too late. He was gone.

"Our Spanish-speaking friend began to call the restaurants around town. He located the judge and said, 'Come back. These people are waiting to get married.' But when a Mexican judge is at lunch, he's not going to suffer indigestion over a little thing like marriage. So Guy and I waited. Only the judge never showed.

"We waited and waited until finally our friend got a bright idea. Wise in the ways of Mexico, he drove over to the judge's house. Sure enough, the judge was there, taking a *siesta,* I guess. He brought him back, and we were married a little after three in the afternoon."

Guy and Sheila had their wedding supper that night in a Chinese restaurant. Then they went to see Debbie Reynolds in *Susan Slept Here.* They spent their wedding night in an El Paso motel, and when morning came they flew to Miami where Guy was scheduled to appear at the Kellogg convention. Kellogg is the breakfast food company that sponsors *Wild Bill Hickok,* the television program that brought Madison back to show business.

While the Madisons were on their way to the Biscayne Bay Hotel in Miami, Stan Musgrave, Guy's publicity man, released the wedding news to the press.

The response in Hollywood was surprise. Following surprise came such approval as, "If ever any man deserved a little happiness, it's certainly Guy Madison. This fellow has been through plenty."

THE REFERENCE, of course, was to Madison's unhappy first marriage to actress Gail Russell.

After their marriage in 1949 Gail began to drink, first a little, then more and more.

Madison is quiet, moody and withdrawn, stubborn and determined, simple and shy. For years he lived with Gail, wondering why she could not control her weakness. Her indulgence caused him great anguish.

Was it *his* fault? Was *he* responsible in some way for Gail's behavior?

He searched his own soul, and he could find no answer. At the same time his marriage was foundering, his professional career was declining.

"Madison was okay during the postwar era," one studio executive confided three years ago, "but nowadays business is rough and we must separate the professionals from the amateurs."

It's a tribute to Madison's fortitude and courage that when things were rough both in and out of home, he did not complain nor bemoan his fate.

Worrying about Gail, he lost weight, a good twenty pounds. He became nervous and edgy. He suffered mentally and physically, but he never succumbed to self-pity. For Gail there was always understanding and money and another chance.

Last year Gail and Guy finally agreed to separate. Guy moved out, and Gail consulted a psychiatrist. The doctor recommended a sanitarium in Oregon. Gail agreed to go. Apparently it wasn't enough. On November 25, 1953, Gail was arrested on suspicion of drunken driving. Ever faithful, Guy went to his wife's aid. He posted bail and gave her all his support.

When asked about the status of their relationship, he told a reporter, "I'm still devoted to Gail. Anything she needs from me she can have. I don't expect I'll ever again get involved emotionally with another woman."

THAT, OF COURSE, was before Guy ran into Sheila Connolly, who came out to Hollywood in 1952 after making a fair success of modeling in New York.

Ever since she was a child, Gail Russell has been an unhappy, mixed-up girl. This is mentioned so that no one will imagine that Guy Madison was in any way responsible for her tragic alcoholism.

As a child in Chicago, Gail used to hide from guests. She used to avoid parties. Her shyness reached the proportions of a dangerous neurosis. As a teen-ager in Santa Monica she suffered from frequent periods of abnormal elation and depression. Her timidity was tremendous.

When Paramount gave her a contract in 1942, one casting director said, "She is the most scared, the most petrified kid I have ever met in my life."

Gail never should have become an actress. There is nothing of the exhibitionist in her make-up. She never had the confidence nor the ability to take the hard knocks that go with the career.

They say that she drank to bolster her sagging ego. Whatever the reason, her marriage to Guy Madison was a painful failure, a searing experience.

That's why when the news of Guy's second marriage broke on October 25, Hollywood agreed that Madison did the right thing in reaching out for his happiness. Hollywood also agreed that Sheila Connolly was a lucky girl. Husbands like Guy Madison aren't easy to find.

SHEILA KNOWS this. Before her marriage, she dated dozens of the most eligible men in Hollywood. None of them seemed to click. Neither did her career.

In coming to Hollywood in 1952, Sheila hoped, quite naturally, for a successful screen career. She had studied a little at the Dramatic Workshop in New York. She had "made" a handful of magazine covers. But in the film capital the best she could do was a couple of parts in television.

She was extremely popular, however. One of the places she went was the Pan Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles. Last April Sheila was invited to attend the Sportsmen's Show there.

Guy Madison is an outstanding archer, a crack hunter, a versatile athlete, possibly the best outdoor sportsman in movietown, so naturally he was there, too.

Jim Byron, a good-natured press agent who from time to time used to "plant items" about Sheila, asked her if she'd pose with Guy in a speed boat.

Sheila quickly agreed, and that's how she met Robert Ozell Mosely of Bakersfield, California—screen name: Guy Madison.

As Sheila tells the story, "Guy was very much alive the first night we met. He usually isn't, you know. He's very quiet, very controlled. I liked him instantly. He took me home in his car that night and asked if he might phone. I said sure.

"He phoned a couple of times, and we talked over the phone, and you know what? After these conversations I stopped going out with other fellows. Now mind you, I'd never been out with Guy on a date, but somehow just talking to him and thinking about him—well, I just began to hope that he'd ask me out.

"The day after Gail applied for a divorce, Guy dated me. We drove out to the Holiday House for dinner. That's near Malibu, down by the beach.

"Maybe I shouldn't say it. But I fell for him almost immediately. He was so sweet, so thoughtful in a very kind and natural way. After that date, I just sat around and waited for him to call again. When he did—well, I just felt wonderful.

"We began to see each other every day. We went down to the beach. We went fishing. He introduced me to his friends. Rory and Lita Calhoun told me a good deal about Guy. They love him very much.

"Guy and I never got engaged but we certainly fell in love. One night we spoke about his immediate plans. Guy said he was going into a Columbia picture, *Five*

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE



At the Yankee Stadium a friend and I exchanged a few words about the game with a familiar - looking man, but we couldn't place his face. At a particularly tense moment, we were distracted from the game by the frantic movements of the man next to us; he was practically turning his pockets inside out. Suddenly he leaned over and blurted out "Listen, could I bum a cigarette? I'm all out and I just can't leave the game now to get some!" Of course we gave him a smoke—and were we glad afterwards, when a couple of girls came over and asked for Guy Mitchell's autograph!

Frances Manfredi
New York, New York

Against The House. When that was over, he planned to go fishing in Colorado. In January he was scheduled to go to Mexico for another picture. The more he spoke, the more we realized that in the months to come we'd probably be separated. That's when he decided that we'd better get married. Next afternoon on the way to the beach he proposed.

"The minute he asked me I said yes."

AFTER THE ELOPEMENT to Juarez, the Madisons spent one week of their honeymoon in Miami. It wasn't much of a honeymoon, because Guy was working. He was spreading good will among the Kellogg representatives.

From Miami, Guy and Sheila flew back to San Diego, picked up their car and drove to Bakersfield. Here, Guy introduced his wife to his parents, hard-working, God-fearing Baptists.

Sheila, of course, is Catholic. She has four sisters and one brother. She was born in New York City, but her family returned to Ireland in 1931. In 1946, Timothy Connolly, a jockey, took his family back to New York. Tim is now a popular horse-trainer in the east. As of this writing the Connollys have yet to meet their newest and most famous son-in-law.

Sheila has abandoned all attempts at a show business career. "Being Guy Madison's wife," she claims, "is career enough for me. I just want to spend as much time with him as I possibly can. Fortunately, I love outdoor sports just as much as he does, and I don't mind going on location trips with him one little bit."

In line with this, Guy was ordered to Reno less than two weeks after his marriage. Sheila went along, and the newlyweds were given the bridal suite at the Pony Express Motel.

IN RENO Mrs. Madison, accompanied by her black poodle, showed up every day at Harold's Club to watch her husband perform in *Five Against The House.*

When one reporter asked if she intended to follow Guy on location even after her marriage was blessed with children, Sheila said, "I'm going to follow him straight down the line, children or no children. That's the best way to keep a marriage together. When the babies are born, they'll go on location, too."

In his own quiet way, Guy feels similarly over-possessive which, of course, is only natural for newlyweds. During his Reno location, Guy's eyes sparkled, his smile shone, and he looked happier than he has in years. **END**

the gal who got away

(*Continued from page 45*) went around together. Ava got into the bullring with me. Together we worked a bull. As for marriage, I am afraid you are making a big thing of a little thing."

Denials in Hollywood are a dime a dozen, so when the Spaniard went to Lake Tahoe two days later, much of the community expected an eventual Gardner-Dominguin marriage.

But Ava never does the expected. That's why she's such a puzzle.

When her residence requirements for a divorce were filled, did she file for divorce from Frank Sinatra and fly back to Madrid with Luis Miguel?

Not on your life. She let Luis dangle along with the legal completion of her divorce.

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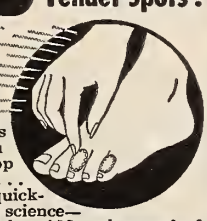
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time she was in love with love. But no more. When she marries again, she is going to be absolutely certain that the odds for a happy marriage are with her. In the past she has hoped against hope. She knew that marrying Rooney or Shaw or Sinatra was no cinch, but she was seriously in love with each of them. Young and optimistic, she thought marriage would change them.

"Now she knows that marriage rarely changes any man's basic character. I'm sure Dominguin is mad about Ava and would marry her on a moment's notice. But Dominguin is a devout Catholic who doesn't believe in divorce. And Spaniards are not brought up to give a wife much freedom.

"Ava has come to the point where she looks beyond the first flush of romance. The gap between her way of life and Dominguin's is too wide and she knows it. That's why she and Luis will be close friends and nothing more. That's why nothing came of his visit to Lake Tahoe. They just swam around together, listened to records, and laughed it up with Ava's two sisters who were staying with her.

"I'm not sure why Ava didn't pick up her divorce. I think she and Sinatra are being stubborn about who pays what."

Whether this explanation of Ava's behavior is entirely accurate, no one knows.

All we do know is that after Dominguin had spent a week up at Lake Tahoe, Ava diplomatically sent him back to Hollywood.

A few weeks later she climbed into a private plane supplied by a well-known producer and flew to Miami. With the prominent executive beside her, she made a round of the Florida hot spots.

Is she in love with the producer? Is she running away from problems?

Ava won't even tell herself the answers. A seething body of conflicts and neuroses, she keeps on the go.

NEXT STOP—HAVANA. Then Ava decided to tour South America to promote *The Barefoot Contessa.* Practically anything is better for her, she reasoned, than returning to Hollywood.

There are many versions of what happened to the persecuted Miss Gardner on her South American junket. In Brazil several newspapers claimed that Ava imbibed one drink too many in Rio de Janeiro. They said that she was ordered out of the Gloria Hotel for breaking champagne glasses, conducting a wild party and throwing a glass at the hotel manager.

The truth is that Ava Gardner was and is immensely popular in every South American country except Brazil. Thousands of screaming fans swarmed all over her in Chile. She was enthusiastically welcomed in Argentina.

In Brazil, however, she was subjected to the most deliberate harassments.

Many Brazilians blame the suicide of their late President Getulio Vargas on the indirect influence of the United States. Ava arrived in Rio when anti-United States feeling was at its zenith, less than a month after Vargas' death.

Here is an eye-witness report: "Ava Gardner, her secretary and her publicity man arrived at the airport in Rio de Janeiro. Because she had been received cordially in other South American countries, Ava thought she would be passed through the customs, police and immigration departments very quickly.

"Instead, the Brazilian authorities really went to work on her. They opened up every single piece of luggage. They were more thorough than usual. After all, what would Ava be smuggling into Brazil?

"As the customs authorities searched, the actress grew increasingly angry. At one point she said, 'Why don't you guys get a microscope?'

"Apparently this remark infuriated the customs inspectors, and they really gave Ava the business. It was most unfair, and she had every reason to be resentful. When the customs men finally finished dragging every article out of the suitcases and jamming them back, Ava was furious.

"'Let's grab the first plane and get out of this place,' she demanded. 'They're a pack of savages here. I don't want to stay.'

"Ava was prevailed upon to catch a cab to the Hotel Gloria, but before she could make her way out of the airport, crowds of Brazilian fans descended upon her. It sounds incredible but many of these fans deliberately tried to trip her and kick her. That's how mad they were at everyone and everything from the United States.

"When Ava reached the hotel in Copacabana she was assigned to suite 901. She was still angry and she tried to soothe herself with cognac.

"Presently the hotel manager was called by other guests and told that Ava and her party were making too much noise. The manager went to suite 901. Someone tossed a glass of cognac at him. So he ordered Ava and her friends out of the hotel.

"Indignant, the actress hired a cab, drove down the road three blocks and checked in at the Copacabana Apartments. I have never seen her so angry. She was boiling.

"The next day she held a press conference and tried to be very gracious. When a reporter asked her how she liked Rio, she said, 'I've always wanted to come here. It's a really lovely city.'

Arthur Godfrey and Julie La Rosa met in the elevator in the CBS Building. Godfrey said, "Julie, now that you're on your own, I've got some advice. Don't play all those benefit shows. There's no money in them." *—Paul Denis*

"Another reporter asked her if she were drunk the night before, if that's why she was thrown out of the Gloria Hotel. 'I never drink,' Ava fibbed."

The following afternoon, Ava caught a plane to Buenos Aires where she was treated in a manner befitting a movie star of her stature. A few days later she showed up in New York where in response to press inquiries she said, "I never intend to go to Brazil again. . . . I didn't throw that cognac glass at the hotel manager. I threw it on the floor. . . . The fans in Brazil weren't friends. I was deliberately tripped. The whole thing was horrible. After the hotel incident I got several telegrams telling me to get out of the country."

AVA WOULD NOT TALK about whether she was or was not in love with the aforementioned producer, whether she had agreed to a rendezvous with Luis Dominguin in Majorca next year, nor whether or not she planned to make only one picture a year in Hollywood.

These are just a few of the questions Ava's fans would like to have answered. There are many more. Does she use travel as an escape mechanism? Has she renounced marriage? Why has she been suspended so frequently?

Interest in the glamorous Miss Gardner is sympathetic and endless.

Ava's fans know that more than anything else she craves a family. She wants babies and lots of them. Ava has said so over and over again.

If ever any girl deserved a sober, reliable, good-natured, fun-loving husband, that girl is Ava Lavinia, whose soul is as beautiful as her face.

But she has been unable to find such a man in Hollywood or in show business. Whether she can find one in some distant land, those of us who love and admire her will have to wait to see. **END**

elizabeth remembers

(*Continued from page 34*) to trip her, pick her up, grin, "Hi, Beautiful," and vanish, leaving her in a spin. His name was Derek Harris. It's now John Derek. And that's all she remembers about the Pacific Palisades because, on the heels of this romance, they moved to Beverly.

Her first ambition was to be a ballerina. So ardently did she practice as to throw her foot completely out of joint. "There's a great lump on it, sort of an extra bone. You can still see it. That's probably why I have to wear size sevens, which is all I have in common with Garbo. But the truth finally dawned that I just wasn't that graceful, so I settled for horses."

Her second ambition was to be an actress. She could easily have been laughed out of it, and almost was. She was a shy child with little assurance. To Elizabeth, who had seen a total of three movies, this brought pleasant visions of getting dressed up in all kinds of harem outfits. So one day, when the teacher asked what they wanted to be, she said, "An actress." The titters that swept the room threw her into such confusion that she decided to be a nurse.

It wasn't in the cards. The Taylors signed with Universal. Whatever happened was all right with Elizabeth, so long as her kingdom of dreams remained inviolate. She remembers the singing lessons at the studio which she rather enjoyed. She remembers a director's crack which she failed to enjoy. "The only reason that kid's under contract is because her folks know the vice-president. She can't act worth a cent, and she's a hideous little girl, to boot." She never had thought of herself as pretty. It never bothered her when people, staggered by Howard's good looks, spoke their tactful minds. "What a shame *he* isn't the girl!" She agreed with them. Among Howard's admirers, Elizabeth topped the list. But she did find "hideous" rather unfriendly. "I decided maybe I didn't want to be in pictures after all."

Universal dropped her, MGM picked her up and tested her for *Lassie Come Home.* Getting the part, she was pleased. Losing it would have been no great disaster. Even as she grew older, her attitude toward her work was mixed. Stardom *per se* held little lure for her. She didn't belong to the sisterhood lashed by ambition. She liked the thrill of new costumes, new people, new places. She liked acting, too, though in a secondary way. Not till *A Place In The Sun* did she feel the true fire. She felt it again in *The Last Time I Saw Paris.* "Unless I can have enthusiasm for the role and the whole thing, then I don't really enjoy it in the fuller sense. Now I'd like to learn to be a good actress."

The one part she craved before *A Place In The Sun* was *National Velvet,* but with no conception of how it might hop up her career. Elizabeth was horse-crazy, not career-crazy. She had read the book and identified herself with Velvet. She'd have to grow three inches, so she ate, drank and slept herself taller. She found and fell in love with a horse named King Charles, and talked MGM into using him as The Pi. The picture made millions and made Elizabeth, but from her point of view King Charles remained its center. On her thirteenth birthday, Benny Thau phoned. "Happy birthday, Elizabeth, and we're giving you King Charles." It was the high point and the end of childhood. Two years later she was a glamour girl.

She draws the line at talking about her looks. Compliments embarrass her and drive her into her shell. To friends she

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has said: "I might have a disfiguring accident. I want people to like me for me, not for what I look like." She's as conscious of her appearance as any attractive girl, neither more nor less. Strange as it may seem to the rest of us, the combination of great beauty and stardom can have its drawbacks, if you're no exhibitionist. Being stared at becomes hateful. Being told you're the most beautiful girl in the world leaves you standing around with egg on your face. Through early adolescence Elizabeth was set apart, when all she wanted was to be one of the gang. "My girl friends were dating and going to junior proms. Nobody asked me. They considered me a bit of a freak, which I could well understand, but it frightened me a little. Like a girl at high school who doesn't make a sorority. You feel shut out. It didn't last long, but it wasn't good. In the end I made my own circle of friends, and gave up trying to be a high school kid."

A solid nineteen to her fifteen, Marshall Thompson pierced the invisible ring that hedged her around. With both mothers as chaperones—which rather dashed the grown-up feeling for Liz—he escorted her to the première of *The Yearling,* and she floated on air in her first blue organdy formal. A few nights later, without maternal supervision, he took her to a plain movie, treated her to chocolate sundaes at Wil Wright's and to her first kiss. They went steady for two weeks. Elizabeth broke it up for the best of reasons. A high school boy had asked her to the senior prom.

TORRENTS OF WORDS have seen print on the subject of love and Elizabeth—too many words. Away from the limelight, she could have gloried and suffered through her normal quota of crushes, even made her marital mistake in peace and caused nary a ripple. As it is, every sigh was stalked, every tremulous emotion laid bare on the clinical table. It's the price of Hollywood stardom and Elizabeth, doubly beautiful, paid it double. A host of indefinable pressures harried her to grow up before her time, forced decisions when she should have been left to dream. She's got no beef. As she sees it, the decisions were her own. On the subject of love—before Michael—she's frank, if concise.

"Marshall Thompson was the first boy I ever dated. I went steady with Glenn Davis and wore his little gold football around my neck. I was devoted to him. It was a phase. I got over it. I was officially engaged to Bill Pawley, and devoted to *him. That* was a phase—palm trees and moonlight and things. They couldn't be nicer boys—all of them. I was officially engaged to Nick and we were married, which proved to be a mistake. I'm still very fond of him. After that I haven't been engaged to anyone but Michael, who's a living doll and the nicest man I know. Meaning I like him as dearly as I love him, which is probably the bedrock of a good marriage."

HOLLYWOOD ECHOES her appraisal of Michael. In a dog-eats-dog town, he has carved himself a unique niche for kindliness, gentle dealing and the gift of putting himself in his fellow's place. Wit, however deft, at somebody else's expense, makes him wince. Lightly, without priggishness, he maneuvers to turn the dart against himself. Mention his name where you like, and eyes light up. Vic Mature, no sentimentalist, offered the ultimate sacrifice. "If I had a part and that guy wanted it, I'd move heaven and earth to see that he got it."

In 1948 she went to London for *Conspirator.* All she remembers about the picture is playing big love scenes with Bob Taylor, then being dragged off to school, which amazed the British. About Michael, working at the same studio, she remembers more. His smile, his lovely sense of fun, the way he treated her. "Not like a sort of child, nor like anything but a human being he enjoyed talking to." They visited back and forth on the sets. At lunch she would manage to walk past his table, and maybe have to go by again for a fork or something. Or she'd just happen to stroll down the corridor when, wonder of wonders, Michael was turning the corner. At sixteen, she thought herself pretty subtle. He telephoned her a couple of times and even gave her a photo of himself. "Which I undoubtedly asked for, as I can't imagine his doing it otherwise, he's so over-modest. I gave him a couple of flowers, which was just a romantic whim."

Those were the months when she wore Glenn's football. One day Michael said: "You really shouldn't marry that fellow, you know. You should wait for me." He was kidding, of course, though now and then she let herself slip into reveries of what it might be like if he weren't. "But a gossamer dream," she sighs, "is as far as it went."

Three months after her eighteenth birthday she married Nick. Seven months later she divorced him and took an apartment with her secretary, Peggy Rutledge. "I didn't want to hurt my parents. But you can't learn responsibility under somebody else's wing. It's hard for parents to realize that children must grow up. I had been married and divorced. It was high time I grew up."

THE FOLLOWING June she returned to England for *Ivanhoe.* Her picture graced the papers and her telephone rang. A man named Wilding. "I thought possibly you mightn't know anyone here, so I wonder if you'd care to have dinner with me."

"That's a gallant way of putting it, and I would."

They dined that night and the next and the night after and all the nights to come. To Elizabeth, it was like reaching home. Especially the night Michael said, and this time he wasn't kidding: "Let's end this getting engaged to other people. You see, I told you you should have waited for me."

This was their real (though unofficial) betrothal. Her picture finished, she returned to America. His picture finished, he followed as a guest of the Stewart Grangers who invited Elizabeth to stay with them too. One legend irks her. It tells how Michael couldn't afford to buy her an engagement ring, nor so much as a hot dog. "As an Englishman, he was allowed to bring only seventy-five pounds into the country. Which covered lots of hot dogs—with mustard. My mistake, when we went to the jeweler's, was in writing a check. Michael borrowed money from friends and paid me back exactly the same afternoon. I don't relish the idea that I paid for my own engagement ring. I relish it less since it happens to be untrue."

Shortly thereafter, work called him back to England. Their marriage was planned for his return. But Elizabeth's decree went through in January, and they couldn't summon up one sensible reason for wasting months apart they might spend together. So she flew the ocean to her love and on February 21, 1952, married him at the Registry Office in Caxton Hall.

"The office was like a little schoolroom, with floral wreaths all over it, looking as though they had been used for innumerable weddings. For once in my life I was actually on time, and there I stood quivering, small bouquet in hand. Michael's mother and dad and about seven others were lined up in these straightbacked wooden chairs. The man who married us got behind the desk. He began, 'We are now gathered together,' and his voice came

glurking from deep down in his throat so exactly like Richard Haydn's that it broke me up. I started giggling away till I finally had to cover my face with my gloves. Before I could really compose myself, the whole thing was over and I was gazing at Michael, all pale and shaken. To buck him up, I announced I would now kiss the groom. Outside, we were separated by the crowds jampacked into this tiny narrow street. A great kind policeman picked me up and carried me to the car, where my husband joined me. People swarmed all over the front and back and hood. One girl was practically fainting. We leaned out and asked if we could help. Fortunately, somebody else undertook that. We had been told to drive around for fifteen minutes, so everyone else could get to the reception before us. Instead, we stopped at a wineshop and, all by ourselves, toasted the Wildings in champagne. Our wedding supper—the menu somehow leaked out—consisted of split-pea soup, bacon and eggs. Not on account of austerity, but because we like split-pea soup, bacon and eggs. We had a honeymoon in Europe for eight days, after which Michael went back to work and I spent five rapturous months being nothing but wifely."

HER RAPTURE was undimmed by self-appointed crepe-hangers who nailed most of their crepe to the difference in age. Michael's urbanity is proof against all such croaking. "Since I happen to be mentally retarded," he observes gravely, "it works out very well."

This reduces his wife to laughter, but under protest. Any hint, even in jest, that he's less than perfect sits ill with Elizabeth.

"All right, let's be serious," he soothes her. "Let's take the big deal about when she's forty, he's sixty. What's wrong with a hale sixty, which I propose to achieve one of these days? If it were eighty now, I might have been cautious."

"If it were eighty," she retorts, "I'd have snagged you still."

In London one morning the phone rang at seven. "When the test comes through," they had told the doctor "even if it's blackest midnight, call us." The test was positive. They danced wildly around the room till Liz bethought herself that she was pregnant and maybe shouldn't carry on like a dervish. Michael smote his brow and decreed breakfast in bed. This lasted two days, when Liz pronounced it pure foolishness.

IN SANTA MONICA hospital on the night of January 6 she remembers the screen shielding her face and the cotton in her ears by request, since she didn't care much for the sound of surgical instruments. She remembers her son at five seconds old, a bright purple, one of her favorite shades. She remembers asking, "Is he all right?" and her huge sigh of relief when they told her he was. She remembers calling, "Michael, Michael, Michael!"

"He's upstairs," they said. "You're going right up to him now."

But the cry in her heart continued to rise to her lips—"Michael, Michael, Michael," all the way up in the elevator and down the hall, where he came running to meet her. Not till his hand clasped hers was the cry hushed. "And they wheeled us in together," she recalls. "Or at any rate, in my hazy state of mind, that was the general impression. And highly satisfactory to me."

MICHAEL, JUNIOR, his life and times, prove a never-ending succession of thrills to his parents. Of all his prodigious achievements, perhaps the most spectacular occurred in London while Liz was

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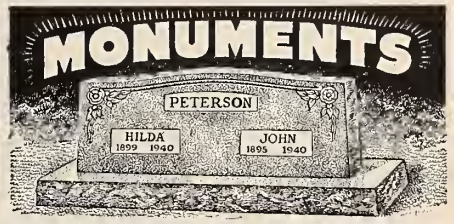
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making *Beau Brummell* and Michael was spending a week-end with his brother in Ireland. He was due in at eight that evening. "By the time Daddy gets back," Liz informed her son, "you've got to do something special." Nothing to it. Never having taken a step before, he rose obligingly to his feet and took twelve all at once. Between ecstasy over this performance and dismay over Michael's missing it, Liz threatened to lose her mind. "Let's put him to bed extra early," suggested the nurse, "and wake him when Mr. Wilding gets in."

Mrs. Wilding flung herself into Mr. Wilding's arms. "He walks *alone!!*"

Mr. Wilding blanched, but kept a stiff upper lip. They stationed themselves at a distance from Junior. "Come, darling," coaxed his mother.

He came. "One, two, three," counted his father, and up to six, when the walker flopped, emitting a curious noise. "He said *seven*," gasped Michael.

Elizabeth rocked with joy. "It just sounded that way."

For the record, Michael concedes that she's possibly right. In private, he's firmly convinced that Baby said seven.

THE NEW BABY is due in March. A girl would be nice, but it doesn't really matter. They've picked tentative names—maybe Christopher, maybe Virginia. People have confused Elizabeth with Virginia for no good reason. In *National Velvet*, the director called her Virginia until she rebelled. "My name's Elizabeth. I won't answer to Virginia." But her daughter may.

Having gone through one childbirth, she feels more casual this time. Instead of pickles, she craved a miniature Schnauzer. Michael put his foot down. "We can't have another animal." He likes animals. She's a real sucker for them. He'll pat any pooch he passes and scratch any cat behind the ear. She pines to give them all house-room. Moving into a home with white carpets and furniture, he said: "We must really keep the dogs outside." She said: "They're part of me. If we keep them outside, I might as well not have them."

They're kept inside. They include a new miniature Schnauzer, name of Shnorkel. Not that Michael yields to her every whim. But he's wise enough to recognize that a deep and compassionate love for the four-footed goes beyond whimsy.

WITH A SECOND baby coming, they needed a larger house and had it all figured out to buy an older place, fix it up, save money, and look forward to the distant day when they could afford to have George MacLean build them one. George MacLean is their ideal architect.

Michael went looking. According to Liz, he's a frustrated real estate agent. Even when they don't need a house, he looks for fun. One day he came home in a quiet British dither over a brick-and-glass fairy tale built by George MacLean, exactly the right size, and of course they couldn't afford it but Elizabeth must see it. "There's no *point* in seeing it," she wailed. "I *know* I'll love it. I'm afraid I'll love it too much."

Against her own fears she held out for a week. Then they drove up and found they couldn't get in, so they peered over the wall at the pool, which proved to be their undoing. "This wall," said our heroine, "is low enough to climb." A few minutes later they went pussyfooting through the rooms while Elizabeth flipped even harder than she'd expected. That night they did a repeat, risking capture by the cops or Mr. MacLean. Next day Michael said, "Let's be legal," and called the architect. "We've been breaking into your house."

"That will never do," said the other, and

gave them a key. They used it.

Between we-can't-afford-it and we-can't-give-it-up, they haunted the place for three months. Till three in the morning they would sit beside the huge window that forms one wall of the livingroom, watching the lights of Beverly wink out. They would take picnic baskets and eat their lunch on the floor. The approach of prospective buyers would be the signal for Elizabeth to lilt: "Just look at this awful hole, Michael. Those mice we saw must be raising a family here." In lipstick she scrawled at strategic points a scarlet SOLD.

THEN CAME the dire rumor of an actual sale. It was only Elizabeth's lipstick boomeranging, but it sent them chasing and pleading to their business manager, who turned grey-green. "I can't keep you from buying it. I can only point out that you'll be paying for the rest of your lives."

"We don't care," chorused the delirious Wildings.

In all soberness, they don't. "A home you love," said Elizabeth, "is terribly important, especially in this business. It's true that if you love each other, outsiders can't hurt you. But you can never afford to be that smug. Marriage isn't just flitting round in an organdy apron. There are always things that have to be worked out. I believe you can work them out more easily in Pizmo Beach, where you're left alone, than in Hollywood where people keep pawing at you. Well, they can't paw at us here. Our home is our castle. Moreover," she added, the glint returning to her eye, "this one has a special advantage. Michael saw it first."

"Which means," he explained, "that whenever I call her extravagant, she's got an ace in the hole to whack me with."

SHE HAS GROWN into a woman of grace and dignity. Happily, something of the child remains. As when she calls Michael on the set of *The Scarlet Coat*. "It's at least two hours since you told me you loved me."

"Darling, I'm surrounded by a hundred people."

"Does it matter?"

"No. I love you, Elizabeth."

It's her favorite line, never staled by repetition. It crowns the years of her life that she loves best to remember. **END**

nothing but blue skies

(*Continued from page 47*) bothers me—and I mean *nothing*.

"I sleep like a lamb, never even think of a sleeping pill. My appetite is great, although I try to skip the fattening things.

"For instance, I eat poached or soft-boiled eggs for breakfast with two strips of crisp bacon, Melba toast and a large glass of grapefruit juice.

"For luncheon I'll have lamb chops or a small steak with a salad and a green vegetable and a custard or fruit Jello.

"Dinners I eat steak, roast or broiled liver, usually with half a baked potato, vegetable, and fruit. Healthy, what?"

She went on seriously, "But the important thing is the way I feel mentally. I am so completely at peace, relaxed, almost remote and untouched by worries, when I'm going to have a baby. Maybe this is why I have such good, well-behaved children," she said in a lighter vein.

If she had timed her last remark, it couldn't have come at a more appropriate moment. Lorna and Liza promptly burst through the door.

Liza threw herself on Judy—and of course, Lorna followed suit. The tiny girl imitates everything her older sister does. For a moment the three of them seemed to be one ball of tumultuous motion on the large divan. Judy came up breathless after a session of tickling Liza and letting Lorna perch on her shoulder.

"Girls," she said, "I was just telling Miss Parsons how well-behaved you are. Now unwind yourselves and say 'hello.'"

I have seen the two lovely brunette, big-eyed daughters of Judy many times—eight-year-old Liza, the child of Vincente Minnelli, and doll-like, nearly-two-year-old Lorna, Sid Luft's pride and joy, but I was surprised to note how tall Liza is growing and what a beauty she is becoming with her big, dark eyes and creamy skin. Both little girls came over and shook my hand.

"What's going on?" Liza inquired, but not in a fresh manner.

"Ya! Ya! Ya!" piped up Lorna.

"I'm doing a story on your mother for MODERN SCREEN Magazine," I told Liza.

"You going to put us in it?" the little girl asked. I nodded.

"If you are," she went on, "maybe I better change my dress and get my room straightened up. Want to see my room?"

"Me, too," piped Lorna, rather vaguely.

Judy laughed. "You hams!" she said affectionately. "We'll take care of you later. Now go play some records or something."

Liza obediently headed for the door followed by her shadow, Lorna. Suddenly, without warning, Liza turned herself upside down and stood on her head eyeing me owlishly from the floor.

"This," she announced seriously, "is good for the circulation."

With this sage observation and without waiting for comment from me, she and Lorna disappeared as suddenly as they had entered.

"Characters," said Judy, "just characters."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE, I thought to myself, is Judy's wonderfully natural association with her children as compared to that of some movie queens who insist on their children's dropping curtsies and behaving like dancing school pupils—particularly when I'm around.

"With those adorable little girls, I suppose, Judy, you and Sid are hoping for a boy," I suggested after law and order had been restored to the den.

Judy shrugged. "It really doesn't matter. Another little girl will be just as welcome. You see, Sid has a son by his previous marriage which gives us a little boy in our lives.

"Come to think of it," Judy mused, "a little boy would be nice around the house all the time. I have names picked out for both. We'll call her Tina, if it's a girl and Joshua if it's a boy. That is, if I can get Sid to agree to Joshua." I told Judy Joshua was my father's name and that it comes from the Bible.

"Tell Sid," she laughed.

I said, "Judy, how will this being out of circulation until the baby is born in March affect all the plans you had for your career? I know you had a lot of things lined up."

"They'll just have to wait," she replied firmly. "Sid and I went to New York and Chicago to exploit *A Star Is Born* for ten days and remained six weeks!

"You can't imagine what it was like with my figure changing shape every day and with only a few clothes. But my friends took pity and sent me new maternity dresses.

"Pregnant or not—funny-looking or not—I worked like a soldier for *A Star Is Born*, not for my sake, but for Sid's. It just isn't fair that he isn't getting more credit. Without my wonderful husband there would not be a Judy Garland in *A Star Is Born*."

I know as well as Judy does just how



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big a part Sid has played in her triumphant return to the screen.

As far back as 1951 when Judy was playing the Palace in New York, Sid made up his mind that his wife was coming back to her first love—the movies; and the only story he wanted for her was his pet, *A Star Is Born,* in which David Selznick had starred Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

At first Judy had protested, "But honey, that's a drama that calls for heavy acting. Shouldn't I have something with music?"

"You can act it," Sid insisted, "and you'll have music, too."

Acquiring *A Star Is Born* became their one object in life. And it wasn't too easy.

When Sid first approached the Selznick agent, he got a serious setback. Selznick had already sold the story to another producer, Eddie Alperson, for $200,000!

This alone might have discouraged a less determined man than Sid. In the first place, he and Judy had been through some rough going financially—and they didn't have $200,000 to give Alperson should he want to sell his prize—which he didn't.

Sid decided, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em"—which means that he went to Alperson, offered to go partners with him in what later became the Transcona Company, and nominated Judy not only as the star but also for a spot on the Board of Directors. He also guaranteed a release.

Alperson agreed to these terms—and the partners decided they would shoot as high as two million dollars!

When Sid and Judy came to Hollywood, several studios expressed interest in the venture, but Warners showed the most enthusiasm. They were even game to go as high as three million dollars on the picture!

Production had been rolling less than three weeks when Jack Warner called Sid and said, "I've looked at what you've shot. I think this is the finest material I've seen in years. I have so much confidence in you —and in Judy—that we're going to shoot the works. Go to it, Sid."

As you know, Sid went to it to the tune of over $6,000,000 in cash and almost a year of shooting time. But the result is one of the best pictures ever to come out of Hollywood and everyone is saying it may sweep the Academy Awards.

"Without Sid beside me, constantly encouraging me, helping me, lifting me up to heights I never suspected I could reach—I never could have done it," Judy said.

Luft has been a wonderful influence in her life from the day she met him. I don't feel it is necessary to go back over the black times Judy was weathering when Sid came into her life. The story has been told. All the heartache and bad times are behind this girl. I am sure of this. She seems to have such inner strength.

"It's wonderful that the road ahead of you is so bright, Judy," I told her. "I hear that Rodgers and Hammerstein are after you for *South Pacific.*"

"So I read in your column," she said, laughing but not committing herself. Her eyes grew big and wide, "Wouldn't *that* be great? Of course, any final decision will be made by Sid. Papa knows best."

IT WAS TIME to make my departure and as Judy walked toward the door with me, the heads of Liza and Lorna appeared over the bannister.

"You didn't see my room," reminded Liza.

I told her it was getting late and I'd get around to her quarters on my next visit.

"Come any time," the little girl remarked. "There's always something doing around here."

My final glimpse was of Judy hurrying over to her daughter and catching her up in her arms, laughing as she said:

"I hope I have another one—just like you and Lorna." END

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(*Continued from page 37*) who doesn't care about actors, because she is going to marry a doctor in a couple of months, so I'm talking fast and a little incoherently.

FIRST OFF, a lot of people wanted to know if I ever gave Janet an engagement ring. I did. But the ring she is most fond of is the one I gave her this Christmas—a diamond-studded white gold job with a pretty pearl in the center. In any event, maybe this will give you an idea that we are very fond of each other. The reason I say that is because every now and then Hollywood reporters have to ask movie stars if they are still happy. I don't mind. Every day you pick up the newspapers and find out that a lot of people are divorcing. The statistics are something like three divorces for every four marriages. If most people were like us it would louse up the statistics.

One question we grin at and won't answer is: "Are you going to stay married?" This is like a lawyer asking a witness if he has stopped beating his wife. If you had to answer, you probably would say, "We're certainly going to make a college try at it."

I guess there must have been a thousand or more letters asking me who my best friends are. This is really tough to answer.

LITTLE BELLY LOST



While in California I boarded an elevator in a department store. There was one other passenger, but I scarcely glanced at him. When we reached the street floor, he turned to the operator and said, in a familiar voice.

"That was some ride, young lady! Now, would you mind going back for my stomach?"

I looked at him again. It was Bing Crosby.

Mrs. J. D. Auld
Palestine, Texas

All I can do is to apologize in advance and name just a few. For instance, there's a fellow named Irving Glassberg, a cameraman and one of my best buddies. Then there's Jeff Chandler. He occupies the dressingroom next to mine, with another swell guy, Audie Murphy on the other side. Rock Hudson—he's the guy with the corner suite and I don't know whether I should talk to him now that he's just won the MODERN SCREEN Popularity Award and made Jeff and me settle for getting in the money in a photo finish. But there's always next year, and it's nice to know that our home lot, U-I swept the male popularity awards clean.

To get back to friends. I got 'em in a list so long the magazine isn't big enough. That's one great thing Hollywood has done for me. For instance, there's Jerry Gershwin, an agent-type fella with MCA, and Rock, and José and Rosie (Rosemary Clooney) Ferrer, who maybe will make me a godfather to their expected if I play my cards right. If they don't, I'll still come over with Janet and burp the sprout or baby-sit. I'd like to be able to say that the President of the United States is a crony of mine. Truth is, I've never met him. I do know one of his best friends, though. That's Governor (maybe he isn't any more) Dan Thornton of Colorado. He once took me up to the top of the Gold Dome on the State Capitol in Denver, and there were so many steps I got a Charley horse. About Mr. Thornton, he's proof that the bigger a man is the better he is. I've never seen him since, but every now and then he drops me a card, with a note to Janet telling her to keep me in line. I feel that he's sort of a second father, and if I really got down on my luck he'd take me on as a ranch hand.

NOW HERE'S ONE. A girl writes and asks, "How does it *feel* to be a movie star?" Someone walked through here a minute ago and said, "That's a silly question." I don't think so. The answer, so far as I'm concerned, is that it feels swell. In more ways than one. Let me explain. Once I was another guy named Bernie Schwartz. He was a kid brought up in New York City, along with a few hundred thousand other guys. His father, and mine, was an actor in Hungary who couldn't find theatrical work when he emigrated to the United States, so he opened a tailor shop, and most of the time he darn near starved. This Bernie Schwartz loved his dad and didn't give a whoop whether he had a dime.

How does it *feel* to be a movie star? Well, all I can say is that nothing that has ever happened to me in Hollywood was more exciting than the time I delivered a package for a Park Avenue doll and she gave me a five-dollar bill. I look at it this way. I can't get into my Cadillac convertible in the morning and say I've got it made because a lot of you folks go to see my pictures and have made me that something they call a star. I have to be a human being, looking for success and happiness each day.

Maybe I can say it better by what Jeff Chandler was telling the MODERN SCREEN cameraman just this morning before I started this letter. "Funny thing happened to me yesterday," he said. "I went into the supermarket to buy some groceries, and when I brought the stuff to the cashier I said to him, 'I feel real good today. Just moved into a brand new dressingroom at the studio.' The cashier looked up, surprised, and said, 'For the groceries you owe me $6.12.' 'I'm Jeff Chandler,' I told him. 'Four of us got new dressingrooms. Set the studio back ten grand apiece.' 'Well good for you,' the cashier said, 'now give me $6.12. I'm busy.' "

Now, Jeff dressed the story up a little. He's the least impressed with himself character I ever knew. Maybe he even invented the yarn, but a little while ago this morning we sat out on the front stoop of our dressing rooms and watched the carpenters working away at a building across the street. All of a sudden there was a big roar and a cloud of dust. About six Cadillacs went roaring down the studio street, followed by a police escort. One carpenter turned to another and asked, "What's that?" The second nail pounder replied, "Oh, I dunno. Just another Crown Prince, I guess."

That's probably the answer to how it feels to be a star, or a Crown Prince. You may figure that you've got it made, but there's always someone who watched you go by fast who has it made better.

WHICH LEADS to answers to a lot more questions. They seem to fit together. I think it's fine to be a movie star. But Janet and I want children. God hasn't blessed us yet. Sure, I have a Cadillac, but I want a son. I don't know what kind of car my friend Irving Malak, who is an electrician, drives. Maybe a Ford. Maybe a Cadillac '55. Mine's a '54. Anyhow, Irving's got what I don't got. His wife just gave birth to a ten-pound baby boy. How about that? Ten pounds, yet.

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Irving, who named his boy Patrick Vincent, asked me, "What are you going to call your son, when you have one?"

"It's a lead pipe cinch," I replied, "that I'm not going to make him a junior. I won't call him Tony or Bernie, because most kids hate to be called Junior. Christopher, maybe. A kid can't wince too much if they call him Chris."

"You're getting ahead of yourself, like all actors," Irving told me. "Give it a name. If it isn't right, he'll change it, like you did yours."

UP TO THIS point, the questions have been pretty sensible. But here's one: *How do you stay in love?* I'll draw a bye on that one. I do know, though, that I'm going to spend a lot of time this year making love to my wife. How I do that is nobody's business. There's no recipe like saying, "Kiss her twice every night when you get home," or "Bring her breakfast in bed every morning." If I tried that last idea right now I'd have to get in bed to use up the scrambled eggs and bacon, because I'm not on a picture. I sleep until anyway eight A.M. She's up and out of the house, headed for the set of *My Sister Eileen* by six.

One thing we are going to do that might be sort of romantic. We're going to Europe in May. The places we most want to see are Paris and Rome. I'm going to dip into my savings account and make a present of a whole new wardrobe for Janet when she gets to Paris. Chances are ten to one she'll buy one dress, come home and spend the rest with her own dressmaker.

We've been planning this trip for a couple of years and never got around to it. The other night a friend of mine name of Joe who is a grip at the studio and who has only lived in this country about ten years said to to me. "Say, Tony, when you get to Rome, you just have to go into the Excelsior Bar. Don't miss it."

"Okay," I said, "but what's so great about the Excelsior?"

"Nothing much," he said. "Just ask for Steffano. He's a bartender there. Tell him I said hello." See? Already I got a friend in Rome.

As I said when I started this letter, when eleven million people walked into my livingroom on the Ed Murrow show, it was a real big deal for me. Matter of fact, it's changing my whole life. After Janet and I get back from Europe I'm going to go up front at the studio, hammer on the executive desks and insist on at least a month off between pictures. Then I'm going to get into my car and start visiting a few places that people have been telling me about in their letters.

TO SHOW WHAT I mean. I got a letter yesterday from a guy up in Port Angeles, Washington. Know where that is? I didn't until I looked it up on the map. Darndest place for a city you ever saw. You can get there in a half hour by plane, but if you go by car it takes you eleven hours, because it's on a peninsula. When you get up there, he tells me there's the most beautiful forest you ever saw, and Lake Crescent, which makes California Lakes look like small puddles. And in that lake they have a thing called Beardsley trout, named after an admiral who discovered them. The fish really are landlocked salmon that got stuck up there a few million years ago. They are whoppers, who act like trout and taste like salmon. Don't tell *me* actors don't know anything. I got more sources of information than the Almanac.

A place I'd like to take another look at is Minneapolis. I've got a lot of newspaper pals, but up there in Minnesota there's a guy by the name of Cedric Adams who gets a lot of fun out of living. In his territory he's as popular as Clark Gable. Anyway, Cedric gets away from it all by going out on his boat on Lake Minnetonka. And what I want to do is to get Cedric to take me around about a week, to lie in the sun, to lie about Hollywood, and to fish for those famous Minnesota sun fish with my foot hanging over the side of the boat and a line tied to my big toe.

I want to go back to Dallas, Texas, too, and see if we can't make a quieter trip this time. If you never encountered Texas enthusiasm, you ain't seen nothin'. Last time I was there, I think it was in the Baker hotel, a gang of enthusiastic kids decided they wanted to see me. I wasn't in at the time, but they didn't believe it, so one of the kids took a fire ax off the wall and chopped the door down. I'm not going back to pay for the door. I just want to leave it open so we can have a nice calm talk without me losing my shirt.

OF COURSE, it is presumptuous of an actor to address a letter to the public. I'm not the guy for international fireside chat hookups. I wasn't born to the White House. But there's just no way of answering all the letters I receive, so you'll have to play along with me. If you're reading this and happen to have asked me something, or just written a note, I hope you'll bear with me. I know a lot of actors who worry because they get nasty notes from people saying, "I asked you for an autographed picture. You bum, you didn't send it to me." The truth is that actors can't afford to send them on every request.

Studios and a lot of others have tried to solve the problem. I personally don't like the idea of anyone sending a dime or a quarter for a picture of me. Frankly, you can get much better ones in movie magazines like MODERN SCREEN, and in color, and on top of that maybe the same issue will contain pictures of a lot more of your favorites. The point is, if you don't get a personal letter from an actor in reply to yours, don't mark him down as a louse. Most letters I get, particularly those as a result of the Ed Murrow show, are the real thing. For instance, a girl in Iowa wrote me this: "One thing bothers me. In one magazine I read that you are doing this or that and in another I read the exact opposite. How does this happen?"

Now that's a normal question and deserves a straight answer. In the first place, the contradictions about actors are not the result of inaccurate reporting so much as the fact that life goes on for people everywhere. If your name is Smith and you live in Brooklyn and a guy asks you how you're doing, you might say you're dead broke. But three weeks later you get a job and everything's fine. When it comes to actors, a reporter may ask if he's happily married. He says he sure is. Three weeks later another reporter asks the same question. The guy just got back from divorce court and feels terrible. Or the girl, as the case may be. Both times, the actor gave an honest answer. He's not responsible, and the paper isn't either, if it's wrong by the time somebody reads it.

ONE OF THE LETTERS I liked more than any other I've received in a long time was a short one. Boiling it down, the moviegoer asked this: "Confess, now, do you really mind honest criticism about your performances?" That deserves the most honest answer I can give: of course I do. I'm upset when someone tells me they thought I did a lousy job in a picture. And I've done some which I knew about, even when people were bringing me reviews saying I was terrific. Everyone has an instant resentment to criticism. If you're a secretary and the boss tells you to watch your spelling when he has caught you with two boners in one letter, you want to

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BEFORE



AFTER

■ When 20th Century-Fox hired Sheree North, they did so primarily because of her spectacular dancing in Broadway's *Hazel Flagg*—but they knew, Sheree knew and everyone who ever read a gossip column knew that the movie moguls had other motives also, distinctly in the ulterior class. Sheree was hired to be A Threat to one Marilyn Monroe, then giving her studio considerable trouble. The newcomer's popcorn ball hair and incendiary-blonde personality made her a musical natural. No one could replace Monroe, but no one would object to Sheree as compensation.

But Marilyn came home and for a moment people thought Sheree might be looking for a new place to rest her tousled head. Sheree didn't think so, though. Busily at work in *Pink Tights,* she took time out to use said head for something other than the wild wobblings and tossings it took in her dances. She came up with a new look —which was actually her old look—brunette! She doesn't look like Marilyn any more, but then, no one wants her to. Slightly subdued, definitely darkened, Sheree is making her own career now. She'll never need to ride to fame on someone else's.

flare up You want to tell him that after all he works you too hard. Besides, you were worried about a boy friend. Or the typewriter is on the fritz, so how can you deliver a perfect job? Same way with actors. But like you, when they go home and settle down a little the small voice inside lets you know where you sloughed off and what you did wrong. In the end you realize your mistake and the next time you watch it. The most successful executive I know is a man several times a millionaire. When I asked him how he did it, he replied, "I made more mistakes than anyone else in the company. And I never forgot them."

Another discerning friend wrote me, "Do you still get stage fright?" I do. The odd thing is, though, that I'm usually scared pink during rehearsals. When I get in front of the camera I have the feeling ice is flowing through my veins. I'm cool outside and a volcano underneath. When a scene is over it's as though I had a nightmare and someone woke me up just in time. For instance, while rehearsing the duel scenes for *The Purple Mask* I was in a cold sweat all the time. My timing was off so badly that I lunged when I should have faded, and I wound up with a nasty two-inch scar on one cheek. The doctor told me it could be covered by make-up. All I had to do was to take a sun lamp treatment. I was so unstrung that I fell asleep under the sun lamp. The scar came out all right, but I was burned so badly that my face puffed up and I had to stay off work two days. On the picture, though, I got along fine. It must be something like an athlete who is lousy in scrimmage but on the day of the game gets signals right after all.

I COULD GO ON like this forever. Some of the best questions I've been asked can be answered easily. Like—

What do you dislike most about working in Hollywood? Answer: People who tell me I was simply swell in a picture when I know I wasn't.

How much has success changed you? Answer: I've got forty-three monogrammed shirts, five of which fit me. I have a high fidelity music system, a few bucks in the bank, and most of the friends I had when I first came to this town. Should I have a swelled head? Success changes everybody. Some a little. Some a lot.

Do you think an actor's private life should be 100% private? Answer: No.

What role have you liked most recently? Answer: My one in *Six Bridges to Cross.* I think (I hope) that I played a thief like one should be played.

Did you ever have the temptation as a boy to join a gang, and did you? Answer: Yes. I was part of a gang. Taking it one step more, I never did anything so bad I could be locked up for it, except once when I stole a trolley car and gave it a ride for a couple of blocks. They didn't catch me, and it kept me straight from then on.

Were you ever broke? Answer: Yes. Once I sold a blood transfusion for four bucks. I was undernourished at the time and whoever got it was short-changed.

Do you feel you owe your fans much? Answer: A great deal. I don't agree with actors who say that all they owe their public is a good performance.

THERE YOU HAVE IT. There are dozens of questions left unanswered, I know. But reporters will get around to it sooner or later if I'm still worth talking to.

Wait a minute, there's one last question. I've saved it for what actors call "a line to get off on." This is it: Tony, how could you tell for the first time when you were in love with Janet? Answer: That's easy. I knew the minute I fell apart at the seams.

Thanks. Sincerely,
Tony Curtis

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yesterday nowhere—today the most

(*Continued from page 40*) broker, George was interested enough in dramatics to have constructed his own puppet theatre, complete with lighting, scenery and curtain, while still a grammar school student. By high school age his mind was made up: he would be a producer-director. He would have gotten richer faster if he had stayed with that ambition, but shortly after he went to Occidental College, there was a brief but brisk inner struggle between technician and performer and George emerged an actor.

But not quite yet. This was 1943, and first there was to be a three-year hitch in Uncle Sam's Navy. It is chiefly memorable to young Mr. Nader because it provided one of the most embarrassing incidents of his life. "I was a ninety-day wonder," he remembers, his thin, brown face breaking into a wide grin, "when it happened. I had just got my commission and assignment to the South Pacific. On the way we stopped at one of those man-made islands used as a jumping-off place, and I decided to stretch my legs by walking around the island."

Very stiff and proper and self-conscious in his new glory, he was pacing it off—when he fell right through a camouflaged installation that the Marines had dug for an anti-aircraft gun. Three tough, salty Marines were down there, covered with dirt, leaves and what-not as a result of George's goof, and one of them looked up, deadpan, to ask, "What's the password?"

"I thought he was only rubbing salt into the wound," says George, "but it turned out that he wasn't kidding. It also turned out that the password for the next day was always given at the evening movie. I hadn't been to the movie the night before, so my goose was cooked. In full view of the entire personnel these three enlisted Marines marched me up before the commanding officer to explain why I had entered that installation—incidentally through the roof—without giving the password. They all had trouble keeping straight faces, but I didn't; I was numb. And when I think of the spectacle I must have presented, I still shudder."

AFTER HIS DISCHARGE in 1946 George applied himself to his chosen art at the Pasadena Playhouse, from which he wrested a Bachelor of Theatre Arts degree three years later. By this time he had appeared in more than twenty-five plays, highlighted in his memory for a two-week stint he did on the road with a legitimate stage actress. That was when George became a realist.

"Everybody in the company was out to get her," he recalls with awe, "and she *thrived* on it; she was deliberately impossible to get along with. I thought, boy, this is too much for you—you're going to be busy enough with your lines without getting into anything like this!"

So he refused to give the actress an argument of any kind. When she took over the direction of the play and practically annihilated his role, he submitted to the indignity without a word of protest. She upstaged him, she had him deliver his most important lines with his back to the audience, and her youthful leading man showed not one trace of rebellion.

They did it her way opening night. She was suspicious, alert to any attempt he might make to steal a scene that was rightfully his. Nothing. "I think she was baffled," George says, and again there is the slow grin. "Afterward she patted me on the arm and said, 'That was good, *very* good. I believe you'll do.'" George did so well that for the remainder of the show's run she permitted him to play his role as it had been written.

"Tough to get along with, temperamental as the devil, she was still great," he sums it up. "When she walked into the theatre every night, knowing that the whole company would try to foul her up if it got a chance, it seemed to be a challenge, an inspiration. There wasn't one performance that she didn't knock herself out and give the audience more than its money's worth."

His early experiences with the facts of an actor's life prepared George Nader for everything except the typical indifference of Hollywood. So he had some good reviews. So who cared? George may not have starved, but he did plenty of futile struggling to gain a foothold in this man's town. Then he met Ralph Acton, later to become one of his best friends. Casting director at a studio where a number of top TV shows are filmed, Ralph was able to steer his protégé into a number of these and also into a picture made in India, *Monsoon*. It was a start. George Nader isn't the sort to sit around waiting for a big, tailor-made break. A little one would do.

MORE AND MORE often George's deep, intimate voice came to be heard, his lean good looks seen in important television dramas. Seven times he appeared on the Loretta Young Show, four times for *Fireside Theatre*, twice for *Cavalcade Of America*, the Ann Sothern show, *Chevron Theatre*, *The Hallmark Hall Of Fame*. In televison he had it made, but for movie roles George still had to range far and wide. He flew to Sweden to co-star with that country's leading actress, Anita Bjork, in a fine picture called *Memory Of Love*. That stirred up a modicum of interest. Then, at last, there was a strong co-starring role for George with Anne Baxter in *Carnival Story*, filmed in Munich, and he had Hollywood made, too. Hard on the heels of his success in that picture, George was given a long-term contract by Universal-International and his career cut out for him.

Nowadays, if you mention the name of George Nader around town, you are more than likely to get into a discussion of zoing. Zoing, in case you didn't know, is the quality that causes women to turn their eyes away from Marilyn Monroe with a hopeless groan and men to moan hopelessly without budging an eyeball. It's Ava Gardner, even discounting her incredible beauty. It has made Gable the king for twenty years and in Marlon Brando is currently dazzling the younger generation. For an actor talent helps, but zoing is like money in the bank—and George Nader has it with chimes.

It's true enough that if you had a date with him, he wouldn't roar up in T-shirt and jeans on a motorcycle. He wouldn't take you you to dinner in a place so romantically out-of-the-way that your tender memories centered around ptomaine in years to come. While other couples danced, and you itched to follow suit, he wouldn't brood into his beer and tell you about drama.

He'd make the date well in advance, and he'd be on time, wearing a well-cut suit fresh from the cleaner. His thick, brown hair would be combed, his white shirt immaculate, his shoes polished. He'd hand you into his Ford convertible—top up to protect your coiffure—and take you to a restaurant where both food and music were excellent. You'd dance when the beat was slow and smooth. If there was talk about TV and the movies, it would be because you indicated that you were inter-

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ested. He'd say with his quiet enthusiasm that television is a great medium for young talent to gain both experience and recognition, that it establishes a beachhead for picture work. He might cite his own case: "When I went on my first public appearance tour, I didn't expect any of the fans to recognize me—but they did. Of course I wasn't well-known in the way that Tony (Curtis) was, but I was agreeably surprised at the number of them who knew me from my television work." He might talk shop thus *if* you encouraged it. Otherwise you could pick your own topic of conversation, and on most George would be equally well informed.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR that he is, George has definite ideas but no prejudices about the fairer sex. He says that beauty is of secondary importance, that the content of the package intrigues him more than gaudy wrappings—nevertheless, his two favorite dates stack up pretty well in the pulchritude department. They are Barbara Stanwyck, a longtime booster of his career, and Julie Adams, whom he got to know when they made *Six Bridges To Cross* with Tony Curtis.

Mention either name and watch Mr. Nader's face light up. His kind of girl, and he thinks they have a lot in common. "Mostly that there's no sham about them. And they don't go through chameleon-like changes from one date to the next, so you always know what they're like and where you stand with them. They're both very direct. If you ask Barbara's opinion about something—well, you're prepared for the truth, I hope, because you're going to get it. Same way with Julie, who likes to laugh, likes people and can spot a phony in two seconds."

This is his kind of girl, but nobody has ever heard George say, "I wouldn't date a girl who—" or "I can't stand girls who—" As a bachelor should, he keeps an open mind about all kinds of girls—and plague take it that any of them should change. "I don't believe in a person's attempting to change himself in order to attract other people," he says soberly. "You lose your real identity, you never really acquire a new one, and you add up to nothing. I believe a genuine human being, faults and all, is a lot more appealing than some nebulous gal who has succeeded in submerging all the rest of her personality characteristics along with her faults."

Being an only child hasn't bothered George very much. Probably, as he explains it, because he has so many other relatives that there were always about twenty-four of them in the house and he never had time to miss brothers and sisters. His parents still live in Pasadena, but George resides in solitary, ranch-style splendor in the San Fernando Valley. Sharing his bachelor quarters are two black cats, Sam and Susan, acquired through an impetuous and unlicensed incident in the life of a Siamese cat owned

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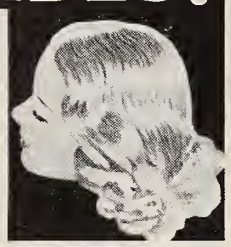
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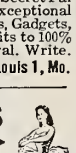
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by George's close friends, Lita and Rory Calhoun.

An early riser, George habitually hits the deck at six in the morning. He makes his own breakfast of fruit juice, eggs, toast and coffee. Fortunately, he is naturally lean of form; a typical favorite menu includes fried pork chops, creamed corn, green salad and milk, which is not the sort of diet one with a weight problem enjoys. Around the house he's a plaid shirt, levis and mocassin man, this being suitable apparel for working his garden early in the morning. "In every generation of my family there has been one person who had to get close to the soil. I guess I'm it." But not on the family ranch; he prefers grubbing in his own little patch of dirt. He also occupies himself long hours of every day by answering his mounting fan mail.

Physically he loves swimming, mentally he loves science fiction, and spiritually he loves classical music. Going out is fun; so is staying home. Big affairs he can take with aplomb, but small parties are more to his liking. He can be as serious as you like, but he has a well-developed sense of the absurd. If you want to amuse George Nader, don't clobber him with the obvious; it's drollery, off-beat and subtle, that makes him smile.

This is the new star for whom Universal will be pounding a few drums. He's obviously intelligent and well-balanced, simple rather than longhaired by inclination. He underplays everything in life except his deep interest in people and what they think. He's easy to work with and he's one of the most unaffected men in Hollywood. Top-heavy with talent and truly masculine—well, as they express it here—zoing! END

jane and pat

(*Continued from page 29*) *to be playing successfully throughout France.*" This was from *Paris Soir*, by the way.

All the papers made hash out of Nerney's name, and they were pretty confused about what he does for a living, as you can see. The Italian ones were even worse—one said he was a car manufacturer—which didn't upset him. Pat isn't at all sensitive about the fact that selling cars is not as glamorous or as well-paid as Janie's work. They have simply accepted the fact that she earns five times as much as he does, and let it go at that. Since Pat has long since proved that he's a young man of ability and energy, more than capable of holding a responsible job, no one sees any reason why relative incomes should turn out to be a disrupting factor in their marriage. On that general subject, though, one of the French papers took a swing at Jane's ex, Geary Steffen. Catch this:

"The actress is certainly one of the sweetest of all Hollywood stars to visit Paris . . . She did not bring any of her children on the honeymoon. She has, however, two by her first husband, M. Geary Steffen, of whom it is said he spent too much time at water sports!"

This, it is assumed, refers to the divorce hearings, when one of the complaints was that Geary seemed to care more about water skiing than about Janie and work.

No one took any cracks at Pat, though; a nicer, better-natured fellow it would be hard to imagine. Being married to Mona Freeman, even though it didn't work out, must have given him an idea of what makes actresses tick, and he and Jane got along like—well, like honeymooners.

After Paris, they headed straight for Venice. Hey—I was going to describe Jane's wedding dress, wasn't I? For this, Venice can wait.

MGM's ace designer, Helen Rose, made it especially for Jane, and it's rumored that it cost $800. The gown was of mist-blue chiffon, very high-necked, over a tightly-fitted blue taffeta bodice, with a full, flaring skirt draped over a stiff petticoat. It was trimmed with small bows and blue satin ribbons—I hope you have the photos of it, because Jane never looked so cute. With her hair cut short and those sparkling blue eyes—as they say over here, *"Comme elle est mignonne!"* Free translation: "What a doll!"

Back—or rather, on—to Venice!

If any city can rival Paris as a honeymooner's dream spot, this is it. Venice is built on a series of small islands at the edge of the Adriatic Sea, and its main streets are lagoons and canals. Its standard form of transportation is, of course, the gondola. You can walk from here to there if you want to (Jane and Pat didn't) but you aren't allowed to bring a car into the city. Couldn't drive it if you did; the streets are narrow, old and winding.

What a city! You know how "Stardust" is the tune more people get proposed to during than any other—well, Venice is the city where more Hollywood stars fall for more foreign beauties than any other. That's not very grammatical, but who can concentrate on grammar in a gondola?

Jane and Pat (the luggage went by speedboat; there was quite a bit of it) er—gondolaed to the Gritti Palace, once a Venetian royal residence, now a very beautiful hotel on the Grand Canal, checked in, changed clothes and got right back into a gondola. They took pictures of everything, the Bridge of Sighs, a street dance, their hotel, other gondolas. . . . The only time they disembarked, in fact, was to see St. Mark's Cathedral and feed the thousands of pigeons in the square. Again, the citizenry didn't recognize them at once, for which they were very grateful, but the numerous gentlemen who prowl the Plaza in search of tourists spotted them as Americans right off and invited them to tour a glass-blowing factory. So they got to see something of the streets of Venice, too. Janie's reaction: "Well, the most fabulous thing—we saw a woman lean out of an upstairs window and lower a basket on a string so the postman could put the mail in. And then she drew it up again . . . it was just wonderful!"

The Italian newspapers recorded their arrival with a great deal of joy and even more errors per inch than the French. Here's a sample (*very* free translation; my Italian is rusty, to say the least):

"Miss Powell's husband is Signor Nooni. (no comment from Pat, who was used to it by now) *a young-looking man with red hair and glasses, who was formerly married to the actress Mona Freeman. . . . It is perhaps strange to report that while Jane Powell and Pat Nooni are enjoying their honeymoon in Venice, the world's most famous honeymoon spot, Mona Freeman is enjoying her freedom in London. She is preparing for a Command Performance show, while in Venice it is love who is commanding Jane Powell and her car-manufacturing husband, Pat Nooni."*

Ah, these Italians. . . .

On November 22, two weeks after they were married, the Nerneys left Venice and headed for Rome, via Florence where they spent a day. Rome got a full week; but it wasn't really long enough to see that fabulous, ancient city, ("And we wanted to see

most of it," Janie sighed, exhausted, as they left) so every day was a mad scramble of sightseeing and ducking in and out of the wonderful little shops for leather goods, perfumes and souvenirs for the kids (even though they are a little young yet).

Then there was a quick trip to Madrid, a brief goodbye visit to Paris and, a month after Janie clasped her hands at the wedding and said ecstatically to the twenty-five guests (including Mrs. Marshall Thompson, her matron-of-honor, best man John Nerney, Pat's brother and two lucky —and nameless—friends from MODERN SCREEN) "We're going to Europe! All over Europe!" she and Pat were home again.

Not a bad honeymoon. In fact I never saw a more ecstatic Jane Powell than the one I tracked all over the continent—except twice. One was the radiant Jane who stood in the Ojai Community Presbyterian Church in Ojai, California and said "I do" to Pat on November 8, one year after their first date. The other—well, that was the Jane who flew home from Europe, caught her breath with excitement as Pat unlocked the door of their house—and opened her arms to her kids.

Have you ever met those kids? Again—what dolls! Geary is three now, and even Suzanne, a round-faced little cutie the family calls "Sis" is getting to be a big girl. Jane is dying to have more children; she can't bear the thought of being without a baby around the house. She refers to "the next four" without blinking an eye. I suspect she chose Pat with as much of an eye to his qualifications as a good father as to his romantic appeal. She and Pat's little girl, Mona Nerney, get along famously, and Pat has already established himself as head of the house where Jane's kids are concerned. Step-children will never be a problem in this marriage.

At the moment, it's hard to see what will—or could be—a problem. When Jane married Geary she was a youngster, more in love with the idea of marriage than with her groom. They tried hard to make the marriage work, but when it was no longer possible Jane risked loneliness, lost her career-built reputation as the "perfect little housewife" and paid considerable money (because California is a community property state) to end their relationship. The love affair with Gene Nelson that followed the break-up was an honest, but a transient romance, and it left Jane hurt, bewildered, and stunned by the unfriendly attitude of the press and the public just when she had needed help most. But it also left her a more mature person.

So her romance with Pat Nerney was more than moonlight and roses. It grew very slowly for Jane. Why, back when Pat was announcing "I'm crazy about Jane and I don't care who knows it," Janie was still waiting, watching her own reactions, wondering if she might be on the rebound. And at the point when Pat was planning their African safari honeymoon (!) Jane was still changing the subject adroitly, making sure that this time it was love indeed. But by the time her divorce from Geary became final last August, Jane knew. The safari, despite Pat's happy mutterings and the urgings of hunter Pat de Cicco, went by the boards. Janie wasn't sure she could lift a gun, much less shoot one. But she was sure of the one vital thing—she wanted Pat, she needed him and loved him. If such a thing is possible, she's even surer now.

So they're back in Hollywood and I'm back in Paris. And thus endeth the first part of the honeymoon. Here's hoping the second part lasts Jane and Pat another eighty years or so. . . . Regards to all,

Susan

(Jane Powell can now be seen in MGM's Athena.)

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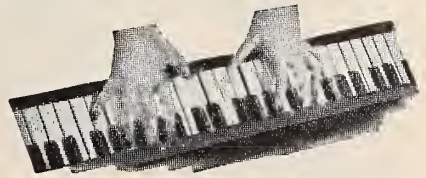
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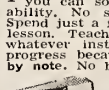
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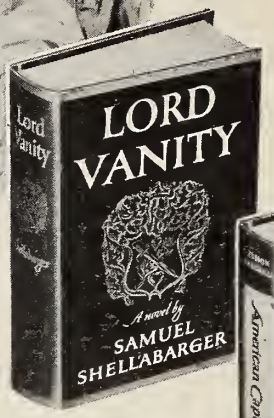
"How dare you intrude!" Amelie shouted. Then she recognized Richard and her eyes softened. *(Lord Vanity)*

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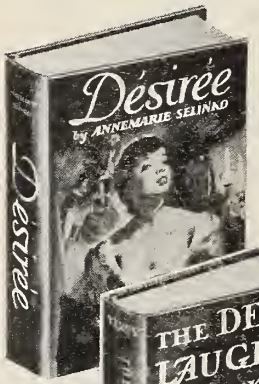
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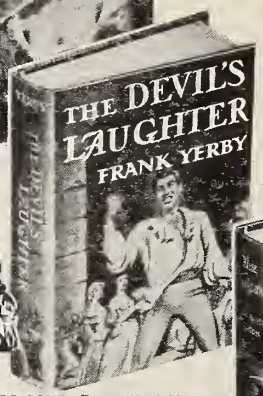
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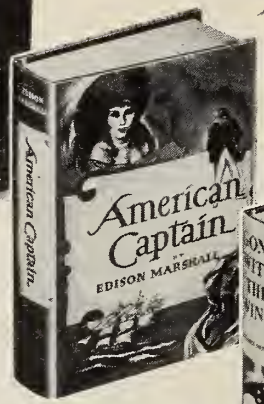


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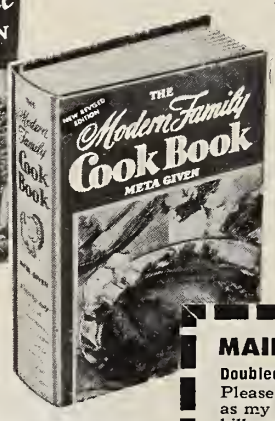


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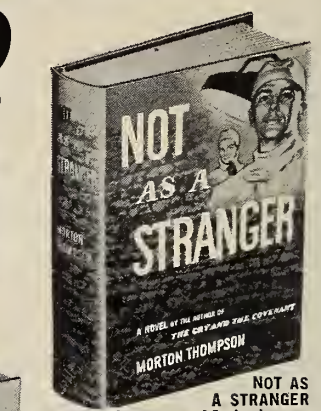
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Does Terry Moore have a secret love? —H.T., FRESNO, CAL.

A. *Yes, a cattle-wealthy Texan.*

Q. I've been told that when his bungalow in Palm Springs caught fire, Dean Martin rescued two dozen golf balls but let his wife's jewels go up in flames. True or false? —J.H., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *True.*

Q. What is wrong with Edmund Purdom? Is it true he refused to spend Christmas Eve with his children?
—B.Y., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. *Purdom is a tormented soul. He spent Christmas Eve and Day with his family, brought them many gifts.*

Q. I've read so many conflicting stories about Bing Crosby. Is it true that he's retiring, that he won't appear on any TV shows? —B.T., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Crosby is not retiring, will appear on two TV programs in 1955, one in March, one in July.*

Q. Why is there such a mystery about Sheree North, her wig, her ulcers and her boy friend? —D.U., DENVER, COLO.

A. *There is no mystery. Miss North is a blonde-wigged brunette who suffers from an ulcer, plans to marry Bud Freeman.*

Q. Will Dan Dailey ever marry Gwen O'Connor? What is the state of his health? —V.F., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Dailey is in good spirits at this time, claims he has no marital intentions.*

Q. A friend told me that Van Johnson is surly to publicity men. Is this on the level? —S.L., KETCHUM, IDAHO

A. *When it comes to publicity, Johnson is not the most cooperative actor in Hollywood.*

Q. After seeing Mitzi Gaynor in *Show Business,* I'd like to know why she's been neglected so long.
—T.J., DETROIT, MICH.

A. *Mitzi is currently besieged by dozens of lucrative offers, stars opposite Bing Crosby in* Anything Goes.

Q. After all those battles, why did Rita Hayworth sign with Columbia again?
—L.J., NEWARK, N. J.

A. *She needs the money.*

Q. When Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds get married, where will they live?
—C.L., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. *Hollywood.*

Q. Were Cyd Charisse, Jean Peters, Ginger Rogers, Terry Moore, Mitzi Gaynor and Lana Turner all in love with the same studio executive at one time? —F.G., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *They all knew him but not simultaneously.*

Q. Can you tell me what ever happened to Joseph Cotten?
—B.H., BURLINGTON, VT.

A. *He recently finished shooting* Little Ambassador *in Germany with Eva Bartok.*

Q. Does Mario Lanza still owe $265,000 in back income taxes?
—G.J., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *No, thanks to the sensational popularity of his* Student Prince *album. The Government placed a tax lien upon the royalties from the album, and Lanza now owes only $14,000.*

Q. What is the status of the friendship between Errol Flynn and a French *chanteuse* named Marjane?
—D.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *It is a warm friendship.*

Q. Is it true that Judy Garland, Pier

(*Continued on page 6*)

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April, 1955

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At first glance, would you say she's a—

☐ *Gold digger* ☐ *Mixed up kid* ☐ *Shrinking violet*

She may be a razor at repartee, but in *clothes savvy* she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, *not* the full-skirted style. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) *Kotex* and those *flat pressed ends* are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear *this* napkin on either side, safely.



Can you shorten a lofty neck with—

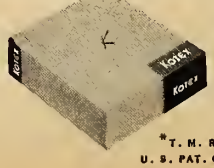
☐ *Drop eorrings* ☐ *A poodle haircut* ☐ *V necklines*

Does *your* neck make you feel "tree top tall?" Dodge the earrings, hairdo, V necks mentioned above (all are wrong—to keep you guessing)! Wear button earbobs; tresses medium long. And chokers, turtle necklines—they're for you! Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex provides *3 sizes.* Try Regular, Junior, Super; each has chafe-free softness; holds its shape.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

P.S. When "that" day arrives for the first time, will *you* be prepared? Send today for the new *free booklet* "You're a Young Lady Now"! Written for girls 9 to 12, it tells all you need to know, *beforehand.* Easy-reading. Button-bright! Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1045, Chicago 54, Illinois.





*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



(*Continued from page 2*)

Angeli, Ursula Thiess and Guy Madison's wife all expect babies this coming June? —D.L., PROVO, UTAH

A. *They all expect babies by the end of the summer, not necessarily in June.*

Q. I saw a photo in a local newspaper of Frank Sinatra and Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski. Is there anything to this romance? —V.M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Frank Sinatra's romances usually live up to their publicity.*

Q. A friend told me that Greg Bautzer once served Audrey Meadows breakfast in bed. Did he?
—W.Y., FORT WORTH, TEXAS

A. *Mr. Bautzer, they say, had breakfast sent over from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to Miss Meadows' apartment. He has always been extremely thoughtful of beautiful women.*

Q. I understand that Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain was shocked at *Beau Brummell.* Can you tell us why?
—C.R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *The picture depicted some of her ancestors in a most unfavorable light.*

Q. I've been told that Stewart Granger loves to argue about anything, that he loves to tell everyone how to run his business, that he fights with directors, and is generally difficult to get on with. Is this on the level?
—M.R., MONROE, N. C.

A. *Generally, yes. Granger is astute but strong-willed, charming but stubborn.*

Q. Can you tell me why Audrey Hepburn would prefer Mel Ferrer to James Hanson? —C.L., AKRON, OHIO

A. *For one thing, Hanson wanted Audrey to give up her career, a demand Ferrer would not be likely ever to make.*

Q. Is it true that Jess Barker was offered $100,000 to let Susan Hayward take their twins to Hong Kong when Susan was to work on location there with Clark Gable?
—R.Y., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. *Barker turned down the offer.*

Q. I understand that Joan Crawford withdrew her four adopted children from a private school and enrolled them in a Catholic institution. Is that true?
—V.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Yes.*

MAMBO

A PICTURE WITH A DIFFERENT BEAT!

MAMBO

ROBERT ROSSEN'S

MAMBO

Everything about it is different and exciting. It's the rhythm-riddled story of an exciting girl . . . possessed by a wild craze. It's the story of the men, the women, the music of the back streets of Venice.



Starring

SILVANA MANGANO · MICHAEL RENNIE · VITTORIO GASSMAN · SHELLEY WINTERS

with Katherine Dunham · A PONTI DE LAURENTIIS Production

A Paramount Picture · Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN

Story and Screenplay by Guido Piovene, Ivo Perilli, Ennio de Concini and Robert Rossen



Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Soft Talk" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.



Soft, natural right from the start...that's the "Miss Manhattan" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this bewitching new "La Femme" hairdo.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS HERE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for softly feminine hairstyles

Now your hair can be as soft and natural-looking as the hairdos shown here. Just give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

A Bobbi looks soft and natural from the very first day. Curls and waves are exactly where you want them—wonderfully carefree for weeks. Pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special lotion. A little later rinse with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away your hair has the beauty, the body of naturally wavy hair.

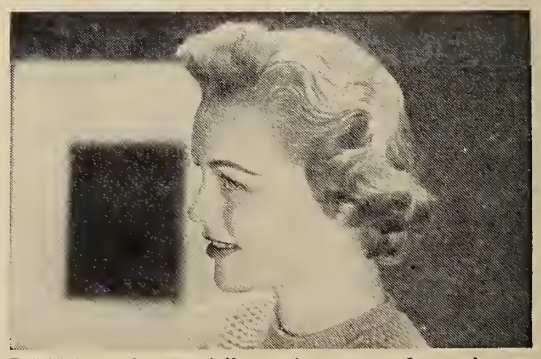
More women have had a Bobbi than any other pin-curl permanent. If you can make a simple pin-curl, you'll love a Bobbi.



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi gives you the kind of carefree curls needed for this gay "Satin Sweep" hairdo.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Honeycomb" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood





Sue and Alan gained a son when Dick Anderson and Carol Lee married!

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
Wedding of the year
Jack Webb's marriage
A public hooray
I nominate Russ Tamblyn



The fabulous wedding Sue and Alan Ladd gave Carol Lee was the grand climax of a wonderful winter of Hollywood weddings.



Seven-year-old David Ladd was the ring-bearer, coming right after the bridesmaids, mostly Pi Beta Phi sorority sisters of Carol Lee's.



Then came eleven-year-old Alana, the maid of honor, in white like the other attendants. The groom's brother, Bob Anderson, was best man.



Then came the bride, so lovely in white silk, on the arm of her foster father, Alan Ladd. And I never saw a prouder, happier father!



The bride and groom left after midnight for a Palm Springs honeymoon. Sue cried when they left—she had been dry-eyed until then! "Say nice things about my son-in-law," Alan told me. "He's a fine actor." It's a pleasure, Alan, because Dick Anderson is a fine young man as well.



All Hollywood seemed to be at the Saturday night wedding. Jane Powell and Pat Nerney were there, still looking like newlyweds, too.



Cary Grant and Lana and Lex Barker had sent simply lovely gifts, by the way. (Alan kept calling the wedding presents "Carol Lee's loot!")

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

THE WEDDING OF THE SEASON was, without a doubt, one of the most beautiful weddings ever held—and I'm sure the largest to be held in a private home. It was the breath-taking, all-in-white marriage of Carold Lee Ladd to Richard Anderson.

I wish I had the words to paint for you the scene of unbelievable beauty that greeted the guests stepping over the threshold of the Alan Ladd home in Holmby Hills.

The entire back garden was topped by a billowing green and white striped canopy to which were attached "walls" of cellophane. And the *flowers*! There must have been thousands of white blooms surrounding the candles which banked the altar and lighted the aisles. Across the swimming pool was a satin-covered bridge over which the bridal party walked.

Believe me, there was a sentimental tear in practically every eye of the 500 assembled guests when the music struck up "Here Comes The Bride." First came Carol Lee's lovely bridesmaids, all in white and carrying white bouquets; then came eleven-year-old Alana Ladd, the maid-of-honor (who just barely recovered from chicken pox in time to assume her duties), and back of Alana was David Ladd (a picture of sartorial splendor in white tie and tails—and himself just seven years old!) and the cutest little five-year-old I've ever seen—Bonnie Carstenson, the flower girl.

What a picture Carol Lee was when she appeared in the doorway on the arm of Alan Ladd. He was so proud of her he was all but busting his buttons. The lovely, blonde bride wore a gown of white Italian raw silk with mandarin collar and cuffs trimmed with tiny seed pearls and a huge veil of white tulle.

I found my gaze going back, time after time, to Sue Carol Ladd, the lovely mother of Carol Lee. Never in years have I seen Sue look so lovely. She had lost twenty pounds (she later told me) and she was a vision of dark-eyed loveliness in her soft champagne lace dress.

It seemed no more than five minutes after the ceremony was over that a small horde of white-jacketed waiters had completely changed the "church setting" of the garden into a wonderful nightclub scene.

As the band struck up, I saw the good-looking groom sweep the bride into his arms and onto the dance floor and they were soon followed by Cary Grant (one of the ushers and certainly one of the handsomest men I've ever seen) dancing with one of the bridesmaids.

Others in the whirling crowd of dancers were Jane Powell and Pat Nerney, themselves newlyweds; Frances and Van Heflin, Jack Benny and Mary, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Bob Wagner, Jack Warner, Adolph Zukor (yes, this eighty-year-old lifelong friend of the Ladds took a twirl or two with a bridesmaid). There was Mona Freeman with Dr. Al Meitus and June Allyson (in black net over white) with Dick Powell.

You'll never guess where I ran into Lana Turner and Lex Barker—in the "ladies' " room, if you please, with Lana standing guard at the door for Lex. "We couldn't find the men's room," she laughed.

Later, I offered to drive the Barkers home. They were leaving about the same time we were. But they declined. "We live just a door or so away," Lana explained, as she walked



I had a wonderful time at the lavish party Lily Pons gave at The Doll House in Palm Springs. This tiny opera singer has always been a favorite of mine and I do wish she would make more movies. The gentleman with us was Harold Grieve, the decorator.



The party was filled to overflowing with Hollywood people—and it seemed as if most of them were musical. I never heard anything so funny as Lily, Danny Kaye and Desi Arnaz harmonizing—and you should have heard Lucy Ball laughing and applauding.





I nominate for stardom: RUSS TAMBLYN

■ He looks about as much like a movie star as Dennis, the Menace. Yet, when MGM's musical *Hit The Deck* is released, his name will be in letters as big as Debbie Reynolds'.

Not yet old enough to vote, with a smile as wide as a Halloween pumpkin's, a frame as skinny as Frank Sinatra's, and a tendency to turn a somersault in the middle of the most casual conversation, Russ literally tumbled into a career at the age of five.

It was at this tender age, while impatiently waiting for a Saturday matinee to start at the Granada Theatre in Los Angeles (his birthplace) that Russ got up on the stage and did a dance that brought down the house. He's been a "pro" ever since.

All during his grade school and high school days, he was a championship tumbler, which accounts for his current nickname, "Tumblin' Tamblyn."

During his childhood he played bits and then featured roles in the movies and in local stage presentations.

But he didn't make the big time until *Take The High Ground*. Later, *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers* set Hollywood producers and the movie fans a-talking about this youngster with the fresh, zestful personality.

He may not be a Tony Curtis or a Rock Hudson for looks, but my money says Russ has what it takes to get to the top and stay there.

off with Lex holding up her long gown over the cobblestones. It was simply amazing to me—and to everyone I talked with—that Carol Lee, with all she had on her mind, could thank everyone she greeted in the receiving line for the correct gift!

Before I left, I noticed a tall, distinguished man standing quietly in a corner with his wife. It was Dr. Joe Harris. He had brought Carol Lee into the world—and he looked like a proud and happy man.

It will be a long time before Hollywood again sees such an elaborate home wedding so perfectly appointed—or one which inspired more real sentiment and good wishes toward two such fine young people.

THE MORE OF DORIS DAY I see, the more I wonder how she ever happened to be splashed with the title of "1954's least cooperative actress," by the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

I dined recently with Doris and Marty Melcher at Chasen's, popular hangout for the movie crowd, and I've never seen a more relaxed, better-natured gal than Doris. She even got a kick out of the other movie stars present.

If she was ill, worried and nervous last year (which she was) she refuses to use that as an alibi. She isn't making any alibis. I know she was hurt. But she isn't crying on my shoulder or anyone else's.

Certainly, what happened hasn't affected her appetite. Man and girl! You should have seen Doris tie into her big steak, potatoes, salad and dessert.

"I even eat steak sometimes for breakfast," she said, when she noticed I was all but open-mouthed over her healthy appetite. I'm used to dining with figure-conscious lady stars who just push food around their plates in the battle to keep their twenty-three-inch waistlines.

One thing Doris *did* want to straighten out was the rumor that she and her studio boss, Jack Warner, are at odds.

"He is one of the most sympathetic men I know," she said. "He let me keep every nickel of my salary on loanout to MGM to make *Love Me Or Leave Me* and believe me, very few producers do that."

HOLLYWOOD WORE ITS HEART on its sleeve at the nightclub opening of Sammy Davis, Jr., at Ciro's. I've covered nightclub openings in my time but never one to compare with this astoundingly talented young entertainer's first appearance since he lost his eye in an automobile accident.

And, in appreciation, this boy Sammy knocked himself out for two solid hours showing the brilliant first-nighters just how much he loved them.

Who was there? Better ask who wasn't.

Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Judy with tears in her eyes. June Allyson, who dislikes nightclubs, was still there with Dick Powell until long after the two o'clock closing.

Sophisticated Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart applauded and applauded. So did Donna Reed and Tony Owen, Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor (not yet married), Dolores Gray, Dorothy Dandridge, Liberace, Julie London Webb. Few entertainers have ever played to such a house.

Vic Damone's Cocoanut Grove opening was a huge success.



Liz Taylor attended stag. She said Mike was home baby-sitting; others said he wasn't feeling well.



Danny Thomas and his wife were celebrating their eighteenth anniversary. What a wonderful couple!



Pier rushed up to kiss Vic after his last bow. No quarrels that night!

The underwater prémiere of Underwater was certainly different!



In Florida for it, Lori Nelson and Mala Powers escorted film's co-star, Dick Egan, to the pool.



Down went Dick and Jane Russell, wearing Aqua Lungs. The press went down too, also in Lungs.



There the press watched the film—or just watched Dick and Jane.

Sammy Davis, Jr.'s, opening was a heart-warming affair.



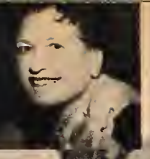
Judy Garland and Bogie clapped loudest. Sammy was great—his first show since losing his eye.



Dan Dailey and Gwen gave no hint they were about to wed in Las Vegas—they themselves didn't know.



"Old married couple" June Allyson and Dick Powell stayed late.



Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne had a very small—but



One of the things that made this wedding so "different" was that the bridegroom wasn't the least bit nervous . . . though he was a little forgetful about some details. A unique idea was Dorothy's carrying just one rose as her bridal bouquet—for very sentimental reasons, I might add.



Judge Henry Burman conducted the ceremony, with screen writer Richard Breene and Dorothy's friend, Jacqueline Tomblin, as attendants.



The really amazing thing was the huge cake—it was eight feet tall (Jack and Dot stood on a stool to cut it), decorated in a Dragnet *motif!*

Among the romantic couples, I spotted Anna Maria Alberghetti with Ben Cooper and Jon Hall with Linda Damson. I wouldn't be surprised if these two become one in the near future.

Jeff Chandler, who introduced Sammy, was with Betty Abbott, the script girl who was formerly Rock Hudson's big moment. But Jeff's dates usually aren't too serious.

LEAVE IT TO EVE ARDEN to come up with the pithy reply.

A writer for one of the national magazines catering to women readers was recently interviewing Our Mrs. Brooks (West).

"Tell me," asked the scribe, "is there any difference of feeling you'd like to mention in your attitude toward your own baby as against your adopted children."

"Yep," cracked Eve, "I felt labor pains with my own."

I can't think of any star in the history of Hollywood who has ever turned down as many scripts as Grace Kelly has at MGM—three so far—and the lady gets away with it! The blonde lady who won the New York critics award as the best actress of 1954 in *The Country Girl* apparently can call her shots where her studio is concerned.

Even Marilyn Monroe was suspended for turning down one picture, *How To Be Very, Very Popular*, at 20th.

All I ask is, what's Grace got (except talent)?

IF BRIDEGROOM JACK WEBB doesn't win all honors as the *least* nervous bridegroom in the world, he'll do until another champion of calm comes along.

The morning Sergeant Friday married blonde Dorothy Towne in a suite at the Ambassador East in Chicago, he took an hour off and gave an interview to two high school reporters from a nearby school! I ask you!

One of the questions the girls asked was, "Why are you getting married again?"

His answer: "Because I'm lonely. I've found wonderful companionship in the lovely lady who has promised to be my wife."

The high school gals came up with, "Will you see your children as often, now that they have a stepmother?"

Replied the about-to-be bridegroom, "I'll probably see more of them because I expect to have a real home for them to visit."

During this time, Jack was told that the wedding cake (which featured little dolls dressed in *Dragnet* trench coats) was so big it couldn't be brought through the door. Some icing had tumbled off.

"Slice off that part," ordered the poised Mr. Webb, "and give it to these young ladies—with my compliments."

Well, I never.

More about the Towne-Webb wedding: An hour after Jack and Dorothy said their "I do's" in Chicago, Jack was on the telephone from Chicago to tell me he was the luckiest and happiest man in the world.

I asked him what his bride was wearing.

There was a pause, "Hmmmm—I don't know. But she looks lovely," came the solid reply. "Oh, yeah—for a bridal bouquet she carried a single red rose. That's different, isn't it?"

I told him it was indeed so different that it might start a trend.

"Was the single rose for sentimental reasons?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, I guess so," replied Sergeant Friday who surprisingly wasn't at all sure of his facts, Ma'am, on this occasion. "Dorothy says the first time I sent her flowers, it was a single rose."

unusual—wedding in Chicago.



Jimmy Hart, who gave the reception at his suite in the Ambassador Hotel, provided a loving cup that held eight quarts of champagne!



The wedding luncheon took place in the famous Pump Room. James Hart, by the way, is president of Chicago's Ambassador Hotels.

And Dorothy had to *remind* him? That's a man for you. Or I should say, that's a bridegroom for you.

MY TELEPHONE RANG one morning (what am I saying? It rings a thousand times a morning—but this was special, as you shall see).

A soft voice said, "Louella? This is Marilyn."

Well, well, well, I thought to myself. If you ask me, it had been a good year since I had heard from my blonde girl friend. To say that a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since then is the understated cliché of the season.

At this very moment the newspaper on my desk was carrying my front-page story of Marilyn's suspension from 20th Century-Fox for refusing to report for *How To Be Very, Very Popular.*

And for the last ten days, I had been writing all the firecracker news about Marilyn's forming her own Marilyn Monroe Productions Company, etc., etc., etc.—until I thought there would never be an end to the excitement she was stirring up.

I said, "Well, this *is* a surprise. I had

I'm on my soap-box: for a public Hooray!

■ This month, I'm here not to chide, but to say a Hooray for two people who have won my great respect and admiration.

I mean Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell.

Four years ago, I wouldn't have given you a plugged or unplugged nickel for their chances to preserve a very shaky marriage.

At that time, Glenn went to Europe for a year to make two pictures and with him he took his *mother!* Ellie and their little boy remained at home in Hollywood.

I know for a fact that Eleanor was practically on the verge of a nervous breakdown during the long months of Glenn's absence. When he returned, things were no better. They separated temporarily, and Ellie was a sobbing, hysterical girl when she verified the news to me.

But somehow, some way, a miracle happened. They decided to try again, and suddenly the Fords were closer than they'd ever been. It was as though a new light was shining on their love, a light of blessing.

Ellie found a new career in Sunday School programs on TV. And Glenn made a statement that *no* role, no matter how important, would ever again take him away from his family.

By way of proving it, he refused to star in *The Gentle Wolfhound* because it would take him to Tokyo and away from his family.

Again, I say, Hooray for the Fords, a couple who prayed together—and stayed together.





the letter box

(MRS.) MARY LOU KREINDLER has a gripe she'd like to air: "I truly wish Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, Rory Calhoun and Robert Wagner would *run,* not walk, to the nearest barbershop. Don't tell me they have to wear those flowing locks for their roles. Bill Holden, Ray Milland, Humphrey Bogart, Van Johnson are stars, too, and they don't go in for those awful boyish bobs!" *No comment.*

All the way from Frankfurt, Germany, CPL. THORNTON THORPE sends in a plug for Lizabeth Scott and calls her "the most neglected screen star in Hollywood."



ELINOR SUTTY, Hudson, New York, says, "This is a picture of my niece, Susan Lynn Yasinski, enjoying your column. At three months, I think she is one of your youngest fans." *Not only one of my youngest fans. Certainly one of my cutest!*

MRS. MARIE DAVIS, Minneapolis, Minnesota, sends *ten* postcards chiding me for not writing more about Van Johnson. *Van is one of my very favorite persons, Mrs. D., and I can't agree with you that I ignore him in this column.*

From Sandpoint, Idaho, NORANNE LE BETE writes: "I was very impressed when I saw newcomer Race Gentry in *Black Horse Canyon.* He is a good actor, but he must take coaching in his diction. Many of his lines were lost by his mumbling." *Are you listening, Race?*

thought we were good friends, but it's been a long, long time since I've heard from you, Marilyn."

"That's why I'm calling now," the soft voice went on. "May I come over and see you?"

I said she could come around five o'clock that same afternoon, and unbelievable as it may sound, she was on time (I hadn't expected her until around six. She's usually an hour late).

If I had felt a bit of pique at this girl who has become world-wide news since the days when I first knew her, when she was the love of agent Johnny's Hyde's life, and was striving so hard for a career, it melted when I saw her.

She was wearing a black suit, a favorite off-screen costume with Marilyn, and we hadn't talked five minutes before she seemed as appealing—and somehow helpless—as she was in those other days.

"I have never forgotten that you are the first friend of the press I had in Hollywood," she said with real sincerity. "You believed in me when few others did and you were always honest with me, even to talking to me about my clothes—which were all wrong," she smiled.

"I had begun to believe you had forgotten all that, Marilyn," I put in.

"I've never forgotten and I never will," she said quickly. "That's why I'm here. I want your friendship and your advice."

"You have my friendship," I assured her, "but isn't advice a little late? You seem to have made your own decisions and put yourself in the hands of strangers." I was referring to magazine photographer Milton Greene and a New York attorney who are the guiding lights of the new M.M. company.

Suddenly, she blurted out, "Please let me tell you *why* I formed my own company, seemingly so quickly. I am not angry with 20th Century-Fox. I believe *The Seven Year Itch* is the best picture of my career. But I have such a deep fear of not managing my business properly and of being alone—*and broke*—when I am older. I've known too much insecurity in my life not to want above all else, *real* security against the day when they don't want me any more."

There wasn't too much I could tell her, because what is done is done.

But I had one last word for this most publicized girl in the world. "Marilyn," I said, "go to Joseph Schenck and abide by what he says. He is one of the wisest men in the industry—and one of the greatest friends you'll ever have."

The next morning she *did* see Joe. The next afternoon she was suspended by her studio. I wonder how much this girl—who so desperately needs *good* advice—listened to this man who always knows best where Hollywood is concerned.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: That very popular male star (supposedly very happily married) and the equally popular femme star (also married and "happy") are putting so much ardor into their movie love-making, it's attracting attention. Watch your step, you two.

No one gets more "second chances" than Robert Mitchum. After he was fired from *Blood Alley* for his horseplay antics, the talk started that he was just as incorrigible and difficult while making *Not As A Stranger* for Stanley Kramer. So what does Kramer do? He pays for a big ad in the trade papers telling the world that Bob was a lamb—which I have some reason to doubt.

A happy marriage has changed Vera-Ellen more than any star I know. Vera, who used to think, talk and live nothing but her career is so glowing in love with Vic Rothschild, she doesn't even care what her next picture is, or if there *is* one.

Bing Crosby's painful kidney stone attacks alarmed his family—and me. I love this guy.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio have been spending so much time together in the east—including long visits with Joe's relatives—that people are beginning to talk about a quick reconciliation. Marilyn says, "There's nothing immediate"—but they certainly do look happy together.



"Somebody told me Kate is my mother."

OF WHAT A GIRL DID–
OF WHAT A BOY DID – OF HURT
AND EXCITEMENT–
OF ECSTASY AND REVENGE...

His name was Cal– but it should have been Cain!

There are times when you can't tell who's good and who's bad...

ELIA KAZAN'S
EXPLOSIVE
PRODUCTION OF
JOHN STEINBECK'S

"EAST OF EDEN"

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT IT IN
CINEMASCOPE
THAT MOVES IN BREATH-CLOSE
TO BRING YOU REALISM AND INTIMACY
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This is James Dean, a very special new star!

The most shocking revenge a girl ever let one brother take on another!

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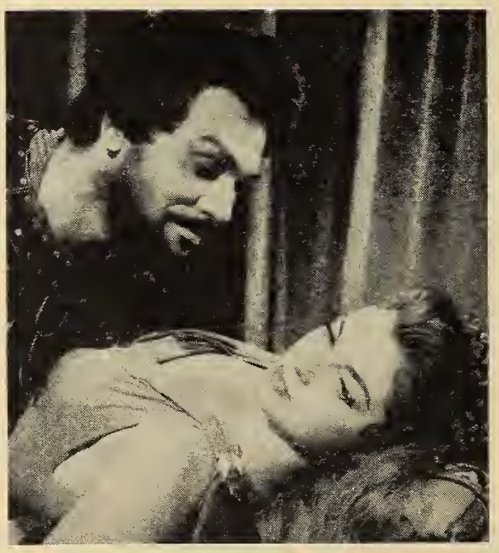


See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky . . . so manageable! That's the magic touch of Fresh Whole Egg! Conditions any hair. Try it! 29¢, 59¢, $1.

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein





Using Hannibal's (Haward Keel's) description af haw to make war as a guide, Amytis (Esther Williams) almost keeps him from conquering Rame. . . .



while Meta (Marge Champian), Amytis' slave, has abaut the same effect an Hannibal's soldier Varius (Gawer Champion).

Picture of the Month: JUPITER'S DARLING

■ Sometime after Hannibal crossed the Alps with all those elephants, he met Esther Williams, presumably on the road to Rome. History generally being muddled, MGM has left the facts to the historians and concentrated on a delightful fantasy. For seven years, Esther has been engaged to the Roman Emperor (George Sanders), a mama's boy who is somewhat appalled by Esther's frequent immersion in water (they stayed away from water, even baths, in those days) and by her independent spirit. When Esther hears that the barbarous, bearded Hannibal (Howard Keel) is preparing to attack Rome she can barely conceal her delight, runs out with slave Marge Champion to have a look at his camp. Keel has a look or two at Esther and forgets war entirely—much to the consternation of his wild followers (kept in line by William Demarest). Love proves to be even rockier than the Alps to Keel and when he learns Esther's identity he turns on her. But not for long. There are beautiful underwater scenes; some funny ones on dry land. With Gower Champion, Richard Haydn. CinemaScope and Technicolor—MGM (*Continued on page 20*)



Introducing
the first girdle to give you
That French Look
and the Freedom you love

NEW PLAYTEX *High Style* GIRDLE



1. Oo-la-la . . . that lean, lithe French look! Thanks to miracle latex outside that slims sleekly from waist to thigh—like magic!

2. Hip-hip-hooray . . . what freedom! Not a seam, stitch or bone anywhere . . . and inside, cloud-saft fabric for extra comfart.

3. C'est magnifique! A new *nan-rall* top yau'll adore. All this—for an amazingly low $5.95!

The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are *yours* with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style . . . you'll call it wonderful! World's *only* girdle to give all three: miracle-slimming *latex* outside, cloud-soft *fabric* inside—and a new *non-roll* top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free . . . *no matter what your size!* Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

Look for the Playtex® High Style Girdle in the SLIM tube . . . $5.95
Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

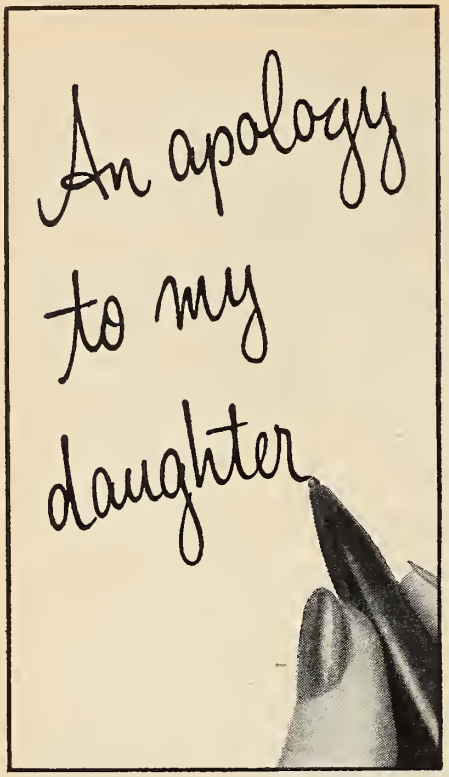
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New Playtex Living† Bra*

The model in the photograph has on this exciting bra for the high, round look Paris loves —*you* will, too! And it's "custom-contoured" for perfect fit! Only $3.95

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"I may not ever tell you this in so many words (we parents are die-hards, you know), but in my heart I'm asking you to forgive me for doubting your maturity, your wisdom, your discrimination.

"Too often when you've brought me some new discovery of yours with enthusiasm and eagerness, I'm afraid I've treated you like a child. By leaning so heavily on 'mother knows best,' I've failed to realize there may be times when daughter knows best.

"I haven't been sympathetic about your interest in Tampax. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't even listen to you. And of course, it *would* take an outsider to set me straight . . . our next-door neighbor.

"I happened to be over there when Mary's daughter came in and asked if she could borrow some of 'mother's Tampax.' That was a surprise—both of them using it! Well, I started talking to Mary about sanitary protection and found out lots of things I'd refused to listen to before.

"First of all, Tampax was invented by a doctor. That was assurance enough for me! And then I just had to concede that internal sanitary protection does have a lot of advantages over the other kind. Being so easy to dispose of, for example. And preventing odor from forming. No chafing, no irritation—that must be wonderful! Then, too, I hadn't realized that you can wear it in the bath.

"What I'm conceding most of all, however, is this: *there are lots of decisions a girl or a woman must make for herself.* The Tampax decision is one of them."

Tampax is on sale at drug or notion counters. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



A LIFE IN THE BALANCE Somewhere in this modern Mexican city is a homicidal maniac who has sent six lovely young women to their final rest. The cops don't know it but this maniac (Lee Marvin) is wearing sneakers and a tattered overcoat. They pick on Ricardo Montalban, an emotional, unemployed musician who lives with his adoring ten-year-old son Paco (Jose Perez). A couple of neighbors want to adopt Paco and are only too anxious to confirm suspicions about Montalban. But Paco has witnessed the latest killing from a rooftop and follows Marvin through the city, until Marvin catches him. While Montalban is sweating it out at police beadquarters with new-found friend Anne Bancroft, Marvin is torn between killing Paco and wrenching a pledge of eternal brotherhood from him. Paco keeps breaking police alarm boxes with his slingshot and detective Rudolfo Acosta leads an exciting chase—20th-Fox



CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT In 1815, any Irishman wortb his whisky was writhing under the yoke of English rule. Rock Hudson belonged to a gently writhing society in his little town but had to hightail it for Dublin after robbing too brazenly for The Cause. In Dublin there is Captain Thunderbolt (Jeff Morrow) Ireland's greatest rebel and, from the look of things, its greatest highwayman as well. He owns a lavish gambling house, several people in high places and a headstrong daughter (Barbara Rush). Dubbed Captain Lightfoot, Rock is transformed from a country bumpkin into a gentleman of affairs confident enough to puff on a cigar at a duel. Thunderbolt grooms him to follow in his own footsteps—which lead shortly to a prison cell in Dublin Castle. In an attempt to free him, Hudson gets himself locked up and a noose hangs high. There are all sorts of romantic, tricky goings-on against the lush charm of Ireland. Technicolor—U.I.



WOMEN'S PRISON If you're planning a crime, or if you're accident-prone or even if you just think you have problems, this picture will cure you Those female cons have it hard. Ida Lupino keeps putting them into strait jackets, kicking them when they're down (on the floor in her office) and behaving with such carefree, punitive abandon as to stagger prison doctor Howard Duff. Howard is always threatening to resign, although what benefit his patients will derive from that is hard to figure. Among the cloistered females are Jan Sterling, unrepentant forger; Phyllis Thaxter, menace on the highway and Audrey Totter who seems to be serving time mainly because ber husband, Warren Stevens, is imprisoned next door. Things come to a pretty pass when Stevens sneaks into women's territory to visit Audrey. Her consequent plans for motherhood drive Ida Lupino right out of what's left of her mind.—Col.



NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL This is New York, the wonder city? That's what they say. They also say any resemblance to people living or dead is hardly coincidental. I'm relieved to report that by the time this movie is over almost everybody is dead. Broderick Crawford, Syndicate leader, starts things off with a bang—hires Richard Conte to murder a member who has pushed the Syndicate into undesirable limelight. Conte knocks off four for the price of one and comes home smiling. Crawford's daughter, Anne Bancroft, can't stand the life Dad's leading Marilyn Maxwell, Dad's girl, likes it too well. Big crisis comes when a Washington lobbyist double-crosses the Syndicate to the tune of ten million bucks. Conte volunteers to liquidate said lobbyist but three other guys go and louse up the job. So Conte liquidates those. Only person he can't bring himself to kill is himself. Someone else obliges.—Warners.



BATTLE TAXI To a former jet pilot (Arthur Franz), flying helicopters to the aid of his countrymen is nothing short of laughable. Captain Sterling Hayden resents tbis attitude and swears he'll make a "chopper" pilot out of Franz if it kills them both Since they are stationed in Korea, talk of death isn't idle gossip. Franz's trouble is he flies his helicopter as if it were equipped with unlimited fuel and several bomb bays—he even feints at enemy tanks to draw their fire away from infantrymen. This is not only dangerous but there aren't enough helicopters around to waste that way. Franz eventually learns that there are all kinds of heroism in war—some not so flashy as others. Basically, *Battle Taxi* is a tribute—occasionally a thrilling one—to the men who man the helicopters, performing unheralded feats of bravery as they rescue flyers who have been shot down over land and sea.—U.A.

A FUNNY THING JUST HAPPENED . . .

When we looked over last month's movie reviews to decide wbich ones we recommend especially, we found that there wasn't one single one we wanted to leave out! Every film we had seen that month was tops for acting, story, intelligence—and sheer all-round entertainment. (Check your own March issue—you'll see what we mean!) And going back over this entire year, we realized that this has been happening more and more often.

Why? For one thing, because movies are more lavish than ever! That's right—more money is being spent on movies than ever before—and spent intelligently. CinemaScope, Warnerscope, 3-D—all the new technical advances—cost money, but they're very well worth it. The new dimensions are here to stay.

And also here to stay is the new, more-painstaking-than-ever attitude of movie makers, bringing you top talent in great stories almost every time. Which is why you'll find more entertainment value at your movie theatre than at any other place on earth!



You feel so very sure of yourself . . . after a WHITE RAIN *Shampoo!*

You're confident you look your loveliest . . . your hair soft as a cloud . . . sunshine bright . . . every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feeling you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

Use New WHITE RAIN *Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

How you can stop odor, check moisture...



with Tussy ...the instant Deodorant

Instantly checks perspiration moisture. *Instantly* stops odor and keeps it stopped 24 hours or longer . . . even through the hottest day!

Follow arrows for daintiness plus. Blend Tussy Cream Deodorant into the skin, moving up, then out to the sides. It's a cosmetic, made with face cream . . . smooths the skin.



Won't fade out! You can't become immune to its effects. Each time you use it . . . it protects you. Safe for normal skin and fabrics. 50¢ & $1.



When you travel, carry a Tussy Stick Deodorant. Easy to use any place. Only $1. prices plus tax



INTERRUPTED MELODY There's drama enough in the story of any artist's rise to international fame, and that drama is magnified when nature, in its indiscriminate way, cuts down the performer at the peak of his powers. So the story of Marjorie Lawrence, who left her native Australia to become an opera star—first in Paris, later all over the world and finally at the Met—should derive great poignance from the fact that she was stricken by polio which threatened to end not only her career but her life. Curiously enough, the impact is never really felt. Not even when Miss Lawrence (played by Eleanor Parker) and her doctor husband (Glenn Ford) are reduced to almost animal cries of heartbreak and despair in one climactic scene of this movie. And her comeback, heroic and glorious as it actually was, does not seem to come alive. However, *Interrupted Melody* should be a treat for opera fans. Technicolor—MGM



PRINCE OF PLAYERS A best-selling novel about the bombastic, slightly mad, intensely alive Booth family who lorded it over the American stage in the 19th century is the basis for this film. Moss Hart wrote the screenplay. Richard Burton as Edwin Booth, *Prince Of Players,* makes it sparkle with lusty readings of Shakespeare. It's his story, but it starts when he and his brother John Wilkes Booth (John Derek) are boys and their father (Raymond Massey) is the greatest, if generally the drunkest, Shakespearean actor alive. John Wilkes expects to inherit his mantle, but it's Edwin who does. Wilkes leaves his mark by assassinating Lincoln. Edwin marries a young actress (Maggie McNamara) whose faith in him fends off the fears that he has inherited his father's madness. With Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Sellars, Eva Le Gallienne, Christopher Cook. CinemaScope, Technicolor—20th-Fox



SMOKE SIGNAL Here we are, right in the middle of Ute Indian territory. Several Cavalrymen arrive just in time to beat off the Utes, who leave nine survivors at the Army outpost. Dana Andrews might as well have been killed. You see, he had deserted the Army because his commander was mean to the Utes. When the Utes were mean to *him,* he tried to contact the Apaches so they'd keep peace, but the Army captured Andrews, were holding him for court-martial before the massacre began. Okay? What's Piper Laurie doing here? Well, she's here with her fiancé, Lieutenant Rex Reason. The problem isn't who's here, it's how to escape to Fort Defiance. Don't think the Utes don't wipe more blood off their hands. Not Andrews' blood, though. All this while Rex Reason has been working up a jealous rage because Piper would rather consort with a deserter than with him. There's a woman for you. Technicolor—U.I.



THE AMERICANO You can lead three bulls from Texas to Brazil but can you make them talk? If Glenn Ford could, maybe they'd tell him who murdered the man who was going to buy them. Too bad those bulls can't talk because no one else will talk to Glenn. They slam doors in his face, back up with fear, *avoid* him. Till Cesar Romero, a local terrorist, takes him to rancher Frank Lovejoy. Things pick up, Lovejoy buys the bulls, but darn if someone doesn't hit Glenn over the head and steal his money. There's a beautiful lady (Ursula Thiess) who keeps calling Glenn a coward because he won't stay and fight her battles (all that poor man pines to do is get back to Texas). Lovejoy is nuts, Ursula tells him, he wants all of Brazil and what he can't buy he'll burn, including farmers. Glenn doesn't believe her; to him, Lovejoy is a gentleman. Glenn thinks Cesar Romero is the troublemaker. With Abbe Lane. Technicolor—RKO

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS *(20th-Fox):* A really big musical that has almost everything—Marilyn Monroe, Mitzi Gaynor, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Ethel Merman, Hugh O'Brian, even Johnny Ray, making his movie debut . . . plus songs by Irving Berlin, CinemaScope and Technicolor.

THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI *(Para.):* Grace Kelly, William Holden, Fredric March, Mickey Rooney, in Michener's moving story of the Korean war. Action, pathos, love, suspense—and intelligent dialogue. A very fine film.

THE LONG GRAY LINE *(Col.):* Tyrone Power stars in the story of Marty Maher, who devoted his life to West Point. Maureen O'Hara plays his Irish wife. Ward Bond, Donald Crisp, Robert Francis contribute as some of the men who have given the Point its reputation.

YOUNG AT HEART *(Warners):* Frank Sinatra and Doris Day singing and falling in love all over the Technicolor. Ethel Barrymore, Gig Young, Dorothy Malone, Alan Hale, Jr., add to the comedy and tenderness.

THREE FOR THE SHOW *(Col.):* A musical mix-up, involving Betty Grable who seems to be married to two men, Jack Lemmon and Gower Champion, and can't make up her mind which one to discard. With Marge Champion, who settles for the leftover. Technicolor plus lots of big production numbers.

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS *(U-I):* Tony Curtis as a thief extraordinaire, in a suspenseful story based on the actual Brinks robbery of not too long ago. With Julie Adams, George Nader.

UNDERWATER *(RKO):* Jane Russell in a bathing suit. If you need more, there's Richard Egan, Gilbert Roland, Lori Nelson, Joseph Calleia and a lot of sunken treasure. Technicolor.

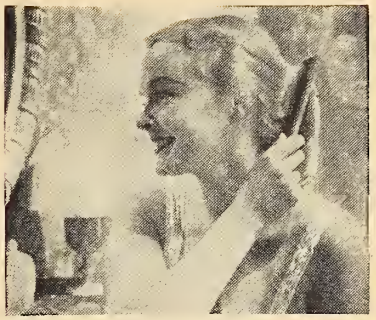
BATTLE CRY *(Warners):* A saga-type war story, detailing the loves and battle-lives of a group of men—Tab Hunter, Aldo Ray, Van Heflin, John Lupton, William Campbell. The girls are Mona Freeman, Nancy Olson, Dorothy Malone, Anne Francis, Allyn McLerie. Technicolor, lots of action.

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK *(MGM):* Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan, Anne Francis, an excellent cast in a taut melodrama of men haunted by guilt. Eastman Color.

THE PURPLE PLAIN *(U.A.):* Gregory Peck being heroic in Technicolor, inspired by a lovely Burmese girl, Win Min Than. Lots of suspense, airplanes, Burmese jungle.

THE COUNTRY GIRL *(Para.):* Bing Crosby delivers a superb performance in a tense, beautifully acted version of Odets' hit play about a has-been actor, his wife (Grace Kelly) and director (William Holden).





***Change your hair style** without a bit of trouble, for* SPRAY NET *brushes out instantly. It doesn't flake or ever get the tiniest bit sticky.*



***No drooping curls** on rainy days. With* SPRAY NET *your hair pays no mind to dampness or humidity. Curls and waves stay in, weather or no.*

Helene Curtis sponsors the Pretty Soft Look

Helene Curtis SPRAY NET* keeps your hair prettily in place all day, but with a bewitching softness.

How should your topknot look this season? Grimly lacquered into place? Wildly waving in the breeze?

Never! This season the look is *soft and shining* hair that stays put in the *prettiest way.*

For Helene Curtis dipped deep into a chemist's tube and came up with a delightfully different hair spray. A hair spray so silky . . . so soft it couldn't possibly make hair dry or stiff or brittle. Yet it held each curly straggler in place. Waves behaved despite humidity. Flyaway hair tamed down nicely. In a word—it worked! And softly, prettily!

So here, from Helene Curtis to you, with flattery in every swoosh, is SPRAY. NET. The ladylike-way, the pretty soft-way to curb your curls and hold your wayward waves!

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Giant Economy Size $1.89
Plus tax.
SUPER SOFT OR REGULAR

***Now there are two types of Helene Curtis* SPRAY NET**

Let your hair be the judge. If it's "baby-fine" or you like the casual look, the new Super Soft SPRAY NET, **without** lacquer, *will be beautifully right. For hair that's thick, harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-dos, use Regular* SPRAY NET *. . . already the favorite of millions!*



***Set your pin curls in a hurry.** Just roll them up, make large loose curls on top, smaller ones at your neckline, then spray with* SPRAY NET. *They'll dry in minutes, they'll look soft and pretty.*



***Use* SPRAY NET *every day,** as often as you like, for it contains exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion. Keeps your topknot soft and silky.*



How to have COVER GIRL HAIR

Take a tip from professional beauties and keep your hair a star attraction always. Quickly done with Marchand's Rinse! Brownettes, brunettes, blondes, redheads can brighten natural color, add shining highlights. Special rinses blend in gray streaks. Others tone down yellow in white hair. 12 glamorous shades, made with Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. For bright and beautiful hair, use a Marchand's Rinse after each shampoo. At all good variety and drugstores.



6 Rinses 25¢ 2 Rinses 10¢

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HAIR RINSE



if you've thought of going Blonde

If time has darkened your hair, you can be a lovely blonde again—safely, easily with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or lighten just a little, bring out sunny lights. Marchand's is the complete home hair lightener famous for 50 years. At good drugstores everywhere.

60c and 90c plus tax

TV TALK

Danny Kaye: almost, but not quite . . . Sid Caesar regrets (?) . . . Brando wants to fight

Next to **Judy Garland,** there is no one the networks want more than **Danny Kaye.** The offers Danny has had are fabulous. But he has shown up on television only twice—once so fast you hardly knew it was Danny and once for about thirty whole seconds when it was for a worthy cause. Everyone is still trying to get him. Little do they know that Danny himself once *asked* to be on a television show—for fifteen minutes straight—and for *free.* What show? Why, *Person To Person.* Here's how it happened—and why it didn't come off. Danny, a great baseball bug from way back, was at a ball game one day sitting next to a man who had been on **Ed Murrow's** popular show. The guy was so enthusiastic about his experience that he convinced Danny, long before the ninth inning, that *Person To Person* was for Kaye. Needless to say, when the phone rang and it was Danny's manager offering the famous TV holdout, Murrow's workers nearly flipped. They also, of course, accepted—real fast. They still haven't gotten over his backing out. Why did he back out? Because he looked at *Person To Person* the night **Sid Caesar** was on, and he thought Caesar was a flop. As you know, Sid doesn't talk easily unless he's playing a character in a comedy sketch. That night he was just Sid Caesar at home with his family, and he was nervous. It showed. Danny was not about to let the same thing happen to him. And that's the story of how Danny Kaye almost went on TV . . . **Arlene Francis** is the center of attention every time she gets dressed up these nights because she has a new ermine trench coat—half belt and all . . . Everyone who went to first nights at the theatre used to gape at Marlene Dietrich, Grace Kelly, Hope Hampton and all the other glamorous regulars. Now the main attraction is, of all people, **Ed Sullivan!** You've never seen such a popular man. The aisle around his seat is jammed—because everyone in show business wants to get on Ed's show or get a friend on—or just be friendly with one of the most powerful men in the TV world today . . . **Julius La Rosa** *does* have humility. Even when none of his fans are around—in fact no one he knows—he is one of the most polite young men who ever said, "Excuse me, please" . . . People are still talking about the clothes **Jayne Meadows** wore when **Steve Allen** and the rest of *Tonight* went to Florida. There she was at a resort, with everyone around her in sports clothes, and she never put on anything but satin and sequins and furs—even during the daytime. Jayne, by the way, is getting fussier and fussier about her photographs. Believe us, if you see a picture of Jayne, she has okayed it. Nothing unflattering gets printed if she can help it. She's not alone in this feeling, of course. For years, many of the smartest stars have insisted that no one run a picture until they personally approve it . . . **Robert Cummings** is so happy these days, he doesn't seem like the same man. Only two years ago, when he was playing Beanblossom in *My Hero,* he could hardly look himself in the mirror in the morning. That was how much he hated that show. Now, although he isn't 100% pleased with his new one, he surely is happier. But he has to admit that *My Hero* made him a rich man—and an actor with a wife and four children needs to be a rich man. Bob, by the way, is one of the few TV stars who write personal letters to people who write nice things about them. He not only signs them himself, he types them himself. And that's rare. **Arlene Francis** is another, by the way . . . Now it seems that **Sid Caesar** *is* having qualms about breaking up with **Imogene Coca.** He sometimes has a studio audience in to watch his dress rehearsals, and he recently handed out a questionnaire to them asking if they wanted him to go back with Imogene. Sid wouldn't do that if he didn't wonder about having made the wrong move . . . It's a shock to see **Carl Reiner** off the TV screen, because he is so very bald. A nicer man couldn't be found. He, incidentally, is one of Imogene's best friends; and if Sid and Imogene do reconcile—even for just one or two shows—you can be very sure that Carl Reiner has had something to do with it . . . When you see a show in black and white that's being telecast (*Continued on page 61*)



Jayne Meadaws and Steve Allen see a lat af Steve's sans, Stevie, 7, Brian, 10, and David, 5, take them an vacatians.



Jayne, always careful abaut her publicity, insists on appraving all her phatas before they are published. She liked family snaps with the boys especially well.



she's got VIV

(you can have it, too!)

It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new *High-Chroma Formula* gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Rose you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni.

Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.

new viv lipstick

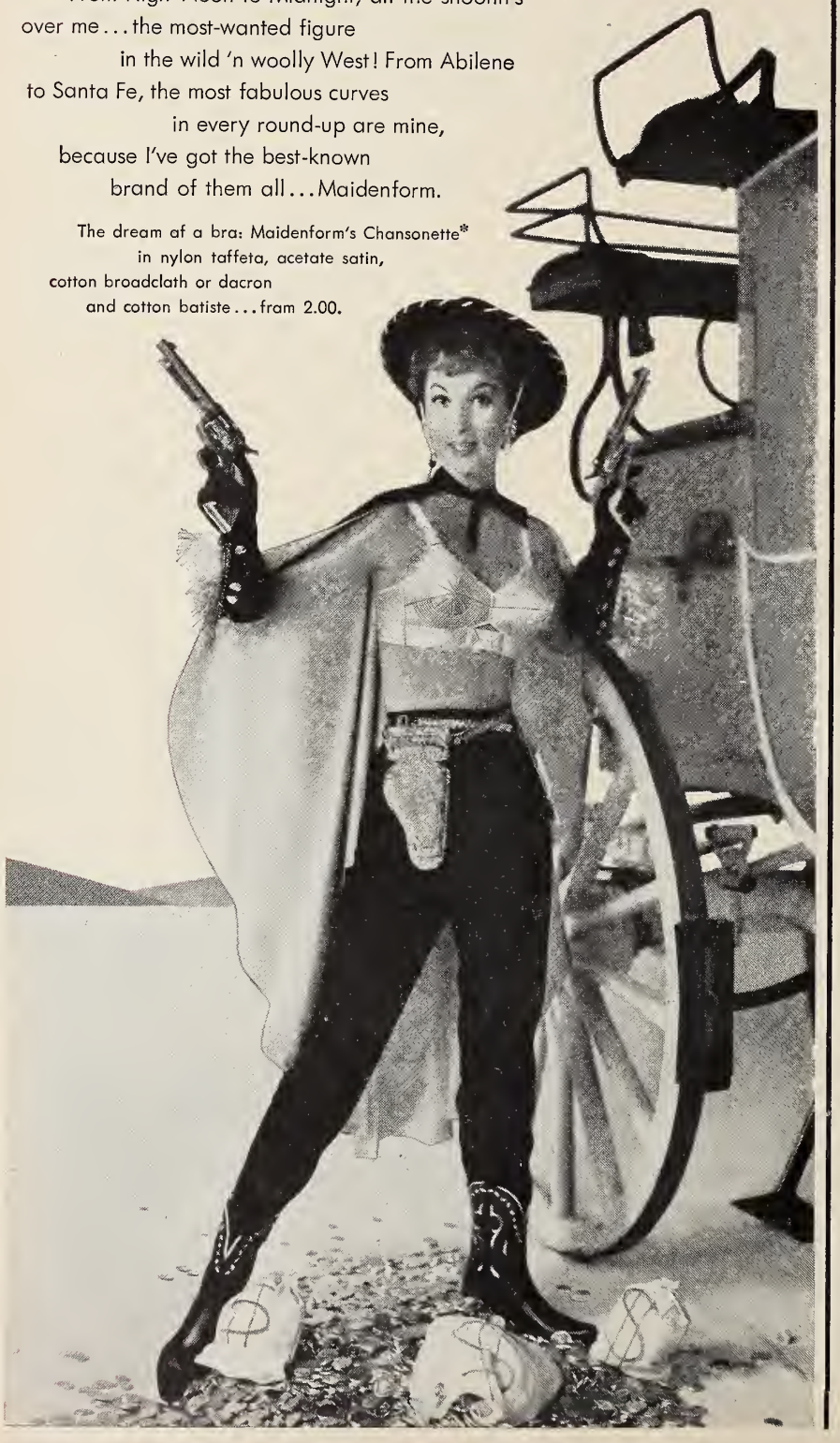
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I dreamed
I was queen of the Westerns in my
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From High Noon to Midnight, all the shootin's over me... the most-wanted figure in the wild 'n woolly West! From Abilene to Santa Fe, the most fabulous curves in every round-up are mine, because I've got the best-known brand of them all... Maidenform.

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette* in nylon taffeta, acetate satin, cotton broadcloth or dacron and cotton batiste... from 2.00.



He's still healthy, smiling and most sincerely yours!

LIBERACE AT LIBERTY



■ Feminine hearts flipped when big, black headlines announced that Liberace had been ordered to take a long rest. Like rumors that he was about to become engaged or married, the story was exaggerated.

When Sammy Davis, Jr., made his first appearance after the accident in which he had lost one eye, Liberace showed up, obviously in fine health and more handsome than ever, having lost fifteen pounds. On his arm was the lovely starlet, Wendie Bartlett.

Unhappily for Wendie, most people thought he was with Jan Valerie, the blonde TV singer. People were so delighted to see him up and about that he stopped by one table after another, lighting momentarily by Jan's side, just as the photographers closed in. Let it be known that Miss Valerie was not his date, although she might be on another occasion, for the famed pianist is fast becoming Hollywood's Number One Bachelor. He is not ready for marriage and more than one or two dates with the same girl results in a rash of romance rumors.

Aside from his now robust health, the big news about Liberace is his engagement to help launch the huge new Las Vegas hotel, The Riviera, at the astounding sum of $50,000 a week for a three-week engagement with his brother George and his orchestra. Then, having completed the filming of his next TV series, he goes to Warners for his first feature-length picture, *Sincerely Yours*, which bears the title of his record album.

Doris Day has been most often mentioned as his leading lady, but it is doubtful that Doris will play the role. Liberace's name alone will pack theatres and generous Liberace would like to give a newcomer a break.

A word of caution about Liberace: Don't believe the rumors.



These are Beth Anderson's hands. They were soaked in detergents. Her *right* hand alone was treated with Jergens Lotion. Look at the dramatic difference! ***This photograph is unretouched.***

Positive proof: "Detergent Hands" can be stopped

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Hands are a key to your personality. If your hands suffer from overwork, take heart – there's wonderful news for you!

Recently 447 women volunteers soaked both hands in detergents, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was smoothed on their right hands *alone.*

In 3 or 4 days, the untreated hands were in trouble. They were roughened and reddened – in some cases, even cracked and bleeding. The Jergens Lotion hands were soft, smooth, and lovely!

The women were frankly amazed to see the difference in their hands. *No other lotion tested proved as effective as Jergens* – and they agreed it was delightful to use; not the least bit sticky or greasy.

The famous Jergens formula has been steadily perfected for 50 years. It never lets wind, weather or housework disgrace your hands – and it takes just seconds to apply. Use it every day.

Jergens Lotion today is a rich, creamier lotion with a pleasing new fragrance. Only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***

*NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.*

Hollywood's favorite

Lustre-Creme Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Jane Wyman. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Jane Wyman

co-starring in "LUCY GALLANT"

A Paramount Picture

in VistaVision.

Color by Technicolor.



Despite rumored romances, Susan has devoted herself to her twins since her bitter divorce from Jess Barker, has turned down movies to be with them.

present perfect

Gone is the gloom; gone are the moods; gone, in fact, is the old Susan Hayward. There's nobody home but happiness now!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ In palest pink—forbidden to redheads, but on her it looked good—Susan went through a scene for *Soldier Of Fortune,* stopped to chat with visitors on the set, then joined her gang. Emmy Eckhardt, her hairdresser and friend of eight years, was brewing tea. Marjorie Fletcher, her wardrobe woman, was cutting the chocolate cake Susan had brought from home. A studio publicist dropped in. "What's new?" chorused the girls. He offered tidbits as they offered him nourishment.

"Mm, good. You make this yourself?"

"Marooned on a desert island with the proper ingredients," Susan allowed, "I could bake a cake. But why should I when Cleo does it so much better?" She picked up her crocheting.

"Hey, that's the afghan you started on *Untamed.*"

"And when I'll finish it, nobody knows. A thousand and one squares, as in a thousand and one Arabian nights. After (*Continued on page* 83)

LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT?



IN HONG KONG, GABLE SAID THAT HIS PLANS INCLUDE ONLY FISHING, HUNTING, TRAVELING.



BUT, SURPRISINGLY, HE WROTE TO KAY SPRECKELS WHILE LOCATIONING FOR SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.



Marriage? Never again says Gable, but can Hollywood's greatest lover stay fancy free? Read this frank report to see why his friends say no.

BY NATE EDWARDS



Clark's most constant date, Kay Spreckels, calls him "an old, old friend," and (of course) denies romance.

Clark Gable is fifty-four years old. He has been married four times. Before each of these marriages, he ardently courted the woman who was to become his wife. During this period, he steadfastly denied any matrimonial intention.

Gable is currently squiring Kay Williams Spreckels, "an old friend" he has known for years.

Kay recently had her former husband, Adolph Spreckels, thrown into prison for beating her up. "I've had enough of marriage, at least for a while," she said a few weeks ago when she was rumored to have eloped with the handsome, greying-at-the-temples actor. "Mr. Gable and I are just old, old friends."

Clark gives out the same line. "Why are people so anxious to marry me off?" he asks. "Kay and I go out a few (*Continued on page 91*)

We could write a book

Herewith the tragical-comical tale of how Esther and Ben got their show on the road—and the trials of innocents abroad!

BY JANE WILKIE







Slightly mad trip ended in Las Vegas, where the Gages swam, sunned, recuperated, opened the act prepared—and almost deserted—on the road.

■ "Go see what's new with Esther." The last time MODERN SCREEN gave me this ultimatum I wound up at 180th Street and Vermont Avenue, which as anybody in Los Angeles knows (unless he lives at 179th and Vermont), means a safari. This was because Esther was visiting her high school.

This time there *was* something new with Esther. She and Ben had just returned from a seven-week tour of the country with a show of their own that included singers, dancers, a trampoline act and one elephant, as well as thirty-five minutes of Esther, both wet and dry. I held a hope that the tour might be worth a story, a hope that was rather dim because jaunts of this type usually sound like the itinerary of a Pullman porter and come out as interesting as a cigarette butt.

I met Esther in the early hours of darkness, at a Beverly Hills restaurant famed for its quiet corners. She collapsed into the seat beside me, admitted she could be done in with a hatpin, having spent the last few hours in an exhausting business meeting, and asked with characteristic directness what I wanted to write about this time.

"The tour," I said, "except that it's probably pretty dull when summed up."

"Ha," said Miss Williams. "Dull! Ben figures he'll write a book about it."

At that moment Mr. Gage approached and landed in the opposite seat. Ben is as loquacious as Esther, and (*Continued on page* 75)





What keeps America's top funny man in the dumps? Here, for the first time, Modern Screen gives you the straight facts about...

JACKIE GLEASON

BY RICHARD MOORE

■ Jackie Gleason should have the world by the tail. But he is one of its most miserable men.

There he is—all 285 or 265 or 245 pounds of him—and he looks fat (which he is) and sassy (which he can be). Not yet forty, he is one of America's funniest and richest comedians. He could even lay off work tomorrow and be rich for the rest of his life. Working, he is worth millions. He can afford everything he wants—clothes by the custom-made carload, apartments, country homes, European trips—and have plenty left over to give his wife and daughters the 14½ per cent of his income which the judge deemed fair at the time of his and Genevieve's separation. Although he cannot get divorced and marry again, because he is an ardent Catholic, he is happily in love with Marilyn Taylor, the pretty young sister of his choreographer, June Taylor. And Marilyn, while perhaps not overjoyed that the wedding bells will never ring, loves him and does not protest.

Jackie *looks* happy. To watch him when he is off television, you'd think he (*continued on page 70*)

From time to time their work pulls Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim apart—but in distance only. For anywhere they wander, they know that love is waiting at home.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

SO NICE TO COME HOME TO

■ "When you open the front door of Ann Blyth's home," a friend of hers said, "you know you are going to be welcomed by it, not impressed. It's a lovely place with lots of beautiful things in it, but none of the sort that hit you in the face."

The friend thought for a moment, and then continued. "Come to think of it, Ann's marriage is like her home," she declared. "The happiness is quietly, deeply there; just as Ann planned. Nobody makes loud declarations of love, they just live it."

No bulletins are issued by Ann about her personal life, nor, for that matter, do any items about it usually find their way into the gossip columns. But neither are there secrets; ask Ann about herself and her Dr. Jim. She'll be glad to tell you.

She was at MGM getting ready for *The King's Thief*, her first picture since the birth of her son, when someone reminded her that during her engagement she had been heard to say that her love for Jim could get no greater. "Were you right about that?" she was asked. "Hasn't marriage made a difference?"

"No, I was wrong, and marriage has made a difference," Ann replied, laughing. "That's the marvel of it! I love him more—more every day than the day before. I thought back then my love couldn't grow, and I think now it can't, but it did and it does."

Nice reports (*Continued on page* 56)



Even on their infrequent nights out, Ann has learned to expect emergency phone calls which take Jim away for hours—or even for days. "His patients have first call on his time," she explains.





PECK AND PASSANI:

hollywood's biggest

by Steve Cronin

NOW THAT GRETA HAS SAID GOODBYE, WILL VERONIQUE GET HER CHANCE TO SAY I DO? GREGORY SAYS NO—BUT ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS!



For months Veronique claimed to be just a reporter getting a story on Peck, but progressed rapidly to being his favorite dinner date, traveling companion, traveling secretary—but not fiancée, so far.



For months Greta Peck claimed that there was no definite rift between Greg and herself, finally filed for (and won) a divorce and has since dated other men, such as New York actor William Prince.

question mark

■ Three years ago a dark-haired French girl named Veronique Passani confided to a friend that one day she would marry Gregory Peck.

This friend, who had been a schoolmate of Veronique's at Marymount and *L'école des Oiseaux* in Paris, was startled.

"You must be crazy," she said. "Gregory Peck is already married. I read only yesterday that he is here in Paris with his wife and three sons."

Veronique, then twenty, smiled and reportedly said, "You will see."

Gregory Peck's divorce is not final until December 29, 1955, but it would surprise none of his friends if long before then he married Veronique, his twenty-three-year-old traveling secretary, in Paris or London or the Canary Islands.

Peck, of course, denies this. He was on location in the Canary Islands—Veronique was there, too—finishing *Moby Dick* when Greta Konen Peck, mother of his children, filed for divorce in Los Angeles. Asked if he contemplated another marriage in the near future, Greg, a man of few words, answered with one: "No."

But at the same time, the Paris newspapers carried on their front pages the announcement that Veronique Passani and Gregory Peck were engaged. Veronique's mother, a divorcée of Russian extraction who lives with her eight-year-old son in an apartment on the Boulevard Franklin Roosevelt, was telephoned by a reporter.

"Madame Passani, is it true that your daughter is engaged to marry Gregory Peck, the American film star?"

"I don't know," Veronique's mother answered.

"But the newspapers are filled with stories to that effect."

"I've seen them."

"Are they true?"

"All I can say," Madame Passani (*Continued on page* 86)





mad about The Boy



After three last-minute switches, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bean are installed—but not exactly settled—in their new apartment. Temporarily, that is.

Mitzi has been married a matter of months and very, very happily. But it's already the craziest, mixed-up-est marriage in town!

BY ALICE HOFFMANN

■ It was supposed to be a double-ring ceremony, but nobody told the gentleman who was marrying them. After Jack Bean put the ring on Mitzi Gaynor's finger, the judge said, "I now pronounce you man and wife." Then Jack kissed the bride. Mitzi quietly said, "Excuse me, Your Honor, but I have a ring for Jack, too. When does he get his?"

So they went through the love-honor-obey part again. This time, nobody goofed.

During their long courtship, engagement or whatever it is called in Hollywood, no one goofed except those mastermind columnists who, up until the actual ceremony, kept insisting that the romance between Mitzi and Jack Bean was not a real one. They said, as often as they could get it into print, that this was a cover-up for Mitzi's real love. The wise guys of Hollywood never have been more mistaken.

The actual marriage took place on November 18, 1954, in San Francisco, at twelve-thirty-five P.M., but the events leading up to the happy ending were as (*Continued on page* 73)

It all started out beautifully. Bob arrived at the annual Bing Crosby Golf Tournament still glowing from his last success—winning the L.A. Open Pro-Amateur Tournament.





The first thing he did was make a hole-in-one. Every fan (golf and movie) at the Pebble Beach Del Monte Course started following him. That was the first day.

memo on R.J.

Pity poor Mr. Wagner - he spent



But every cloud has a silver lining. Bob picked up his date, young singer Anna Maria Alberghetti and drowned his sorrows in a sundae for two.

Then, determined to prove that he's still a sportsman, he took Anna Maria to Kerr's sports shop and gave her lessons in the fine art of shooting.



The secand day the weather went bad—and so did Bob. He hooked, sliced, missed and dunked his galf balls in the ocean. His special caddie, Stymie, was horrified.





The fans remained loyal. Having added up his scare and found it ta be one of the worst of his career, Bab cheerfully turned to signing autagraphs for them.

the most miserable week end of his entire life playing his favorite game!



Furthermare, never being ane to hold a grudge, he led her to the golfing department and showed her haw ta hald an iron. She learned fast, he reported.

Finally, feeling completely his ald self, he taok Anna home in his sports car, pramised her further lessons as saan as he's through doing publicity for *White Feather*.





"DON'T CALL ME A DUMB BLONDE"

The most important things Marilyn's got, it took a brain to get. And from now on, she's not letting anyone forget it!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ When director John Huston gave Marilyn Monroe the role of a dumb, delicious blonde in *The Asphalt Jungle*, it was considered a classic example of type casting. At that time, five years ago, the film colony did not hold Marilyn's ability in high regard.

After starting at $75 a week, she had been dropped by Columbia, Gene Autry, 20th Century-Fox and several independents.

She was recognized as a close friend of famous agent Johnny Hyde, but her acting talent was judged to be minuscular. Her vaunted anatomical measurements were considered no better nor worse than those of a hundred other aspirants to the screen.

Today, all that has been changed. Marilyn Monroe is considered a credit by Hollywood. She is regarded as one of the most dynamic box office attractions the movie industry has ever known.

She is being labeled, "a thinker . . . a shrewd one . . . a doll who's dumb like a fox . . . a talented artist . . . one girl who's handled herself well in the Hollywood jungle" and "probably the most valuable property in the movie game today."

Talk of Marilyn, however, is not one-sided. There is a small shrewd group that insists that the curvaceous blonde "is mixed up . . . is suffering from delusions of grandeur . . . will never make any man a happy wife . . . has been following poor advice . . . has more luck than talent" and "should never have gotten into any contract beef with her studio."

Regardless of how you personally feel about Marilyn, the indisputable fact is that she has developed from a nonentity into the most widely-discussed actress in America—and one of the most admired. The reason is that Marilyn (*Continued on page* 88)



Surrounded by literature and art, Marilyn claims she hasn't changed. "There have always been things going on in my head that no one knows about!"

so little time

Being a movie star is great. Ask Bob Francis: he'll tell you. But it involves a few little sacrifices. Like his home life, his sleep—and his girl.

BY JIM NEWTON

■ Once upon a time, when there *was* such a thing in his life, Bob Francis would wake at odd hours, mostly late ones, idly contemplate the sky through his window and dally with the pleasing problem of how his day should be spent.

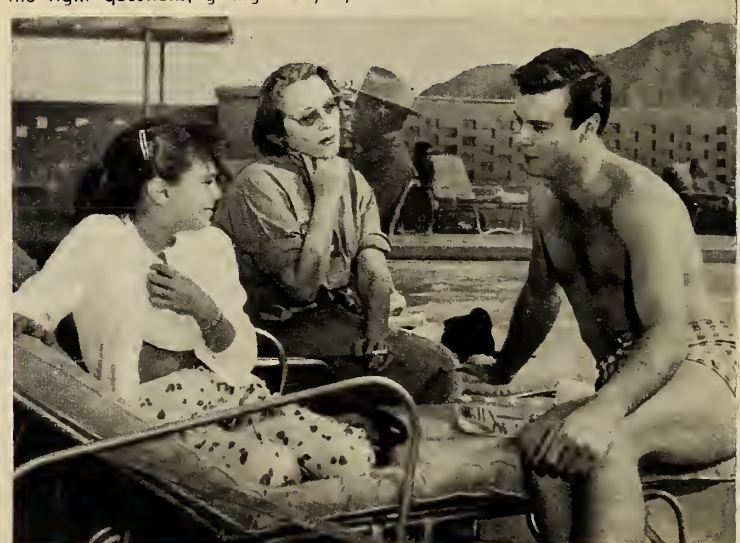
Currently, he scorches out of his bunk soon after five A.M., stumbles into and out of the shower, yanks on his clothes and falls into the driver's seat of his secondhand Cadillac. All this is accomplished with the aid of one eye, as the other one stays stubbornly closed trying to grab an extra few moments of precious sleep. There is no time these days to contemplate the sky; in fact there is no time even to glance out the window, and often Bob has burst out the front door to find to his astonishment that he is being belted with buckets of California dew.

There is no longer any opportunity to sketch his days at will; they come tumbling at him, spilling over with things to do, with a regularity that keeps him spinning. Because Bob Francis is on the treadmill that comes to every actor who finds success in Hollywood. For the average actors, those who have worked their way up via the accepted routine of drama school, Little Theatre, radio and television, it is bewildering enough. But Bob landed the plum role of Willie Keith in *The Caine Mutiny* without so much background as a school play. There had been five years of dramatics lessons, true, but dramatics lessons *per se* don't prepare anyone for the deluge of extracurricular duties of being a Hollywood star.

Along with acting in that first picture, in which he was a novice (*Continued on page* 62)



Even a trip to The Racquet Club for golf means posing with fellow stars like Charlie Farrell for fans and fellow golfers, remembering names, asking the right questions, giving the proper answers. And less time for golf!



Every time he climbs out of a pool, there's someone waiting for him. Still, Bob prefers to relax in some athletic activity, hopes (when he has enough money) to reopen the ski shop he and his brother used to run.

Once his greatest love, sports are second to acting now.







THE THINGS THAT COUNT



There comes a time when a man must pause to take stock of himself and his life. For Burt Lancaster, at the height of success, the time is now.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

A little after dawn in Los Angeles a new Ford Thunderbird raced through the grey mist, along Sunset Boulevard toward the UCLA campus in Westwood. There was no one else about as the black, sleek car turned off the boulevard, came to a stop alongside the college's athletic field, and a very un-sleek looking man got out.

He had a fine enough face for a fellow who drives a sports car—but not the clothes for it. He wore an old and shapeless sweatshirt, a pair of slacks to match, and gym sneakers which were clearly overage. Gazing around at the deserted field, he shivered. "Only a nut, Burt Lancaster," he said to himself, "only a muscle maniac would get up at this lonely hour three times a week to do mile runs!"

Yet he headed for the cinder-surfaced track and when he reached it started jogging. With the first sluggish steps he became conscious of vague aches and knew that they echoed back to old circus day falls. Each fleeting pain told its own story, it seemed to him, but together they also seemed to be asking a question—why did he do it?

When he had been in the Army he had *had* to beat the sun out of bed and chase his sergeant around the country side. That's what they were paying you the $30 a month for, they kept telling you. But now—why? Wasn't he what is called a Hollywood success? Aren't you a partner in your own company? he asked himself. Don't you star in your own pictures, even direct yourself in them? Then, why? Come on, Burt, if you don't know, let's get back home where all the rest (*Continued on page* 90)

Burt with daughter Joanna, fourth of the Lancasters' five children.



WHAT'S COOKING, DEBBIE?

■ "Hi, there, Debbie! What cooks?"

It was the Reynolds' neighbor-to-the-north hailing Half-pint as she bounced her Pontiac coupe into the driveway that separates their two homes.

"Hi, Mr. Davies," Debbie greeted him absent-mindedly. "Did I just run over your hose? Please excuse me if I did."

"That's okay," Mr. Davies said, good-naturedly shifting his sprinkler to another part of the lawn. "Now, tell me again. When are you and your young fellow getting married?"

"We don't know exactly," Debbie answered politely. "Probably sometime in June."

Later that evening a columnist called Deb to check on a hundred rumors circulating about her and Eddie. "Is it true you and Fisher plan on getting married up at Grossinger's? . . . If not Grossinger's, I hear it will be at Eddie Cantor's . . . Say, would there be a chance of your getting married in Miami?"

Debbie sighed. "Honestly, as soon as we set the date, you'll be the first to know."

At noon the next day the little bundle of energy bounced into the Metro commissary for a luncheon interview.

"What's the angle this time?" she asked.

Publicist Jim Mahoney grinned. "Something new—your marriage plans."

Debbie clutched her stomach, feigning great pain. "Oh, no," she groaned. "Not that!" Then she said, "Honestly, I don't have the answers to any of the questions everyone wants to know—whether it will be a large wedding or a small wedding and where we're going to live and where we're going to honeymoon. I don't know any of that."

All Debbie knows these days is that she's completely in love. Totally oblivious of the world, her mind seems to be thousands of miles away or wherever Eddie Fisher happens to be. She hears only half the questions put to her. Ask her the day of the week and she (*Continued on page* 58)



"Eddie and I can feel so alone in a crowd," Debbie says, adding, "We have to." Their cross-country trips to see each other have been highly publicized and far from private.

Ask Miss Reynolds when she's getting married and she tells you, wide-eyed, "I don't know." But ask her what she plans to feed her husband and she'll supply you with the recipes!

BY MARVA PETERSON



Having discharged her manager, Audrey has put her career entirely into the hands of her actor-writer-director husband Mel Ferrer.

Will Hollywood ever see Audrey Hepburn again?

by Ellen Johnson

Here at last is a completely up-to-date report on Audrey Hepburn—and the answers to the questions Hollywood has been asking ever since her sudden—and much disapproved—marriage to Mel Ferrer—*plus* four pages of never-before-published pictures of Audrey, including the amazing photographs that got her first screen test for *Roman Holiday!*



Just before attaining stardom Audrey was a sparkling young girl (above). But friends like former dance teacher Soni Gaskell (below) found her a sophisticated young lady upon her return to Holland with Mel.



When Audrey Hepburn married Mel Ferrer, it was rumored all over Europe that she would become inaccessible.

"Ferrer is over-protective," one observer noted. "It's impossible to get to Audrey alone. Marriage and success will make her more remote."

On their Italian honeymoon, Audrey and Mel did try to give the press the slip. "After all," Audrey later explained, "a honeymoon is a private matter." But once the honeymoon was finished, and Audrey took off for Holland and England, she was surprisingly available and down to earth.

In Amsterdam with her husband for the première of *Sabrina,* she insisted upon spending all her time raising money for the Dutch War Victims Fund.

In the department store where eight years ago she had worked as a $12-a-week salesgirl, Audrey put on a fashion show, modeling Givenchy outfits. She packed the house.

In the afternoons she visited Miss Soni Gaskell, the Dutch teacher who first taught her ballet. She called upon Jan Prins, a war hero she had known as a little girl in the town of Arnhem. She posed for hundreds of pictures, talked with dozens of young actresses and ballerinas. At the end of five days Audrey had raised 20,000 Guilders for the fund to construct a home for the war wounded. In The Hague she was awarded a gold medal for her charity work. And her countrymen, filled with pride at her behavior, told anyone who would listen that "Audrey Hepburn is the sweetest, kindest, most wonderful actress. And her husband is a fine man, too."

When the Ferrers reached London where Audrey, six years ago, got her first theatrical job, newsmen were much more forward than they had been in Amsterdam.

Paramount staged a press conference for their star in the Dorchester Hotel. Audrey was bombarded with the most personal questions. Was it true that she was expecting a baby? "Not yet," she answered. "But we want one badly." (Ferrer has four children by previous marriages.)

"If and when a baby comes," Audrey continued, "it will be the greatest thing in my life, greater even than my success. Every woman knows what a baby means."

How about her marriage to Ferrer?

Big-eyed Audrey smiled. "Three months have gone by and I have no regrets. What more can a girl ask?"

Did Audrey and Mel plan to work (*Continued on page* 79)

More pictures on next page

AUDREY HEPBURN
continued



She posed as a gamin . . .



for a rare cheesecake shot . . .

Paramount Pictures signed Audrey on the strength of these remarkable photographs, taken in Europe when she was still a bit player. They have never before been shown to the public.



in an elfin mood . . .



as the wistful sprite . . .

and with dancer Marcel Lebon, an early romance.



■ Audrey posed for these photos at the request of Irish photographer Ed Quinn, who saw her in a crowd, asked her to pose for him. Audrey obligingly changed costumes several times, drove from location to location. At the time, she was working in *Monte Carlo Baby*, which proved to be the turning point in her career. It was then that she was spotted not only by Paramount, through these pictures, but by author Colette for *Gigi*.



so nice to come home to

(*Continued from page 36*) about Hollywood couples often keep going until they get back to the persons they are about; Ann is always pleased pink to hear about herself and her Dr. Jim, but she always corrects the impression that her marital happiness has come to her exactly as she planned it.

"Plans imply a carefully drawn picture of the future in which there is an unwillingness to have the picture changed," she says. "It's almost like asking for trouble to be so scrupulously demanding. I didn't have plans—I dared to have hopes. And they have materialized and it is most wonderful!"

HOW WONDERFUL is wonderful? Well, in Ann's case it has dispelled all doubts in her mind as to her place in the world; first and foremost she is a wife and mother. Then she is an actress. "If Jim were to ask me to stay home and be just a wife I wouldn't hesitate a second about it," she has said. "The greatest part of my life is in my home. But the marvel is, of course, that he would never ask. He has said, 'It would be just as ridiculous for me to ask that as for you to ask that I give up my profession!'"

Incidentally, not only are Ann and Jim reluctant to interfere with each other in such matters, they have already agreed that their little Timothy is going to make his own decisions about *his* life work. One night, talking to Jim, Ann happened to remark how nice it would be if Timmy decided to become a doctor like his father. "But of course I'm not saying he should!" she explained hurriedly. "I mean, maybe he'll be a doctor if he wants to be. It's farthest from my mind that he should be this or be that because we want it that way."

"Right!" said Jim. He smiled at his wife. "What do we really want him to be, before anything else?"

"Happy!" replied Ann.

THEY BOTH THINK Timmy has a good beginning towards such a future, because he is already showing what Ann terms a "strong streak of normalcy." She saw first evidence of this last July 4 when he was baptized, she reports. "I guess it's almost a tradition that a baby will cry at such a time," she says. "Timmy, who was three weeks old that day, cried all through the ceremony at St. Charles, but just when the moment of the final blessing came—he fell fast asleep."

Since her marriage Ann has met a number of doctors' wives and has acquired their attitudes toward social affairs. They don't plan ahead very much and when they do they give everyone lots of notice. At one party, to which twelve physicians and their wives were invited, only two of the men were unable to attend because of emergency calls, Ann recalled. "The important thing to me was that Dr. James V. McNulty was present," she said. "We lucky girls all felt sorry for the two wives left alone, but we also enjoyed ourselves, because in this business you have to take your gains with your losses!"

Ann thought they'd never get to the last such affair she and Jim were invited to. He not only came home late from the hospital, but he had been up for a day and a half without sleep. She had already thought of phoning their hostess to make their excuses, but, as she puts it, "You can never depend on Jim's tiredness. He has amazing recuperative power, something he developed in his interne days, perhaps, when he was always on call. A shower and, at the most, a half-hour snooze, and he is ready to start out all over again." Many doctors have this facility.

Of course this doesn't make for a systematic life, and a lot of Ann's friends, remembering how orderly she always was about her life, have wondered how well she would do, married to a doctor whose patients, by medical protocol, outrank his wife in claims on his time.

There are nights when she starts out with a husband in the home and finishes up alone with a book, because he has been called away. Last Thanksgiving they dined at the home of Ann's Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat, and no sooner was the meal over than Jim had to answer an emergency summons to the hospital. He barely had time to drive her and the baby home. There have been dinners which Ann has cooked herself and had ready to serve by seven, which he eventually got home to eat about midnight. Yes, Ann was disappointed, but she wouldn't change things for the world.

"He does come home," she says—and says with fond recall. "Once it was nearly two days, but he came home. And when he does, when he and little Timmy and I are together again, all the waiting is like nothing and our happiness is complete."

Jim has a sister and three brothers, including Dennis Day. All are married and they have eighteen children among them. Since family gatherings come often, and Ann loves them, she never has to fear being alone for too long. Sometimes, in her status as the newest of the wives, she gets teased about missing Jim when he is away. "With so many husbands and wives in the family, who's to notice if one or two aren't around?" somebody will ask. And everybody will laugh twice as hard because Ann, who has a fine sense of humor ordinarily, can never quite accept this gag as funny.

But it was Ann, not Jim, who was first to be absent from home because of work. Right after their honeymoon she had to leave for the Sierras on a ten-day location trip. "It was the longest ten days of my life," she sighed.

One great change has softened the impact of career interference in the lives of the James McNultys. Though the doctor may be called away on sudden notice, there remains with Ann their young Timothy Patrick McNulty, who is the image of his father. Lest anyone get the wrong impression about how a doctor's baby is brought up, let it be said here that Timmy is being brought up according to old fashioned precepts of love and attention rather than by scientific regimen. The other day when he tried to sit up, and instead fell to one side and bumped himself, it was his mother who handled the emergency, with special soothing treatment, while the doctor just sat by and watched like any other father. But of course that's the way Doctor Jim wants it to be, too.

Ann had expected that she might get some technical counsel from Jim about raising little Timmy, but it seems that Jim doesn't want a scientifically raised son; he apparently wants one who just grows, and whom he can bounce around and enjoy as is. Ann has bought most of the books on infant care and child psychology, but now she merely refers to them to learn what might be expected of Timothy as he grows, rather than as a guide on how to raise him.

JIM'S CONTRIBUTION to all this, when he comes home, consists mostly of swinging Timothy high in the air and holding him there to his great glee. Ann always tries to be around at these moments, because she is certain only her presence prevents Jim from throwing the baby in the air instead of just lifting him.

"He's simply a father around Timmy, not a doctor." Ann says. "When he gets in of an evening and I report something like, say, Timothy's refusal to take his bottle, and want to know why he won't take it, Jim will just say something like, 'Well, he doesn't want it!' And here I've been waiting all day for the expert to handle the crisis! Of course he's right—and it proves to be as simple as that. Timmy just didn't want his bottle that meal. Next meal he gobbles it all down."

Not long ago Timmy was vaccinated and had a fretful time afterward with his sore arm. Ann took sole charge of the case and Jim was content to get his reports on Timmy secondhand from her. Soon afterward, Ann, too, was getting her reports about Timmy secondhand; she started work at the studio.

By exerting strong control over herself she didn't phone home to talk to the nurse in charge of Timmy as often as she wanted to—she kept it down to three times a day! Then each evening she would get reports —very complete reports, too. According to some people who heard them, these were more like complete reenactments of Timmy's activities from morning to night, while Ann kept murmuring, "Oh! I missed him so all day!"

In one way Jim did combine physician's role with husband's as far as Ann was concerned. There isn't a person who has worked with Ann who hasn't marveled at the way she has snapped back to her old measurements. "It's almost impossible to believe that she is a mother," declared Helen Rose, studio designer, a few weeks ago. "She still has the smallest waist of any star in the studio!"

This didn't happen by itself, of course. Ann has worked at it. She planned to do it all along but several days after Timothy's birth when Ann was lying in bed and merely contemplating exercising as a vague project for the future, Jim showed up and made things a little more immediate than that.

"Pretty soon now," he began, stressing *now*, "you'll be able to do some exercises that I think you'll enjoy doing, and they will be so good for you."



PANIC IN THE ELEVATOR

A blond, attractive young man entered the elevator of the Hotel Navarro on 59th Street with me. Halfway up to our floors, the elevator jammed, and the elevator girl became a bit panicky. The man smiled and said he would be the envy of all his friends, being trapped with two such charming women. In a few moments the elevator started, and Mr. Jean Pierre Aumont bowed and said, "It was a pleasure."

Miss M. A. Lanoff
New York, New York

"His words were all I needed," Ann says. "I started right then."

Her only reason for thinking there was no need to hurry was that she knew herself to be a very slim person and that mere weight reduction never would be a problem, because eating wasn't. But what she gathered from Jim's words was that to a young mother not only weight control, but muscle recovery, was important. For that reason exercises should be kept up always.

Ann's best time for exercises was early in the morning. It didn't take so much time when she got up because she was already dressed for it, so to speak. If she didn't do it then, she discovered that she found less and less time to do it as the day progressed, and by night she was too tired to do it at all.

NATURALLY, TIMMY contributes mightily to the emotional well-being of his parents, since their concern for each other is matched only by their love for him. Each step in his development is something they must report to someone, and they have long since learned that while friends will listen with apparent interest, this interest is sometimes just a form of politeness. Their best audiences are each other. Nevertheless, even a comparative stranger can drag out just a few small facts about Timothy from Ann or Jim if he tries—or even half tries.

For instance, one day Ann arrived for an appointment at MGM in Culver City looking particularly radiant. It turned out that for the first time in his life Timothy had slept the whole night through without waking for a pre-dawn feeding. "Don't you think that's quite an accomplishment?" she told, rather than asked, everyone within earshot.

And that wasn't all. There was the day Timothy revealed he had mastered the art of grasping things with his hand and manipulating them with some sort of control. Taking a firm grip on a doll (obviously not a favorite), he banged it on the side of his crib until it broke, then shifted his hold to the part of the toy which rattled—and rattled it.

Events like these are red letter ones in the lives of young parents. Everyone around the studio agrees that one of Ann's best dramatic scenes was her story, with gestures, of the first time Timmy sat up alone. "He teetered and caught himself," she said, and teetered herself to illustrate. "Then he tottered and caught himself," she went on, acting it out. "Then, when he finally realized that no one was supporting him and he was sitting up all alone in bed you should have seen the look of stunned realization that came into his eyes!"

At this point in her recital Ann, living her part, had acquired that stunned look of realization herself. But she didn't forget to add that her first move after this was to check Timothy's feat with her infants' development chart. She was delighted, she says, to find out that Timothy was two days ahead of normal development in his sitting up.

OF COURSE ANN doesn't always talk about Timmy. One bright December morning at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios she was heard talking about the *next* baby she hopes to have!

"He'll get the same care that Timmy is getting, but it will be more relaxed care," she said. "After all, I've had to do my learning with Timmy, and now that I am more sure of myself it will be easier with the next one."

She thought for a moment and then added, "And with the little ones who come after that, too!"

Thus spoke Ann McNulty. **END**

Pretty is as pretty does, but it didn't do right by Marla!



ALL ALONE BY THE TELEPHONE

■ Sheer beauty can have its drawbacks.

Marla English has been beautiful since she was a baby. She was modeling bathing suits and winning beauty contests when she was four years old. Yet again and again her beauty has brought her heartaches.

There was the time, when she was eight, that she was looking forward to the birthday party to be given for a school friend. Her mother made her a new dress for the occasion. The party drew nearer and nearer and still no invitation. The party day came and while the guests made merry across town, Marla lay on her bed, sobbing. Both little girls had been interviewed to model some swim suits. Marla had been chosen.

There weren't many parties during her seventh and eighth grade days so they had increased importance. The one Marla can't forget was one for which the boys of the class were to invite their favorite girls. Again Marla was not invited.

"I'm nineteen and I understand now," she said. "I guess they thought I might decline. And I was just dying to be asked."

It was the same story in high school. Marla had friends, but she might have had many more if some of the other girls hadn't resented her beauty and her winning beauty contest after beauty contest.

"Actually, I began to develop an inferiority complex," she said, "and I think it was the force which drove me into contests of all kinds and all the fashion modeling I could get. In this I could compete successfully and without loneliness or heartache."

Being brought to Hollywood probably was the best thing that could have happened to her. She still stands out as an exceptionally beautiful girl but there's plenty of competition and she shares the spotlight with scores of others.

Now, of course, she has more invitations than she can possibly accept. In fact, she turns them all down with the exception of those from Larry "Bud" Pennell, a fellow contractee at Paramount. Pennell is a quiet, big, ruggedly handsome young fellow who turned down three major league pitching offers to accept the opportunity to become an actor.

Bud's dates with Marla are usually baseball games, tennis, water skiing and such sports.

Marla has no more lonely waits by the telephone.

Debbie's surprise recipes for Eddie



GUACAMOLE

2 ripe avocados
1 small onion, minced
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 medium ripe tomato, peeled and chopped fine
1 tablespoon green chili peppers, chopped fine
1 teaspoon each olive oil, vinegar
Salt, pepper
* Tostaditos

Peel and halve avocados. Remove seeds and mash avocados with a fork. Add lemon juice to keep avocado from turning dark. Add onion, tomato, peppers. Add olive oil, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Beat this mix and keep it in the refrigerator until the guests arrive. Serve in a bowl, placed on a large plate or tray. Arrange *tostaditos* around the plate outside the bowl. Guests may dip *tostaditos* into the *guacamole*.

* If you can't get *tostaditos,* use Melba toast.

ALBONDIGA SOUP

½ pound finely ground round steak (twice ground)
¼ cup fine dry commercial bread crumbs
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of black pepper
¼ teaspoon dried poultry seasoning
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 medium onion, finely diced

Mix all ingredients in order given. Shape into 1-inch balls and drop into boiling soup and let simmer 10 minutes. Any canned vegetable soup may be used, but Debbie loves this vegetable-tomato base:

2½ cups tomatoes (No. 2 can)
¼ cup minced onion
1/3 cup chopped celery and leaves
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 carrots, thinly sliced
2 cups water
2 beef bouillon cubes
½ teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Salt
Chopped parsley

Simmer tomatoes, onion and celery in skillet for about 15 minutes. Strain. Transfer to large pot. Thicken with softened butter and flour stirred together. Add water, bouillon cubes, sugar, paprika and salt. Add sliced carrots. Add balls of chopped meat at this point and simmer 10 minutes or until meat is done. Garnish with chopped parsley. Makes 3 or 4 servings.

FRIJOLES

1 lb. pink beans
**1* chorizo *sausage*
2 tablespoons chili powder
**½ pound grated tillamook cheese*
Salt and pepper

Wash 1 pound of pink beans. Cook in boiling water until soft enough for a fork to go through them. Add water as needed during the cooking. Drain and mash. While the beans cook, take a large skillet and fry *chorizo* sausage with chili powder, salt and pepper. When the sausage is brown, add the mashed beans and fry until the beans take on the flavor of sausage. To serve, place the beans in a baking dish and sprinkle grated tillamook on top.

* If you can't get *chorizo* sausage, use any highly seasoned sausage; instead of tillamook you may use grated cheddar; instead of pink beans you may use pinto beans or western red kidney beans.

what's cooking debbie?

(*Continued from page 51*) obliges with the time. Ask her to name her latest picture (*Hit The Deck*) and she's not too sure she's made a movie recently.

The only subject she seems to be clear on is food. She is one bride-to-be who knows exactly how she's going to feed her man. See her recipes at the left.

"This much is for sure about our marriage," she vows. "I won't have any trouble in the kitchen department."

And then for a mouth-watering hour and a half she talks food, menus, parties and special family recipes. Debbie even has a mental picture of special kinds of crazy snacks she's going to keep on her pantry shelves for between meals.

If Eddie Fisher wants a forecast of how and what he'll be eating during that all-important first year, he needs only to read this article.

Although Debbie is reconciled to hiring a maid to do the bulk of the housework, she expects to show the way to any cook. She is convinced that she will be fixing all the favorite dishes, "especially *frijoles*—the way my grandmother taught me."

"Eddie," she says, 'is really easy to cook for because our tastes are so similar. We both like plain, country-style cooking. And we're both mad for beans. And when it comes to steak, I take mine medium and Eddie likes his cooked about three minutes longer."

By country-style food, Debbie says she means all the typical American dishes her mother has always prepared. Debbie's folks never were well off so there never was any fancy cooking with wine and rich sauces. As a result, Debbie today has no taste for the continental cuisine. No gourmet, Miss Half-pint prefers a wholesome, balanced meal of meat and two vegetables. Eddie agrees.

The Sunday special of roast chicken, peas and mashed potatoes is a Deb favorite. Also a beef stew "that's simply loaded with whole onions, carrots and potatoes and cooked together in a thick, gravy sauce." Casserole dishes appeal to Debbie and she's doubly fond of baked beans and wieners.

EDDIE'S FAVORITE home-cooked meal is also based on beans. He'll take lima bean soup followed by a plate of ham hocks and lima beans served with hot corn bread.

This bean addiction can be traced easily to their childhoods. They were both children of the depression, a time when money (and, consequently, food) was scarce. His mother had learned very early in the lean years in Philadelphia that lima beans cooked in a dozen different ways helped fill hungry stomachs. Ordinarily, one might expect a different reaction to set in. You'd understand if, upon reaching maturity and success, Eddie would have refused lima beans for the rest of his life. He doesn't. He relishes them—any way you cook them.

Debbie's folks rode out the depression in El Paso, Texas. Her father worked on the railroad. When he was laid off, the family learned that there was a lot of nutritious value in beans. El Paso is on the Mexican border, so every few days Deb's mother would load up on the inexpensive pinto or pink Mexican beans. Her neighbors taught her how to cook them Mexican style, and that's the way Debbie prefers them now.

"My parents tell me," Deb says, "that brother Bill and I were literally weaned on beans and milk when we lived in Texas."

One day last summer Debbie took Eddie to the famous (*Continued on page 60*)

LOVABLE



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(*Continued from page 58*) Farmers' Market in Los Angeles and introduced him to *frijoles, tortillas* and *enchiladas*. After it was all over, Eddie admitted that "the chili made my eyes water—it was so hot—but the fried beans reminded me of Philadelphia."

One of Debbie's sweetest and most appealing qualities is the considerate manner in which she watches over those she loves. Once she became engaged to Eddie Fisher, she familiarized herself thoroughly with his habits. "I've tried to figure out," she says, "what our day-to-day eating schedule will be like. And that, let me tell you, isn't easy."

Some wives make the mistake of setting up the housekeeping regimen as if marriage were a potential battle field, the wives in one camp and the husbands in another. This is not Debbie's way.

Aware of Eddie's ways, she is determined to keep him pleased and satisfied. Debbie herself does not eat breakfast. She doesn't like food in the morning and usually drinks only a glass of orange juice before going to the studio. Eddie on the other hand, likes a big breakfast. "Coffee comes first, then juice, bacon, eggs, sometimes flapjacks, then more coffee, followed by coffee.

"It may mean that I'll have to get up real early," Deb conjectures. "I may have to start cooking at five-thirty. But Eddie's going to have his breakfast prepared before I go to work."

For lunch each of them usually orders a thick, hot soup. Although it isn't hot, borscht is one of Eddie's favorites. Debbie likes it, too, more for the color than the taste. Soup is followed by a hamburger, salad and milk. Deb drinks quantities of milk, but Eddie is completely gone on Coca-Cola. Breakfast is the only meal not punctuated by this soft drink.

Fisher, needless to say, does not suffer from obesity.

"Any time I can put an extra pound on him," Deb crows, "I consider it a genuine victory."

Debbie is also a between-meals nibbler: corn kernels, dill pickles, peanut butter, marshmallow fudge and a kind of glorified oatmeal cooky she bakes for herself. "You start with the recipe for a plain oatmeal cooky, then you add chopped dates, nuts and shredded coconut. Eddie says they're sensational."

Compared to his size-eight fiancée, Eddie is a second-rate nibbler—cokes and red-shelled pistachio nuts.

Along with Deb's assortment of snacks, the Fishers' pantry is certain to be stocked with traditional Jewish delicacies: salami, pastrami, knockwurst, halvah and bagels. Debbie expects to make good use of these on the maid's night out or when Eddie brings some of the old gang home.

Deb is also studying frozen food and prepared mixes. "So far," she says, "we've tried chicken pot pies and corn bread mix. Both very good."

A culinary trick the little actress has discovered in connection with mixes is that they're improved by adding more butter than is called for. Not knowing too much about short-cut prepared mixes, Eddie swears that, "Debbie's corn bread is almost as good as my mother's."

DEBBIE HAS ALREADY earned the reputation of indefatigable hostess. During the summer, her backyard pool and barbecue are the focal points for Saturday night cook-outs. Friends start coming for a swim at two. At six her dad gets the bed of charcoal red hot. Then Deb calls on her Girl Scout training and goes to work. She barbecues hamburgers, shrimp, chicken, hot dogs, practically anything.

Once a year, Deb gives what she terms a goofy party. She knocks herself out on these fantastic affairs. She starts with a theme: Gay Nineties, Halloween, Desert Sheik. For her last "goofy" affair she sent out forty invitations asking people to come in jungle outfits. She borrowed stuffed apes, leopards, snakes and other such props from the RKO prop department. She spotted these around her house and bathed the rooms in an eerie, haunting, green light. The front door was rigged so that as soon as a guest stepped inside, the lights went out and a gun went off. After the guests recovered from heart failure, Deb served a buffet dinner of Mexican dishes.

"I don't think," Deb says, "that Eddie and I will give any 'goofy' parties right away. First comes the house-warming. I think that one should be a nice, dress-up party. I'll serve a buffet of Mexican food. The menu will probably consist of *guacamole* with crisp *tostaditos* to dip into the avocado mix, a tureen of *albóndiga* soup (meat balls in broth), beef or chicken *tacos* served with chili and tomato sauce, and probably a light dessert—a Jello ring filled with fresh fruit."

"Suppose," she was asked, "Eddie gets to the point where he doesn't like Mexican food. What will you do?"

Mary Frances sat back and cocked her head to one side. "I'll change," she said. "After all, any wife must be adaptable. That's the key to success." **END**

DON'T LOOK, SON— I'M DYING!

Herewith an abbreviated history of the hectic career of Gloria Grahame.



Portrait of a girl with no sex appeal.

■ "I guess I'm not colorful," said Gloria Grahame, trying to explain why nobody writes about her. "Maybe I don't have enough sex appeal?"

This Los Angeles girl is usually seen—but not recognized—with a kerchief tied around her head. In spite of her informality, her green eyes, moist lips and honey-colored hair tell you that it's not a want of sex appeal that keeps headlines away.

The truth is that Gloria doesn't believe in exploiting her charms. She believes in hard work. At twenty-eight, she has starred in over twenty films, won an Oscar (best supporting actress in *The Bad And The Beautiful*) and Hollywood's respect.

Her mother, Jean Grahame, a successful English actress, once told her, "There are no shortcuts to a good performance. Never forget that."

Gloria never has. Ever since she left Hollywood High in 1942 to take an understudy job on stage, she has worked hard at acting. At other things, too. Her first two marriages —to Stanley Clements and Nick Ray —failed, but it wasn't for want of trying on Gloria's part. Now, since her third marriage to Cy Howard in August, 1954, she hopes that she has found the way to combine career and home life at last. Gloria's career is in its highest gear. After finishing *The Good Die Young* in England she went into *Not As A Stranger*, then began singing and dancing lessons for her role in *Oklahoma!*

But Gloria seldom manages to be on screen at the end of a movie.

"Honestly," she exclaims, "I've been killed in so many movies that I'm afraid to let my son Timmie see me on film!"

That's one reason why Gloria is looking for a comedy part. But she doesn't have to worry about Timmie's seeing her in the papers. "What counts," she says, "is performance, not publicity." And she means it.

in color, don't think that the shades you see have any relationship to anything's real color. Everyone's hair, for instance, looks about five shades darker . . . We will bet our bottom dollar that none of **Liberace's** highly publicized romances comes to anything . . . Although everyone loves her for the person and show woman she is, **Ethel Merman** can demand as much service as anyone. La Merman insists on good billing, extra-special costumes, perfect lighting—and so on. The only time she ever even shared billing with another person was the time she sang with **Mary Martin.** And that, of course, was a very special case . . . Mary, by the way, has never been so happy over any performance of hers as she was over her appearance on *Person To Person.* Both she and her husband—who runs her career—thought she looked good and came over even better. She did, too. But she's not about to do a lot of television work. She and Dick don't care as much about the money (after all, they have money) as they do about what's good for Mary's career. Right now what she needs is a good long rest. She is exhausted after flying around as Peter Pan for months . . . You've never seen a more beautiful expectant mother than **Eva Marie Saint.** Now she really has everything she wants—a thriving acting career, a husband she loves, and impending motherhood. She is just beaming . . . I bet very few people remember a half-hour dramatic show on television starring **Marlon Brando.** There was such a thing, several years ago. And the reasons Brando did that show are a key both to producers who want him and to Brando's personality. (Read what Rocky Graziano says about this on the next page.) He agreed to act on the program because he admired the writers of the show as people and as writers, and because he got a chance to box on it. He was very proud of his fistic skill, and delighted with the idea of doing a prize-fight scene for real. His opponent was a young, and good, professional boxer; and, much to his surprise, Brando was a tough opponent! If the pro had really tried, of course, he could have knocked Brando out (and ruined the teleplay along with Brando). But the fight was as real as anything seen on live TV since. Brando got extra fun out of doing it because the pro, who had been fighting a real bout the night before the telecast, told him that he had given him his bruises. Not true, but music to Brando's ears . . . Everything you hear about **Eve Arden's** being a wonderful mother is true. Even though she and **Brooks West** have a baby of their own now, their three adopted children feel just as secure as they ever did—even more so. Eve and Brooks have been so diplomatic about the new baby that the three oldest children even feel a little sorry for him because he isn't adopted too! . . . After all these years in the San Fernando Valley **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz** have bought another house, this one nearer their work. Up until now, they had driven back and forth every day—a trip that takes about an hour each way—or, sometimes, rented an apartment near the studio to use on extra-hectic days. One reason they finally decided to move was the fact that they did not have to pay for all of the new place. How come? Because, instead of receiving money for some of their endorsements, they took the products. So, if you see a picture of Lucy advertising a certain brand of kitchen sink, you can believe her when she says that she has one just like it in her brand new kitchen! And likes it, too!



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BRANDO AND THE ROCK

In 1948 Graziano couldn't tell an actor—even Marlon—from a bum!

■ *Audiences marvel at Marlon Brando's fine portrayal of a hard-bitten, slightly punchy ex-fighter in* On The Waterfront. *He looks like a fighter, he talks like a fighter and he walks like a fighter. Tough, on his toes, ready to roll with the next punch. It's more than a performance; it's a raw chunk of life mirrored exactly. How does he do it?*

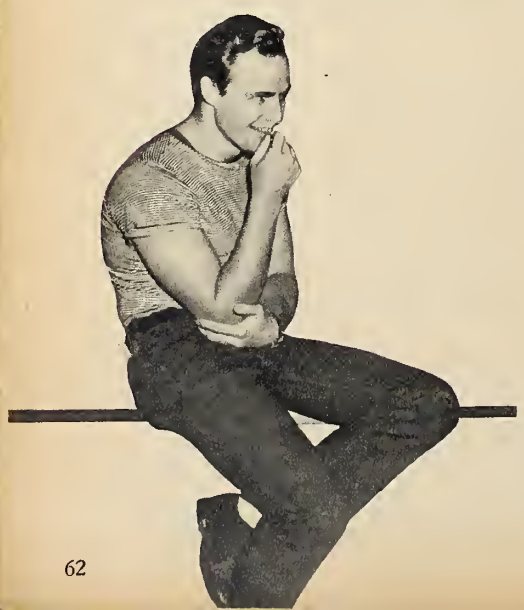
Rocky Graziano, the ex-middleweight champ, now on Martha Raye's show, tells a story about the brilliant young actor that may throw some light on this latest true-to-life portrayal of a pug.

"It was back in '48, I think, and I was training in Stillman's gym. Day after day, I keep seeing this young bum in blue jeans hanging around. I figure he is down and out and trying to make a buck being a fighter, so I get so I say hello to him every day. Finally, I asked him, 'When you going to fight, kid?'

"He tells me, 'I'm not a fighter, I'm an actor.' So I think for sure he's a bum, being an actor and dressing so crummy.

"A few days later, he tells me he's working in a Broadway play, something called *Streetcar Named Desire*, which don't sound like no play to me. But he asked me to bring my wife and come see it. 'Just come to the stage door and ask for Marlon and they'll let you in,' he says.

"I knew for certain he was nuts, but I tell my wife about it anyway, and she agrees that you gotta buy tickets to get inta a play like that. She says, 'What's your friend's name?' I tell her Marlo, or Brandon, or something like that. She says she knows I'm outa my head because Brando's the star and a big shot. 'Naw,' I said. 'he's only a broke guy trying to be a fighter.'



"Anyway, we go to the play and back at the stage door we asked for Marlon. Sure enough, the doorman comes back with a couple of good seats, right on the aisle. In a little while, the curtain goes up and I see this same guy up there on the stage. He's got on the same crummy clothes he wears down to the gym. But my wife says he's Marlon Brando, all right. And I say, 'Well, he's my friend.'

"After the show was over, Marlon rushes out and invites Norma and me backstage. He says for us to wait until he cleans up and we'll go out and eat a bite. Three minutes later, he comes back with his make-up washed off. But he's still got on the crummy shirt and the dirty jeans, and he puts on a crummier jacket. I was almost ashamed to go anywhere with the guy. He's worse than me about clothes. But at the place we ate, everyone seemed to like him and we had a good time.

"A few days later, he shows up at the gym again and asked me to come down to an acting school he's running. He says he wants me to meet some more actors. So we go down to a crummy old tenement on Ninth Avenue where everyone was sitting on the floor. Made me nervous, so I took a powder.

"Back at the gym, he doesn't say a thing about me running out on him at the acting school. In fact, a few days later, he stops me on the way to the showers and says, 'Rocky, I want you and your wife to watch me on television tonight. We're doing a show called *Come Out Fighting* and it's about fighters. I'd like to know what you think.'

"So that night, Norma and me tune in, and sure enough there is that guy, Brando. He's playing a fighter, all right. He's playing *me*. Every gesture, every word he says, even the way he fights—it's me. I can't believe it. It's like looking in the mirror. Then I get the point—all that time Brando was around the gym he was studying me. And he didn't miss a thing!"

so little time

(*Continued from page 46*) lined up with established talent such as Bogart, Ferrer and MacMurray, Bob had a few more things to learn. How to pose for still pictures. What not to say on an interview. How to meet countless people in jobs related to the industry and not forget their names. How to behave on the radio and television. How to remember everything that ever happened to him and hoard the anecdotes for distribution to the press. How to be polite to autograph hunters (even when they tore his clothes off).

No mistakes are allowed in these matters and there was no one to call on for help. Not the least of his problems was how to squeeze a week's work into one day.

The Caine Mutiny brought with it Bob's first trip inside a studio, but he didn't have much time to look around. He learned quickly but painfully. One day a studio publicist brought Bob face to face with his first editor. One of the most mannerly young men in all of Hollywood, Robert greeted the man politely, indulged in a brief conversation, and disappeared. The publicist cast a frantic eye over the set and finally spotted him, tucked away in a corner talking to Rosemary Bowe. Buttonholing him, she ladled out the necessary lecture.

"Son, listen to me. That man is an editor. E-D-I-T-O-R. When you meet an editor, you don't wander off. You stay with him for as long as he wants to stay with you. He is an important man. We want him to get to know you."

"Oh," mumbled Bob. "Sorry."

"His circulation," continued the publicist, "is one million, two hundred and one thousand copies per month."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bob.

In addition to burying such required information in his head, Bob accomplished his basic job—he delivered a polished performance in his first film. Then he was sent on a tour to publicize the picture. And another. And another. Then he made *They Rode West* and followed it with a tour. *The Long Gray Line* followed that, then *The Bamboo Prison* and still another tour. In less than a year, Bob made four movies and spent six months on the road—a phenomenal amount of activity for one single solitary human being.

But he learned. He found that a live audience didn't frighten him at all and he wondered why. Then he remembered that the Army had broken him in for it. Sent to Camp Roberts after his induction in 1950, Bob had the task of explaining the Army to all new men. "When you have to stand up in front of 2,000 guys who've been in the Army for four days and tell them *why* they're in the Army, you can handle any audience. You get so you're even prepared to dodge the tomatoes."

In public appearances he learned to turn tactless questions aside gracefully and even to get some interesting answers from the people he met. In a Hartford theatre a little girl approached him and expressed her gratitude for his being there. She said it was such a thrill for her because Hartford seldom saw celebrities. Bob smiled and thanked her, and carried the conversation according to Hoyle and Hollywood by asking what her father did for a living.

"Daddy?" said the youngster in an offhand fashion. "Oh, he's the Governor."

The son of solid, middle-class parents, Bob had never met anybody more important than his (*Continued on page 66*)

hollywood approved fashions for spring



Jane Powell looks as pretty as a spring blossom in *Prestige*—a slender linen dress that can also be worn either as a jumper or with the matching brief jacket, buttoned up the back. Soutache braid trims the dress and jacket. The dress has side-seam pockets. Periwinkle blue, navy, black or cork. Sizes 7 to 15. About $17.95. By Doris Dodson. Jane's Debtowners halter sling pumps are shown in detail on page 64. MGM's *Hit The Deck* is Jane's current film.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 68.

In this issue:
Jewelry by Capri
Nylon stockings by Bur-Mil Cameo

Photograph by John Engstead

MORE FASHIONS ON PAGE 64 →

ACCESSORIES IN THE

All photographs by John Engstead



Terry Moore in a Carole King ensemble. Embroidered linen sheath—black, red or navy on white. 7 to 15. About $14.95. Straight rayon linen coat with three-quarter sleeves, big collar—black, navy or red with contrasting lining. 9 to 15. About $17.95. Terry's bag shown at right.



Rolfs Calvette *leather bag. Cherry or Basque red, black, tan, coffee. $10.95*.*



Meeker's brown Steerhide *bag. Also in blue, red, black, smooth* Kip *calf. $18**.*



Meeker's brown hand-colored Steerhide *bag; adjustable shoulder strap. $24**.*



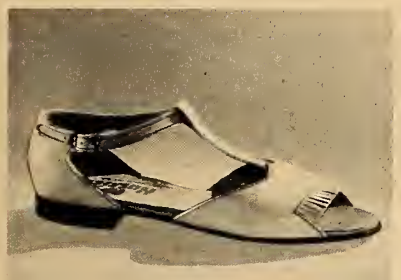
Debtowners *black patent leather halter sling pumps, ornament on vamp. $9.95.*

* *plus Federal tax*
** *including Federal tax*

SPOTLIGHT



hollywood approved fashions for spring



Eyelash sandal. Black, red, white, blue, white bark, pink kid; black suede. $4.99.



Beaded moccasin. Russet glow, red, blue, black, white, cream, pink, ginger. $3.99.



Espadrille slip-on. Panama, charcoal, red, black with contrasting sole. $5.99.



Daisy skimmers. Canyon sand, turquoise, black, red, white, pink, blue. $4.99.

Mitzi Gaynor was chosen Chairwoman of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board that voted on the award-winning Huskies shoe styles (shown left) by Hussco. Mitzi selected a pair of Huskies' hand-sewn, glove leather skimmers for her favorite sports outfit (Mitzi's own skirt topped with a classic Catalina cashmere sweater set). Rolfs handbag shown in detail on page 64. Other Board Members at the MODERN SCREEN Huskies fashion party were: Terry Moore, Jane Powell, Ann Miller, Richard Anderson and Roger Moore. Mitzi can be seen in Paramount's *Anything Goes;* Terry Moore in 20th's *Daddy Long Legs;* Ann Miller and Richard Anderson in MGM's *Hit The Deck*: Roger Moore in MGM's *Interrupted Melody.*

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 68







MODERN SCREEN *Board Members Jane Powell, Roger Moore, Richard Anderson and Ann Miller awarded the Huskies shoes by Hussco the* MODERN SCREEN *Hollywood Fashion Trophy.*

More fashions on page 67



FAIR EXCHANGE

Report on the marriage of Elizabeth Taylor and Michael "Legs" Wilding.

■ When Michael Wilding married Liz Taylor two years ago and came to Hollywood many movie fans thought, "What a gorgeous meal ticket!!"

What they and the movie colony didn't realize and still don't know is that Michael Wilding gave up a top-flight career to marry Liz.

At forty Mike was considered one of the two most popular motion picture stars in Great Britain. His earnings were sizable and his fan following tremendous. He was widely recognized as one of the most talented light comedians in the business. But then came Liz and love and marriage.

Like Stewart Granger, his best friend, Mike said goodbye to London.

MGM gave him a contract rather quickly. But for months Mike hung around town doing nothing. Then he was put into *Torch Song* opposite Joan Crawford. He played a blind pianist in that one, but Mike had relatively few closeups, and as one of his friends cracked, "The only part of Mike photographed in that picture was the back of his neck."

Mike was then loaned out to 20th to play the part of Pharaoh in *The Egyptian*. "In this film," he recalls, "I had an interesting costume, something like a nightshirt with sidecurtains over my ears. It took days before I learned to walk without tripping myself up."

Wilding's latest film is called *The Glass Slipper*. In this one he plays Leslie Caron's dancing partner. Before Wilding was signed for the part, a thorough investigation was made of his legs.

"In great confidence," Mike says, "they asked people if they knew what I looked like without trousers. They even asked Elizabeth. They were afraid I might be knock-kneed or bow-legged or somehow couldn't wear tights.

"Elizabeth told them she hadn't really thought about my legs. Finally, to relieve the suspense, I unveiled them."

Wilding claims that he likes Hollywood. "Especially the climate. It's a wonderful place to raise children, and you can ride around without your shirt. Quite wonderful, really. But it takes getting used to.

"Just can't get used," he adds, "to reading about how our marriage is going to pot. It's absolutely fascinating to find people who know more about our marriage than we do."

The Wildings, all three of them, are now safely ensconced in their new modern Beverly Hills home, a hill-top ranch house equipped with swimming pool and extra bedrooms to take care of the future Wilding children, the second of whom will probably arrive next summer.

Wilding's contract with MGM expires next June. At that time Mike expects to free lance. Choosing his own roles, he may yet arrive at the acting prominence he attained in Great Britain.

(*Continued from page 62*) college professors. When suddenly he was thrown in with the elite of every city and state he visited, he thanked Providence that his parents had always insisted on his being a gentleman. Mayors and governors joined the parades in which he rode, and on one such parade, in Minneapolis, his poise left him for the first time. There were nine cars in the string, tearing triumphantly through the city with flags waving and sirens screaming. Bob was in the fifth car and as it sped around a corner following the others, the siren died agonizingly and they found themselves suddenly stopped, bumper to bumper with the leading cars, which had turned into a dead-end street. It was an anticlimax that left everyone limp, not the least of whom was Bob, who flung *savoir faire* to the winds and collapsed in hysterics in the back seat.

He learned what it was to be dog-tired. He covered a city a day for seventeen days and soon found that except for noteworthy happenings that made him remember a city with clarity, most of them merged in his mind so that he couldn't remember them separately at all. He was in constant danger of telling the people in, for instance, Columbus how much he liked Toledo, and had to keep reminding himself what city he was in. Travel had been one of Bob's dreams and these trips were his first sight of most of the cities, and yet there was never time to see all he had wanted to see. In New York he went for a long walk beginning at five A.M., the only time he could squeeze out of his schedule to see Manhattan alone. The next morning, same hour, he bought roast beef sandwiches and coffee in a delicatessen and took a ride in a hansom cab.

He found that poise is a prime requisite of a Hollywood actor, for as such he collided with strange situations and people.

Outside a Providence theatre a crowd was held back by a rope as Bob passed, but when a knee-high boy held a paper and pencil high and squeaked that he would like an autograph, the mob acted as if on signal and surged past the rope like a tidal wave. The child went under like a stone, and Bob needed all his strength to rescue the boy from being trampled.

In New England, in zero weather, a press agent wanted May Wynn to stand on the sidewalk and sign autographs. It was not Bob's place to interfere, and the only thing he could do was suggest that somebody get May some fur boots to keep her feet warm, but he seethed inside at the unnecessary hardship for May.

In a midwestern city, Bob finished his stint in a parade, replete with Governor, and was then offered a car to do some private sightseeing. He had been on the road less than a half hour when a policeman pulled him over to the curb.

"Let's see your owner's license," said the cop.

Bob had no more idea on that than he had on the whereabouts of the Lost Chord, and said so.

"Where'd you get the car, bub?" said the officer.

"Why—I borrowed it."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, this car answers the description of a stolen car, and I'm going to take you in."

It wasn't until he got to a telephone and called city officials that he could convince the arm of the law of its mistake.

THERE WERE CHARACTERS, too. In The Latin Quarter, a Boston nightclub, he was approached by a young man inquiring if he wasn't Robert Francis, the actor.

"Yes, I am," said Bob.

"Well. I just wanted to tell you how much I liked that (*Continued on page 68*)



Photograph by Roger Prigent

big news in small packages

■ Packed in a doll-size box for life-size dolls, the new *Queen-Size* Perma.lift girdle stretches with ease and fits your figure like a glove. Pure comfort all day long and trim, smooth lines for all your fashions. Comes in small, medium and large in girdle or pantie girdle styles. Only $2.95. To top this girdle style we feature Perma.lift's new embroidered cotton bra with magic insets for firm uplift and comfort. About $2.50.

Perma.lift girdles and bras are at leading department and specialty stores. Write Fashion, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. for the store nearest you.

Where to buy

MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS FOR SPRING

Buy in person or by mail from the following stores:

CAROLE KING (dress and coat)—Pg. 64

Birmingham, Ala.—Burger-Phillips
Charleston, S. C.—Belk-Robinson Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Miller Bros.
Danville, Va.—Belk-Leggett
El Paso, Texas—Sylvia's
Indianapolis, Ind.—The Ladies Shop
Jackson, Miss.—R. E. Kennington Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.—Levy's
Kansas City, Kan.—The Young Dry Goods Co.
Lubbock, Texas—The Dunlap Co.
Macon, Ga.—Belk-Matthews
Nashville, Tenn.—The Cain Sloan Co.
Omaha, Neb.—Thomas Kilpatrick & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Price
Roanoke, Va.—Joseph Spigel, Inc.
San Antonio, Texas—Carl's
Springfield, Ill.—The John Bressmer Co.
Tucson, Ariz.—The White House Dept. Store
Tulsa, Okla.—Brown-Dunkin

DEBTOWNERS (shoes)—Pgs. 63, 64

Cleveland, Ohio—Wm. Taylor & Son
Portland, Ore.—Roberts Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.

DORIS DODSON (dress and jacket)—Pg. 63

Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse Fashions
Detroit, Mich.—Kline's
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block
Mobile, Ala.—Harry's
Montgomery, Ala.—Alex Rice
New Orleans, La.—Maison-Blanche
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
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HUSKIES (shoes)—Pg. 65

Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
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Elizabeth, N. J.—Levy's Bros. Dept. Store
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Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.—B. Gertz
Little Rock, Ark.—M. M. Cohn Co.
New Orleans, La.—Maison-Blanche
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Snellenburg's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamakers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank
Sacramento, Calif.—Hale Bros.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick Nelson
Scranton, Pa.—Scranton Dry Goods

MEEKER (handbags)—Pg. 64

Buffalo, N. Y.—Sattler's
Columbus, Ohio—F. R. Lazarus Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Ben Grozow Leather Goods Co.

ROLFS (handbag)—Pgs. 64, 65

Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Brooklyn, N.Y.—Abraham & Straus

Write to the fashion department, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., if there is no store listed near you.

(*Continued from page 66*) scene in *The Caine Mutiny*. I thought it was swell. You know the one where you're drilling on the field with the rest of the men and when the line turns left you make a mistake and turn right?"

The man began to laugh and Bob smiled uncertainly, recalling that although the incident is in the book, it hadn't been in the movie. The man continued to laugh, slapping his thighs and dabbing the tears from his eyes. "That sure was a great scene!" he said at last. "Only the funny thing was, the theatre where I saw it had cut it out of the movie!"

The next morning at six A.M. the telephone next to his bed wakened Bob. The voice on the line belonged to the stranger of the night before.

"Is this Robert Wagner?" he said.

Bob rubbed his eyes. "Who?"

"Robert Wagner."

"No," said Bob.

"This isn't Robert Wagner, the actor?"

"No, it isn't," yawned Bob.

There was a slight pause. "Well, are there any actors up there?"

BACK HOME IN Hollywood, Bob finds new situations even with old friends. Those in the skiing circle regard the field of acting as something foreign as the moon's surface, but they are genuinely happy over Bob's success and don't hesitate to let him know it. There are others who don't want to admit they are impressed, and so they treat his new venture with sarcasm. "I would have gone to see the picture," they will laugh, "but I heard you weren't very good in it so I didn't bother." The critics have said otherwise, so Bob is aware that these people expect him to have changed.

"It's pretty crazy, the attitudes you bump into. And there's no reason for it. Two years ago nobody wanted to meet me, and now the only reason they do is that they've seen my face on the screen. That's all. They don't know me and I'm the same person I was. It's tough with friends because I can't very well go up to them and say, 'Look, I'm the same knothead you knew five years ago'—because I'd be the one bringing up the subject. If they treat this career sarcastically then there's nothing I can do except go along with them.

"I find interviews crazy, too, because what I have to say isn't too interesting, and yet people want to know. Sometimes I think I ought to wrap my car around a pole on my way to an interview so I'd have something to talk about. . . . It's nice, of course, to be given good tables in restaurants and nightclubs, but it makes me wonder. Why should I have a better table than somebody else just because I'm recognized as an actor? When I went into the Pump Room in Chicago they ushered us to a table and two minutes later the headwaiter came over and begged my pardon and asked us to move to a better table. It's embarrassing in a way."

THIS ATTITUDE defines Bob's modesty and levelheadedness. He is the product of parents who regard their three children with equal love and respect, and who are as excited about Bill's success in business or Lillian's family as they are about Bob's acting. Bob's own attitude toward his career is a happiness that he is doing something he enjoys and a prayer that he can go on succeeding.

It takes work. He spends about twenty-five hours a week in dramatics lessons, from both Benno and Batomi Schneider who have been coaching him all along. This is, of course, when he is in town and not working in a movie. "I like the life," he says, "because there is no definite pattern. Patterns are awful; they give you a trapped feeling."

That his days have no pattern is an understatement. When he came back from a long tour and had one day at home before he was scheduled to take off for a theatre managers' convention, he was asked to spend that day driving the 240 miles to and from San Diego where he judged a water skiing contest. The personal appearance tour for *They Rode West* delivered him back into Hollywood just two days before Christmas. He did all his holiday shopping the day before Christmas, towering over the mob scenes in department stores, and Christmas Eve he addressed and mailed his Christmas cards. People were wished a merry Christmas from Bob Francis on December 26, but then, everybody in town understands that he has less time to himself than a doctor in an epidemic of bubonic plague.

He would like to learn French and as a contractee at Columbia Pictures he has tutorage available to him, but not time. He would like to find an apartment closer to the studio, but there is no time to look for one. The reason he arises shortly after five A.M. is that he lives in his parents' home in Pasadena, and as any Pasadenan knows, you have to leave the house by six A.M. if you expect to avoid the crush of the morning traffic into Los Angeles and Hollywood. As a matter of fact, Bob has been looking at apartments for a year now, but as soon as he finds one he likes he is off on another tour. "If I'd taken one last summer," he says, "by the time I got to use it the year's lease would have been up."

He wants an apartment with one bedroom and contemporary furniture .("Old things depress me, and I want a place that's bright and cheerful when I come home.") and one of these days, with luck, he'll be footloose long enough to find one. He wants time for romance, a thing which has necessarily gone by the boards (including his steady dates with Dorothy Ross) for lack of time. A guy can't court a girl with any sort of regularity when he never knows which state of the Union his next meal is coming from. Currently he makes a date at the last minute when an evening is sure to be his very own, and as of the moment has no special interest in any girl. When he's more certain of his career he hopes to get married, and when things have settled down he hopes again to own a ski shop.

THESE TWO THINGS, skiing and acting, are closest to his heart, and both have claimed him as an addict through his own persistence. The first time he skied he was eleven years old and tried it to please his brother. He didn't like it at first—he fell down and got tangled up and disgusted, and when he realized skiing presents a challenge he made up his mind to conquer it. By the time he was seventeen he was in the tournament class. As for acting, when the talent scout dragged him off the beach to show him to Universal-International and they shrugged and sent him to Batomi Schneider to study—when all that happened, Bob thought maybe this acting bit might possibly bring him enough money so that he could get back into the ski equipment business. Like skiing, he found it wasn't easy. It was a challenge, and by the time he'd mastered the challenge he was swallowed up in it, neck-deep in something he loved.

To a young man as persevering as all this and as handsome, as likable and as talented, all these things are sure to come. It shouldn't be too many years before Robert Francis can take time in the morning to see if it's raining before he kisses his wife goodbye and then stops off at his ski shop on the way to the dressingroom that has a star on the door. **END**

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Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. Did you read the HAYWARD story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Hayward story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Hayward story I've read

2. Did you read the GABLE story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Gable story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Gable story I've read

3. Did you read the WILLIAMS story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Williams story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Williams story I've read

4. Did you read the GLEASON story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Gleason story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Gleason story I've read

5. Did you read the BLYTH story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Blyth story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Blyth story I've read

6. Did you read the PECK story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Peck story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Peck story I've read

7. Did you read the GAYNOR story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Gaynor story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Gaynor story I've read

8. Did you read the MONROE story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Monroe story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Monroe story I've read

9. Did you read the FRANCIS story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Francis story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Francis story I've read

10. Did you read the LANCASTER story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Lancaster story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Lancaster story I've read

11. Did you read the REYNOLDS story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Reynolds story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Reynolds story I've read

12. Did you read the HEPBURN story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Hepburn story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good
☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Hepburn story I've read

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13. The stars I most want to read about are:

a. _____ MALE
b. _____ MALE
c. _____ MALE
d. _____ FEMALE
e. _____ FEMALE
f. _____ FEMALE

Please check the spaces to the left of the phrases which best describe what you do:

14. ☐ I keep a scrapbook of movie stars
☐ I pin up or frame movie stars
☐ I used to keep a scrapbook but stopped
☐ I used to use pinups but stopped

15. My collection contains:
Check one: ☐ mostly color ☐ mostly black & white ☐ both kinds
Check one: ☐ full page size only ☐ any size
Check one: ☐ mostly female stars ☐ mostly male stars ☐ both
Check one: ☐ mostly big head shots ☐ mostly full length shots ☐ both kinds

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ADDRESS..... STREET

..... CITY & STATE

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

jackie gleason

(*Continued from page 35*) didn't have a qualm on any question. There he is, brandishing a glass and spouting off-color quips as fast as lightning. Or sitting around the $25,000-a-year duplex apartment that houses the Jackie Gleason Enterprises, Incorporated, and merely waving a hand to get service from an army of yes men that swarms all over—out in the kitchen, up in the little balcony, up in the bedrooms and rehearsal halls. Or, legs on a table, overseeing the expensive decorating job being done on his new, private apartment. Or running through his fast, one-day rehearsal being the big boss of a theatreful of observers, friends, hangers-on, actors and just plain fans who sneaked in. Or conducting script conferences at the head of the table up in his private office at the theatre, with everyone else relegated to sideline seats and guards keeping others out and away from The Great Gleason.

It's a great life, you say? It is, and Jackie is honestly grateful for all his fortune and fame. It's inside that he's miserable.

The symptoms are there for anyone to see. The most obvious one is Jackie's weight, which goes up and down like a barometer in a hurricane. It varies from a low of 185 up to 285 (where it was when he began his public dieting recently) and his closets have to be full of suits, jackets and slacks in all the many sizes he might need. A man who loves to eat—especially spaghetti and all the highly spiced Italian foods—and who likes his liquor—even triple shots—poor Jackie has had to starve himself on and off for years or he'd have been an even bigger blimp. He has lived on Rye Krisp during his dieting periods, or on steaks, or on graham crackers, or on lettuce and carrots and "skinny pills." He has retired to hospitals again and again and starved himself on doctors' orders (although he nearly always sneaked out to Toots Shor's and lived it up a little between intakes of carrots).

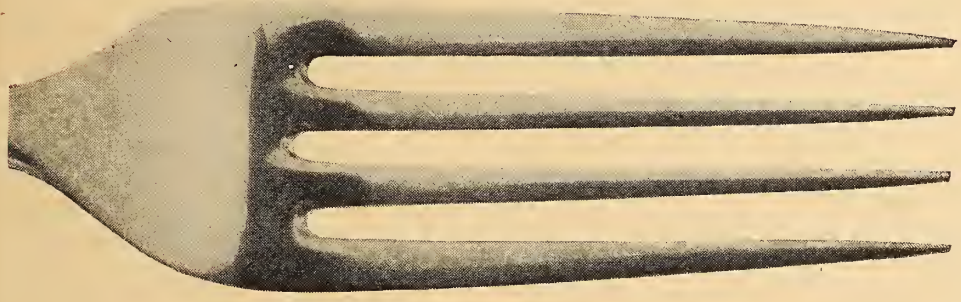
Anyone whose weight can rise so rapidly, and anyone whose weight can fluctuate so erratically, is a sick man.

Jackie is the first to admit it. He has beaten a path to scores of doctors trying to find a cure. He even tried a few psychiatrists. He himself has figured out part of what's wrong with him. He says that anyone who puts on weight has something bothering him, and eating gives that person a feeling of well-being. "If a guy could go out and get loaded, that would help. But a guy in this business has too much to remember, too much to think about. He can't get loaded. So I eat." What Jackie can't figure out is *what* is bothering him. So, when he isn't stuffing himself and even when he is—he tries to forget his unhappiness by keeping frantically busy.

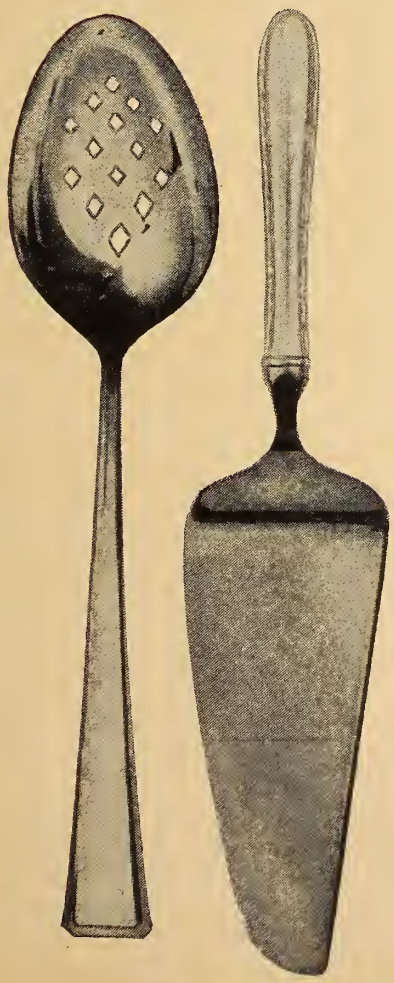
GLEASON NEVER SLEEPS more than four hours a night. The rest of the time he is active, constantly—as though he were running away from himself. He insists on watching every line in his script. He checks the music, the camera angles, the costumes, the dance routines, everyone on his show. He collects books on hypnotism and mental telepathy—on all things occult (another sign that he is searching) and reads them, ferociously, three and four at one sitting. Although he cannot read or write music, he hums a tune and orders an orchestration of it. He records music albums, picking out all the numbers he himself doesn't compose and waving a baton in front of the orchestra. He hands a room in his duplex over to a writer because he wants to put his (*Continued on page 72*)

The Towle Touch

In every piece of Towle Sterling...evidence of the extra care and skill...the conscious pride of true sterling craftsmanship.



A JEWELER CAN TELL A TOWLE FORK AT A GLANCE ... and so can you! Just look for such details as these: center tine space set back for added design symmetry ...a tiny notch between tines for easier washing...extra hand-polishing on all inside surfaces and tine points for utmost cleanliness.



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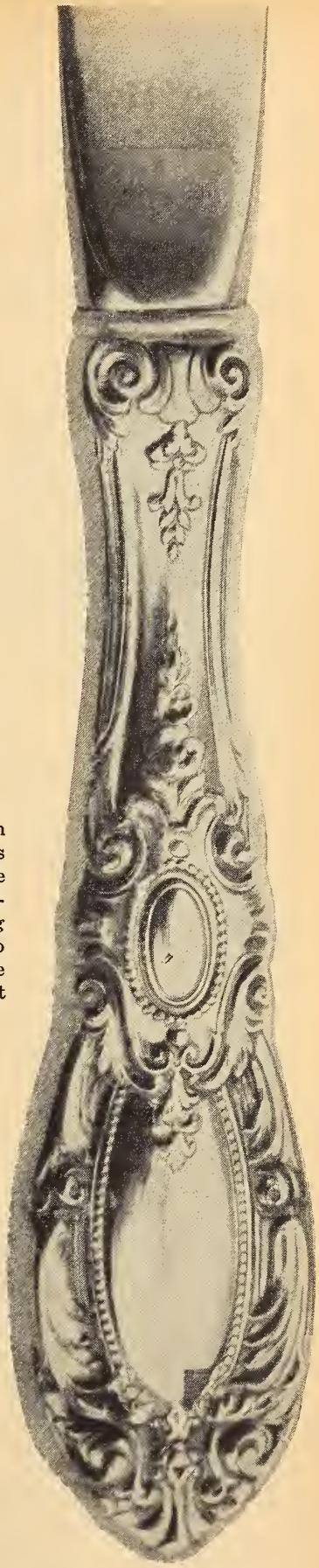


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(*Continued from page 70*) biography on the stands. He tries to write novels, and, failing, tries to hire people to write out his plots for him. Not satisfied with just being a top banana, he wants to act seriously—and does, memorizing those scripts just as fast as he does his own. He keeps getting ideas for television shows and works on the production of the pilot films. He wants to make movies. He wants his Enterprises to branch out and go into non-show business lines like frozen foods. Jackie is never still. He probably keeps turning even during those four hours of sleep.

This frenetic activity has always been characteristic of Milton Berle's "three favorite comedians." Back before he was a huge hit, back when he was hungry and out of work, Jackie couldn't keep still. When he wasn't performing, he'd go to a nightclub and heckle whoever was. Or he'd stay up all night making merry and annoying the neighbors. One time, when he was an all-night disc jockey, he got bored with the routine of just playing records and talking between them, and threw a knock-down, drag-out party complete with refreshments and pretty girls. He got fired—as he knew he would—but he could not overcome the compulsion To Do Something. Even though his wife, whom he married very young, and his two girls needed the pay envelope from that job.

ALL THIS HUSTLING and bustling is just part of the Gleason make-up. One other characteristic is his extravagance. Not just with money, but with words and gestures. He never sends anyone a dozen roses; he sends thirty-six and a little something extra. When he saw a vicuña coat he liked, he ordered a dozen of them—at some $300 per coat. When he diets, as we've noted, he does not cut down; he cuts out. When he hires an orchestra for his show, he has to have a big one. When he has dancers, he wants more than anyone else has. When he has a crowd scene on his show, he insists on a bigger crowd. As one observer put it, "He wants more people than *Ivanhoe.*" When he takes a country place for the summer, he decides that one is not enough and takes another—maybe a third, too. When he has an operation, he goes to Switzerland to have it. When he drinks, he never sips; when he eats, he never nibbles.

Jackie has always had this extravagant streak. He never hesitated to run up astronomical bills all over town, even in the days when his career was going nowhere fast. He didn't used to borrow $5 or $10; he'd ask for $500. (He paid everyone back when he got in the chips.) When he was struggling along as a comic in small saloons, he didn't pick a fight with a puny ringsider; he invited "Two-Ton" Tony Galento outside—and got his block knocked off.

Always dynamic, even back in Brooklyn as a kid, Jackie lost his wife's love because of his excesses. Genevieve, from whom he had been separated many times before the final break came, just couldn't take it. She accused Jackie of not being able to adjust to his success, and berated him for having a too-fabulous wardrobe, over-expensive jewelry, and too-elegant surroundings. Genevieve did not believe anyone should spend money with such reckless abandon—or so she said in her legal petition for more money. Jackie's free-wheeling came as no surprise to her, however. Any man who borrows $500 and blows it in one nightclub outing is not going to turn into a miser when he gets in the chips. Just as any man who does not hesitate to ask a friend for a big hunk of money is not going to turn down his indigent pal when he is loaded.

Gleason is as generous as he is generously proportioned. He may not see his old boyhood friends all the time, but he remembers them with presents, he's available for a touch, and he scatters their names all through his TV sketches. He is also followed by as large a retinue—which he supports—as any man in the business. His extravagance works both ways—things for himself and things for everyone he loves. And, looking at his face, which can break into the sweetest smile this side of an Ivory Soap ad, you know that here is a sweet man as well as a generous one.

He is just too flamboyant to be consistent. "Nothing in moderation" is the Gleason motto. When he gets mad at rehearsals, he does not draw the offender aside and whisper a light reprimand in his ear. Jackie yells at him in front of everyone. When he is frustrated by something or someone, he gets stomach aches, and will pull a tantrum at the drop of a "No" from a yes man.

All of this, as Gleason is the first to admit, is not normal. A man without self-discipline is a man without peace.

AND GLEASON CRAVES peace. He doesn't want to spend his twenty waking hours seven days a week in a rat race. That is why he is subject to fits of melancholy—despondency as deep as his hilarity is high.

He is envious of everyone who is at peace with the world. This is one reason he and Art Carney have that rapport that comes as a surprise to everyone who meets them for the first time. There is Art, a devoted and very happy family man who prefers being quiet, always polite, and never torn apart—and is always like that. And there is Jackie—noisy, sharp-spoken, and tormented. Art is too strong within himself to envy his boss, but he admires Gleason for his consummate skill as a comedian and for his generosity as a human being. Jackie, on the other hand, envies Art. He envies every man who is happy. And he is searching for something that can make him calm.

Why is Jackie always cataclysmic, never calm? For the answers to that, you have to go back to his childhood. It wasn't easy for Jackie. His only, and older, brother died when he was three. His father did not come home one night when Jackie was eight, and has not been heard from since. To this day, Jackie does not know whether Mr. Gleason walked out on the family or met with foul play. Then his mother died when he was sixteen, leaving him alone in the world with thirty-six cents in his pocket. A childhood like that one is enough to ruin a man forever. What Jackie's detractors should remember is that it is amazing he mustered any spunk at all after that series of family disasters.

But even as a boy, Jackie was full of spunk. When he wanted to move nearer a grammar-school flame, he packed all the family belongings into a junk wagon and wheeled them over to another apartment all by himself. (As he got older, he was one of the boys who hung around the corner drugstore and cracked wise remarks at all the passersby. That, too, takes spunk of a sort.) The day his mother was buried, he emceed a stage show in a movie house because it paid $4 and he needed the money. That takes real intestinal fortitude—and it is a gesture that leaves a scar.

JACKIE'S RELIGIOUS upbringing, which left him with deep convictions, gives him what peace he has. In spite of years of batting around burlesque houses and nightclubs, he is very religious. And his religion says that a man and wife are married for life. That is the main reason he kept returning to Genevieve and his daughters time after time—even though he and Genevieve were incurably incompatible. It wasn't, as some have charged, only because he was down and out. It was his con-

science that drove him back to his family —and that, more recently, took him to Genevieve's bedside when she was hospitalized. The only reason he doesn't see his daughters more often now—outside of the time-consuming work demands he has placed on himself—is that he feels guilty because he has a sixteen-year-old daughter and a twelve-year-old daughter who live in another apartment a few blocks away from their father. This arrangement, to Jackie, is wrong. But there is nothing he can do about it.

So he gads about, buys another sports jacket, formulates another format. Every day he gets richer, busier, more boisterous.

Those who know Jackie and love him rejoice for the pleasures he gets out of life, but they know they are momentary and monetary. When, they wonder, will he be able to relax and be happy? **END**

mad about the boy

(*Continued from page 41*) puzzling to Mitzi as to the public.

Once before, Mitzi had been engaged for a long time, to a young lawyer named Richard Coyle, a fine gentleman, handsome and successful. Yet, with the date of marriage almost upon them, Mitzi called it off.

"I was terribly unhappy about everything," Mitzi recalls. "We had become engaged when I was only fifteen, and four years later I realized that I had been too young to know what love really meant. Certainly, I was fond of Richard, but I didn't feel strongly enough to be married."

After she broke that engagement, Mitzi was unhappy, worrying about how much she had hurt Richard. Curiously, it was an incident involving her erstwhile fiancé that showed Mitzi a very attractive quality in the possession of her future husband, Jack Bean. She and Jack were having dinner on one of their first dates when young Coyle entered the restaurant. It was an uncomfortable, dramatic moment. Mitzi said at once that she wanted to leave.

"Richard never had done anything to make me feel uncomfortable," she says in retrospect. "He's a fine man and a gentleman. But this was the first time he had seen me out with someone else, and I felt guilty."

At the time, Jack Bean asked no questions. As she had requested, he took her home. When they reached her apartment, he asked, "Why don't you tell me about it?"

The words came tumbling out every which way, and Jack heard her out, his quiet grey eyes on her face. He had been crazy about this girl from the night they met, but now he refused to comfort her with phony philosophical phrases.

"Sure, you hurt him," Jack said, honestly. "But not so much as you think. And not so much as you would have hurt him by marrying when you had fallen out of love. Breaking the engagement was the only fair thing to do."

MITZI WAS EASED in her heart, and greatly impressed that she could sit and talk with this young man about another young man, trusting to his adult understanding. All this should effectively clear up the reasons behind the long-delayed wedding. You just don't leap from one long romance to another without making sure.

Still, there were other reasons. Jack Bean, who had been an agent with Music Corporation of America, had just switched to his own public relations office, and he wasn't about to jump into a publicity-rich elopement like many another so-called

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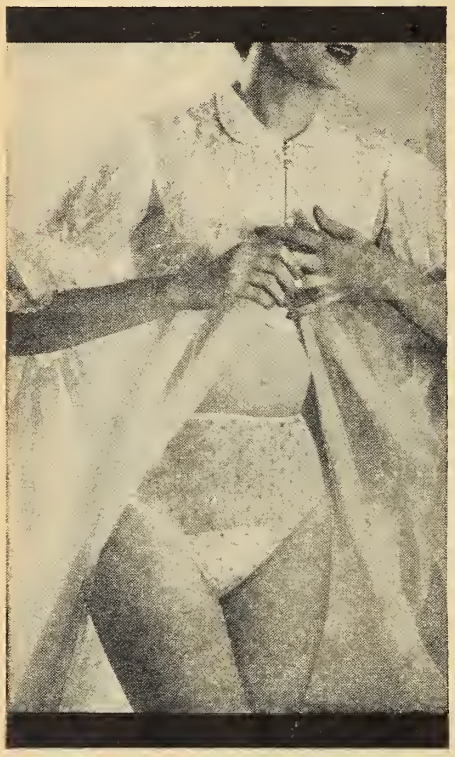
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"nobody" who marries a movie star. He wanted to be settled. And Mitzi's mother had to be considered, for she had been associated with her daughter's career too long to allow anyone to observe that she had been unceremoniously "dumped."

So there hasn't been a conventional honeymoon, with two young people who are practically strangers walking hand-in-hand into a rainbow of happy-ever-after.

Happily, Mitzi's mother, a wonderful woman, had her own plans.

After that, there was the problem of finding a house. "Believe it or not," Jack says now, "that delayed our marriage for a long time."

Weeks before the marriage they finally did find a home, high up in Bel Air. One they really wanted to live in until they could build their own. They signed the lease, wrote a check for the first and last month's rent. Then, with Mitzi's mother opening a flower shop in the Town and Country Market, Mitzi's career zooming and Jack's business booming, there could not have been a more auspicious time than November, 1954, to confound the cynics.

THEY WERE MARRIED in the San Francisco home of Mr. and Mrs. William French, dear enough to be considered family by Mitzi. Mitzi's close friend, Yvonne Ruby, was her maid of honor; Jack's best man was his best friend and business partner, Bob Rose.

"Mitzi was very calm about the whole thing," Bobby says. "Jack? You know how people say he's such a relaxed guy that it's hard to imagine his getting excited? Well, let's just say that he was as excited and nervous as anyone could imagine."

Poor Bobby. Accustomed as he is to being cast as comic relief in the lives of his friends, this time he found himself squirming in the role of the heavy. The day Mr. and Mrs. Bean arrived in New York on their honeymoon, Bob called to say, "Hey, you don't have the house after all. The owner didn't cash your check or sign the lease, and now the whole deal's off. Guess you'll have to move into Mitzi's apartment for a while, Jack." That started things off on a gladsome note.

The second day there was another call from Bobby. "Uh—Jack, who handles the insurance on your car? Well, I was driving it around to keep the battery up, like you said, and some guy hit me."

On the third day his cheerful message was, "You know about Mitzi's giving notice when you thought you were going to get the house? Well, they've rented her apartment as of the first of the month. I guess we'd better move her things over to your place until you find something else."

By this time Mitzi was holding her head. She estimated Jack's entire apartment to be the size of a card table. But Bobby wasn't through. He capped his earlier performances with a call the next day. "Hey, *you* gave notice, too, and now they've rented your apartment. Now you haven't got *any* place to live!"

It has all the earmarks of a practical joke, but unfortunately everything Bob said was true. The young Beans were discouraged enough to give up their honeymoon, check into a Hollywood hotel, and start looking for living quarters of any nature. A friend living in Mitzi's apartment building proved to be wonderfully resourceful, however, nailing down a two-bedroom suite there just in time for their homecoming.

SUCH A MUCH, just like in the movies. A *hausfrau* right down to her bones, Mitzi couldn't wait to get at the place that first day; it had to be gleaming for Jack. "And when I start cleaning," she admits, "you'd better stand back or you'll find yourself in with the rest of the wash!" She unpacked and stored, cleaned and scrubbed, waxed and polished; there was barely time to ease her aching body through a bath before Jack came home, but Mitzi could look around with pride at a spotless, immaculate apartment.

Enter the bridegroom, still stinging with disappointment over the lost house in Bel Air. "Ah, this crummy joint!" he said bitterly. "Let's get out of here, the sooner the better!"

To his utter astonishment, the little woman burst into tears, just like in the movies, for no reason whatever that he could see. Hands on hips, Jack glared at her. *"Now, don't start that,* honey. Don't cry, honey. Aw, please don't do that. What did I do? What's the matter, honey?"

But don't think he's soft. He tolerates no nonsense. Although Mitzi loves to cook and is an expert in the kitchen, almost every noon it is Jack, big and not too deft, rattling around among the pots, pans and cans. "How's your soup? Okay?" he asks her, as anxiously as if he had slaved over a hot stove all day. Jack doesn't believe in spoiling new wives.

He's thoughtful, sensitive, and very bright. "Every time he opens his mouth I don't know what he's talking about," Mitzi remarked proudly the other day. "All those big words!"



BEING MORTAL and therefore not perfect, Jack does have one addiction that amounts to a secret vice in Hollywood; he likes to read stories about his bride. Why? "Because I learn more about her from them. Each story has a different angle and, in reading them, I find Mitzi expressing herself on subjects we haven't even touched yet. I find facets of her personality revealed that confirm impressions of my own which I haven't had time to sort out. I like to read the stories because they help me to understand her."

Mitzi and Jack are still looking for that house, a reasonably small one suited to the needs of a honeymoon couple. It's the only part of their planning that hasn't worked out, but it will. And later, of course, there will have to be a larger place on account of the children. "I want two but Jack says more. So maybe there'll be three."

Mitzi has only one quarrel in all the world—with Emily Post, who says that one never, never congratulates the bride. According to Mitzi, an exception ought to be made for her. She has married a large, handsome and very masculine gent, and that's a rare combination anywhere these days. **END**

(*Mitzi Gaynor can now be seen in 20th Century-Fox's* There's No Business Like Show Business.)

we could write a book

(*Continued from page 32*) together they make copy fly like popcorn.

"Our itinerary is requested," Esther informed him.

"No soap," said Mr. Gage. "I intend to write it myself. Should make a very funny best-seller."

"Oh, relax," said Esther. "You know you'll never get around to writing it."

And with that they began to spew anecdotes so fast that the studio press agent at my left had to spoon my dinner into me so that my hands were free for taking notes. The show was a "break-in" for the future, they said, because they plan, beginning in the spring of 1956, to devote half their time each year to a traveling aquacade. Esther had been lukewarm about the whole idea, principally because it would mean leaving the children behind.

"Look," said Ben. "The road is exciting. It's an adventure. It's fun. And it'll only be a few weeks."

THE TOUR WAS BOOKED to open in Albany on September 5. *Jupiter's Darling*, Esther's picture, wound up tardily in mid-August, which gave them just two weeks to get their own show together. Miraculously, they opened on schedule, and naturally, Albany was a hodepodge of rewriting, trimming and adding to the show.

The opening over, they took off for Hartford, following on the heels of hurricane Carol. The city was a shambles, trees uprooted, the streets littered, the citizens dazed. And no sooner had the troupe settled itself in the hotel than the radios began blasting warnings about a new hurricane. Edna was on her way, they said, and if people wanted to live through it, they'd better batten their hatches, fill their bathtubs with water, stay inside their homes and nail their children to the walls.

"What a jolly day for an opening," said Esther.

"Dandy," groaned Ben.

The others weren't so flip. Coming from California, they were conditioned to earthquakes, but not to hurricanes. With pea-green faces they shuffled through the hotel, studying its structure and calculating their chances. The morning brought rain and high winds and the news that Edna would hit with full force about noon.

"You might as well give a show in the middle of the Mojave Desert," said Esther. "There's no sense to this. I'm going home, that's what I'm going to do. I'm going home."

But noon passed, and so did one o'clock, and Edna took her eye elsewhere. Ben and Esther, devouring details from the radio, breathed a sigh of relief, and bolted for the phone. "This is Ben Gage and we've got a show going on at three this afternoon. I understand there's no longer any danger, that the winds have gone and the weather's mild. Would you broadcast

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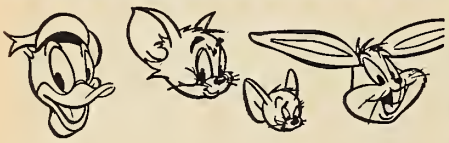
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the news that our show will go on today as planned?"

"Be happy to, Mr. Gage, but the wind just blew down our transmitter."

The first show went on as scheduled, and the theatre built for 3000 people contained 500 brave souls. Ben opened with some ad lib announcements. "The Pratt & Whitney night shift," reported the man whose ear had been glued to the radio all morning, "does not have to report for work. The golf tournament has been canceled, and the Annual Fly-In of Light Planes to Nantucket Point is not to fly in. Keep your Piper Cubs on the ground." He gave them an added word of encouragement. "With all the insurance companies here in Hartford, Edna wouldn't *dare!*"

ATLANTIC CITY was next, and while they packed, the radio volunteered some interesting information. Atlantic City, it seemed, had just suffered the worst Miss America contest in its history. Nobody was in town. The news of the hurricane had sent the tourists scurrying for home, and the highways between the shore resort and Philadelphia were jammed with people fleeing the coast.

"I'm going home," wailed Esther, and the rest of the troupe eyed each other nervously.

A booker, up from Atlantic City to catch the show, waved cheerily as he left them. "Well, see you on the Steel Pier in Atlantic City," he said.

"Have you checked lately?" said Ben. "The Pier is probably in Camden by now."

"You can't give a show without an audience," said Esther. "I'm going home."

"Now, now, dear," said Ben, and began arranging transportation. Whereupon he learned the interesting fact that you cannot go directly from Hartford to Atlantic City on either plane, train or bus. Transfer is necessary, and with an elephant, twenty-two people, a water fountain and seventy-five pieces of luggage, it is not advisable to attempt transfer, particularly in the middle of the night. The elephant, fountain, wardrobe trunk and Ben's golf clubs were loaded on a truck for the trek, and the rest of the group, with accoutrements, piled into a rented bus for the ten-hour trip. It was Sunday night, and the show was due to open on Steel Pier at one o'clock the next day. They were tired and hungry, but the restaurants they passed were closed, due to the combination of the Sabbath, the hour and Edna. They finally convinced a policeman that they would either eat something somewhere or turn into a busload of cadavers, and that gentleman obliged by persuading the owner of a restaurant to open his door at one A.M. The troupe sated itself with the proprietor's highly-touted onions and cheese and climbed back into the bus, which then took on the aroma of very old *lasagna*.

Esther went to bed, a process involving the placement of her *derrière* on a bus seat, her feet in the aisle, and her head pillowed on a bass drum. Ben covered her with a mink coat and whispered a soft goodnight which was lost in the sound of the rap-rap-rap of the bus exhaust. Esther looked up at him blearily. "Is this the fun you were telling me about?"

At eight A.M. they arrived in Atlantic City, quite gamey, and spilled out of the bus into the fresh air. A swim in the Atlantic (Esther's first) took away the onions and cheese and restored spirits, and shortly before nine Esther hopped into bed in the hotel. "I've got to sleep fast," she said. And while she slept the rest of the troupe went to Steel Pier on a scouting party, cased the dressingrooms, placed the water fountain, hung draperies, and in general got the place ready for the show. When they returned to the hotel, Esther was awake and bright-eyed.

"Well!" she chirped. "Let's take Atlantic City by storm!"

"I'm glad *you* feel fine," said Ben. We're pooped."

"Ah, the sea, the sea," said Esther, not to be undone. "Listen to it pound. I feel great! Let's go on our big adventure!"

Virginia Darncy, hairdresser, tried to warn her. "The dressingrooms, Esther, you're not going to like—" Seven hands clapped over Virginia's mouth.

Esther opened the window and took a deep breath. "This is wonderful," she said. "Wonderful!" Then she looked at Virginia. "What am I not going to like?"

"Come on, dear," coaxed Ben. "Hal got us a nice limousine, and we can drive over to the pier."

"What am I not going to like?" demanded Esther. "What about the dressingrooms?"

But they herded her into the car, along with Virginia, who continued to have her mouth covered whenever she opened it. They drove through streets and over the boardwalk and through a tunnel and stopped before the stage door.

"It looks like a mine entrance," shuddered Esther.

"What matters is where you work," offered Ben.

When she saw where she was to work, Esther wasn't much happier. The floorboards backstage seeped with water, the walls were mildewed, and every time a breaker hit the pilings supporting the pier, the whole structure moved slightly. Esther grew ominously quiet.

The Gages had one of the worst double cases of stage fright in history and it was very apparent in the first show; in the second they were over it and the sailing was easy. Marlene Dietrich, who closed, was their crutch. She counseled, "Go out and look at them and they'll love you. Just remember—whatever you do is too good for them!"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

"At least you can swim," said Virginia comfortingly.

"One week here," mumbled Esther. "Let me see my dressingroom."

The rest of them had seen her dressingroom, a cubicle so small that Esther's hoopskirted ball gowns couldn't be squeezed into the space, let alone Esther. They looked at her as though she had a short fuse. And Esther looked at the dressingroom. "My laundryroom at home is a glamorous establishment by comparison."

"I tried to tell you," said Virginia.

ESTHER'S HIGH SPIRITS, her joy at being once again near an ocean, had withered and the first show didn't help matters. To begin with, Steel Pier's theatre is shaped somewhat like Fifth Avenue. "So long and so thin," said Esther, "that looking out at the audience it seemed as though all 2900 of them were sitting in one long line. I was sure that the 2870 sitting back of the thirtieth row couldn't even see the stage, let alone me. And that long white light that came at me—it was like being impaled!"

The situation grew thinner when Esther, draped in her sequinned bathing suit, stepped into the water fountain and waited expectantly for the water to begin fountaining. It never did. "You've no idea how dry your skin can feel when you know you're supposed to be wet," reported Esther. "It began to curl, all over me. I felt like a Frito."

It was one of those moments that re-

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quires *savoir faire,* and Esther rose to it. "Ladies and gentlemen, this water fountain was invented by my husband, to whom I shall speak very shortly. Will you please come back some other time? I'm sure that with all this ocean around us and under us, we'll manage to have water come out of the fountain in the future."

Bowing off, she was caught by members of the troupe to prevent her from hurtling into the rotted wood of the stage walls.

"Well!" she fumed. *"Well!* I'm going home! Straight home!"

At this inopportune moment, Mr. George Hammid, manager of Steel Pier, chose to make his entrance. He approached with extended hand. "May I introduce myself?" he said politely, and was stopped short in his tracks by the pointed finger of an irate Miss Williams.

"You! You, for one! Take those flowers you sent me and put them in the dressingroom I can't get into!"

"See you later," Ben said to the astonished Mr. Hammid, and whisked Esther to the stage entrance. "We've got to get her into the car," he said, "or she'll go back to California in her bathing suit."

Back at the hotel, Esther sat and steamed while Ben tried to settle her down. Other members of the show huddled in the next room, their ears flattened to the wall. They decided never to unpack, since they might return to California momentarily.

"I'm not going back there," announced Esther. "I refuse to do another show."

"The water will work next time. I promise."

"Hmphh," said Mrs. Gage.

"Look, honey, think of the experience you're getting. This is the groundwork for the aquacade. You can't quit now."

"Yes I can," said Esther.

"Think of the rest of the crew. Think of *them!*"

Esther shook her head. "I can't help it. I'm through. I'm going home."

Ben disappeared for twenty minutes, during which time Esther called her home, her agent and her studio, using the telephone for a wailing wall. When Ben returned, he dumped piles and piles of money into her lap.

"There now," he said soothingly, "Look at that! And it wasn't easy getting it—the box office wanted to count it first. See—that much is theirs, and all this is ours. Think what it will do for our children's future. Think of the kids."

"I *am* thinking of them," Esther wept.

THE THING ABOUT Esther is that you can't keep her down for long, and once she followed with a successful show (during which the waterworks worked), her spirits began to soar. She and Ben grew to know George Hammid well enough for Esther to sound off in her inimitable fashion.

"How long has it been since you've seen the dressingrooms?" she demanded.

"A long time, I guess." Hammid shrugged. "We've had lots of stars here and they've never complained."

"That's because they're more patient than I am," said Esther. "You come back there with me and look. George, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Evidently Mr. Hammid was, for he took Esther's ribbing and by the time they left, new dressingrooms were being built.

By the time they took Columbus and opened in Detroit, the show was going on all cylinders. But Esther was drooping again. Susie's first birthday would fall on October 1, and over and over again she tried to think of some wonderful gift that would make up for their absence.

"Send her a wire," flipped Ben.

"You're a big help, you and your humor," said Esther.

She began to notice the knot in her stomach that day by day seemed to grow tighter and tighter. And when Ben came back to the hotel late one morning after his first golf game since leaving home, she looked at him with a martyred expression. "I hope you're real happy. I'm glad *somebody* can get away from all this pressure!"

That night at dinner, the eve of Susie's birthday, a worried Ben asked what in the whole world could cheer up Esther.

"That's easy," she said dreamily. "If I could just walk into the nursery with Benjy and Kim and Susie and a big paint book, life would be beautiful."

"And so," Ben says now, "I knew I had to get those cats to Detroit somehow. I called Jane Boyd, our nurse. It was then six-thirty in Los Angeles and the kids were having their dinner. I told Jane to get the kids on a plane to be in Detroit by ten-thirty the next morning. She said it was impossible but I said it had to be done and hung up. And that did it."

The next morning he rose early, allowing two hours for the drive to Willow Run airport. As he dressed, Esther opened one eye and looked at him supiciously.

"Where are *you* going?"

"Play golf," lied Ben briefly, pulling a sweater over his head. He was already in the doghouse from the game yesterday, but golf was the only excuse he could think of to get away to meet the plane.

"On Susie's birthday?" wailed Esther. "You couldn't!"

"Didn't you send her the wire?" he said.

"One of these days—Pow!" said Esther. "Besides, we have a radio interview before the show."

"I'll be back in time. I promise. I'll only play thirteen holes or something, but I've just got to get out on the course. I feel awful."

"You and your grass and trees," muttered Esther. "I don't know why the elephant didn't step on your golf clubs instead of planting her big fat foot on my hat." As Ben went out, Esther threw a shoe at his departing back. "Enjoy yourself, dear," she said through gritting teeth.

WHILE BEN WEAVED his way through Detroit traffic, Esther was calling home. The phone was answered by Dr. Raymond LaScola, the Gages' pediatrician who had been staying in their guest house since his own home burned. The doctor, of course, had been up half the night helping poor Jane get the youngsters ready for the trip. And now, hearing Esther's voice, he was on uncertain ground.

"Where are the kids?" Esther said.

The doctor coughed. "Hmm? Has anything happened yet?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Esther. "I just want to talk to my kids. Put Susie on. If it takes her twenty-five minutes to even hiccup, I'll hang on. just so I can hear her."

"Susie's asleep," said the doctor.

"Oh. Well, let me speak to Benjy."

"He—uh—he's doing a show."

"At eight-thirty in the morning?" howled Esther.

"Well, you know how nursery schools are. They don't know how to live."

"How about Kim?"

"Where Benjy goes, Kim goes. You know that."

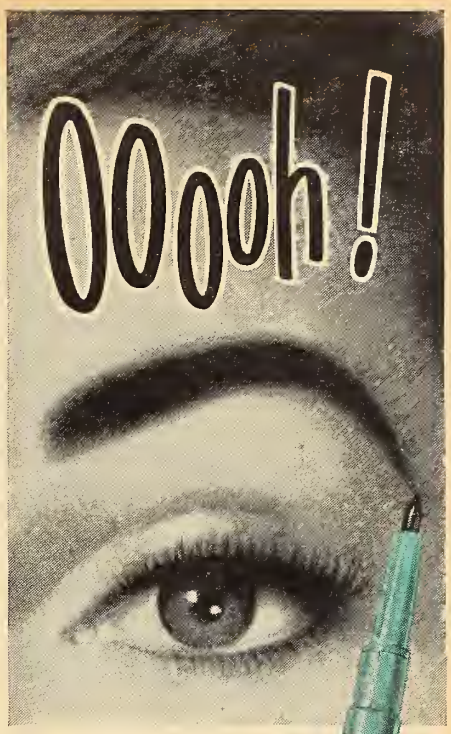
"What's Benjy doing in the play?"

"I believe he's a cocker spaniel this time," said Dr. LaScola.

Esther giggled. "He's not the type. Ray, what are you going to do about your breakfast?"

"Why don't you let me worry about that?" said the Doctor. "Don't go planning my breakfast from Detroit."

Once they had hung up the doctor exhaled noisily, and Esther dragged out suitcases to begin packing for the trip to Indianapolis the next day. She was still packing when Ben walked into the room,



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with Kim behind him. Having temporarily forgotten Indianapolis, Ben froze at the sight of the luggage. She really *is* mad, he told himself. This time she means it.

AND THEN ESTHER looked up. Now Esther, without glasses, can't see from here to there, and instead of recognizing Kim, she saw only a dim form. "Ben!" she cried. "Ben! That little boy behind you! He looks like—he looks just like—" And then she shrieked, "*Kimmy!*"

Benjy followed and gave his mother a hug, and Susie, in Jane's arms, straight-armed her mother and gave her a look that said, "I know I've seen you some place, and if it's true you're my mother, why don't you stick around once in a while?"

Esther began to cry, and Ben knelt to explain to his bewildered sons that women are funny because they cry when they're happy. "I'll explain the rest of it to you when you're older," he said, and Esther laughed through her tears.

The children stayed with them from then on, through Indianapolis, Cleveland, Milwaukee, and the final engagement at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. I never got to hear about the trials and tribulations in those last four cities. There was a

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Joan Blondell, who paints, signs her works, "Go Van Gogh."
Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

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smatter of information, such as that they opened in Cleveland the day after the Indians lost the World Series. The street lamps were draped in black, the citizens wore arm bands, and Esther's show was preceded in the theatre by a newsreel showing the final game, which put the audience in a state of coma. But whatever happened after the children's arrival, Esther ceased her threats to go home, and the rest of the troupe breathed a collective sigh, and finally, dared to unpack.

By the time we got through talking about Detroit and the Great Reunion, the studio press agent was consulting his watch so often he looked as though he'd developed a tic.

He cleared his throat. "Well—actually, I'm supposed to be covering a preview tonight. And it's eight-thirty now."

"Fie on you," said Esther. "We haven't even finished dinner. We haven't even finished Detroit."

THE PRESS AGENT, pinned between two chores with Father Time hanging over his head like an ax, smiled weakly. So I glanced at my notebook, which was swelling with notes.

"Offhand," I said, "I figure I have enough for a story."

"But you haven't heard," said Esther, "about Susie's birthday party and how she stuck her fist into the cake icing and rubbed it on the hotel's green velvet chair. And about how we now own a green velvet chair that we don't know what to do with."

"And the refrigerator I bought in Atlantic City," said Ben. "It cost $154 and by the time I'd F.O.B.'d it all over the country it was worth $1000."

The press agent looked at me like a beaver caught in a trap. "You know how they are," he pleaded. "Give them their heads and they'll go on all night. We'll be having breakfast by the time they get you to Las Vegas."

"Tell you what," I said. "Ben wants to write a book about this, so I'll split and leave the last few cities to him. Besides, five million people read MODERN SCREEN every month, so that leaves 155 million for Ben."

"He'll never write it," insisted Esther.

"I'm not complaining," I assured her. **END**

(*Continued from page 53*) together *à la* Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh?

"We played on the stage in *Ondine,* and we hope to play in the movie version which we plan to make in London. After that, we'll see."

Would Audrey consider giving up her career to devote all her time to being a wife and mother?

"That's difficult to tell at this point. However, I doubt it."

The room in the Dorchester where the press conference was held was much too small—Paramount later sent letters of apology—and reporters left it in a hurry. But not before they had thoroughly discussed how much—or how little—Audrey had changed in the past few years.

To those who had known her only since her success, she seemed infinitely changed—and not, as rumor had it, for the worse. She seemed friendlier, more relaxed, more genuinely self-confident and poised than they had ever known her. Marriage, they said, had done wonders for Audrey Hepburn. Who would have thought it?

As it happens, many people would have thought it. To them, Audrey has not exactly changed; she is merely her old self again, her real self, the person she was before fame, with its great demands upon her health, caused her to become tense, forced her to withdraw from people for a while.

What was Audrey like when she was still an unknown? Her years of war and terror as a child in Amsterdam have been hashed and re-hashed since *Gigi* and *Roman Holiday,* but what of her early acting days in London, the days that gave her her start, the days when she made the friends who still know her best?

One of these friends, Roger Railton-Jones, has the following story to tell—about an Audrey Hepburn who never has really been described before. Here it is, in the words of Mr. Jones.

■ One of my clearest memories of Audrey is of a slim young girl at my side, fidgeting nervously as the house lights darkened in the projection room of the ABC studios at Elstree. A gasp of wonder escaped her and she leaned forward in her seat, her head cupped in her hands, her eyes fixed on the screen. "Oh, it's all wrong," I could hear her murmuring as she followed her own movements and gestures on the screen, in a poignant love scene with Nigel Patrick. Then the lights went up and Audrey Hepburn, who was seeing herself for the first time on the screen, turned to me and in a tear-choked voice cried, "Oh Roger, it's awful! If only they would shoot that scene again. I did everything wrong. I don't know if I'll ever make an actress."

Five years later, I was sitting on the edge of my seat as the curtains parted at Broadway's 46th Street Theatre and Audrey Hepburn, now an accomplished artist, held me enraptured as the Ondine.

In the years between those two episodes Audrey Hepburn had shot to the summit of international stardom, to awards and applause and the acclaim of millions. And somewhere along the way she had acquired a reputation of being inaccessible for interviews and photographs, highhanded in her relations with her English studio, and near a breakup with her mother.

Could Audrey Hepburn really have changed from the charming and adorable young girl whom I knew at the beginning of her career? Has she really gone high-hat and temperamental? Or is she the victim of a too-rapid rise to fame, overwork and poor health?

The very first time I saw Audrey was at London's Cambridge Theater in 1949. She was dancing in the chorus of a musical show, *Sauce Piquante.* She was just one of a line of girls, but even then her poise, charm and individuality made her stand out. I remember checking the program and finding her name there in tiny print.

About a year later the casting director of ABC studios called the ABC publicity office where I worked. "I'm sending a girl named Audrey Hepburn to see you," he said. "The only thing she's done in pictures is a bit part in *Laughter In Paradise.* I think she's got tremendous possibilities and we've put her under contract. Talk to her and let me know what you think."

LATER THAT DAY I met her for the first time. Her name hadn't clicked before, but as soon as she entered my office, I recognized her as the girl from the chorus line of *Sauce Piquante.* As she approached, I looked her over analytically—the way you learn to do in a film studio where glamour is a business. Her dancing training was evident from the graceful way she walked across the room. She introduced herself, and I noticed she had a strikingly melodious voice. But she had none of the obvious physical attributes for stardom. Her nose was too large, her mouth too wide, her teeth too crooked. She was too thin for her height; her legs were indifferent, and she was almost flat-chested. Yet there was something about this girl which made all these factors unimportant. She had a sort of wistful, child-like, pixie quality about her, combined with tremendous vivacity and sincere charm. Her eyes sparkled with the sheer joy of being alive. I liked her on sight and I couldn't help admiring the clever way in which she disguised her physical shortcomings. Her heavy eye make-up concentrated attention on one of her best points, and her hair, which she wore the same way then as she does now, was an ideal complement to her piquant personality.

As we talked, and I learned a little about her background and personal history, I noticed a distinct reluctance to go into details about her hardships during the war. Later I learned what she had been through in occupied Holland, but all she would say then was: "I was hungry quite often."

I was impressed by her quiet determination, almost bordering on ruthlessness, to succeed as an actress. The very terms of the contract she had negotiated with ABC were proof of her confidence in her own future, and her business acumen. It was an unusual contract. Audrey was to make a minimum of one picture a year, with the privilege of approving each script. It was extremely rare for an unknown artist to demand and receive such terms. This early faith in her own ability has been fully justified, for it is this clause in her English contract which now enables Audrey to reject any script she regards as unsuitable.

She had so magnetized me and I was so certain she had the makings of a star that I was already planning what I could do to help her on her way. As it happened, I needed one of our contract artists to make a personal appearance the following evening at a policemen's annual ball. It was really quite an unimportant event. We had agreed to provide one of our starlets, as it was useful to be friendly with these particular police who patrolled the roads near the studio. When I asked Audrey if she'd do it, her first reaction was one of awe and fear. "Do you really think I'll be able to?" she asked seriously. "I've never made a personal appearance before. What do I do? What do I say? What shall I wear?" I explained to her it was just a routine job. She would have to make a little speech, which I would write for her. Then she'd pose for a few pictures, and

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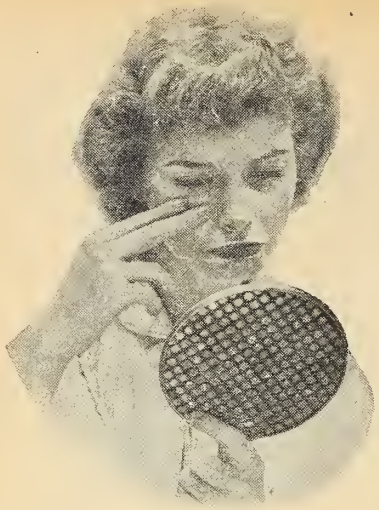
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maybe dance a few times with the policemen.

"Do you think I should go out and buy a new dress?" she asked me anxiously. I laughed and assured her this was not a Royal Command Performance.

THE NEXT DAY Audrey phoned me about five times, with a host of unimportant questions. After I'd sent the speech to her apartment, she called back again with suggestions and changes. She was trembling with nervousness when I called to pick her up that evening. I told her to relax—that she was not going to Buckingham Palace, but to a plain, ordinary policemen's ball.

This was my first opportunity to see the effect Audrey had on a group of men—and hardboiled ones at that. What I saw that evening convinced me that this girl possessed that rare and magical something which every great actress must have—"Star quality." I saw it at the very outset of the evening. She lost all traces of nervousness and quickly had the men and their wives eating right out of her hand. As far as those policemen were concerned, Audrey Hepburn was already a star. In fact she is still the mascot of the Hendon Mobile Police group.

Thereafter, whenever we needed someone for personal appearances or publicity stunts, I'd call Audrey. She was by far the most cooperative actress our studio had, as well as the most likeable.

TO THIS DAY, I can never eat a piece of turkey without remembering the day we spent together at a turkey farm getting some holiday pictures. The idea was to have Audrey in a cuddlesome pose with one of the creatures. Audrey showed up for our date, cute as a button in tartan slacks and a perky hat. It was a wet and dreary day, but we couldn't postpone the session.

As we approached the farm, Audrey looked out the car window and saw the spreading carpet of mud in our path. She glanced ruefully down at her bright plaid slacks, gave a little sigh, but said nothing. But the worst was yet to come. These turkeys, who probably awaited a fate more serious than picture-taking, weren't at all cooperative. Audrey joined in as we all—the farmer, the photographer and myself—tried to corner one of them. He fought and struggled and gobbled, but we finally managed to get one into Audrey's arms.

We were all congratulating ourselves as the turkey seemed to be calming down for the picture. The photographer took aim, focused, when—bang—his flash bulb exploded almost in Audrey's face. She didn't flicker an eyelash, but the turkey, terrified by the flash, bolted. Audrey gave chase in the drizzle, finally caught him, and the pictures went on. We finished about three hours later.

From that day to this, Audrey refers to publicity shots as "turkey pictures."

ON MEETING AUDREY'S mother, Baroness Van Heemstra, I realized what a strong influence she must have had on the formation of her daughter's character. Although there is little physical resemblance, Audrey has many of her mother's characteristics—a strong will, unfailing courtesy and a gracious old-world manner. Audrey's mother did more than anyone else in those early days to encourage her to become an actress. She also advised her as to the business and finance aspects of her career.

Audrey's first speaking role at the studio was in a film to which I had been assigned, *Young Wives Tale.* This was in 1951. Despite the fact that hers was a minor role and the picture featured two of England's greatest stars, Joan Greenwood and Nigel Patrick, Audrey finally got the lion's share of the publicity. Newspaper people, coming on the set to do routine stories, recognized this girl as a striking new personality and a natural for stardom.

It was during the shooting of this film that I realized Audrey was a perfectionist in everything she does. She often complained about her looks, particularly her uneven teeth and her hands. She even disliked her own voice, although this is one of the most attractive things about her.

I told her once: "Audrey, you shouldn't worry about these things. They are part of your charm. That's what makes you different from all the others. Just stay exactly as you are and you can't help reaching the top." But Audrey was never satisfied with herself. She worked constantly to learn everything she could about acting. While other starlets from the studio were frequenting London's night spots and clubs in the hopes of getting publicity, Audrey would spend her evenings taking ballet and singing lessons. She had little social life, but preferred to go to foreign films and sit through a picture two or three times to study acting technique.

Audrey's salary at this time was small. She rode to the studio, located outside of London, by bus, and often brought sandwiches for lunch. Yet the apartment she shared with her mother, although tiny, was in the most exclusive part of London. On her limited income, she didn't have much money to spend on clothes so she chose them with great care. Tight slacks hid her thin legs and high neck blouses covered her prominent shoulder bones. She wore flat shoes to cut her height.

Irving Sarnoff told his brother, Gen. David Sarnoff, about the TV repairman who came to fix a set. He took it apart, and studied it. A 5-year-old boy in the household told him: "Oh, I know what's the matter with the set: It's full of dead cowboys."
Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

DESPITE HER PHYSICAL and facial imperfections, Audrey was the favorite subject of the unit cameraman, who said to me: "This Hepburn girl is extraordinary. It's impossible to take a bad shot of her." The versatility of moods she could portray by simple facial expressions delighted the director, Henry Cass. And she had a great capacity for hard work, despite a physical frailty which is not only apparent but real—a result of malnutrition during the war.

It was not surprising that all the men on the set were enchanted by her, but amazingly enough women seemed to like her too. Several established female stars on the lot were known to dislike her because of the attention she had been getting, although they never had met. One of them, attending a studio party where Audrey was a guest, made several catty remarks about her to me. "Whatever has that girl got? Why she's as thin as a rail, absolutely no sex appeal." Right after this I purposely brought Audrey over and introduced her. Audrey immediately turned the conversation to the star's current picture, asked her how it was going, complimented her on her past successes, and completely charmed her. Not once did she refer to herself or her career. When Audrey left us, the actress who had so recently been consumed by professional jealousy said to me, "Why, she's delightful!"

Audrey did a few other films on and off the lot, including *Lavender Hill Mob* with Alec Guinness, but in none of them did she have a big role. She had often expressed a desire to make films abroad for she speaks several languages fluently and was raised on the continent. I was, therefore, not at

all surprised when she phoned me one day and said excitedly, "I've accepted a part in a French movie called *Monte Carlo Baby,* with location on the French Riviera. Isn't it exciting?"

Monte Carlo Baby was no epic, but it did prove to be the turning point in Audrey's career. As everyone knows, it was during this picture that Audrey was seen one day by the late great French writer, Colette. Audrey later told me exactly how it happened: "We were doing a scene on the front steps of the Hotel de Paris. Colette was being wheeled through the front door when she looked over in my direction, stopped, and then slowly came towards me. I didn't know who she was until she told me. 'How would you like to play *Gigi* in New York?' she asked me. I couldn't believe that she was serious, but, of course, I answered, 'Yes.'"

THIS MONTE CARLO film, besides being an important landmark in Audrey's career, is also a vital link in our story, for it was then that these pictures of Audrey were taken. A friend of mine, Edward Quinn, an Irish photographer working on the Riviera, was on location doing routine press shots of the cast. As he later explained it to me, he'd never even heard of Audrey Hepburn.

"Part of the cast was rehearsing a scene in the Sporting Club of the Casino," Ed told me, "and I was shooting pictures right and left. Then I saw this girl. She was in a corner of the room discussing a step with one of the dancers. I was absolutely floored by her. She stood out like an orchid in a patch of weeds. I grabbed one of the crew and asked, 'Who is this girl?' I learned that far from being the star of the picture, she had just a small part. I introduced myself and asked her if she would pose for some pictures. She agreed."

Quinn picked her up at the appointed time in his old pre-war Renault two-seater. On the way to a neighboring village, his car broke down. "I was very embarrassed," Quinn said. "Here we were on a mountain road with very few garages and little traffic. It meant I had to fix the car myself. Audrey couldn't have been nicer about the whole thing. In fact, she offered to help, but I didn't want her to get dirty, so she sat on the running board and kept up a gay line of chatter while I worked."

As these pictures show, Audrey was more than cooperative in posing for Quinn's camera. During several photographic sessions, she changed costumes many times and never complained about moving from one locale to another.

A few days later she called Quinn and in a calm and controlled voice said to him, "Paramount Pictures in New York have asked me for some photos of myself. I'd like to send the ones you've taken. May I?" Quinn, of course, agreed. Audrey was signed by Paramount soon after. These pictures, herewith published for the first time, are from that set.

I SAW AUDREY AGAIN when she returned from Monte Carlo, all set for *Gigi* and with a Paramount contract in her pocket. She was the happiest girl alive, but she still retained a humility and gratitude for the wonderful things that were happening to her.

"I know I'm going to love America," she told me, "but I'm nervous about appearing on Broadway." Even as Audrey said this, I could detect in her manner a deep underlying confidence in her own ability which I knew would see her through. As theatrical history has recorded, this self-assurance of hers was fully justified.

After she had finished the run of *Gigi* and the filming of *Roman Holiday,* Audrey arrived in England for a brief visit. I had



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been following her meteoric career with interest, and I was curious to know if her success had changed her. But she was still wide-eyed with wonder at her success.

That was the last I saw of Audrey until I reached New York myself a couple of years later. On my arrival, I wrote her a short note and mailed it to her New York hotel. Audrey tried twice to reach me on the phone, without success, so she wrote me a letter telling me she was leaving for Hollywood for the filming of *Sabrina.* It was a warm, friendly letter, full of reminiscences about the studio in England, including a reminder of the day we took those turkey pictures. It showed that Audrey, who had now reached the summit of international stardom, could still take time to remember her old friends.

It was after she had finished *Sabrina* and was in the midst of rehearsals for *Ondine* that the first faint notes of criticism about her began to appear in the press. Writers complained that it was impossible to get an interview with her, and that this was proof of an inflated ego. The same familiar photographs of Audrey in black matador pants and a high-necked blouse appeared time and time again in papers and magazines—simply because there were no others available. All this made me wonder if in the brief period since her letter to me, Audrey could have undergone such a transformation. I was determined to find out. I wanted to see Audrey again—and I wanted to see her play. So I booked seats for *Ondine.*

I hadn't warned Audrey about my coming that evening. Arriving at the theatre, I handed a note for Audrey to the stage door attendant, telling her I would come backstage after the performance.

After all the adverse publicity I had been reading about her, I was anticipating some difficulty. I had none. She had left instructions with the stage door attendant to conduct me to her dressingroom, and she was standing outside the door waiting for me. Throwing her arms around my neck, she kissed me affectionately. We were both near tears.

The first excited rush of questions and reminiscences over, Audrey beckoned me to a chair and asked eagerly: "What did you think of the play? Did you have good seats? I tried to contact you in the theatre to change them in case you didn't." As I discussed her performance, Audrey seated herself on the floor in front of me and proceeded to take off her make-up. I was studying her face closely. It was not until the last traces of her heavy, grotesque make-up had disappeared that I was able to see how she had changed physically. Months of overwork and strain had left their mark. She was a tired, tired girl.

I felt I knew her well enough to question her about the strains affecting her health and looks. "Yes, you're right," she said, "I am working too hard. As a matter of fact, my doctor has told me that unless I cut out all interviews, photo sessions, public appearances and other outside activities, I'll have to leave the play and go into a sanitarium." Audrey got up from the floor where she'd been sitting, put her hands into the pockets of her dressing gown and paced nervously up and down the room. "I really am exhausted. I'd like to do everything the press boys ask me, but I just can't."

THAT FOR ME was sufficient explanation for her alleged lack of cooperation. I could see this was no act. Audrey was a very sick girl. But tired as she was, she still greeted with a smile a group of teenagers from her fan club.

This was about the time when stories were circulating in New York about Audrey and Mel Ferrer. I hesitated to ask her about him, for she had always been sensitive about discussing the men in her life. Up to now, Audrey had had but two serious romances that I knew about. The first was with Marcel Lebon, a handsome young French singer and dancer, whom she was dating when I first met her. I saw them together often and I believe Audrey was very much in love with him, but her interest in him terminated about the time she came to New York to appear in *Gigi.* Her second big romance, with Jimmy Hanson, a wealthy young English playboy, almost ended in marriage.

Audrey mentioned Mel Ferrer's name only once during our conversation. "He's such a wonderful actor," she said quietly, "but his part in this play—it's too small. He has no opportunity to show what he can do." Then she began to talk about the vacation she was planning. "I'm going to Switzerland for a complete rest," she told me. "I shall stay in one of those little wooden chalets, miles from anywhere, and I'm going to sleep and sleep as long as I want to, and catch up on all the books I haven't had time to read." Her eyes sparkled with the old animation as she described her plans for the first real vacation she'd allowed herself in years.

A FEW WEEKS later I called at her apartment and drove out with her to Idlewild airport. On the way, she told me how relieved she was that *Ondine* had closed.

"I just couldn't have kept going much longer doing eight performances a week," she said. She was obviously thrilled about the prospect of returning to the continent. "I love America, of course, and I always shall," she remarked, "but I don't really want to live in any one place permanently. That's why I love acting. It takes you to so many different places."

At the airport, I put Audrey on the Swiss Airliner which was to carry her across the seas to a most important occasion in her life, her marriage to Mel Ferrer. If Audrey knew that day she was soon to be a bride, she gave no indication of it.

The news of her marriage a few weeks later started a whole train of thoughts and doubts in my mind. From mutual friends, I learned that Audrey's mother had disapproved of her association with Ferrer right from the start, and that this had caused several bitter arguments between them. Baroness Van Heemstra was herself the victim of an unhappy marriage, and obviously didn't want the same to happen to Audrey. The Baroness is a practical woman and she must have been disconcerted by Ferrer's three-marriage record. •

That's where Mr. Railton-Jones' story ends. The rest is speculation.

If Audrey's marriage is as successful as she claims, what does the future hold? Actresses with far greater reserves of physical stamina and fewer demands upon their time and energy, have cracked under the strain of combining a career with marriage and a family. Audrey wants a baby, wants to act. Even with the support of her husband, added responsibilities may take a dangerous toll of her health. Possibly she may limit herself to one picture a year, or devote herself almost entirely to stage work, though that would seem to be even more enervating. Very possibly she and Mel may remain overseas for a long time, looking for escape from the publicity that follows them. But if her friends are worried, Audrey herself doesn't seem to be. In London she and her husband attended the première of *The Bridges At Toko-Ri,* and someone asked the radiant Audrey how it felt to be a star. She smiled and cocked her head to one side. "Like Cinderella," she said. She sounded very much as though she had found both her prince and her happy-ever-after. **END**

present perfect

(*Continued from page 29*) which, I can spend hours pointing with pride, 'Look, I did it all with my own little hands.' "

This vignette would have small significance except that it's a far cry from the days when Susan used to shut herself up in her dressingroom with nothing but mood music for company. Down the years, especially when pickings are slim, Hollywood has played the game of discovery—the new Garbo, the new Crawford, the new Mickey Mouse. Right now Susan's It, the new Hayward, lilting, buoyant and gay. To fall back on another cliché, she never looked lovelier, as anyone who has seen her close up will testify. Columnists on the prowl for an item attribute this to romance, but they are baffled when it comes to naming the other party.

Susan smiles. "You can't keep people from saying whatever suits them. The truth is simple. I'm very pleased at the moment not to be emotionally involved with anyone. There's a time to battle the stream and a time to sit on the bank, watching the current flow by. Gives you the chance to evaluate and ponder. This is my time on the bank." Mischief glinted for a moment in the brown eyes. "Too much of it could get dull. I'm not feeling dull yet."

THERE'S NO NEW Susan. There's a woman of character—intelligent, honest, courageous—who grows through experience, sweet or bitter. The past is past, and she won't talk about it. The future can be handled when it comes. She lives in the present, which is good. If she's happier, more at ease with herself and the world, you don't have to go hunting for reasons. Release from the strains of an untenable marriage is reason enough.

Davey Wayne's seven-year-old saw her father for the first time on the screen in "How to Marry a Millionaire." Naturally, Davey was very interested in his small fry's reaction to his histrionic talent—and he got it, to wit: "Oh Daddy, I just loved the picture. I saw Jessica James' mommy and Stephen Bogart's mommy, but that pretty lady you liked, why hasn't she any little girl?"

Radie Harris in
The Hollywood Reporter

Indirectly, she says so. "The house has a nice atmosphere, casual, relaxed. We have many more visitors, who are always welcome. So many, in fact, that I bought a double oven, because we need two roasts instead of one. The boys ask their school friends to dinner and to stay overnight. Cleo, I might add, is the come-on. 'She's the best cook in the world,' I hear them brag. 'We're going to have pork chops.' "

SHE HAS ALWAYS been close to her sons. They're closer now. Most of her nonworking time is devoted to them. As sole authority, all plans and decisions are up to her. She believes in combining supervision with greater freedom, gives them their rope while laying down definite rules. Despite her busy life as an actress, no concern of theirs is too trifling for her attention. "I can't find my checkerboard," says Tim.

"No wonder," says Greg. "You took it over to John's the other day."

"That's right, I did. Only I think it was Billy's."

Susan intervened. Boys must learn to be responsible for their possessions.

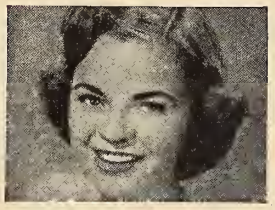
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Taking toys out was fine, if you could manage to remember where you left them. Until their memories improved, they'd better ask for permission. Next day the phone rang on the set. Greg had to speak to his mother; it was very important. "May I take my basketball over to Eric's?" To Susan it was very important too—the feeling that they knew she was always on tap for consultation in a crisis of this or any other nature.

Wherever they're playing, they've got to be home by five. If Susan isn't in, they report to Cleo. In addition to Cleo, there's Willy Jean, her daughter, a teen-ager young enough to romp with the boys and to sit, just as wide-eyed, through their TV programs. Matthew, Cleo's husband, arrives at four to do odd jobs. From the day's pursuits, the youngsters return to a circle of warmth and friendliness. Till six-thirty, which is dinner time, they watch TV. After dinner they're allowed to choose a single half-hour program. Susan is of the crisp opinion that television, overdone, can have a stultifying effect on the young, or their elders, for that matter. She glows openly over the fact that her kids average 90 at school. Both love to read. They're crazy about the Landmark books and the Book of Knowledge. They also have homework to do. If they get stuck, an SOS goes up for Mommy. "To my chagrin, I sometimes get stuck myself. You'd be surprised how tough that fifth grade homework can be."

SHE TAKES DELIGHT in doing with and for them things they've never done before. For the first time last Christmas, Santa and his reindeer decorated their lawn. Their Christmas requests were moderate. "Commando sets and trench coats—so we can play Army and fall in the mud." She got a bang out of buying stuff they didn't ask for. Out of love and their own allowances, they gifted her with a box of candy each, their favorite kind, which they absently proceeded to consume themselves.

She took them east for the World Series. She took them to Hawaii, where they learned surfboard riding. She takes them and a couple of pals to football games. Her careful planning includes a hired chauffeur. "It's meant to be a day of pure enjoyment. If I drove myself, if I had to battle traffic and parking problems, I might conceivably grow a little impatient. I refuse to have anything take the edge off our pleasure. So we see the game, we have dinner at some special restaurant and have nothing to remember but fun."

Her basic purpose is to extend in all directions the horizons of their world. She's buying a piano, so all three of them can take lessons. The boys have joined the Cub Scouts. They belong to a social group which gives dinner dances. Parents are not permitted in but Susan drops them off and sometimes stops for an unauthorized peek. She sees her sons picking the prettiest little girls to dance with, gathering around the water cooler, kicking and being kicked in the shins by other boys—and thrills to their normal reactions. Like the song says, little things mean a lot. As when Greg writes an imaginative piece on how it feels to be a giant. As when Tim writes how he feels about Christmas and it makes the school paper.

She likes to pass the door of their room for a glimpse of two heads, one fair, one sandy-red, bent over the big double desk. Last year she had the house redecorated. Buttery yellows and greys in the living-room, a mirrored fireplace, the walls aglow with prints—Matisse, Rouault, Chagall—which she gets from the Museum of Modern Art. For herself, a pink marble bathroom. "All my life I've heard about movie stars with marble bathrooms. Now I've got one. Fake, to be sure, but just as dear to my heart." The big project, however, was the thirty-foot room upstairs, transformed from a children's to a boys' room. Plaid paper gave way to wood fibre. Opposite the windows overlooking garden and pool, a stack of shelves to hold books, records, all the lead soldiers she brought them from Mexico and miscellaneous treasure, with space above for pennants and flying ducks. In the center a desk, large enough for a boy on either side to spread puzzles, paintings, homework, without blocking the other. Their faces bear that innocent, vulnerable look of any child absorbed in what he's doing. You don't have to be their mother to know how Susan feels as she tiptoes by.

ANGELS THEY'RE NOT, though cooperative for the most part. The one thing Susan won't tolerate is freshness and, like all kids, they get out of line now and then. Comes the moment, for instance, to do something they'd rather not. She reminds them. They ignore her. She pokes their memory. "*Why* do I have to?" She explains. They parry with the why again. She explains for the last time. They're seized by the child's compulsion to find out how far authority can be challenged. "I won't," says Tim or Greg. For this, in Susan's experience, there's a sovereign remedy. Over the knee with a little slipper on the fanny. "They're punished only for a reason. Being pretty hep kids, they know exactly what the reason is. You'd be amazed how that slipper clears the air."

They turned ten in February, and the slipper-cure grows less frequent. On matters of consequence, the three assemble in council. Figaro, the Scottie who used to pick lemons off trees, met with a fatal accident. To heal their shattered hearts, Susan promptly bought the twins a dog apiece. Each picked his own breed—one cocker, one Scottie—each promised to be responsible for his own pooch. But it appeared they had no time for the duties of ownership. In Susan the sense of duty is strong, and she's instilling it into her boys. "If Cleo or Willy Jean looks after them, they won't be your dogs. So would you be satisfied if I found good homes for them?" Two faces fell. "Now wait a minute. You know I love dogs and I think we should certainly have an animal around. So I'll get another one. It'll be Mother's dog and I'll take care of it, though you can help when you have the time. But since it *will*

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be mine, I feel I should have some say about the breed, just as you did."

"That's only fair," agreed Tim.

"What breed?" asked Greg.

"Well, I've always been partial to Irish setters."

An Irish setter suited them fine. "He'll have red hair just like yours." He's now an established member of the household.

They conferred on Mommy's new car—her first Eldorado Cadillac. "It's got to be fire-engine red," cried Greg. "You always said you loved fire-engine red, remember?" She remembered well, but she wanted black. Susan, however, leads through finesse, not despotism. Driving around town, they compared colors. The reds were certainly beautiful, but every other car they saw was red. Wouldn't it be better to have something different? To this, Tim added the clincher. "They stick out more, so they get tickets faster." Whereupon they veered to white, but decided the mud would show up too dirty. Meanwhile, Susan kept pointing out the shiny jet blacks. In the end, the boys were persuaded that black was the only color for a new car, and that they themselves had talked Mommy into it.

THAT SHE'S AN ACTRESS they accept, the way some other kid accepts his mother's being a teacher. It's a fact of life, neither ignored nor stressed. The only picture they've seen her in since *Song In My Heart* is *White Witch Doctor*. They loved the natives, went wild over the African backgrounds and thought Mommy was pretty good too, but Mommy's presence was a minor affair. Very rarely she'll have them on the set, when something special goes on like the big animal scene in *Demetrius*, or the wagon-train sequence for *Untamed*, which was shot on the ranch. Here the twins had an elegant time, played with kids in the cast, dragged stray cats into Susan's trailer, watched her fashion bullets out of lead, which they conceded was a pretty neat trick. Here, for the first and only time, her position in the movie world staggered one of her sons. It happened at noon, when box lunches were distributed. Greg opened his, eyed the sandwiches, the eggs, the fruit, the cellophaned packets of salt, and lifted a face of sheer rapture. "Mommy, do you eat like this *every* day?"

HER CAREER is in high. From *Untamed* to *The Conqueror* to *Soldier Of Fortune*, which she all but lost. Part of the picture was to be shot in Hong Kong. She had nothing against Hong Kong. On the contrary. A trip to the Orient plus a co-starring role with Gable struck her as an attractive combination. "Provided," she told them at 20th, "I can take my children. Otherwise, no." Jess Barker, their father, has the boys every Wednesday afternoon and every other week end. She'd have been glad to make up the time to him. But by legal stipulation, neither parent may take them across the state line without the other's consent. Their father withheld consent on the grounds that their schooling mustn't be interfered with. It wouldn't have been. She had planned to engage a tutor. She felt, moreover, that the trip would be rich in the kind of education that doesn't come from books. She appealed to the court, which ruled against her. "In that case," she said quietly, "I won't go."

They were all disappointed. Susan is a fighter, convinced that the Lord helps those who help themselves. She's also what you might call an upbeat fatalist, who won't bash her head against the inevitable. With her own philosophy she comforted the twins. "If something's supposed to happen, it happens. If not, it just wasn't meant to be. But don't worry, we'll get there yet. When you graduate from school, we'll take a tramp steamer and go around the world on a summer vacation." Which softened the blow.

She had resigned herself to bowing out of the picture. The studio bowed her right back in again. They wanted Hayward, not a substitute. They summoned writers, who revised the script so a double could be sent to China for necessary long shots, while the close-ups were done here. One detail hung fire. To the brass, it loomed as more than a detail. This became clear to Susan, seated in the office of Buddy Adler, producer.

"There's something I want to talk to you about." He cleared his throat. "I don't know just how to put it."

She looked him in the eye and played her hunch. "You mean you'd like me to wear short hair."

"I know you don't care for short hair."

"There's no problem," she said equably. "I'd just as soon have it cut."

Between surprise and relief, he banged the table. "Boy, am I going to collect! Bets and bets that I couldn't get you to do it."

"I wonder why. I'm the most docile person in the world."

"Then how come," he deadpanned, "they're all scared to ask you?"

She turned thoughtful. "It's rumored that now and again I get my Irish up."

The above scene maybe needs some interpretation. A story, part myth, part fact, has attached itself to Susan's crowning glory. The myth is that she guards it against the shears like no one since Samson—which leaves out of account that she had it clipped years ago for *The Saxon Charm* and more recently for *With a Song In My Heart*. The fact is that she prefers it long and has on several occasions kept it so, despite pleas. Her reasons seem sound. "Ninety per cent of the masculine population likes longer hair. Inasmuch as I'm a woman, one of my primary purposes is to please men. Besides, it keeps the back of my neck warm."

For *Soldier Of Fortune*, they took off two or three inches. A little more? they hinted. No, that's enough. Let's have lunch. Next morning she learned via one of the gossip columns that she had shed salt tears, gathered up the poor locks and carried them home. This broke her up. "Comes the living day!" she hooted. "You know, I did cry once. I was ten and my mother got tired of brushing all this hair and had it cut. I cried because I didn't want to look like a boy. Well, I'm no longer ten. In the course of time I've also discovered that hair grows."

THE PLUM OF THE YEAR has dropped into her lap. She helped joggle the branch. Like the afghan, it started on *Untamed*, where one day the twenty-four-hour virus hit her. Accustomed to rugged health, she makes a restless patient. In an effort to hold her down, Martha Little, her house guest, brought in a book. "It's new. Read it and lie still." But for keeping her quiet, Martha had picked the wrong book. It was called *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. Turning page after page of this story of a woman's travail with agony and her spiritual triumph, Susan's fever mounted. Virus or no, she flew out of bed to call her agent, Ned Marin. "I've just read the Lillian Roth book. Who has it?"

"I thought you were sick."

"I am, so don't trifle with me."

"Nobody has it, but there's lots of interest around."

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"Don't be hasty. Get back into bed and I'll see what goes."

What went was as follows. Paramount wanted it if they could borrow Hayward. They couldn't, but MGM could—on the deal that brought Tracy to 20th for *Broken Lance*. "If they buy it," said Susan, "that's the one I'll do for them." Marin so informed Dore Schary, who said they were dickering. When *I'll Cry Tomorrow* won the Christopher Award, they quit dickering and snapped it up. This crisscross of activity, told in seconds, covered weeks, with Susan chewing nails. Came at length the bugle call from Marin. "I've got all the clearances, and you're Lillian Roth."

"Yippee!" she yipped, read the book five times more and flew up to Vegas to watch the singer work. From their confabs, she's emerged with boundless admiration for Miss Roth. No tosser-around of large words, Susan calls her a great person. "To go through all that tragedy and come out more than whole, you've *got* to be great. And an inspiration to others, may I add, as I sip my tea."

Though work and children claim most of her time, she's hardly the hermit type. Dancing she loves. Marin, old friend as well as agent, is a frequent escort. There are others. "But they're people not involved in this business and they'd just as soon not see their names in print." When she's going someplace exciting—which means formal—it's a big deal for the twins, who run in and out while she puts her make-up on, fall over the gold slippers, set them tenderly upright and wait for the breathless moment when she's ready. Their round eyes, their, "Mommy, you look so pretty," isn't the least of the evening's satisfactions. She'll introduce them to her date—usually not the first time, but the second. They'll size the gentlemen up and note their preferences, which they're quite willing to discuss. She's just as willing to listen and to set them right if she happens to disagree with them.

Being thoroughly feminine, she can't see herself living alone and liking it. The state of single blessedness strikes her as a state of singular unfulfillment. "But I've never been the kind of girl who jumped from one romance to another. And I don't propose to jump from one marriage to another. When the time is ripe, I'll know it. Naturally, the boys are a prime consideration. The man I choose or who chooses me—we might even get around to it at the same minute—must love children as dearly as I do, for I fully intend to have more. Since that's a prerequisite, I feel that he and the twins will get along fine. Only this is for sure. If I fall in love and believe we're right for each other, the decision will be mine. At eighteen, my youngsters will have their own lives. Parents, like children, are entitled to theirs."

WHEN SHE MARRIES again—and Susan says *when*, not *if*—she'll kiss her career goodbye, not without regret, but with finality. "I've loved every minute of it. As long as I've got to work, I hope they'll accept me in this business. I just can't figure staying in it for the rest of my days. Not because I feel an actress can't handle both. But because I've handled this one since I was seventeen, and I'd like to handle something else for a change. Will I miss it? Probably—for a while. But life goes on and there's always another bonfire," cracked the doll from Brooklyn.

Which brings us back to that afghan. She's always liked to knit and crochet. This job, however, is special, being linked to the future. "It's the kind of thing that's handed down. It's meant to be handed down to the little girl I'm going to have some day. Not to mention two more boys."

Their prospective dad? Don't be silly. Susan's no fortune-teller. She lives in the present, and sufficient unto the day is the good thereof. END

hollywood's biggest question mark

(*Continued from page 39*) volunteered, "is that my daughter has known Mr. Peck for, say, three years. They have much affection for each other, but beyond that I cannot say. I know nothing of their plans."

"Is it possible that they are honeymooning right now in Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands?"

"I am sorry, Monsieur. I really don't know."

Like her daughter, Madame Passani is a journalist. She writes for the *France Dimanche*—and she is skilled in the art of being politely evasive. She did admit that for a number of years her daughter has worked for Greg as a combination interpreter-secretary.

IT WAS AS A REPORTER, however, that Veronique first met the Hollywood star. She was working for the *Paris Presse* three years ago and was assigned to interview Gregory Peck. She never had met Greg, but she is an aggressive and resourceful girl. She called Paramount's publicity office in Paris.

The office was being run then by a handsome, charming man named Eduard de Segonzac. As de Segonzac recalls the incident, "She phoned and there was a good deal of urgency in her voice. She said that she knew Greg was in Paris. She knew he was on his way to Rome to make *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn. And she must have an interview. I told her to come for lunch. That's how she met Greg."

Now what Peck saw in this thin-faced brunette, few of his friends have been able to determine. What he sees in her now, of course, is charm, companionship, competency, love, an attractive figure and a continental *savoir faire*. But at that time, Veronique wasn't particularly well-groomed, sophisticated or appealing. And what attracted Greg is still a mystery.

One acquaintance says, "The truth is that Veronique came around exactly at the right time in Peck's life. He and Greta were fighting and their arguments were no secrets in Europe. By contrast, Veronique must have seemed docile and pliable.

"Of course, Greg has since learned that this young lady has a will of iron, an ability to fight and struggle and survive characteristic of so many Europeans.

"Anyway, she has a nifty figure, and as I say, she moved in at a propitious moment."

IN THE LIGHT of Greta Peck's divorce testimony, this analysis seems to be valid, because a few weeks ago Greta testified in the California Superior Court that she and her three children went to Paris in 1952 to be near her husband. She rented a large home which she regarded as comfortable but which Greg described as "this miserable cold barn."

So terrible did he consider his surroundings that "he stayed away from home nights and wouldn't tell me where he had been or where he was going or what he was doing."

According to Mrs. Peck, a crisis in their domestic affairs was reached on the night Dr. and Mrs. Voskamp had a party in their Paris apartment for Greta and Greg.

"My husband stayed for half an hour," Greta testified, "then took his hat and coat and walked out before dinner. I followed him to the door and asked him if he

wanted me to go with him. He said it made no difference whether I did or not."

On another occasion, "My husband told me, 'We would be better friends if we were not married.' "

It was then that Greta Peck bundled up her three sons and took the first boat back to America, leaving her tall, enigmatic husband to the plans and designs of Veronique who was by then completely gone on him.

When Greta Peck returned to Hollywood, she must have known in her mind that her marriage was finished, but in her heart she nurtured the hope that Greg might change, that remembering his own youth in a broken home, remembering the poverty and struggle of their early married days, he might give up the European whirl.

She declined to admit that her marriage was on the rocks. "It's just very difficult raising three boys in Europe," she maintained, "so we came home."

There was no mention of Veronique, of the quarrels, the mental cruelty, the general incompatibility. Instead, there was a good deal of whistling in the dark.

"Greg is a man," Greta told inquirers, "and it is only natural that he will occasionally go out with girls while he's in Europe. Certainly, there's no harm in that."

But Greg didn't go out with girls. He went out with one single girl—Veronique Passani—and while he insisted, "She's just a friend," no one believed him. They were inseparable. Everywhere Greg went—London, Paris, the Riviera, Italy, Switzerland, Ireland, Ceylon—Veronique went with him or followed him.

CBS-TV assigned Dong Kingman, the artist, to make a drawing for use as the title background, on Jackie Gleason's *Studio One* appearance. Kingman called on Gleason, who said he was too busy, turned his back and walked away . . . That's why the title background used showed only Gleason's back.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

GRETA PECK hoped that somewhere along the line Greg might drop Veronique in favor of playing the field, an infinitely less dangerous game—but Veronique has a lot on the ball, and she had then, and still has, no intention of letting Greg escape.

An actor who is a good friend of Peck's took him aside about a year ago and diplomatically tried to explain that Veronique was not the girl for a plain boy from La Jolla, California, and generally tried to discourage the *entente*. Peck paid no heed.

Veronique is shrewd and intelligent and at least one of her friends is convinced that "she's too good for Greg and should never marry him.

"Greg is tall and quietly handsome," this friend says, "and he's earning about $600,000 a year, and I guess you'd call him a terrific catch. But somehow I think Veronique is not his type.

"Veronique is well stacked, no doubt about that. But she is not particularly beautiful or glamorous, and she is primarily an intellectual. She is twenty-three and Greg is thirty-nine. There is a great difference in their backgrounds, their ages, their religions and their outlooks.

"Greg is a very stolid sort of person. Veronique is not, although she changes her own personality as a sop to his ego. This practice is all very well and good when a girl is playing up to a man, but in marriage it won't work.

"I know I'm playing the heretic in advising Veronique not to marry Greg, but I've seen the two of them together in Paris. I've seen them in Ceylon and at John Huston's house in Ireland. And I just don't think it will work."

Veronique, needless to say, does not share this opinion. She is very much in love with Peck, and if he doesn't marry her eventually she is going to be one of the most disappointed and unhappy girls in Europe.

PECK WILL DISCUSS pretty nearly every subject except his love life. Recently, someone tried to discover what makes him tick—why he's done the things he has and why he has stayed abroad for such long periods.

"Primarily," he answered, "I'm interested in enlarging my horizon as an actor. If I've spent periods abroad, it's because I think work in London can be just as enriching as work in Hollywood. It broadens an actor."

"But there was a time," Greg was told, "when you didn't want to be an actor. You wanted to be a doctor. Isn't that true?"

"That was a long time ago," Peck admitted. "But when I saw I couldn't become a doctor (family finances) I became an actor, and I'm happy with my lot."

"As an actor, do you think good looks and a good physique count very much?"

"What counts most," Peck believes, "is presence and personality and inner truth." As for happiness, "It consists of physical and moral satisfaction. People must be themselves, act themselves, know themselves and accept themselves for what they are."

Peck was then asked what he thought of love. "It's not a big thing," he explained. "When it comes it always surprises me. But then again, love is not something one thinks about. It's something one feels."

"How about your opinion of women? Do you find beauty an essential for attraction?"

"Personality," Greg answered firmly, "counts more than beauty, because when beauty dies of old age, personality still exists. What counts in a woman is charm, and receptiveness, dignity and naturalness, good manners and intelligence."

VERONIQUE PASSANI happens to be endowed with all of these qualities. So is Greta Peck. She is sweet, charming and every inch a lady.

How did Greg come to fall out of love with this delightful little blonde woman, the mother of his three handsome, healthy sons?

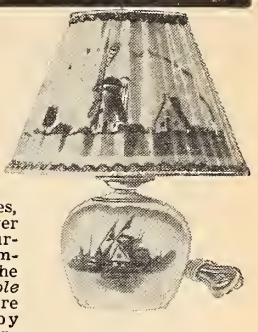
One hears many stories—that Greta is thrifty and Greg is not, that Greta is conservative and Greg is liberal, that Greta loves California and Greg loves to travel. In truth, there is no simple, specific answer.

As a father, his behavior has always been above reproach. As a gentleman he stands in a class all by himself. And as a provider for his family—just look at the financial settlement he made with Greta. She is to get $55,000 a year in alimony plus $750 a month for the support of the children. In addition she receives one half of the community property which consists of a $200,000 home, insurance policies and one half of Peck's percentages in three motion pictures. After 1965, she will receive ten per cent of Greg's earnings until she remarries.

This adds up to a sizable amount of money. But in the event Veronique Passani becomes the second Mrs. Peck, she needn't worry. There will be plenty left for her. In the last twelve years Eldred Gregory Peck has become one of the most highly-paid screen lovers in Hollywood's hectic history.

END

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don't call me a dumb blonde

(*Continued from page 45*) became a star in the face of incredibly tough handicaps.

To begin with, she had no parental guidance, no background, no money, a minimum education, no influential friends. She had a series of unbelievably bad breaks.

For example, after Marilyn was placed in *The Asphalt Jungle*, her name was omitted from the cast sheet. When the picture was "sneaked" at a neighborhood theatre in Los Angeles, the reaction cards showed that dozens of people asked about the "dumb, well-built, baby-faced blonde." They had enjoyed her performance, and they wanted to know her name.

Ordinarily, this tip-off is enough to make any studio sign the actress in question. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer declined to do so because of Lana Turner. Five years ago, Lana was the sex appeal champ, and the Metro executives saw no point in arousing her antagonism—not that Lana has a jealous bone in her body—or fostering internecine warfare. The result was that Marilyn Monroe got her walking papers.

She was heartbroken. At the time, she said, "Everyone says I was pretty good in the picture. Was I really?"

"You were great, Marilyn," she was assured. "Absolutely great."

Choked with self-doubt, Marilyn asked in a petulant tone, "Then why didn't they give me a contract or another part?"

"Just the breaks," she was told. "Just the breaks. This is a rough racket."

Another director, Joe Mankiewicz, then rescued Marilyn from her psychological depression. He chose her for another dumb blonde role, in *All About Eve*.

When Darryl Zanuck saw the rushes on *Eve*, he ordered his casting department to give Marilyn Monroe a contract.

"We had her for a year," he was told, "and she can't act. She tries hard but she can't act."

"Sign her," Zanuck ordered. Marilyn signed a seven-year contract in August, 1951. She was cast in a series of minor vehicles and her build-up was delayed. The reason for the delay: Betty Grable. Not that Betty ever muttered a single word about Marilyn. It was just that Harry's wife was then the studio's number one star, and there seemed to be no point in threatening her position.

In 1951 Marilyn was assigned inconsequential roles in *As Young As You Feel*, *Let's Make It Legal* and *Love Nest*, and loaned to RKO for *Clash By Night*.

RKO paid 20th Century-Fox $6000 for the loanout. Two years later they offered $250,000 to borrow Marilyn for the lead in *High Heels* and were told, "Monroe is not available for a loan-out at any price."

Marilyn had achieved such great success in *Clash By Night* that her own studio was compelled to recognize her, Betty Grable or no Betty Grable. In 1952 she was cast opposite the leading male stars in the studio's leading productions.

THIS BACKGROUND is necessary for understanding the feud that developed between Marilyn and her studio when she finished *The Seven Year Itch* and *There's No Business Like Show Business*.

This feud—let's call it a dispute—began when Marilyn married Joe DiMaggio. Marilyn, for the first time in her struggling life, knew a modicum of financial security. She had a husband to support her. She didn't have to work.

She therefore announced that she had no intention of making a film called *Pink Tights*. Whereupon the studio hired Sheree North to replace her. Marilyn also let it be known that she was dissatisfied with her old contract that was then paying her $750 a week when she worked.

Agreeing that she deserved more money, the studio consented to abandon the old contract and offered a new one calling for Marilyn to make two pictures a year at $100,000 per picture. After three and a half years she could make outside films.

Subject to discussion with her lawyers, Marilyn went into *Show Business* and *The Seven Year Itch* on those terms, drawing $1500 a week against $100,000 per picture.

When *The Seven Year Itch* was finished, Marilyn, having dropped Joe DiMaggio, began to go around Hollywood with a New York photographer named Milton Greene.

"I met Marilyn about a year and a half ago," Greene says. "When I came out to Hollywood on my honeymoon a little while later, I introduced my wife Aimee to Marilyn, and we all became good friends. I shot a lot of pictures of Marilyn—they're going to be published in a book—and I invited her to spend Christmas with us in New York and Connecticut.

"I introduced her to my lawyer, Frank Delaney, and she told him what was on her mind. That's how we started Marilyn Monroe Productions, her own corporation. Marilyn wants to be able to have some say in the roles she plays. All this stuff about her wanting to play the female lead in *The Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoievsky, is a bunch of bunk. She was misquoted. A line of what she said was taken out of context."

Marilyn said, "Technically, I'm not under contract to 20th Century any more. But I like the studio, and I want to make more pictures here. And I think we can work it out. I've been quoted as saying that I don't like the pictures I've been put in. I never said that. A couple of the pictures might have been better. I suggested that a very good role might be the female lead in *The Brothers Karamazov*, and right away it was taken for granted that I was getting arty and wanted to play the part."

Asked if there was any chance of her reconciling with Joe DiMaggio, her answer was, "We'll keep on being very good friends."

Then she was asked if her attitude had changed, generally speaking, and she said, "I don't think so."

BUT THE TRUTH IS that since her divorce from Joe DiMaggio, Marilyn has come out of her shell. She no longer seems insecure, inhibited, shy or afraid.

She has reached that critical point in her life where she must decide which is more important, career or wifehood. And her answer right now is career.

Marilyn isn't money-hungry. But she is quietly determined to get some lucre while the getting is hot. No actress deserves it more, because there is no actress in Hollywood who has worked harder than Marilyn Monroe at learning her trade. The hours, the weeks, the years she has put in with her dramatic coach, Natasha Lytess, studying lines and movements—"You wouldn't believe it," she once said. "It's been the only thing that really mattered."

Five years ago Marilyn Monroe knew precious little about dancing, acting, music, literature or clothes. She suffered from a complete inferiority complex. One columnist used to aggravate the complex by writing, "When will Marilyn Monroe stop dressing like an unmade bed? This girl shows everything in her clothes except good taste."

Hungry for the education denied her by circumstance, Marilyn has spent practically all of her spare time reading widely, listening to good music, taking singing lessons and learning the financial facets of the motion picture business. Marilyn has learned that highly taxable salaries are not

nearly so rewarding as capital gains or profit-sharing deals. She looks around Hollywood and sees that Jimmy Stewart has garnered more than $4,000,000 in the last six years by working for a small salary and a large share of the profits. She knows that Gable is going to get at least half a million from *Soldier Of Fortune*. Cary Grant, June Allyson, Alan Ladd are all independent free-lance operators. Why can't she be one?

Her New York lawyers claim that she is. They told her weeks ago that when 20th Century-Fox sent her a letter saying they were abrogating her old contract and drawing up a new one, she was free so long as she didn't sign the new contract.

The studio, on the other hand, claimed that if Marilyn didn't sign the new contract, then the old contract was in force.

Regardless of the contract dispute, Marilyn wants a degree of professional independence, because she feels strongly that she will know what to do with it. At twenty-eight she is willing to strike out on her own. Although her studio regards her in a jaundiced light, Hollywood respects her sagacity and understands her desire for independence.

MARILYN HAS practically no close women friends, but one woman who has known her for years recently explained her status.

"These last few years," she claims, "Marilyn has grown up. She may not think so, but she's changed a lot. From a bewildered youngster she has developed into a movie star with poise.

"She feels that she is no longer a dumb blonde. In many quarters there is no recognition of her growth. Many men in Hollywood remember her as an avid, struggling kid with a well-turned body and a seemingly empty head. They remember her when she didn't have a dime, when an interview frightened her silly, when she had to be rehearsed over and over for a simple bit of subtle playing.

"Many of these men created or helped create the Marilyn Monroe legend. If Marilyn said something artlessly funny, they'd broadcast it all over the world. For example, when Marilyn was asked if she had anything on while she was posing for her famous calendar, she answered, 'I had the radio on.' That remark was planted in every column in the country.

"As a matter of fact, Marilyn's publicity build-up was so tremendous that sometimes it got out of hand. The Clark Gable incident is an illustration. Because Gable danced with her at a party, an attempt was made to blow it up into a full-fledged romance. People laughed, and Darryl Zanuck gave orders to go easy on the Monroe publicity.

"Marilyn has earned a good deal of money for her studio. Everyone recognizes that. But she herself has practically no money saved or invested. Her salaries have been relatively small and her expenses high. But money is not the primary interest in her life.

"More than anything else, she craves recognition as an artist, as an actress—not as a lucky, fatuous personality. She would like to cremate the 'dumb blonde' reputation she never deserved."

There is a world of difference between "dumbness" and "naturalness." Marilyn has always been natural and candid.

Once, she was asked what, if anything, she did to maintain her posture. She admitted quickly, pointing to a set of dumbbells, "I lift weights to fight gravity. Gravity makes you sag."

Questioned about her sexy voice, she said, "I never find it necessary to use my voice in any special way. If you think something sexy your voice just naturally goes along. I've given pure sex appeal very little thought. If I had to think about it I'm sure it would frighten me."

On the subject of clothes she said, forthrightly, "I dress for men. They say women dress for women, but a woman looks at your clothes critically. A man appreciates them."

Marilyn never has been credited with much wit, but reporters who have interviewed her over the years will tell you that she is one of the wittiest girls in the film colony—not a smart-alecky wise-cracker, but an actress who is endowed with a natural sense of humor.

"So many reporters," Marilyn once complained, "ask me something. Then when I answer they say, 'Gee! I can't use that.' One time a fellow asked me what I wore to bed. So I said I only wear Chanel Number Five. 'Darn it,' he moaned, 'I can't use that.' "

Despite her naïveté and her charming frankness, despite "the dumb blonde" legend planted and nurtured by jealous women, Marilyn Monroe has always had a good head on her shoulders.

If she hadn't she never would have survived, much less succeeded, in Hollywood.

AT A PARTY FOR HER at Romanoff's the Hollywood greats—Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart, Bill Holden, Claudette Colbert, Doris Day and many others—came to Marilyn's table and said much the same thing: "I hear that in *The Seven Year Itch* you're absolutely wonderful."

Five years ago, Marilyn would have blushed and mumbled a shy, "Thank you."

But now Marilyn smiled beautifully. "Thank you," she said. "But it's really Billy Wilder's picture. He's a great director, and he makes me look good. In fact, so good that I want him to let me play in his next picture. But his next picture is *The Lindbergh Story*, and he says I can't play Lindbergh!" **END**

AND NOBODY KNEW WHO SHE WAS

No list of "Most-Widely-Recognized-People" can be complete unless it includes Marilyn Monroe. Yet the most publicized screen star in the world has succeeded in remaining in hiding.

She was ill, and had been recuperating at the Westport, Conn., home of her good friends, Aimee and Milton H. Greene. Greene is the noted photographer whose pictures of her have been reproduced everywhere. He arranged for her flight from California, in a night plane, under the name of "Zelda Nunc." Miss Monroe's famed figure was covered by a large cloth coat, and she wore a scarf around her hair and throat. She sat up front in the plane, where no other passengers would be likely to wander.

As soon as the plane landed in N. Y., Miss Monroe pretended to have a coughing spell, and used a handkerchief to cover her face. Mrs. Greene took her to a phone booth, where she waited until her bags were cleared. They drove to Westport, where Miss Monroe convalesced under a doctor's care. For her visits to town, with Mrs. Greene, she wore a page-boy wig.

When they returned from one such trip, they learned that newspapermen had arrived to check on her presence. Miss Monroe hid in the trunk of the car, until the visitors left.

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

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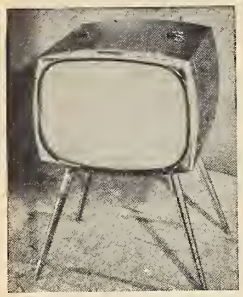
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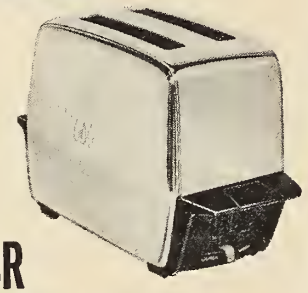
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the things that count

(*Continued from page 49*) of the Lancasters are sleeping warmly, and let's crawl back into the warm bed.

But he kept up the jog, and he knew that his reward was due soon, and when it came it would change his whole attitude.

AFTER ALL, RUNNING was important to him, he ran so much in so many of his pictures. When he made *Apache* some statistics-minded member of the crew figured that he had run a total of forty-eight miles, counting rehearsals and actual shooting. In *Sorry, Wrong Number* he was always on the run from both the police and a dope gang. In fact, in his very first picture, *The Killers,* he was a man who had run from his past.

Right now, he had run about half way around the quarter-mile oval when his blood began coursing a little faster—and a little warmer. Muscles which up to now had been tightly bunched began to loosen and joints which had creaked began to operate more smoothly. He began to breathe more deeply, his stride lengthened and a mellow Lancaster began taking charge, replacing the congealed one. Now he looked forward to the real purpose behind his early morning runs.

It was true that he came out to the UCLA track because he was the kind of man who had always kept himself in an athletically fit condition. "And," as he told himself, "the way you like to eat and the way the girl you married knows her way around the kitchen, you'd better keep running, Burt! An actor with weight is an actor headed for the gate!"

But more important to him, during these early morning jaunts, was the flow of fresh thoughts which came to him, bringing a consciousness of himself as an individual rather than a professional personality. Working under studio pressure, meeting other Hollywood people in atmospheres charged with the aggressive spirit and influences of the industry—it was too easy for a fellow to forget what he really was. This was why it was really worthwhile to go off by himself. And as he had said one morning on the track, "Burt, meet Burt!"

TOWARD THE END of the first lap he saw a few high hurdles which someone had left standing out on the track. Automatically, he headed for the first one, but at the last split-second he ducked around it instead of jumping—and had to laugh at himself. Something had told him just before the take-off he was still a little too stiff for leaping. Next time around I'll get you, he mentally addressed the hurdles. He'd have to get them, he thought. He wanted to be able to give his oldest son, Jimmy, a new answer this morning when he asked, "What'ya do, Pop?" Instead of replying, "Oh, I just ran around the track," he could say, "Oh, I jumped some hurdles." And he could hear Jimmy comment: "You did? Gee, Pop!"

FOR A REASON that was to come to him a few moments later, this thinking reminded him of his picture, *Vera Cruz,* and *Vera Cruz* reminded him of the man with whom he had co-starred in the picture, Gary Cooper. And then the connection became clear. Jimmy, he knew, was greatly impressed by Gary, much more so, apparently, than he was by his own father. Burt thought about this and wondered if he shouldn't make another western with Gary Cooper in which he clearly outrode, outshot and outfought him. That would show Jimmy!

Then he decided that before he did this he would take Jimmy to see *The Kentuckian,* which he had just finished. He was proud of *The Kentuckian.* He had enjoyed every moment of his location stay in Kentucky, where the picture had been made, and particularly several weeks spent in the historic Levi Jackson State Park, near London, Kentucky. And at this point he recalled with a chuckle the old gnarled resident of London who had stopped him on the street to shake hands.

"Put it there, son," the old-timer had said. "I told everyone you was going to make it!"

"Make it?" Burt had repeated, and the old-timer had explained. He had seen Burt years before, watching him when he toured the state with his partner, Nick Cravat. They were acrobats in the Kay Circus.

"You was climbing a long pole held by a little feller," said the old man, "and the crowd was holding their breath for fear you wouldn't get to the top. I kept a-hollering, 'He'll make it! He'll make it!' And looking at you today, young fellow, what with you owning this picture company and being the star of this picture they're making here, I guess you sure done well."

"Yeah, but what happened on the pole that day?" Burt had asked, bothered by some wispy and not-too-happy recollection.

The old-timer had shaken his head sadly. "You slipped, son, you slipped."

COMING AROUND the turn to begin a second lap, Burt caught sight of a masculine figure at a far corner of the campus meadows. The fellow was driving practice shots and Burt remembered he had seen him here before, and had even deduced from his observations that the purpose of the visits was to cure a bad hook. He kept watching out of the corner of his eye as the golfer teed up again and swung. And then Burt had to chuckle sympathetically. The hook was still there, as hooked as ever. When he felt it was about time for another shot to be taken he looked back again just in time to see the downswing. But this time the small, white pellet leaped out straight and true, and the pleased golfer couldn't help standing there as if transfixed, as he watched the flight of the ball. On sudden impulse, Burt waved a congratulatory hand high in the air at the golfer, who caught the gesture and immediately pantomimed his response with a low bow of thanks.

On an early morning breakfast food show an announcer asked a little boy three times, "What cereal do you prefer in the morning, sonny?" Three times there was no answer. Then the little boy's piteous plea, "You're hurting my arm, mister."

Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter

What do you know? An actor! thought Burt. Maybe not a professional one, but an actor just the same.

The hurdles were coming up now—three of them strung ahead in an irregular line. Burt speeded up a little and sailed over them in turn without any trouble. He turned around to see if maybe the golfer had been watching, but the guy was busy keeping his head down as he again swung at his ball. Unfortunately the shot wasn't much good. The hook was back.

Burt turned back quickly so as not to be caught looking and thus perhaps embarrass the unhappy golfer. And the word "embarrass" recalled to him how he had been embarrassed only a few weeks before by being roundly denounced in a hotel lobby crowded with people, and how he had meekly accepted it. He had accepted because he had deserved it. Yet he still winced at some of the accusations hurled

at him by his accuser, a small, peppery individual by the name of Thomas Hart Benton, who happens to be one of the foremost living American painters.

Burt and his partner, Harold Hecht, had arranged with Benton to have him do a portrait of Burt in the title role of *The Kentuckian,* and had brought Benton to Owensboro, Kentucky, where he was to do the painting which would be used as the key piece of art in the advertising campaign. That morning Burt had agreed to be at the Owensboro Hotel at seven o'clock that evening, after the day's shooting, to sit for Benton. But it wasn't until after nine o'clock that he arrived, to find the artist in the lobby, all packed and about to return to his home in Kansas City, Missouri.

Benton had lit into Burt with a flow of verbal abuse which would without doubt have won him the presidency of the Missouri Muleskinners Association, had there been such an organization and had they heard him. It was not only what he said, Burt recalled ruefully, it was the conviction he put behind it.

Not until Benton had just naturally wound down had Burt said a word in defense of himself. Then he had explained that not only he, but the whole company, had been delayed several hours by problems peculiar to picture-making, and which cannot be solved unless there is complete absorption in the task. This last aspect, concentration on one's work, Benton understood well; he himself had many times painted past meal times and appointment hours when he was deeply engrossed in what he was doing. The pepper went out of his voice and the friendliness came back in. They had dinner together and Burt posed for the canvas afterwards. But he knew then, as he knew now, that for at least one time in his life he had been bawled out by an expert.

THINKING ABOUT Benton had taken him well into the third lap of his run. He began to wonder how close he was to running a four-minute mile, and decided that he was much closer to a four-minute half-mile. Just the same, his thoughts jumped to the young English Dr. Bannister, who had first run the four-minute mile, and from this he jumped again to his plans to make a picture in England in the summer. The title of it was *Trapeze,* and he had signed Sir Carol Reed to direct it.

He began to pick up his pace a little bit when he started the fourth and last lap he planned to run, and felt pleased that the strength and wind for it came without too much strain. It was remarkable how much good a run could do for a man. He had arrived feeling miserable and in mourning for the sleep he had left behind in his bed. A few circuits of the track and he felt so good, so alert mentally and physically, that he was ready to tackle anything. Let's see, what problems had he?

Should he make a musical? Nobody thought of him as a song-and-dance man. He would have to rehearse interminably. The long hours working at dance routines would mean his muscles would ache in new places altogether. And then there was the singing necessary.

Should he try to get Montgomery Clift to work with him in *Trapeze?* Should he make *Trapeze* before he made the musical?

There was Anna Magnani with whom he was working in *The Rose Tattoo*—should he try out a little more of his Italian on her or should he let it go with the two words he had thrown at her and which she didn't seem to get?

How about his breakfast? He was getting hungry and it was a long drive home. Should he drop in at a drug store instead?

BY THIS TIME Burt was into the home stretch and putting on a final dash. And as fast as his feet were going, so was his mind functioning as he made a series of fast decisions:

Yes, he would star in a musical.

Yes, he would try to get Montgomery Clift for *Trapeze* and *Trapeze* would be made before the musical.

No, he would inflict no more of his self-learned Italian on Anna. The Italian he had picked up as a boy in New York, and even the Italian which had come to him in Italy as a G.I. there, was somehow not the Italian which Anna spurted at you—the words had to be shaped just right, apparently, to be delivered at her speed.

And breakfast? He was too hungry to wait. He'd find a drug store in Westwood.

With this last thought, Burt finished his mile run, but he didn't stop; he kept right on running toward the car. **END**

live alone and like it

(*Continued from page 31*) times, and right away we've had a New Year's elopement. Not a word of it is true.

"I don't know how these things get started. Just like my supposed retirement. I've got absolutely no plans for retiring. What I'd like to do is make one picture a year, then take plenty of time off for fishing, maybe a little hunting.

"I've got six weeks off between *Soldier Of Fortune* and *The Tall Men.* I expect to go down to Palm Springs, maybe to Phoenix and Tucson, and get myself a tan. Don't like to use make-up, you know. Had to for *Fortune.*

"If I'm seen with a girl in Arizona, those marriage rumors will probably start again. But just for the record, I have no intention of getting married. Girls, yes. But marriage is out."

AN IRRESISTIBLY charming lover, Gable has said all this before. But sooner or later he always succumbs to the wiles and enticements of some beautiful woman.

Of these he has always had an adequate list, no matter where he has been. In Arizona, he has Betty Chisholm, a wealthy widow whose companionship he finds utterly delightful. An outdoor woman, Betty owns a sizable ranch where Clark can relax and take it easy.

In Hollywood there's Kay Spreckels, Susan Hayward, Grace Kelly and, of course, Virginia Grey.

To this list you may now add Suzanne Dadolle with whom The King traipsed around Europe two years ago. Suzanne, who gave up her job as a Schiaparelli model to become Gable's traveling companion, arrived in Hollywood a few months ago to seek her fortune.

The stately beauty from Paris once had the inside track with Gable. But she gave out a premature engagement announcement—and Clark flew the coop.

When he came back to Hollywood last year, he was asked if he hadn't been close to making Suzanne the fifth Mrs. Gable. His answer was curt and sharp. "No," he said. "We never discussed marriage. She just taught me to speak French."

Well, Suzanne is back in town, and it will be interesting to see whether or not Gable wants to brush up on his French.

To date, The King and Suzanne have encountered each other only twice. Once on the set at 20th Century-Fox where Gable was doing a luncheon scene in a Hong Kong restaurant with Susan Hayward (later that day he drove Hayward home) and once in La Rue's restaurant. Gable was dining there with Kay Spreck-

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els when Suzanne came in with contractor Hal Hayes.

Since Hayes used to date Kay, and Gable used to date Dadolle, there might have been some embarrassment. But Kay handled the situation tactfully. She walked over to Hayes' table and was introduced to Suzanne. Gable nodded pleasantly, and the encounter came off without incident.

Suzanne is currently working as a freelance model. "I work for Orry-Kelly, Magnin's, Saks and television. I love California so much. Eet remind me of North Afrique where I was when I was a girl. Please, I do not want to discuss Mr. Gable. He is a great actor, *un bon ami*. But let us not discuss heem. I saw heem at studio and restaurant. He is very charming, a nice man. I say no more."

It has been suggested, perhaps by the envious, that Suzanne came to Hollywood in an effort to recapture Gable's love.

It is safe to say that Clark is incapable of going without the companionship of women for long periods of time. And Suzanne, along with the rest of Hollywood, knows this. To attribute ulterior motives to the French model, however, seems hardly fair.

Whether or not Suzanne is reconciled to having lost the veteran actor, the fact remains that at this writing Kay Spreckels is the number one candidate in the Gable Marriage Sweepstakes.

IT WAS KAY who went golfing with Clark last winter in Palm Springs; it was Kay who met him at the airport when he returned from Hong Kong; it was Kay who was his 1954 girl friend; and it's Kay who has been his steady dining companion.

Clark has known the attractive little blonde for years, a fact her ex-husband once deplored in court, and has always been tremendously fond of her. Kay is endowed with a lively sense of humor, an attractive figure, and a sparkling vivacity—three advantages, incidentally, that characterized Clark's third wife and great love, Carole Lombard.

Gable acknowledges the need for women friends but discounts the necessity for a wife.

HIS EARLY BACKGROUND sheds some light on this. The doctor who delivered Gable in Cadiz, Ohio, on February 1, 1901, charged ten dollars for the delivery and registered the new-born baby as a "female"—an error that was eventually corrected.

Gable's mother, Adeline Hershelman, died seven months later. Gable was without a mother for five years. Then his father married a milliner named Jennie Dunlap.

When Gable grew to manhood, he twice married women older than he, Josephine Dillon and Rhea Langham. One psychologist suggested at the time that, "In these marriages, Gable is fulfilling the need for a mother as well as for a wife."

This mother-replacement theory is scoffed at by one friend of Gable's who insists that he married these women "out of sheer gratitude."

"The thing to remember," he points out, "is that when Gable first came to Hollywood he was broke. He was also a lousy actor. Josephine Dillon took him in as a twenty-three-year-old kid—she was thirty-seven at the time—and she taught him most of the acting fundamentals. She also got him jobs. He married her in 1924 and they stayed together for six years. Then Gable married Rhea Langham, a Houston divorcée who topped him by eleven years. Both of these women were kind to him, and I guess he felt that the least he could do for them was give them his name."

It didn't cost Gable a penny in alimony to divorce wife number one, but Rhea Langham hit him for $283,000.

It took a long time in coming and during the years of the separation Clark was linked with Loretta Young, Elizabeth Allan, Mary Taylor and a few other beauties of the 1930's.

In all those years he made few close male friends. Al Menasco, who used to run a Ford agency in Los Angeles and is now in the winery business in northern California, is probably Clark's one real pal. The Menascos toured Europe when Gable had Suzanne Dadolle in tow. Menasco kept saying at the time, "Gable's not marrying anyone, I don't think." But few of the European newsmen would believe him.

KAY SPRECKLES says the same thing, but again no one is buying that tune.

"Look," Kay protests, "if we were going to get married, the spark would have been kindled years ago. I've known Clark for twelve years. Met him at Metro when I was working there. It was during the war. He had just come back from the Air Force in Europe.

"We went to parties and dinners, and it was fun. Nothing else. Then I went off and got married. I've put out three fires (Charles Capps, Martin Unzue, Adolph Spreckels) and the marriage department is not for me.

"I've got no intention of walking down the aisle with anyone. Gable feels the same way and that's why we hit it off. We go out for laughs.

"In Hollywood people think it will lead to something. Some fellow named John Ravens (I never heard of him) saw Clark with me one night and the next thing he called all the columnists and announced that we were eloping, that by 1955 we would be man and wife. The newspapers played it up big—'Hint Gable Elopement' and all of that. No truth to it. Talk about marriage, and I've had it."

"Suppose Gable proposed to you?" Kay was asked. "What would your answer be?"

"You don't have to worry. There's no chance that he will. He's a smart fellow. He knows when he's well off," Kay replied.

Gable has reached that point where he has one woman, Jean Garceau, to look after all his correspondence, bills and household matters. If he needs a girl for dinner or any movieland function, he only has to pick up his phone. When he wanted to take someone to the première of *A Star Is Born*, he called Grace Kelly.

In Hong Kong where he was on location for *Soldier Of Fortune*, he heard that Ava Gardner was coming into town. A quick phone call, and the stars of *Mogambo* were dining together. Gable does not like to eat alone. For years he has preferred the company of a beautiful woman—and who can blame him?

When he was sitting out an anticipated divorce at the Flying ME ranch north of Carson City, in an effort to dissolve his marriage to Sylvia Ashley, he dated a most attractive divorcée named Natalie Thompson.

IT IS DIFFICULT to remember when and where Gable has ever been without a woman. When he was making *Mogambo* in Africa, he occasionally went hunting. But Grace Kelly went with him. When he got to London after that picture, it was still Grace Kelly. Once Grace left for New York, Clark moved over to Paris and Suzanne Dadolle.

Back home again, he gave Betty Chisholm a whirl, took out several others, concentrated, more or less, on Kay Spreckels.

Gable needs a woman around because he has been accustomed to female care and consideration ever since he was five.

His stepmother, Jennie Dunlap, babied him as a boy. When he became an actor and hit the road, a young actress in Portland, Oregon, fell in love with him and talked her father into letting Clark live on the family farm. Gable was then twenty-two, and according to Miss Franz Dorfler, the girl in question, "We were supposed to get married." Gable went to Hollywood where he married Josephine Dillon. She was the third in the platoon of women who were to make life easier for him.

The best-known of these was, of course, lovely Carole Lombard, who somehow managed to infect everyone around with her contagious gaiety. When she married Gable she was not an outdoorsy girl. But to make him happy, she learned to ride and shoot and fish. He never has been that happy since.

The only woman in Gable's life who reportedly did precious little for the rugged Don Juan was his fourth wife, Sylvia Ashley. Sylvia is an English girl who struck it rich via marriage. She redecorated the house on Gable's twenty-eight-acre ranch, moved Jean Garceau out of the place, began to entertain on a large scale, all of which Gable could not tolerate.

Three weeks after he married Sylvia, the actor knew it was a big mistake. Following the divorce—supposedly the settlement cost him $150,000—he renounced marriage and left for Europe.

WHEN HE CAME BACK, he refused to sign a new contract with MGM and told friends, "From now on I'm going to make only those movies I like. I want to be a free soul, play golf, travel here, visit there. I don't want any strings attached."

All men are creatures of habit, however, and Gable is no exception. It's all right to have Martin, his butler of many years, to take care of his clothes and personal wants. It's all right for Jean Garceau to take care of his secretarial needs. But who is there to take care of his emotional life?

Only a wife can do that, and at fifty-four, William Clark Gable has not stopped loving. END



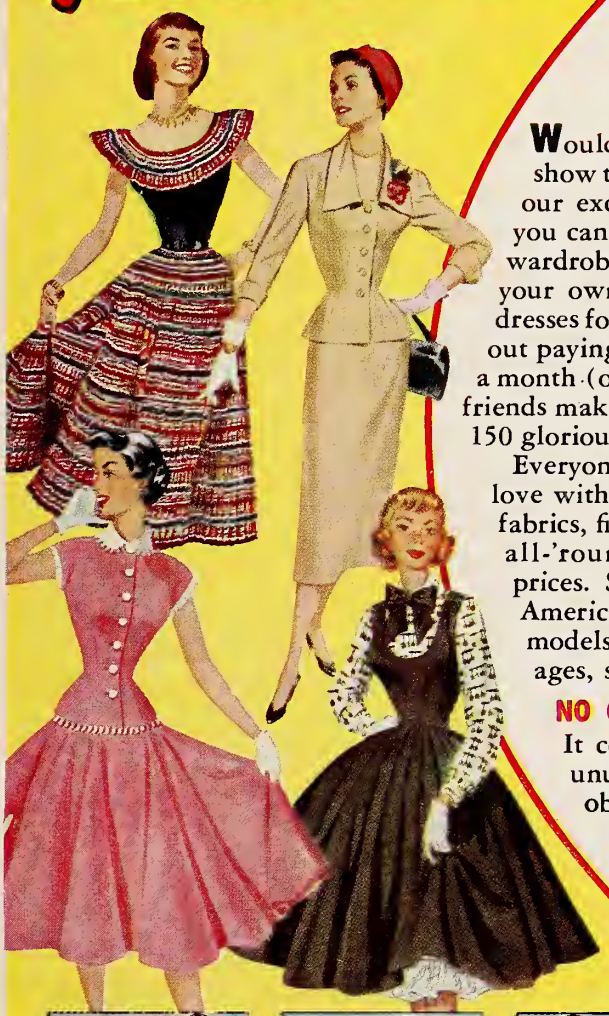
MOTHER WORE GRASS

Quite a few years ago my mother was a professional toe dancer who did a very good hula as well. One night a young girl came to the door of her dressing-room and begged my mom to teach her the hula. She was politely escorted from the room. Today she is known as Joan Crawford.

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Why did Doris Day ask for her release from Warner Brothers?
—J. F., RENO, NEV.

A. *She wants the independence to choose better roles than she thought were given her.*

Q. Is Terry Moore being given a rebuild-up by her studio?
—F. L., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. *Yes.*

Q. Can you tell me how many stars are under contract to RKO?
—P. G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *As of this writing, three: Barbara Darrow, Ursula Thiess, Michael St. Angel.*

Q. Does Marlon Brando have a broken nose? —B. Y., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is Grace Kelly very well-liked in Hollywood?—D. L., GERMANTOWN, PA.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is there any truth to the story that Jack Palance broke an actress' ribs in *Sign Of The Pagan?*
—G. F., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *Palance accidentally bruised the actress. X-rays revealed no fractures.*

Q. Does Gina Lollobrigida wear a girdle? —B. V., ROME, ITALY

A. *Yes.*

Q. James Mason received $450,000 for acting in *A Star Is Born.* Is this some sort of record? —D. L., DENVER, COL.

A. *No. Stars who have profit-sharing deals occasionally earn more from one picture.*

Q. I've been told that Jeff Chandler recently discovered uranium on his 12,000-acre ranch in Apple Valley. Why has this been kept a secret?
—E. Y., SAN CARLOS, CALIF.

A. *Chandler's Apple Valley holdings consist of 1½ acres on which, to date, he has discovered nothing.*

Q. Is there any chance that George Gobel will become a movie star?
—S. K., DETROIT, MICH.

A. *Gobel has already been tested for movies.*

Q. Has Katy Jurado any children? Does she still see much of Gary Cooper? —A. J., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Katy has a boy, ten, a girl, eight; occasionally runs into Cooper.*

Q. Howard Duff and Ida Lupino keep fighting, separating and reconciling. Is this because Ida is older than Duff or is it because Duff is unstable?
—S. L., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. *Duff is unsettled.*

Q. Is it true that his leading ladies have to stand on a box when they play opposite Rock Hudson?
—C. L., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. *With one or two exceptions, yes.*

Q. What is Tab Hunter's real name?
—V. L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Arthur Gelien.*

Q. What's happened to the marriages of Faith Domergue, Cathy Downs, Vanessa Brown, Maggie McNamara and Dewey Martin?
—E. Y., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Ended for a variety of reasons.*

Q. How many times were Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas married before they married each other?

A. *Arlene once, Fernando twice.*

Q. Is Gregory Peck older or younger than his former wife?
—B. K., MOBILE, ALA.

A. *Four years younger.*

Q. Is it true that Jerry Lewis plans to divorce his wife and marry a redheaded chorine in Las Vegas?
—E. Y., LAS VEGAS, NEV.

A. *No.*

Q. Is it true that Lauren Bacall used to work as an usherette in a New York City theatre?—J.E., GREAT NECK, N. Y.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Who is the highest-paid performer ever to appear in Las Vegas?
—C. S. NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Mario Lanza, who is to receive $50,000 per week for his three weeks there.*

Q. Isn't new singer Tony Travis the Travis Kleefeld who used to date Janc Wyman? —E. J. P., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Is it true that a prominent studio executive gave Polly Bergen a diamond bracelet during her stay in Las Vegas?
—H. K., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *No.*

Q. How did Bob Wagner meet Ann Stebbins? I hear he's been dating her a lot. —R. B., OMAHA, NEB.

A. *Bob plays golf with Ann's father, says he's only dated her once—so far.*

Q. Does Suzan Ball sing in her nightclub act? —Z. N., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Yes.*

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* On the cover: Color portrait of June Allyson by Garrett-Howard. Miss Allyson will be seen next in Paramount's *Strategic Air Command* and Universal-International's *The Shrike*. Other photographers' credits on page 89.

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TV TALK

Fred Allen learns how to play . . . Shelley behaves . . . Nancy Coleman takes a gamble

Eric Sevareid looks so serious, so stolid, on his TV show that it's a surprise to all his fans to learn that he has one of the most modern houses in or near Washington. He and his handsome wife and their twin sons (who were born in France when World War II was beginning, when German planes were dropping bombs all around) live in the suburbs in a house that could be photographed for any woman's magazine as the latest in *avant garde* décor . . . Eric, and all the rest of the pundits on CBS, are carefully watched and listened to, not just by ordinary viewers and listeners, but by a man who does nothing but check their grammar. Every time a new name or place comes up in the news, an expert at each network informs every commentator how to pronounce it. At CBS, someone also sends a memo to a commentator every time he makes a mistake in grammar. In broadcasting, no matter how famous you get, there's always an English teacher! . . . **Henry Fonda** has a reputation for being rather remote. It's true. There are people he has met time and time again—people he should remember—whom he never recognizes. When they remind him, he is very gracious, very glad to see them once more—but, even then, uncommunicative. Fonda can sit by the hour and not say a word. When he does express himself, it's likely to be in monosyllables . . . Everyone who loves **Fred Allen**—and that's nearly everyone in the business—is so happy that he has learned how to play the game on *What's My Line?* When he first made guest appearances on the show, he was very funny but he didn't seem to understand how to play. Now he's in the groove—so much so that he often outshines the other panel members. These panel games are no cinch, you know. It takes a definite knack—and a lot of practice. Don't think for a moment that just anyone—no matter how quick—can sit down on a panel and make with the quips and the answers. It takes time. Goodson and Todman, for instance, never hire anyone without having them play the game time after time on a closed circuit . . . Not only do women have to be careful about their complexions when they appear on color television, they also have to be rather young. Some of the old-time stars (who still look good on black and white) look absolutely ancient in color . . . One Hollywood actress who made a hit when she went to New York for a TV show is **Ruth Hussey.** She not only got the rave reviews from the critics who saw *The Women,* she also won over everyone who went to the big party NBC gave afterward . . . At the same party, everyone expected **Shelley Winters** to do something extravagant or daring or at least a little risqué. She let them all down. Didn't do a thing except snap her chewing gum . . . You have no idea how much trouble some reporters go to, to get on shows like *Meet The Press* or *Face The Nation.* Some of them travel a thousand miles just to be on television for ten minutes . . . Some time ago the cast of the *Kraft Theater* was posing for pictures and one of the photographers noticed a young bum sitting in the corner. He told him to get out, that no one except the cast could stay in the room. The young bum was **James Dean,** the star of the show—and now the star of *East Of Eden!* Those old clothes and tennis shoes would have fooled everybody who didn't know him . . . Speaking of people who are a little reminiscent of Marlon Brando, **Paul Newman** is a surprise to TV fans who see him in *The Desperate Hours.* On TV, he had sometimes acted so much like Brando that you'd have sworn he was doing an imitation. But in the hit play he has a new style—courtesy of director **Robert Montgomery,** who insisted on it . . . You'll probably be seeing more and more soap operas with plots that last one or two weeks instead of going on and on for years. It's too hard on actors to do a soap opera on TV every day for months and years, and if different actors play the same part, it's most confusing for the viewer! The solution—new stories fairly often that require new actors. That way, better and more popular people can take the parts, too. When the same plot goes on, seemingly forever, it's hard to find people to play the parts . . . **Nancy Coleman,** who is in *Desperate Hours* on Broadway, got up at five o'clock in the morning for months when she played the lead in *Valiant Lady.* It was a pretty rough schedule, particularly with (*Continued on page 22*)



Ruth Hussey celebrates with husband Robert Longnecker, having won critics' praise for *The Women,* praise of NBC's guests for being nice.



Henry Fonda doesn't remember names or faces or when he saw you last. And when reminded, he is friendly, but then he forgets again.

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JOHN DEREK
that there is a time to fight . . . and a time to run for cover!

with JEAN HERSHOLT · GRANT WITHERS · Produced by WILLIAM H. PINE and WILLIAM C. THOMAS · Directed by NICHOLAS RAY · Screenplay by WINSTON MILLER

From a story by Harriet Frank, Jr. and Irving Ravetch · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest! Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP... FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM



Palmolive's gentle complexion care cleans thoroughly without irritation!

There's nothing women envy more . . . or men admire so much . . . as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And you too, can have a younger looking, far *lovelier* complexion just by changing to proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you have a cleaner, fresher skin — leaves it so wonderfully soft!

Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irritation, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You'll find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is *mildest* of them all!

Skin Specialists Say: "MILDER CLEANSING IS BETTER FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!"



Palmolive Is Proved Milder than Any Other Leading Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!



Palmolive Is Proved Milder than Leading White Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!



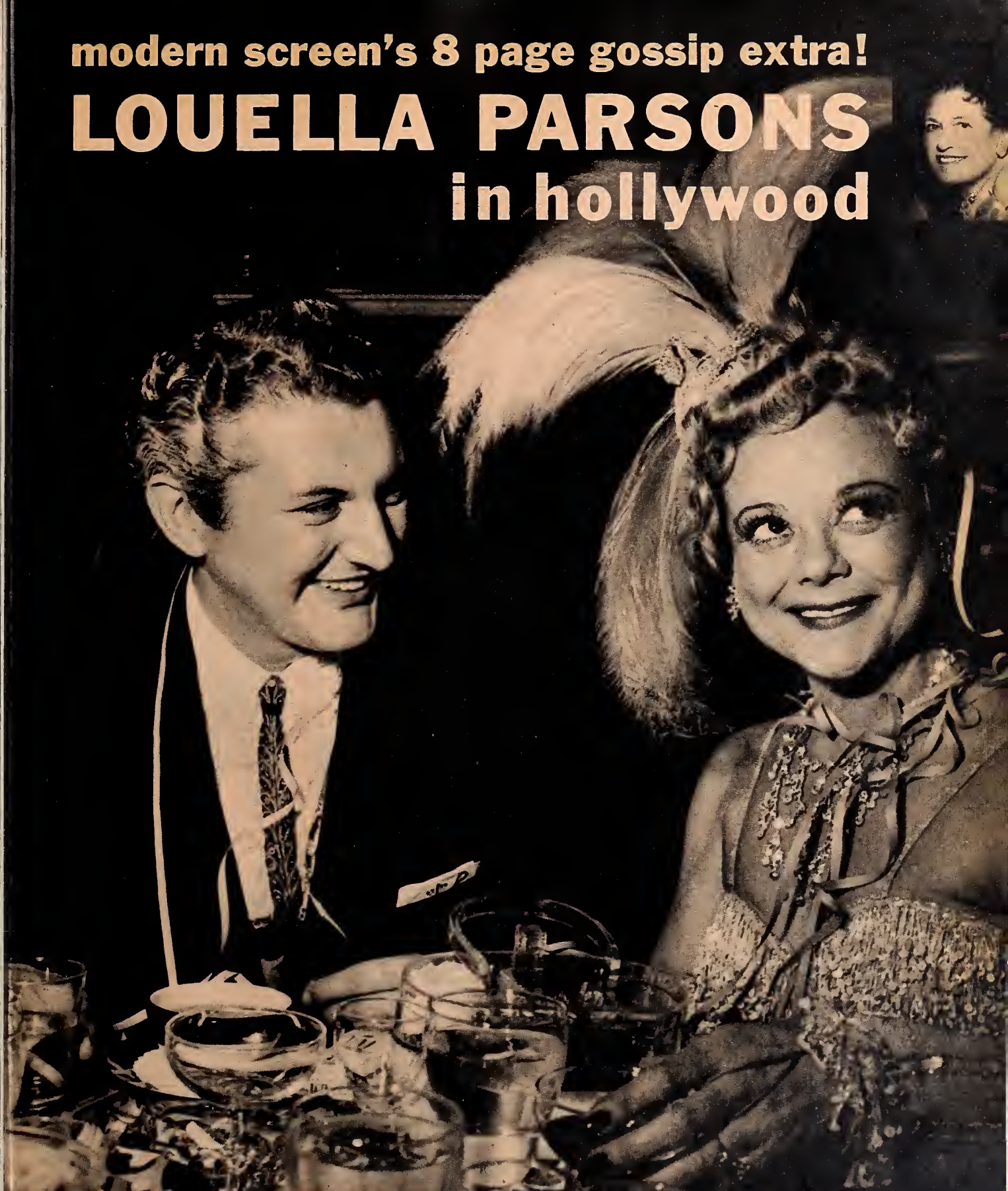
Palmolive Is Proved Even Milder than America's Leading Cold Creams!



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Hollywood's most glamorous first (but not last!) date—Liberace and Sonja Henie at Sonja's party!

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
Party of the month
I nominate Colleen Miller
Barbara Stanwyck stunts
The letter box



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Sonja Henie wouldn't give an inkling, but the best guess is that the circus hoedown she gave at Ciro's (took over the whole place) cost her not a cent less than $15,000!

It has been a year since the little blonde skater gave her last big party at her home—and the first time Hollywood has been treated to such a lavish and colorful wingding at a nightclub. And I mean *wingding!*

Three hundred guests turned out arrayed in every costume under the sun which has to do with a circus. When the curtains were opened on the main room of Ciro's, we found that trapezes were hanging from the ceiling, sawdust was all over the floor, the place cards

Sonja Henie turned Ciro's into a circus tent—and filled it with a hippopotamus, an



Jane Powell and husband Pat Nerney, looking like real kids, found a quiet corner and necessary elbow room to sample the pink spun sugar.



Peggy Lee, with a star in the middle of her forehead, danced with pirate Bob Calhoun, but both seemed to have eyes only for the acrobats.



Sonja awarded first prize for most original costume to oriental Esther Williams. Sonja's was pretty cute too.



Susan Hayward, chatting with Liberace, told me she hadn't been able to bring herself to cut her hair yet. But this way she makes a better gypsy!



Vera-Ellen and Vic Rothschild (another *ringmaster!*) *peeked around the lobster and champagne. No wonder Vera is getting less careerish!*



Jeanne Crain came as a startlingly got-up nautch dancer, surprised no one by remaining at Paul Brinkman's side.



Attractive Modern Chest in blond oak. Equipped with Lane's convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3132. **$59.95***

For the girl with future plans... or the wife with storage problems

Whether you're dreaming of marriage, a career, or both, someday you're going to want to furnish a home of your own.

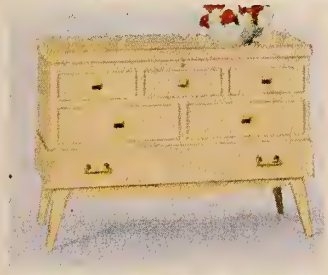
It's easier—and lots more fun—to gather towels, sheets and all of the lovely things you'll need a little at a time. And the best place to keep them is in the fragrant safety of a Lane Cedar Chest.

If you're already married, a Lane will solve your storage problems, keeping precious blankets and woolens clean and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

Also makers of Lane Tables

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

**$5.00 higher in the West due to greater freight costs—and higher in Canada.*



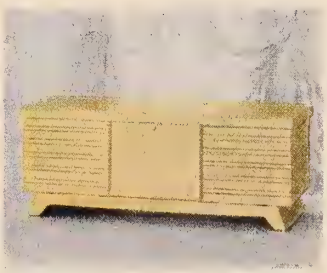
Modern Lowboy in blond oak. Opens at top; drawer in base. Model #2920. $79.95*



Handsome 18th-Century Chest in mahogany with self-lifting tray. Model #2601. $59.95*



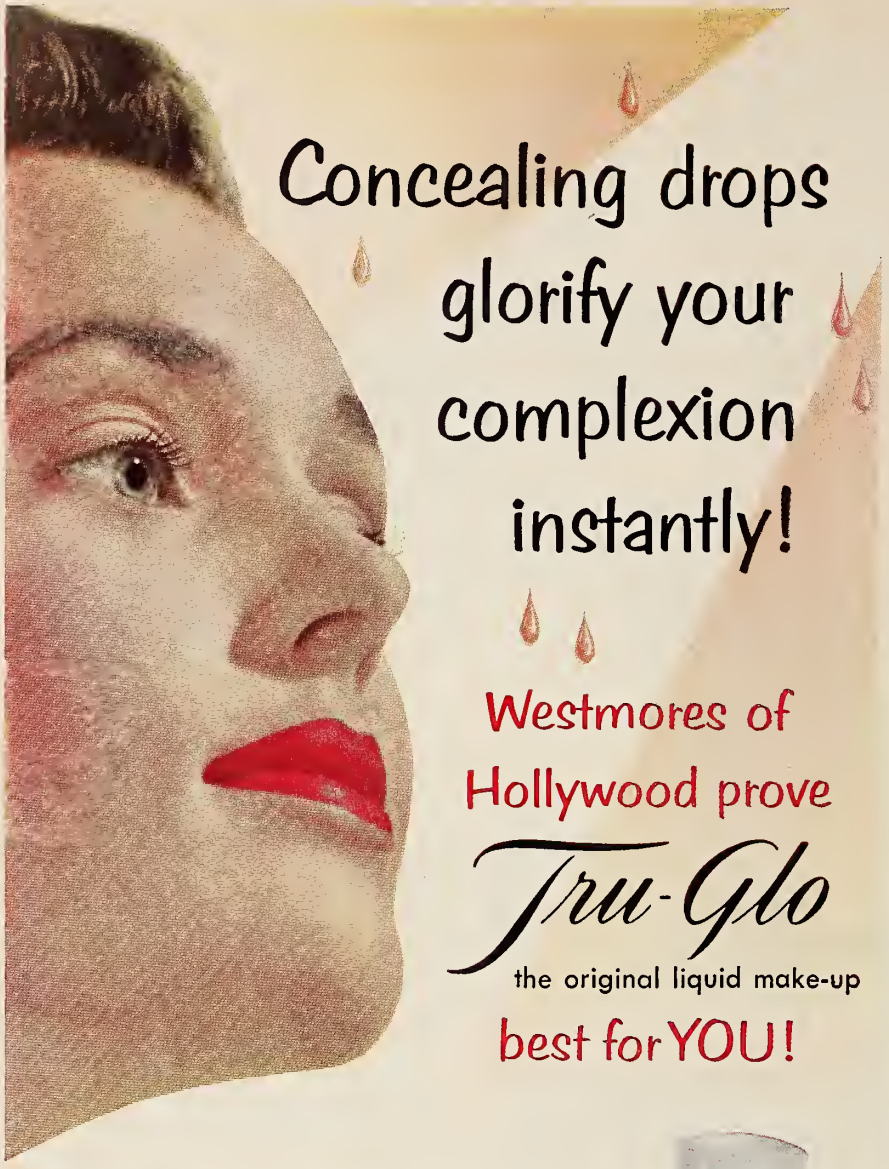
Space-Saver Chest in blond oak. Cabinet opens at top, drawer in base. Model #3100. $59.95*



Smart Modern Chest in blond oak. Has convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3127. $49.95*

Lane Cedar Chests

Many as low as **$49.95*** Easy terms



Concealing drops glorify your complexion instantly!

Westmores of Hollywood prove Tru-Glo the original liquid make-up best for YOU!

HOLLYWOOD'S most famous make-up artists... with years of experience in beautifying stars . . . have created the most flattering make-up for *your* personal close-ups all day, all evening . . . *proved best in giant-screen close-ups of stars!* For all types of skin, get magical concealing TRU-GLO in your perfect shade, at all variety and drug stores. Guaranteed no finer quality at any price.



59¢*

Super-Size Swivel Case 59¢*

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nothing can be redder than this NEW COLOR

REDDEST RED

NEW WESTMORE HOLLYWOOD Kiss-Tested Lipstick



Proved BEST in movie close-ups. Smear-Resistant. Non-Drying.

**Prices plus tax. Slightly higher in Canada.*

HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., NEW YORK • HOLLYWOOD

An extremely handy man around a house—or on top of it—is Glenn.

FORD AND SON, CARPENTERS

■ If Glenn Ford were ever lost on a desert island, he could build a house for his wife with his bare hands.

It's difficult to imagine a movie star's being cast up on a desert island, but if there were a tree for Glenn to chop down, Eleanor Powell Ford would have the most magnificent house ever built on any desert island anywhere.

Glenn Ford's three acres in Beverly Hills are honeycombed with things he has built. These range from a massive brick barbecue containing stones from every place in the world he has visited, including the jungles of Brazil and the peaks of the Alps, to a cage for the baby alligator the Fords used to own, to a paneled cabaña near the swimming pool.

Many years ago Glenn's father puffed slowly on his pipe and said, "Okay, son, be an actor if you like. But you'd better learn a trade, too."

Right now Glenn is saying the same thing to his son. Ten-year-old Pete Ford hasn't decided about his future yet, but he is already on his way to becoming a master carpenter like his father. He can saw straight, hammer straight and use a square, plumb and level. He usually brings friends home from school to do those errands beneath the dignity of a master apprentice.

Of course he sometimes hits his thumb with a hammer or cuts his finger with a putty knife. So does Glenn. But there are no tears—just a comparing of scars.

Their present project is CH III, and it started one morning last month when Pete looked up from his breakfast and said, "Dad, how about building a clubhouse?"

Glenn laughed. He had already built two clubhouses. The first was



taken over by the gardener. It was a good place to store fertilizer. The second was appropriated by Ellie. It was a good place to store trunks.

"Okay," Glenn said. "There's that half-finished attic over the garage. We could use that."

"And," Pete said, looking reflectively at his mother, "this time we'll make it for men only."

Now Glenn and Pete get up at six o'clock in the morning, have scrambled eggs, and start to work. Work stops when Pete has to leave for school. (Pete is probably the only boy in Beverly Hills who has been late to school a dozen times because he is helping his father build a house.) Work doesn't start again until three-thirty when Pete comes home. (Promising not to work unless Pete was home is the only way Glenn could stop his son from coming home for lunch and being late to school twice a day.) Then they hammer, saw and plaster until Ellie has called them three times for dinner. After dinner they work together until Ellie has called Pete three times for bed.

There are going to be two bookcases in CH III, one for Glenn's books and one for Pete's. The walls and ceilings are going to be covered with sports pictures that Glenn has collected for his son.

Glenn's pipes will be there for him to smoke when he sits and worries—as he occasionally does—about what a man's relationship with his son should be. And there will always be the sign on the door that tells him not to worry, the sign that reads:

"Property of Ford and Son, Carpenters."

(*Glenn Ford can currently be seen in* The Americano *and in MGM's* Blackboard Jungle.)

Come away to adventure!



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Forget that work-a-day world for a while—on a delightful, low-cost "package vacation" by Greyhound! These tours are not "conducted"—you're free to travel alone, or with your own friends. No matter how little time or money you can spend, there's an *Expense-Paid* vacation for you at your nearest Greyhound Travel Bureau!

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GREYHOUND®

Your hair won't go wild when it's washed with Halo!



Have lustrous, sparkling easy-to-manage hair right after shampooing!

When you "just can't do anything" with your hair, use Halo! Whether it's dry, oily or normal, your hair will be softer, springier, look pretty as a picture—*right after shampooing!*

■ The secret is Halo's exclusive ingredient that leaves hair silkier, faster to set, easier to comb and manage. What's more, Halo's own special glorifier whisks away loose dandruff . . . removes the dullness that hides the natural beauty of your hair . . . lets it shine with *far brighter* sparkle! So, when your hair is hard to manage or simply won't "stay put" . . . you'll find it just loves to behave after a Halo Shampoo!

Halo



the shampoo that glorifies your hair!

for dry, oily, normal hair



the horn blows at DRAGNET

Mr. Webb has traded in his plain clothes for tapered trousers and swapped his badge for a bugle. And that's not all he's changed!

■ The script of Jack Webb's new picture, *Pete Kelly's Blues*, describes him as a sharp Kansas City musician, 1927 vintage. This was quite a switch for Sgt. Friday but it didn't bother Jack.

"I've had four years to plan for this," he says. In 1951 Jack spent his summer launching a new radio show, *Pete Kelly's Blues*. It ran for thirteen weeks, ending in the fall.

Then Webb was going steady with *Dragnet*. His low voice, pepper tweed jacket and underplaying became a national trademark. The movie, *Dragnet*, was a huge success.

When it was time for his second Warner movie, no conferences were necessary. Pete Kelly was the first and only choice. Although it means another eleven-hour, six-cups-of-coffee working day for him, he likes it.

The picture marks his biggest career gamble. "I have to find out whether the public will accept me in a different role," he explained, "or whether I'll be penalized for tackling something new." If *Pete Kelly* is a whopping success. Webb hopes to launch it as a television series.

He and writer Dick Breen have seen to it that the characterization will be a complete and deliberate departure from Sgt. Joe Friday. For a while, they even have Kelly, as a bandleader in a speakeasy, leaning against the law.

"The film isn't about jazz; it's a melodrama with a jazz background. The music is important, but it won't help to tell the story."

Webb's voice was sparked with enthusiasm as he continued, "I want to get that certain feeling of excitement into the picture that seemed to characterize the Twenties. That's why only the three leads will have complete scripts. The rest of the cast will be handed out sides with dialogue for just the scenes they are in. It's not that we're trying to keep the story top-secret, just that it loses something when every bit of action has been revealed. The audience anticipates the next scene."

Webb has a basket of original music to choose from. Two years ago he put songwriter Arthur Hamilton under contract, and he's turned out sixty-three tunes. Certain to be included are "Come to Fat Annie's" and "Midnight Blues."

It'll be Ella Fitzgerald, not Webb, who sings them. "I'm strictly a Saturday night shower baritone."

Rounding the cycle of departures from Joe Friday, Webb will have a love interest in the CinemaScope film. But he's unconventional. Webb plays a love scene in a crowded ballroom and initiates a speakeasy brawl, winding up on the bottom of the heap as often as on top.

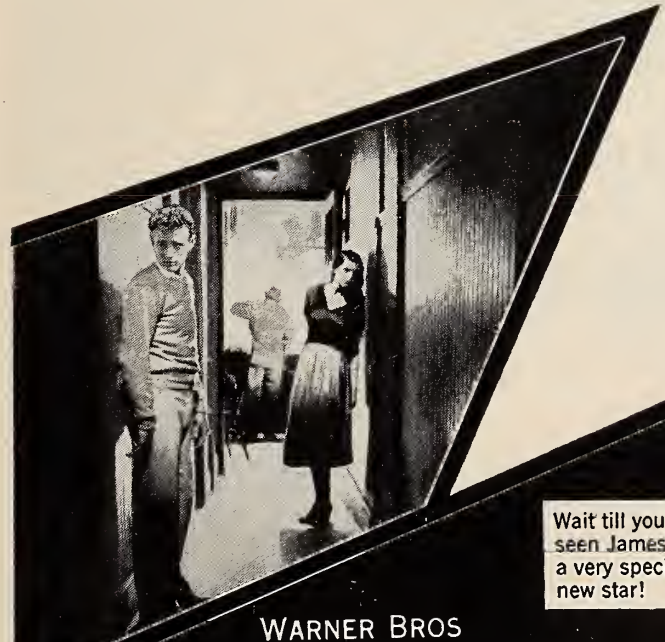
by Rebecca and Bonnie Churchill

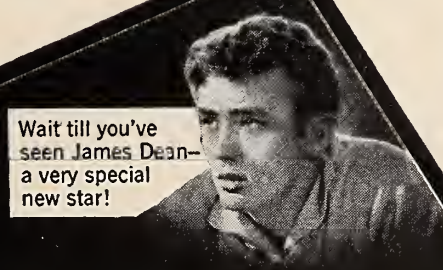
ELIA KAZAN'S EXPLOSIVE PRODUCTION OF JOHN STEINBECK'S

"EAST OF EDEN"



A motion picture of shattering power! The most shocking revenge a girl ever let one brother take on another!







WARNER BROS PRESENT IT IN

CINEMASCOPE

WARNERCOLOR STEREOPHONIC SOUND

STARRING

JULIE HARRIS JAMES DEAN · RAYMOND MASSEY

WITH

BURL IVES · RICHARD DAVALOS
JO VAN FLEET · LOIS SMITH

SCREEN PLAY BY PAUL OSBORN

DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN

PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

IT'S SHOWING NOW! WATCH FOR IT!



When inviting a house guest, should you—

☐ *Limit her stay* ☐ *Leave the departure date apen* ☐ *Say when*

Let this visiting teen be a lesson—she who's taken over the family easy chair and favorite "funnies"! Can't blame her for staying on and on, though. After all, her hostess didn't specify how long. Be definite, timewise, in inviting house guests; both as to their arrival and exit—say *when!* Saves uncertainty, embarrassment all around. And when "that" time arrives, don't be vague about sanitary protection. Say *Kotex**, and get absorbency that doesn't fail . . . the trustworthy kind of protection you *need!*



If you play the coquette, can you—

☐ *Lase Laver Bay* ☐ *Jain the schaal band* ☐ *Triple yaur baokings*

Ever think you could soup up his interest by being unpredictable? Playing games—like breaking dates at the 11th hour? Make no mistake—such tricks will zoom you into social oblivion! Just be yourself. And never let your *calendar* trick you into date breaking; not when there's Kotex to give you chafe-free softness that *holds its shape.* And you just *can't* make a mistake—because Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!



To lose that winter white look, fast, try—

☐ *Flying ta Florida* ☐ *A tint stint* ☐ *Par boiling*

You know that just-crept-from-under-a-stone feeling—when everyone else is a glamorous bronze? Outwit those stares before they start! Before you trek beachward, tan your snowy hide with a clear skin tint. No need to cringe on certain days, either, even in your siren-est date dress. For those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex veto revealing outlines. Why not try Kotex in all 3 sizes, to find the one for *you*—Regular, Junior or Super?

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

It's the wise lassie who doesn't take chances with personal daintiness on certain days, but trusts to Quest* deodorant powder. Specially designed for sanitary napkins . . . no moisture resistant base to slow up absorption. Unscented Quest powder positively *destroys* odors. Use Quest to be sure!



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

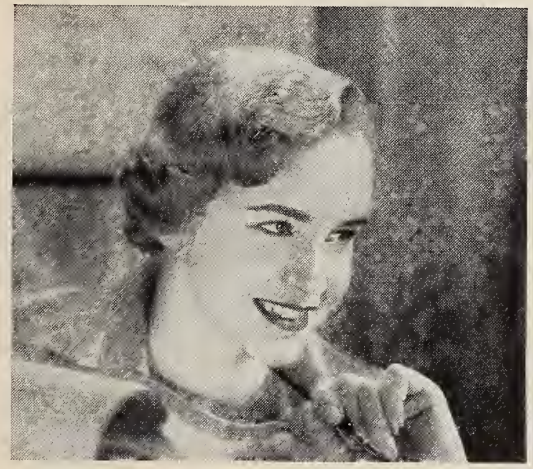
tv talk (*Continued from page 6*)

young twin daughters at home. Nancy was lucky though. She took a leave of absence for seven weeks from *Valiant Lady,* and fixed the time so she could tell the producer if she'd return the day after *Desperate Hours* opened on Broadway! With those wonderful rave reviews, she knew she was in a hit—and quit. She still doesn't know what she would have done if she'd had to make a decision the day *before* the play's opening night! . . . **Mel Ferrer** is very sensitive about all the criticism he gets in gossip columns. He and Audrey couldn't be happier, but the ill-founded rumors that he married Audrey for her money and that he tells her everything to do make him and Audrey miserable—and the rumors reach them even across the Atlantic . . . Although **Gisele MacKenzie** has always been very pretty and capable on *Hit Parade,* people wonder why she had to go on **Jack Benny's** show to show all her delightful talent and really make a hit. Some say it's because Benny lets his cast members steal his shows from him because all he cares about is putting on a good show. Other stars refuse to give up the limelight. Could be . . . Do you know the main reason for **Horace Heidt's** success? It isn't his emceeing—he always muffs his lines—and it isn't his singing—he can't carry a tune. It certainly isn't his band. It's the extra service he gives his sponsors. When he does a show for an outfit, he plugs the product like crazy, traveling all over the country in cars and buses decorated with the sponsor's name . . . Incidentally, take a lot of the talk about "discovering" people with a few grains of salt. You'd be surprised at the number of people who resent someone they used to work for taking all the credit for their careers—especially when they were underpaid! . . **Joan Davis** *was* tired after making three years' worth of TV shows, but she is a trouper and could have kept it up if *Disneyland* hadn't ruined her rating. Most of the time, when you read that a star is quitting a show, it means that the sponsor is dropping it and merely is polite enough to let the star make the announcement first. After all, few people are going to quit when the going's good . . . You'd think, from seeing his TV plays and his new movie, *Marty,* that author **Paddy Chayevsky** is such an understanding, wise man that he himself would be in fine shape. But he, too, is going to a psychiatrist now . . . Just wait until you see **Ernest Borgnine** in *Marty.* You won't believe it's the same man who played the sadistic "Fatso" in *From Here To Eternity.* You'll be seeing the beginning of a whole new career for him. He turns out to be, among other things, a perfectly wonderful comedian! . . . Watch **Claudette Colbert** very carefully in all her TV appearances and see if you catch a camera view of the right side of her face. Bet you don't—even on a live show. She still thinks her left profile is her flattering one . . . Did you know that Ed Murrow's co-producer **Fred Friendly** owns part of *Who Said That?* . . . You're watching the decline of one of television's best actors this season. He isn't long for this part. It's little **Rusty Hamer** on *Make Room For Daddy.* The cutest kid on TV is getting old! . . . Another excellent young actor, **Rex Thompson,** is very unhappy these days. He had to have his hair dyed for a part on *Omnibus,* and they didn't just color it so it could be washed out. They dyed it permanently so that it will have to grow out. And dark-haired Rex is most embarrassed to be going to school as a blond.



Only Bobbi is especially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Laura" hairstyle. No nightly settings.

Soft, natural right from the start . . . that's the "Bobbi Swirl" hairstyle after a Bobbi. Bobbi is so easy . . . no help is needed.



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent always gives you carefree curls as in this "Secret Date" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, romantic hairstyles like this "Sapphire" hairdo. And the curl stays in — in any weather. Always soft and natural.

Want a softly feminine hairdo?

That is the only kind a Bobbi knows how to give. It's the special pin-curl permanent— never tight, never fussy.

All Bobbi girls have soft, carefree curls, because a Bobbi can't— simply can't—give you tight, fussy curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your waves last week after week. Curls and waves are where you want them. Bobbi is the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hair styles.

Just pin-curl your hair in your favorite style. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away you have soft, natural, flattering curls.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! **Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for *"Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles."* Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.**



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.

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Evening in Paris
DEODORANT STICKS



Delight in this
fragrant protection
that keeps you lovely
to be near



Stop perspiration odor!
Keep underarms dry!
Delightfully fragrant!

SPECIAL
INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Good for Limited Time Only!

2 for only $1
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BOURJOIS — Created in France . . . Made in U.S.A.

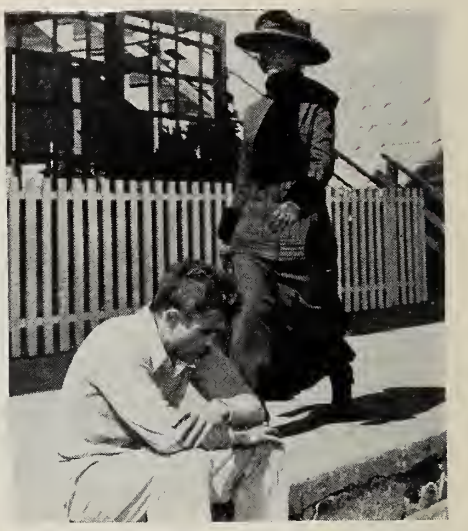
NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein





Jomes Deon ond his brother ore rivols for the love of their fother. Julie Horris, the brother's fioncée is the only one who understonds Jomes.



The high school boy is bewildered ond confused by the discovery thot his mother is the owner of o notorious gombling house in the next town.

Picture of the Month: EAST OF EDEN

■ It'll take some doing to make a better movie than Warners' CinemaScope production, *East Of Eden*. And if James Dean's performance is a forecast of things to come I want to be around for them. This boy, as everyone is eager to point out, acts like Marlon Brando. But the fact is, he has a vast talent of his own and an entirely different kind of personality. The story, adapted from John Steinbeck's novel, takes place in California in 1917. It concerns a self-righteous but benevolent tyrant of a father (Raymond Massey), the son he favors (Richard Davalos) and the son he can't understand (James Dean). Dean is one of those tortured adolescents trying to grasp a sense of himself. One day his worst suspicions are confirmed—his mother (Jo Van Fleet) supposedly off somewhere alone, actually owns and operates a gambling house of not very high repute. Dean wants to make up for this treachery by winning his father's love and approval but all his earnest attempts are cruelly thwarted or rejected. Dean's only ally is his brother's fiancée Abra (Julie Harris). It's a powerful, extremely moving, utterly real film—and some of the scenes will linger a long time in your memory. In the cast are Burl Ives, Albert Dekker, Lois Smith. Directed by Elia Kazan.

(More reviews on page 26)



You feel so very sure of yourself . . . after a WHITE RAIN *Shampoo!*

You're confident you look your loveliest . . . your hair soft as a cloud . . . sunshine bright . . . every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feeling you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

Use New WHITE RAIN *Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*

NOW, there is a hair spray that holds your wave softly . . . naturally!



Helene Curtis spray net*

You may turn up your pretty nose at ordinary hair sprays but not at Helene Curtis SPRAY NET!

If you've often wished for a hair fixative that really kept your hair in place all day . . . if you've often wished for a hair spray that held your wave softly, naturally without ever drying it . . .
Stop wishing—here is the hair spray made to order for you!

From morning to night, Helene Curtis SPRAY NET holds your hair in place, regardless of wind or humidity . . . sets your pin curls for hurry-up hair-do's . . . keeps wisps and stragglers right in line. And it does it more softly than you ever dreamed possible, thanks to exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion.

Do try it—you'll wonder how a spray so "like nothing on your hair" can do so much!



No drooping waves on rainy days, no flyaway curls in the wind with SPRAY NET!



When you're late for a date, set your pin curls in *minutes* with SPRAY NET!

*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



SUPER SOFT OR REGULAR $1.25
Giant Economy Size $1.89 Plus tax



Now there are two types of SPRAY NET: Regular and the new Super Soft SPRAY NET!

If your hair is "baby-fine" or you like the casual look, new SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET, *without lacquer*, will be beautifully right. For hair that's thick and harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-do's, choose REGULAR SPRAY NET, the favorite of millions!

Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET contains Spray-On Lanolin Lotion



TIGHT SPOT Here's a thriller that let s you have it —pow—right in the kisser. Good, I mean. With Ginger Rogers playing a girl con who is chauffeured out of prison and locked in a hotel suite with a few hundred detectives on guard while Edward G. Robinson tries to talk her into testifying against an underworld big shot (Lorne Greene). Ginger figures that if she puts her neck out, Benny (that's the big shot) will cut it off, and the way he operates she's right. Up in Ginger's suite are matron Katherine Anderson and detective Brian Keith, with whom Ginger toys while ordering lobster bisque and enjoying her relative freedom. But things start happening that jolt her out of *that* idyll. Someone takes a few pot shots at her from the living room window; Robinson puts on the pressure and Keith lets go with manly charm. Let me tell you, the tension mounts. And when you think you've had it there's a *real* surprise.—Col.



DAY OF TRIUMPH Right off, you can see there's something different about *Day Of Triumph*. There are no lions in the street and no Romans swilling wine. It's a movie that has sensitivity. Basically, it's a movie which highlights the extraordinary incidents in the life of Jesus—the Sermon on the Mount, the conversion of Mary Magdalene, the raising of Lazarus, The Last Supper, etc. Jesus and some of the Apostles are presented as they might have been when they first met and gathered a following. Weaving all these events together is a fictional plot involving The Zealots, a group of patriots conspiring against Roman rule. They don't believe that Jesus is the Messiah but they wonder if he'd make a good leader. The climax comes with Christ's trial, crucifixion and resurrection. Cast includes Lee J. Cobb, Robert Wilson, James Griffith, Joanne Dru, Lowell Gilmore.—Eastman Color.—Century Films.



RUN FOR COVER Wherever James Cagney has been (in this picture he has been behind bars for six years, innocent all the while) it's good he's back. He has a way with him—convincing enough to get himself made sheriff in a cow town out west called Madison. His real interest is John Derek, a homeless boy, who reminds him of the son he had. Trouble is, there's not much of a resemblance since Derek, whom a gun wound renders partially crippled, is a bitter, weak fellow distrustful of everyone. When a gang makes off with the town's assets (that is, they rob the bank) Cagney, Derek and a few other men start after them. The other men are suspicious of Cagney, considering his past, but he proves himself. Derek proves a couple of things, too, none of which I'll spoil by telling. And for love, there's Viveca Lindfors, who never seemed so radiant. With Jean Hersholt. VistaVision.—Para. (*More reviews on page 28*)

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That French Look
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the Freedom you love

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High Style
GIRDLE





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The model in the photograph is wearing this exciting bra for the high, round look Paris loves—*you* will, too! And it's "custom-contoured" for perfect fit! $3.95

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JANE isn't PLAIN anymore



She learned the BEAUTY SECRETS of the famous POWERS MODELS

So can you! Yes, bring out your hidden beauty, be your loveliest, by getting the priceless secrets taught to the Powers Models. Now Gayla offers you these priceless secrets on an exclusive double-face RCA record by the world's leading beauty authority, John Robert Powers. Listen and have lovely, lustrous hair . . . achieve the most attractive hair styling . . . bring out a new you in loveliness and personality. You cannot buy this record anywhere, but Gayla can send it to you.

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Yes, I want the record telling Beauty Secrets of the famous Powers Models. Here's the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope plus 25¢ (for handling).

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MARTY Every once in a while you see a movie that makes you think—yes, that's the way people talk and that's the way people are—not all these other ways they try to palm off in fancy movies. It's this quality which makes *Marty* a beautiful little movie. The story is simple. Marty, a boy from the Bronx (he's 34, but still a boy) works in a butcher shop, lives with his old mother (Esther Minciotti) and never has anything to do on Saturday night. He's shy, lonely, not very handsome and he has a whole group of pals who sit around being bored or half-heartedly look for dates. Marty meets Clara (Betsy Blair) at a local dance hall. She's 29, a teacher and in the parlance of his friends, "a dog." This is the story of their love. More than that, it's the story of a whole class of people—their hopes, dreams and frustrations. Ernest Borgnine is great as Marty and the rest of the cast is fine. With Jerry Paris.—U.A.



HIT THE DECK Just when you've decided musicals are marvelous they show this and you're wary again. Some of the songs, like, "Why, Oh, Why," (and a good question, too) are very nice, the talent is tops and I wouldn't want to foot the bill for all those backdrops. But throw them all together? Sad. There are these three sailors—Vic Damone, Tony Martin and Russ Tamblyn. Russ' father (Walter Pidgeon) is an Admiral, the kind who salutes himself in the mirror. Russ' sister (Jane Powell), hearing wedding bells when it's only ice clinking in the Scotch and soda, allows herself to be lured to actor Gene Raymond's apartment. Russ and friends try to rescue her, and Raymond, surveying the ruins of said apartment and his profile, calls out the shore patrol. It's that sort of plot, with Ann Miller and Debbie Reynolds courting Martin and Tamblyn. I love Russ Tamblyn—he's so alive he vibrates. CinemaScope—MGM.



CHIEF CRAZYHORSE When he was just a little Sioux, Vic Mature had a vision of becoming the great leader his old chief predicted would one day appear among the tribe. Years later, Crazyhorse (Mature) wins out over rival Little Big Man (Ray Danton) for the hand of Black Shawl (Suzan Ball) and begins to make the vision real. When prospectors try to take gold from Dakota territory Crazyhorse drives them out with white man's fighting tactics. And when Custer makes his last stand it's against him. The tribes he has rallied scatter to find good hunting when winter comes and, left with a small group and a dying wife, Crazyhorse agrees to stay at Fort Laramie. In the spring he gets permission to hunt, but another part of the vision has not been fulfilled. The great leader is destined to be killed by one of his own tribe. Go see this western—it's a true story. With John Lund. Technicolor.—U.I.



THE GLASS SLIPPER What Leslie Caron did for *Lili* she tries very hard to do for Cinderella, but maybe Cinderella's been around too long and her magic (not Leslie's) is almost gone. Anyway, MGM takes most of it away. No pumpkins turning into coaches, no mice—well, a couple of mice but they never leave the cage, no fairy godmother. There *is* a Mrs. Toquet, delightfully played by Estelle Winwood. She's around to produce things like glass slippers, a ball gown and wistful philosophy, but she's more tetched in the head than supernatural. Of course, there is a lovely glow about the whole film, imaginative ballets, soft, picture-book colors. Michael Wilding is okay as Prince Charming and Elsa Lanchester, Cinderella's stepma, is satisfactorily mean. But why tamper with a classic and turn it into only semi-fantasy when you can shoot the works, is what I want to know. Eastman Color.—MGM.



MAN WITHOUT A STAR This poor man is Kirk Douglas, who keeps wandering all over the west because he hates barbed wire and they string it up as fast as he can rip it down, faster maybe. The barbed wire is for cows but Kirk takes it personally. Anyway, he stops off for a while on a ranch owned by Jeanne Crain. And what *she's* doing there, aside from importing thousands of heads of steer who gobble up everybody's grass, is hard to say. Along with her increasing herd comes a very bad element (Richard Boone) who giggles when he shoots. This so unnerves Kirk that he takes sides in the war over who chews what grass. He's on one side, Jeanne's on the other, but secretly she wishes she weren't. Not that Kirk cares; he's a wandering man. Then there's William Campbell, young sprout who wanders part way with him, but Campbell finds his star (Myrna Hansen); Kirk never does. Technicolor.—U.I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

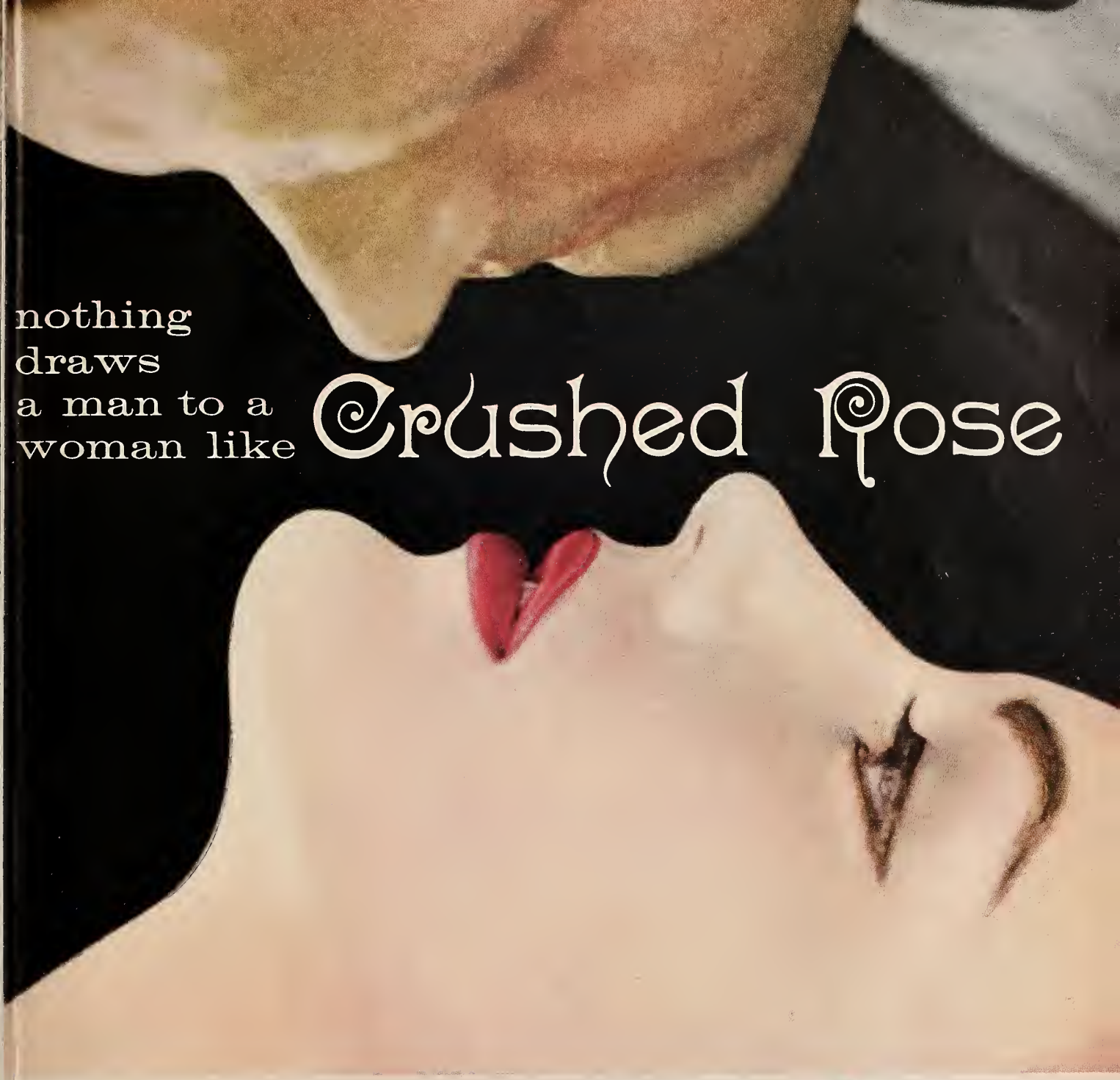
JUPITER'S DARLING *(MGM):* Esther Williams momentarily diverts the course of Hannibal (Howard Keel) and ancient history with the help of her slave, Marge Champion. George Sanders plays the Roman emperor, Esther's fiance. With William Demarest, Gower Champion, Richard Haydn. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

INTERRUPTED MELODY *(MGM):* Eleanor Parker plays the dramatic life story of Marjorie Lawrence, the Metropolitan opera singer who was stricken with polio. Glenn Ford as her doctor husband. Technicolor.

PRINCE OF PLAYERS *(20th-Fox):* The story of the Booths, America's first family of the stage in the 19th century. Richard Burton as Edwin, John Derek as John Wilkes and Raymond Massey as their father. With Maggie McNamara, Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Sellars, Eva Le Gallienne, Christopher Cook. CinemaScope, Technicolor.

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS *(U-I):* Tony Curtis as a thief extraordinare, in a suspenseful story based on the actual Brinks robbery of not too long ago. With Julie Adams, George Nader.

THE PURPLE PLAIN *(U.A.):* Gregory Peck being heroic in Technicolor, inspired by a lovely Burmese girl, Win Min Than. Lots of suspense, airplanes, Burmese jungle.



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You smooth it on, and suddenly love is just a kiss away! Fresh new color plucked from a garden and crushed to an unbelievable brilliance! (And that brilliance will last, for this is Max Factor's Color-fast lipstick.) Crushed Rose . . . *your* lips can wear it tonight. $1.10

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No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

Let it help you to a softer, fresher, more radiant complexion!

New millions have tried it! New millions love it! Your precious complexion, too, deserves Camay's Caressing Care. With that famous skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance, it's no wonder cold cream Camay is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let its gentle touch caress *your* skin to new loveliness. Change to regular care . . . use Camay alone. Your skin will become softer, smoother with your first cake. And remember, you get the added luxury of fine cold cream in Camay at no extra cost. For your beauty *and* your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

A personal letter from Mario Lanza for you...

BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE



Dear Friends,

Something really great has happened to me. This letter is to say thank you, because I owe this incredibly wonderful thing to you, to the thousands of you who wrote to me via MODERN SCREEN.

I have read and re-read the mountains of letters that were sent to me after MODERN SCREEN published "If You Love Mario." Letters that tell me I have been given a great gift. Letters that say, "You have brought me courage . . ." "We need your voice in these troubled times." Letters from children, from invalids, from countries far away. Letters that close with, "God bless you, Mario." I am deeply touched.

For God has blessed me. And I have never forgotten that there is a very special tie between me and the people I sing to. It's something much more than the usual bond between an artist and the public; it's as though there is a real, living, flowing love between us, as though you people have reached out in some mysterious way and taken me to your hearts.

Mind you, I don't feel that I have *made* this happen. It's just there, that's all. And I feel, very strongly, that my responsibility is not to harm this wonderful love by ever doing anything cheap or shoddy or unworthy of it. That's why, for a while, I stopped singing. Now that I feel I can live up to what you have a right to expect, I am going to make more movies, starting with Warner Brothers' *Serenade*. I hope these movies will be good ones. If so, it will really be due to you. Because there is no better way to create something good than by going into it with the knowledge that you are loved and wanted and needed. You have given me that knowledge. I feel well and strong and able to work. Thank you for your wonderful gift.

And God bless you all.

Mario Lanza



They were exhausted. For ten days they had lived in a madhouse. Their nerves were jangled, tempers short. And then the top blew off!

by Louella Parsons

HOW THE LADDS RECONCILED

■ The Rock of Gibraltar marriage of the Alan Ladds suffered a shattering tremor when the gossips first hinted, then said right out loud, that Alan and Sue were having trouble!

To say there was no crisis in the Ladd family would *not* be telling the truth. Alan and Sue don't say this.

Because these two honest and straightforward people are among my close friends, I know how much this has hurt them and how much they regret all the publicity. Not so much for themselves, but for the children.

But one bright and shining thing has come of it all:

They have weathered this storm and they are closer than ever. They have a new and stronger sense of what their marriage of fourteen years has built. And they love each other with even deeper devotion.

I know what I'm talking about because I am the only reporter to talk to both Sue and Alan at their "reconciliation house," the charming place they took where they can be completely alone for a month, at Rancho Santa Fe.

The reason I didn't travel south to get the story from Alan and Sue is that he had chicken pox!

But, I have talked with them many times over the telephone, both separately and together, at Rancho Santa Fe, and before that at their Holmby Hills house when all the gossip started flying thick and fast.

Oh, it was hot and heavy in the beginning, first as blind items, then out openly:

"Which happily married couple of many years (their names will surprise you) are straining at the leash?"

"It's very cool between the Alan Ladds and the Dick Powells." *(Continued on page 60)*



By the time that the really serious ritt rumors reached the newspapers, Sue had left her relatives in Las Vegas and joined Alan at Rancho Santa Fe.



With a new and stranger-than-ever bond between them, Alan and Sue were on a reconciliation honeymoon—until he came down with chicken pox!

How much gossip?
How much truth?

THE STORM ABOUT MONROE

New men are running Marilyn's new life . . . Who are they? What are they doing to her?

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ What is happening to Marilyn Monroe?

Has she reconciled with Joe DiMaggio?

Has she found a new lover in the east whose identity remains a coveted secret?

Is her relationship with Milton Greene, photographer and vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions, burgeoning into something more than a business affair?

Has success gone to her head?

Is she really going to play the nightclub circuit in Las Vegas?

These are just a few of the questions about Marilyn that Hollywood has been asking.

This blonde beauty whose rags-to-riches saga was once an open book to the entire movie colony, has now become a mysterious and controversial figure.

Executives who once spoke of her knowingly and glowingly, say now that she is misguided, cold-blooded and greedy.

"I once thought," says a friend of Johnny Hyde, the agent who befriended Marilyn in her struggling years, "that this girl had a good head on her shoulders, the kind of steady head success would never turn. Now I'm not so sure.

"I can't understand why Marilyn fought with her studio. What made her turn down a new contract at $100,000 a picture? A few years ago the girl was starving. That's why she had to pose for those calendar pictures.

"Now, she's ready to start her own company. What does *she* know about producing pictures? I can't help feeling that she has been the victim of bad advice."

One of the few women in Hollywood who has worked with Marilyn closely for many years, is similarly puzzled, but about Marilyn's relationship with Joe DiMaggio.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, "that Marilyn Monroe doesn't know her own mind. (*Continued on page 76*)



Milton Greene, 32-yeor-old vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions, says: "She likes to control a little of her own destiny."









There's a new woman in Rock Hudson's life, and it looks serious—again. Want to know all about her? Ask Rock. Ask him anything. You get the strangest answers!

BY JANE WILKIE

■ Well sir, there I was again. Confronting Rock Hudson across a white tablecloth, and filled with despair. Not that it's bad, being confronted with six feet, four inches of all that. You can't hardly get them kind no more.

He had come to the restaurant straight from his role of gardener in *All That Heaven Allows*. He wore a sad sport shirt, a used suede jacket and tired denim trousers. The make-up department had tried to make him look dirty, but one of the nice things about Rock is that he can't look dirty.

The reason for my doldrums was that I had to come up with considerable information about Rock's latest and greatest date, Phyllis Gates. All Hollywood knows Rock is squiring Miss Gates, and all Hollywood also knows Rock prefers not to talk about it. And so all Hollywood is trying to find out about it.

There is the rub. A nicer guy you can't find, but he holds as how his own business is his own business, and there's no business like trying to pry it out of him.

"Well," he said, "what do you want to talk about this time?" Then he gave me an evil grin and added, "As if I didn't know."

I skirted the issue temporarily. "There's always Christmas and Thanksgiving. What did you do Thanksgiving?"

"Went over to my mother's."

When Rock makes a statement during an interview, the period at the end of his sentence (*Continued on page* 62)



There have been rumors before about Junie and Dick Powell. But never before have such shocking things been said about their "perfect" marriage.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

HOW LONG CAN IT LAST?



■ "What's with Allyson?" a newsman asked a girl on the set of *The McConnell Story* at Warner Brothers.

"Don't you know?" she asked. "It's all over the lot!"

"What's all over the lot?"

The extra smiled. "You're kidding," she said. "You must be kidding. Little Junie has fallen head over heels in love with Alan Ladd and he with her."

It sounds incredible, but that's the story that was making the rounds in Hollywood several weeks ago. There was no truth to it, but the vicious rumor caught on like a prairie fire.

A columnist had printed the tip-off: "June Allyson and Dick Powell are quarreling and it's serious."

The next thing anyone knew, Dick Powell and Sue Ladd were having a conference. They had been singed and hurt, but they were determined to extinguish the gossip.

Dick began to take June out practically every night.

"By practice," he explained, "June and I are not nightclub habitués, but we're determined to show people that our marriage is okay. There's nothing wrong with it, no matter what you hear."

Dick and June showed up at Ciro's to see Sammy Davis, Jr. They attended Sonja Henie's circus party. They made the club rounds, living and loving it up, and when they were sure they had dispelled the ugly rumor, they took off—just the two of them—to Sun Valley for a month of relaxation and winter sports.

Alan Ladd drove down to a resort, Rancho Santa Fe. (For details of his reconciliation (*Continued on page 40*)

More pictures on next page

HOW LONG CAN IT LAST?

continued

with Sue, read Louella Parsons' story on page 32.)

This year marks the tenth anniversary of the June Allyson-Dick Powell wedding. They were married on August 19, 1945, in the home of Johnny Green, the loquacious MGM musical director.

Dick is fifteen years older than June. She was his third wife, and at the time there were many who insisted that the marriage would not work.

They said that Dick was too professorial, that he treated June like a wayward little girl, that she never would be mistress of her own house, that sooner or later she would come to resent Dick's domination.

The record shows that the Powells have had several quarrels in the last ten years. "Which married couple hasn't?" Dick asks. But their marriage is more secure than ever, thanks to these very quarrels and to Dick Powell's great understanding.

There was a time several years ago when June was reported to be infatuated with Dean Martin.

While Dean and June were seeing each other in New York (June was there on a vacation) Powell back in Hollywood said there was nothing to worry about. June was a grown-up girl and could handle herself very nicely.

On another occasion it was said that Peter Lawford was June Allyson's ardent admirer. Powell wouldn't even dignify that particular rumor with a reply.

As to the gossip about June and Alan Ladd, here's what June confided to a friend. "I don't know how it got started. I really don't. Sure, I like Alan. Who doesn't? He's a wonderful guy. But how anyone could imply there was anything between us I don't know.

"After all, Sue was on the set a good deal of the time . . . Sure, Richard and I have had our spats. But the latest one had nothing to do with Alan. Thank heaven, Richard is sensible enough to discount these stories. He's an actor and he knows how easily rumors can begin about a leading lady.

"I've had reporters call me day after day. They want to know about Alan and me. I told them it was ridiculous, crazy. Who has time for that sort of nonsense? But once these stories start, what a time you've got!

"By the time we get back from Sun Valley, I sure hope the whole thing has blown over."

Thrusting the Alan Ladd canard to one side, what factors are there that could possibly cause dissension in the Powell household?

In Pamela and Rick, the Powells have two of the most adorable children in Mandeville Canyon. They have all the money they will ever need. They own a fifty-eight-acre estate, three cars, three corporations. They have far-flung financial interests. What could possibly be wrong at home?

First, June has been working too long and too hard. In the last two years she has made six pictures. In the past eleven months, she has worked unceasingly in *Strategic Air Command, Woman's World, The Shrike* and (*Continued on page 86*)

IN SUN VALLEY DICK AND JUNE VACATIONED, SMILED



Headquarters far their stay was the Sun Valley Lodge—near the skiing.



He teases her abaut her skiing, but actually she's almast as good as Dick.



Later they relaxed during a lang sleigh ride, chatted with the driver.

HAPPILY FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS TO PROVE NOTHING WAS WRONG—UNTIL DICK TURNED UP IN BANDAGES.



The first morning there they took the chair lift to the highest slope.



June learned to ski only o few years ogo. Dick has been ot it longer.



June spent as much time posing for Dick os she did for the newsmen.



Dick, a camero bug, snopped her, sent photos home to the kids.



Evenings were the only times they spent indoors. And then . . . colamity!



Dick took a bod fall on skis, broke his shoulder, went home—alone.



DON'T LET HER SCARE YOU!



In 1951, Jane and Ma Russell found and loved Tommy, but worried about adopting a baby whose parents knew where he was.

BACK HOME IN HOLLYWOOD JANE SHRUGGED OFF HER FRACAS WITH THE FURIOUS FRENCH AND SETTLED DOWN TO A NICE, RELAXED FREE-FOR-ALL.

BY NATE EDWARDS

■ When she got home from Europe, eleven pounds underweight, Jane Russell announced a new Design For Living. There'd be no more of the too-frantic, too-exhausting rushing about and overwork that has characterized her life. There'd be no more collapses on the set of every picture she made. From now on, her time was going to be budgeted properly with everything in its season, and plenty of season for Jane to spend with her family.

So Jane made out a schedule. "I'll do publicity Tuesday and Thursday. I'll work out at Terry Hunt's Monday and Thursday. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings belong to my kids. Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings I'll spend going over things with Penny Sweeney (her secretary)."

So she made out her timetable, according to the schedule, for the next several weeks and someone noticed that the only time she had left to herself was one Wednesday lunch hour. "What's going to happen when you're asked to do a benefit?"

"I'll manage," said Miss Russell airily, having just returned from a four-hour jaunt, not on the schedule, to supervise the building of new houses by two of her four brothers. Kenny and Wally have decided to locate permanently on the Russell family acres and Jane is determined to be in on every step of the (*Continued on page 92*)

IN ENGLAND, JANE STARTED BRITISH TONGUES WAGGING WHEN SHE VISITED THE MOTHER OF HER ADOPTED SON—BUT THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

BY KEVIN BURKE

■ When Jane Russell was here several months ago filming *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,* she captured in one move of compassion the heart of virtually every mother in the British Isles.

Against the counsel of supposedly wise heads, Jane met with Mrs. Florrie Kavanagh, attractive, Irish-born wife of a local carpenter.

In 1951 Mrs. Kavanagh had given her baby son to Jane for adoption. Now she wanted to know how little Tommy liked Hollywood and how he was getting along.

Jane was advised against establishing or continuing any liaison with the parents of her adopted son. But by nature the brunette beauty is about as tough as butter.

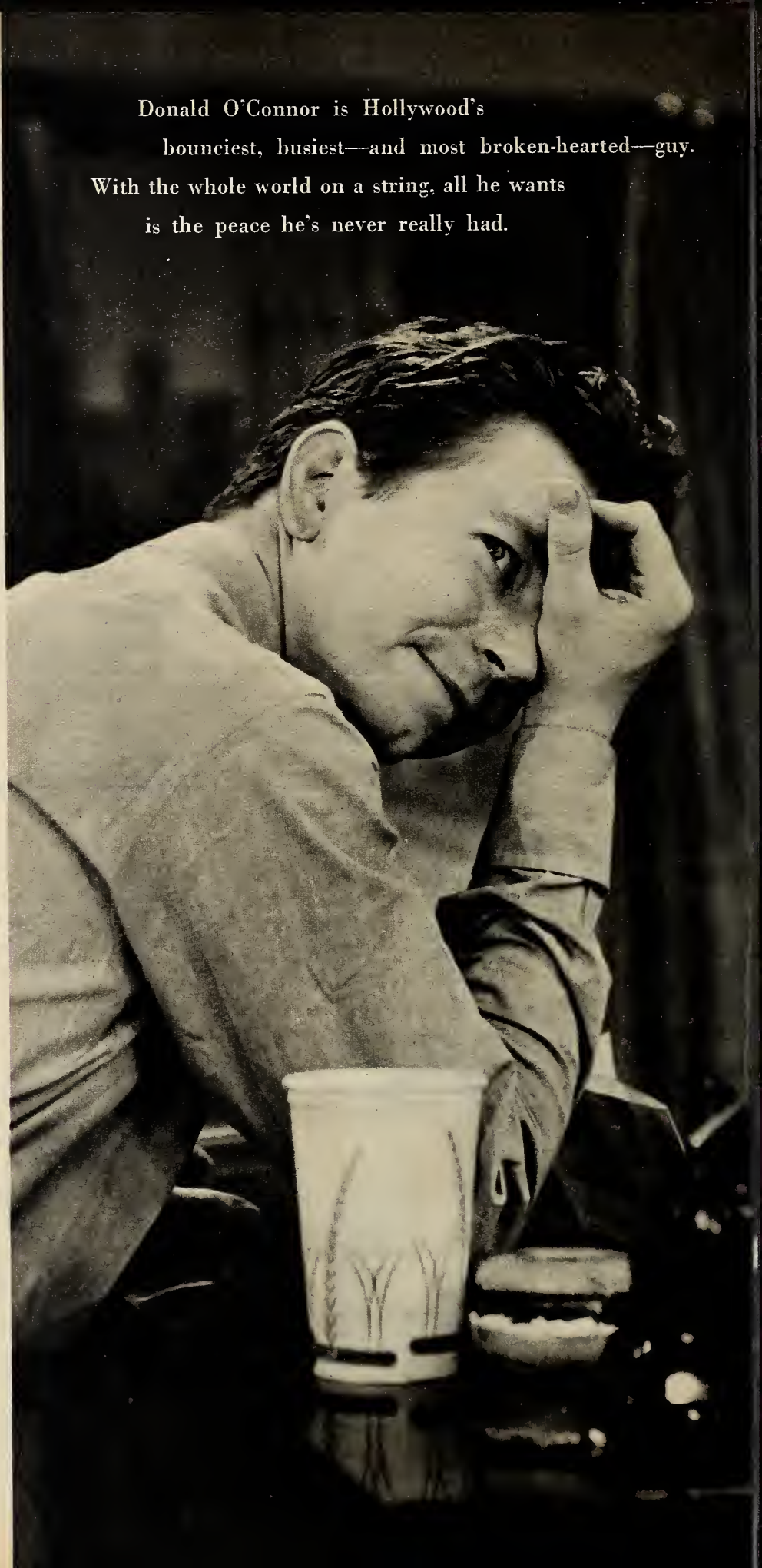
When Florrie Kavanagh rang the Dorchester Hotel and asked about Tommy, Jane told Florrie to meet her at her lawyer's office. The meeting was supposed to be a strict secret. Within twenty-four hours all of London knew about it.

Arriving at the lawyer's office, Mrs. Kavanagh, dressed in her new grey skirt and red corduroy topcoat, was nervous. Jane greeted her warmly, put her at ease. Then she handed Florrie a batch of color slides showing four-and-a-half-year-old Tommy playing in California's sun-drenched San Fernando Valley.

As she peered at the slides through a viewer, Mrs. Kavanagh smiled, but her eyes grew moist. (*Continued on page 61*)

Family Man on the Loose

Donald O'Connor is Hollywood's bounciest, busiest—and most broken-hearted—guy. With the whole world on a string, all he wants is the peace he's never really had.



BY JACK WADE

■ One evening about this time last year, Donald O'Connor skidded his Jaguar to a stop before the Bel Air Hotel in Hollywood. He'd driven the 300-mile haul in from Las Vegas, where for four rugged weeks he had knocked himself out at the Sahara beating Marlene Dietrich's record.

Waving back the porter who reached for the stacked suitcases holding all his personal possessions, he yawned, "Get 'em in the morning. I'm dead."

Up in his suite, he shucked off his clothes and idly switched on his TV set. The minute the picture focused he let out an agonized groan. That minute they were starting to hand out the "Emmy" awards—television's Oscars for the year's best performers. Don O'Connor knew he was to get one, and it was a great honor. He had promised to be on this show, but in the rush he'd forgotten all about it.

For a second, Don considered dashing down to the studio and out on the stage in his pajamas. Then he raced half-naked through the lobby and out to his car, tossing bags right and left until he got to the bottom where his tux was packed. Upstairs again, he juggled collar buttons and studs, groaning when his name was announced and the emcee told embarrassed lies. But he might save face if he (*Continued on page 72*)



Now he lives for doughter Donno, olso hopes to marry ogoin.

His coreer going great, he checks scripts with writer Sid Miller.

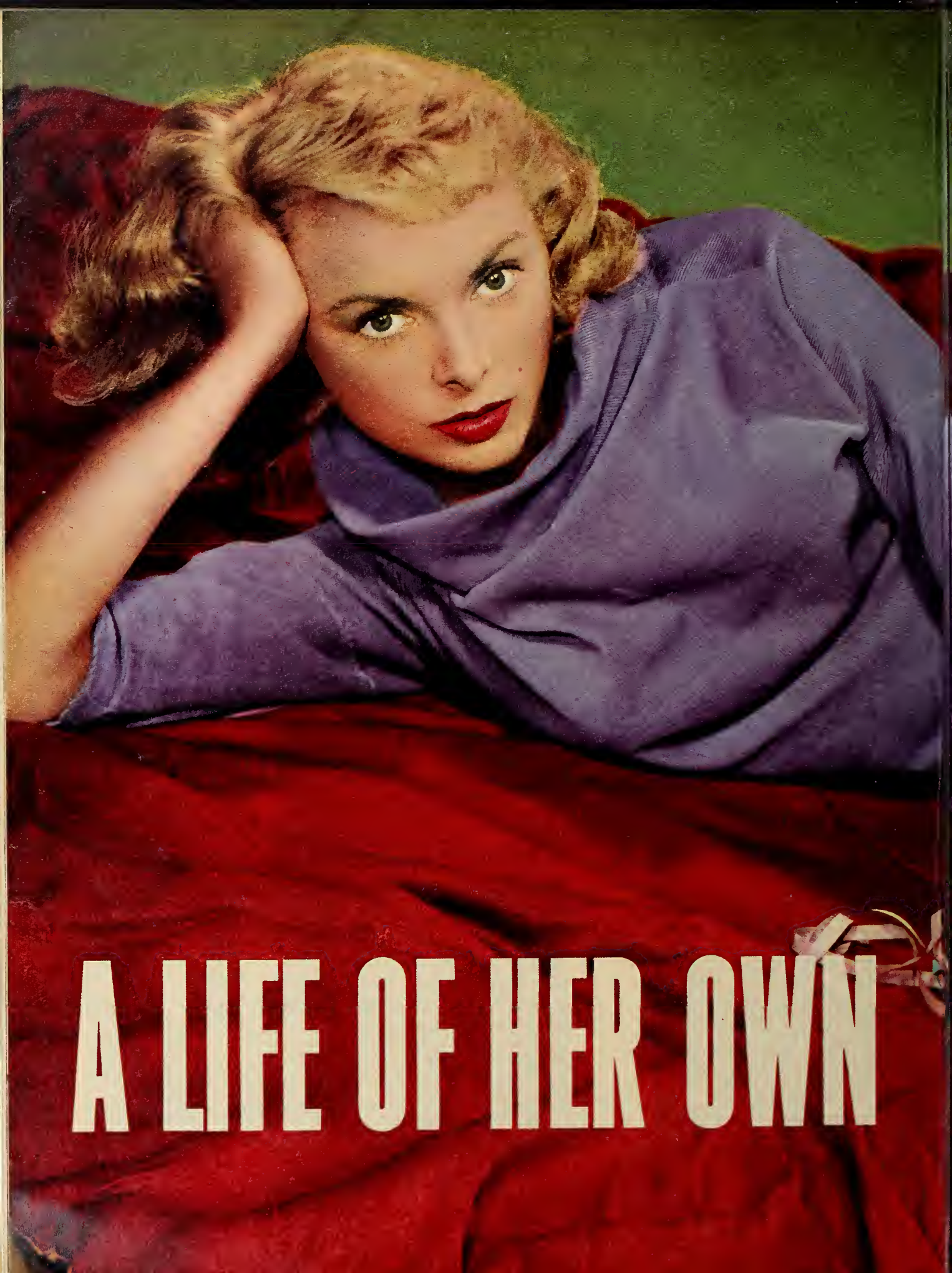




"The O'Flynn," his beloved dog, is port of his lost home-life.



Morilyn Erskine, whom he doted ofter his divorce, got morried.


A LIFE OF HER OWN



Sure, the lady is Mrs. Tony Curtis—but that's only half of it. She's also Janet Leigh, separate and distinct—and it's time people remembered it!

BY TONI NOEL

■ When Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis moved from Beverly Hills to Coldwater Canyon, every phase of the operation was duly recorded by a magazine photographer. Legging it over to Beverly, hot little camera in hand, he found his glamorous subject engaged in a most unglamorous chore. "Hi!" Janet said with a bright and wholly unself-conscious smile. She was at the kitchen sink, furiously scrubbing ashtrays.

Which brings up two points. First, the kind of person Janet Leigh is. And second, the fact that since her marriage to Tony Curtis on June 4, 1951, there has been such an inundation of stories about what a cunning little couple they make, such careful documentation of their domesticity that their individual personalities have somehow blurred into the background. Janet without Tony? Ridiculous! Like Siamese twins, their destinies are as one.

People who didn't know her before her marriage haven't the faintest idea what kind of person Janet is. Those who did know her tend to forget. That she was already a star when she met Tony, for instance. That without dramatic training, without even the experience of playing bit parts, she stepped into the lead of a major production, *The Romance Of Rosy Ridge*, and gave a fine account of herself. Her press clippings say (*Continued on page 48*)

that at the time of her marriage she was earning an assured $43,000 annually, which is, no doubt, an exaggeration. Probably it was only $40,000. But she was and is a star in her own right and, believe it or not, there is a Janet without Tony.

Janet Leigh, individual, is a perfectionist of the most extreme sort. Early in her career she said that she never entertained any ambitions to be an actress, adding, "I suppose every girl thinks of herself as a future housewife. I never thought beyond that." If she had stayed with that mundane dream, hers would have been a house capable of passing military inspection at any hour. The day they moved from Beverly Hills, Janet had hired some people to do the work. Her mother was also present, and Mrs. Morrison is not inexperienced in such things. But, no. Janet had to scrub the ashtrays herself; otherwise, she would not be satisfied in her own mind that she was leaving the house absolutely spotless, even to such a minute detail.

She supervised the packing, memorizing the contents of every crate, box, suitcase and odd-shaped package; arriving at the new house, she knew exactly where she wanted every last item stowed away. This meticulous approach to onerous jobs is laudable, but it is also a source of trial and tribulation—in minor key—to the people around her. "Sweetie," they plead, "quit bustling. Sit down for five minutes."

She may sit, but she'll squirm. "What I want my home to be is a place where people can do whatever they like. If what they like to do makes a mess, let 'em mess up the whole joint. It's all right by me. But *my* fun is cleaning up, and if I let them do what they want, I think they ought to let me have my kind of fun, too. The thing is, I haven't convinced anybody that straightening up is fun; they always feel guilty about my doing it."

Her striving for perfection carries over into every facet of Janet's life. "I think she's the only actress in Hollywood really qualified to write advice stories for the kids," commented one of her friends, "because Janet actually practices what she preaches. She never takes off a blouse and hangs it up, thinking she can get by wearing it one more time. She never says, 'I can let my hair go one more day.' With her it's as if there weren't going to be any tomorrow. Whatever can be done by hand is washed the minute it comes off her back; the other things go to the cleaner immediately. Her hair, her nails are *always* done; grooming isn't a sometimes thing with Janet."

It carries over into her (*Continued on page 58*)



Although more reserved about offering friendship than Tony is, Janet has many "good acquaintances," like Diana Lynn, Maureen O'Hara—people not necessarily members of Tony's crowd.



When she travels alone for business (is president of a corporation now), or publicity purposes, she is swamped with shocked questions. "What's wrong with you and Tony?. Why isn't he along?"

JEFF RICHARDS:

HE'S THE HUNK OF MAN HOLLYWOOD'S TALKING ABOUT—THE NEWEST THREAT TO KING GABLE'S THRONE!



by Kirtley Baskette

■ One murky California midnight a twenty-six-foot sloop nosed out past the jagged rocks of San Pedro's harbor and into a boiling sea. At the helm a rangy, square-cut sailor gripped the spokes and braced himself for what he was seeking —a scrap with the elements.

Ground swells tossed his slim boat around like a cork and angry whitecaps hissed over the deck. Howling gales whipped his black curls and salt spray peppered his ruddy cheeks like shot. He switched on the running lights, but he really didn't need them. Nobody else was crazy enough to be out bucking a storm like this.

It was sullen dawn when the lonely skipper steered back to the California Yacht Anchorage, tired and wet as a rain-barrel rat, but happy. As he tied up the boat and shook himself like a pup, Jeff Richards heard a hail from the deck alongside.

"Hey down there! Where the blazes have you been all (*Continued on page 88*)

Poor but happy



They're living on borrowed money—but Judy isn't worried. She's won back her public, there's a new baby to dream about and all's right with the world.

BY JIM NEWTON

■ Judy Garland's third husband, Sid Luft, strode into the California Superior Court several weeks ago. He was present to answer charges filed by his former wife, Lynn Bari.

Lynn wanted to know why Sid had violated a court order. He had failed to set up a $10,000 insurance fund for his son John as he had previously promised.

"Your Honor," Sid said. "I just don't have the money. In fact we're living on $30,000 I've borrowed."

The judge listened attentively as Sid described his depleted finances.

Presently he said, "I see no point in sending this man to jail. He's paying for the support of his son each month. I'm satisfied that when his financial condition improves he will meet his obligations."

When Hollywood read that Sid was broke, that he had borrowed $30,000 to support Judy and the children, it shook its collective head.

"Poor Judy," one friend mumbled. "Out of the frying pan, into the fire."

"And to think," another offered, "that Judy is pregnant, too. The baby's scheduled for the first week in April."

There were sighs and sobs, condolences and contributions. But one young woman carried on brightly and undismayed in face of the situation. That was (*Continued on page* 83)



Take it from Judy and Sid: "Never underestimate the power of love."



LEE SHARON

He carries two pictures in his wallet—
one is a showgirl, the other is a horse.
Both of them were part of the wonderful years
Ben Cooper will never forget .



GYPSY

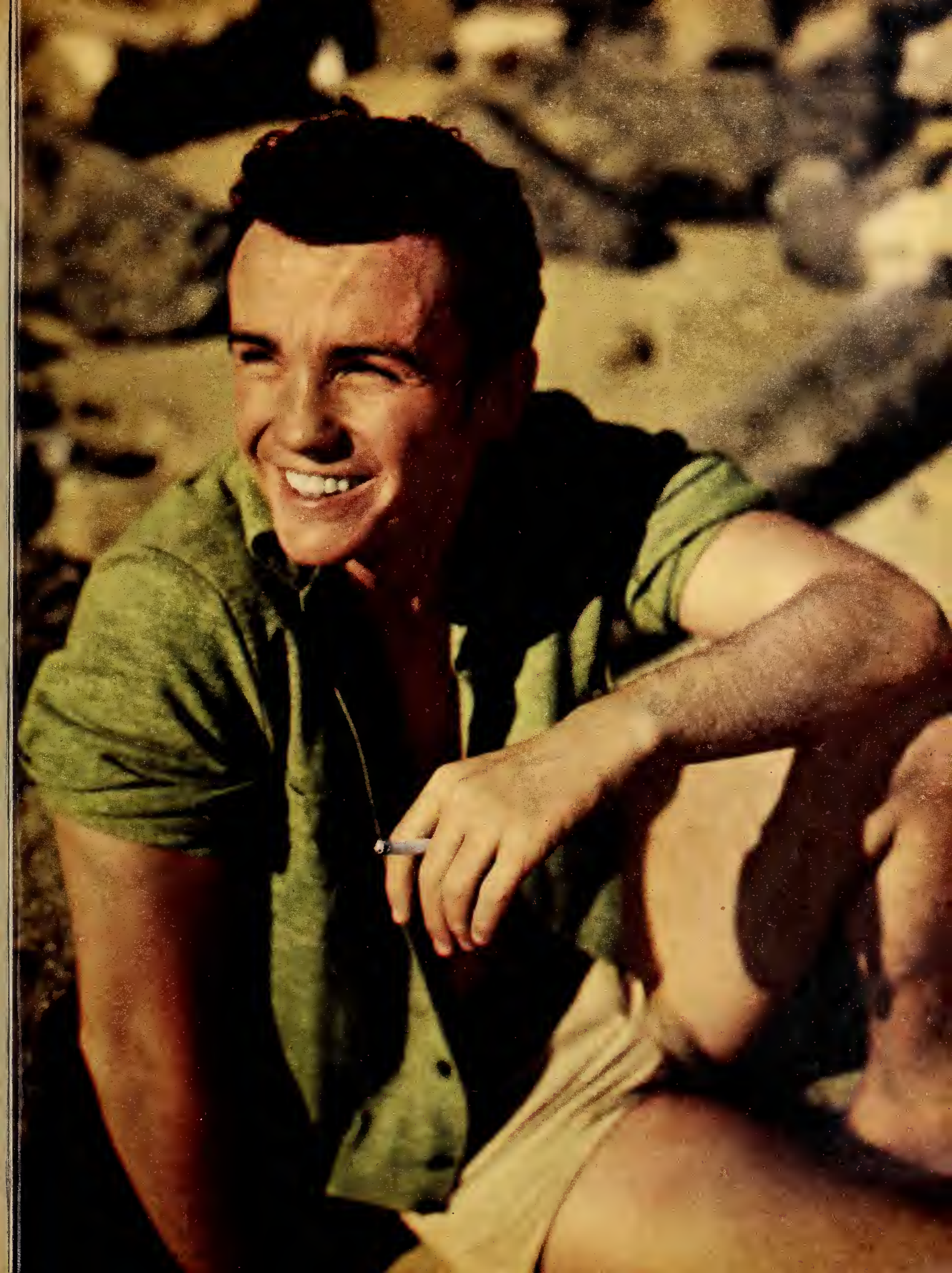
The two loves of Ben Cooper

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ John Wayne, except for a penchant for dark-haired women, perhaps, is not known to be easily impressed by anyone. But he went to a movie the other day to catch the performance of a new, young actor named Ben Cooper (who, incidentally, is already showing a penchant for both dark-haired and light-haired girls). Wayne was doing a service for his press agent, Bev Barnett, who represents such other veterans as Dick Powell, Gene Autry and Johnny Weissmuller. Barnett wanted to know if Wayne thought Bev had himself some fresh blood in Ben, his latest client.

Wayne came to the point. "You've got yourself new blood, all right," he told Barnett. "You've got yourself a star."

When you remember that Wayne is a tall, 200-pound westerner who prefers the company of big, mature men like himself in both his work and his play, you wonder what he found to like in a small, blue-eyed Irishman from New York who weighs about 150 pounds and stands only five feet, seven inches high. The real answer probably is that Ben Cooper is small in size only. In ambition and accomplishment he is beginning to stack up around the casting offices as a combination of Spencer Tracy, Kirk Douglas and Gary Cooper. Ben, in other words, can act, talk and ride. He was only eight years old when he made his theatrical debut before a Broadway audience. His roles in radio plays alone total (*Continued on page 64*)



EDITOR'S NOTE: Pier Angeli was flying to Palm Springs to join Vic Damone in the home he had picked out for them. Then suddenly the happiest story turned into tragedy. Crossing the mountain range just five minutes out of the Palm Springs Airport the plane struck turbulent weather and Pier was thrown against a bulkhead. She suffered a fracture of several bones in her pelvic area and it is anticipated that she will remain in the Desert Hospital for almost a month. At this time it is impossible for anyone to say whether her baby can be saved. Everyone knew how much Pier and Vic had longed for a child. This story was written just before the fateful flight— we believe Pier would want you to read it on the happy note, the way it was written.

THE WAY OF A BRIDE

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Pier's beloved collection of stuffed toys keeps her company when Vic is working; has even supplied her with dancing partners!

■ Hearing her husband's voice through the open doorway, Pier paused for a puzzled moment. First, Vic was alone. Second, the words sounded strange. "*What* do you say to your father? You won't go to *bed*? You say *no*, to your daddy?! Wait till I tell your mother—"

She flew in to find him, all red in the face, waggling a finger at the floor. "My goodness, who are you talking to?"

"Our son, our daughter, how do I know? All I know is this baby has no education whatever."

"But he isn't born yet!"

"Still, he should learn manners."

She collapsed in glee. While the routine's no longer new, it continues to enchant her. She suspects that's why Vic dreamed it up in the first place. He also dreamed up a child with a will of its own, which makes for livelier action. "You don't want to eat your soup?" he demands of the floor, scoops up an armful of air and deposits it in a visionary highchair. "You want daddy to feed you?"

So Pier gets into the act. "He threw away the spoon, *il bambino caro*." Then she feels of Vic's forehead and her own. "You think we have fever?"

If so, it's the normal fever of expectant parents. The baby's due next August. Which of the two is more delirious remains an academic question until the day dawns when you can measure pure joy. In Vegas, where Vic was singing, Pier didn't feel too well and flew home for a day to see the doctor, who promised to telephone her. The call came as she sat with Vic between shows. On (*Continued on page* 56)





Pier's new, short hoir-do wos creoted ot Vic's request. Pier isn't too sure she likes it—but figures thot thot doesn't motter, as long os it mokes Vic happy. Their honeymoon hause thrilled both of them—the view reminded Pier of Italy.



THE WAY OF A BRIDE

continued

a cloud of glory she floated back to the table, mildly amazed to hear plain language from her throat instead of hosannas. "Vic, you're going to be a father. The doctor wants to talk to you." He sat like a stone. Exactly like a stone, except for the eyes on fire. "*Go*, Vic, The doctor wants to *talk* to you."

"I can't move," he moaned, but eventually made it, and returned, bearing aloft a glass of milk. "Here, you must drink this. You must drink for two."

"Suppose the baby isn't hungry?"

"The baby's starving. I asked him. He told me *si, si*."

Though they say *he* because most people do, Vic wants a girl who'll look like Pier. She insists on a boy who'll look like him. A boy he agrees to, if needs must. "But not with my nose." To ward off the nose, he took a cue from *Madre*, as he calls Pier's mother. While carrying the twins, *Madre* surrounded herself with pictures of beautiful babies. Out of a magazine, Vic scissored the picture of a beautiful baby and laid it before his wife. Instead of coos, he got an explosion of mirth. "You don't like him?"

"He's wonderful!"

"Then what?"

"Look at us both. How will we two ever get a blond with blue eyes?"

"Simple. As a little boy, I was blond."

Love works miracles. In tribute to the blond youngster who grew up to be her dark husband, Pier has got Blue-Eyes taped securely to the foot of her bed.

Brows rose all over Hollywood when her engagement was announced. Objective and reasonable, she recognizes the point of view of outsiders. "They ask, my goodness, what happened, Pier was just going with other people. They have a right to ask. Because Vic and I, only we know all as it happened."

Far from plunging into marriage, she hesitated on its brink. Impulsive she may be, but not when it comes to that sacred covenant. In Germany almost three years ago, Vic asked her to be his wife. She was working in *The Devil Makes Three*, he was in the Army. He fell hard. She was sufficiently attracted to see him almost every night for three months. Rumor had Mrs. Pierangeli breaking it up, but rumor has always been hard on (*Continued on page 77*)

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER

We say in our church: "Pray as though everything depends on God. Work as though everything depends on you." I try to do that.



by Terry Moore

■ When I was still a child I learned that I wanted a warm life much more than a great one. I learned from experience and I learned from my church—the Mormon Church. It was (and is) an important lesson because I am a normally ambitious girl and perhaps my ambition, if not balanced by the non-professional side of my nature, could lead me to high but lonely places.

I know that as an actress I have made some kind of mark in motion pictures, but the movies must never be my all. I stint nothing when I work in them, but I *work* in them, and I don't live in them. My deepest interests are intertwined with the lives of those who know me for what I am out of the studio, not in it. From

(*Continued on page 79*)

a life of her own

(*Continued from page 48*) career: she has to be as nearly perfect in every role as Janet Leigh can be. She'll accept any part within reason, provided it's different from the last one, and she'll enter into it with awesome intensity. "This kid is going to kill herself," one worried studio executive said, watching her work. "She has the drive of a young Crawford without the physical stamina to bear up under it."

WORRYING about Janet is commonplace in the movie world. She is unquestionably frail, and over and over you hear that she has gotten much too thin again. This Janet denies. "My weight doesn't ever vary very much. What happens is that tension shows first in my face and makes me look sort of hollow-cheeked. Right now people are saying that I've put on a few much-needed pounds, but I haven't gained an ounce. I've just been in Palm Springs, resting and relaxing, and the tension is gone from my face." She is sporting a desert tan and a few becoming freckles on the nose.

The tension appears when she demands too much of herself, asking more than she believes in her heart that she can give. This is not a smug girl by the straining of anyone's imagination. She knew from nothing about dancing when RKO signed her for *Two Tickets To Broadway,* so she spent five months training under Marge and Gower Champion. In the brilliant young Mr. Champion Janet met a perfectionist every bit as dedicated as she is. She should have gone into the production with utter confidence, knowing he would never let her try until he was sure that her performance would be flawless, but Janet stayed scared.

She still isn't sure. In making *My Sister Eileen,* she was a living example of aplomb when she danced with Bob Fosse —but whenever she had a solo routine to do, her assurance faded fast. She was still just plain scared she wouldn't do it perfectly and, typically, she admits it.

THE KIND OF PERSON Janet is thinks about other people. One of the grim facts of life about a movie set is that there is never a place to sit; the moment one leaves a seat, someone else snatches it. This was an occupational hazard about which Bob Fosse complained bitterly and justifiably. Being choreographer as well as a featured dancer in the picture, he was on his feet for interminable lengths of time, and when there was a respite, there never was an empty chair. Janet spent many a moment when she herself could have rested, forcing inert forms off their roosts for Bob. And more. She gave a party for the company of *My Sister Eileen* when the picture was finished. In the middle of her living-room floor, where it could not be missed, was a chair with the name of Bob Fosse on it. Partly in humor, yes, but mostly in understanding and apology for the fact that he had not had a chair of his own on the set.

The individual Janet has faults, which she is quick to admit. One is that while she can take fair criticism with more than her share of equanimity, she's apt to snap her twig if she considers the words of her critic unwarranted. A good example is the time she and Tony were interviewed, a few months ago, by Edward R. Murrow on his *Person To Person* television program. This being an ad lib show, the way it would go was discussed only casually, Ed saying, "I'll ask you about this, and then you tell me—"

It usually works out splendidly, Mr. Murrow in the studio in New York, his guests wherever they might be across the country. This time there was a near-catastrophe. Due to some mechanical failure, the Curtises could neither see Murrow's image on the monitor screen in their home nor hear his questions for twenty of the thirty minutes they were on live television. They went through it with crossed fingers, desperately hoping they remembered the sequence of questions, and afterward Ed Murrow said, "Under almost impossible conditions they came through like 'real troupers." And he is not a loose man with compliments.

Some of Hollywood's viewers saw nothing beyond the fact that the program had not gone off as smoothly as usual, however, and caustically blamed the Curtises. Janet still does a burn over that. "They could at least have asked what happened before they started roasting us!"

BY NOW SHE OUGHT to be used to it, because if there was ever a town in which you can't win for losing, this is it. If a star fails to cooperate with just one writer or photographer, the word goes around that her head is still growing. If she gives up her precious free time to oblige everybody—and Janet had four whole days off from July till the end of last year—she's publicity-mad. Miss Leigh is realistic about publicity, regarding it as a part of her job, just as performing before the camera is. She has always been extremely cooperative, so the inevitable happened. The very magazines for which she knocked herself out began to imply that the Curtises were a couple of hambones who couldn't even be happy at home unless a camera was trained upon them. That's for being nice. Said Janet to a newspaperman, "I finally got so mad that I composed a scorching letter to the writer of one of those stories. Then I had somebody correct the spelling and sent it off!"

It's possible. Any number of exceedingly bright people, including some who earn their livelihood by putting words on paper, can't spell C-A-T. And it's a matter of record that Janet was an A student who had to devise ways and means of correcting the impression that she was a square; the other kids didn't dig a pretty girl who actually *liked* school. She even cut classes one day just to prove how regular she was. And who got caught? Janet, of course, the one who hadn't had enough experience at it not to get caught.

Anyhow, spelling wasn't the subject that interested her most. From her father, an accountant, Janet inherited a quite ungirlish fascination with figures. She is still level-headed about numbers, especially those preceded by $. In explaining why she and Tony had rented the house in Coldwater Canyon, though last year they vowed that their next move would be into their own home, she said, "Once we started looking around, I realized how foolish it would be. We wouldn't live in any of the houses we could afford to buy right now, and I think it's very unwise for people our age to get into debt over their heads. Oh, sure, we live comfortably and drive crazy cars, but we aren't buying any mansion. Things happen, situations change —who can say for sure that either one of us will still be in pictures this time next year?" A few million fans have the answer to that, but it's difficult to quarrel with Janet's reasoning.

"You have to plan for the future," is a favorite remark of hers. The current phase of her own planning is one of the most exciting things ever to happen in the life of Janet Leigh. She is now president of a corporation, yet! Other actresses are thrilled by diamonds and mink—you should have seen Janet the afternoon her father brought home the books of the Leigh-Mor Corporation and those crisp green stock certificates! Her feet didn't touch floor for a full five minutes as she danced, kissed people indiscriminately and sang, "*Bon voyage,* everybody!"

"Who's going on a trip?" her father teased.

"Nobody—but we're launching a new business, aren't we?"

THIS IS STRICTLY a Morrison project. Probably Janet and Tony will incorporate themselves one day, when they reach the income bracket where such a move seems indicated, but this one is a family affair. And, incidentally, part of the trend to separate the Curtises. *Not* as husband and wife, but to allow them to resume their individual personalities.

The Morrison clan already had various holdings; the decision to incorporate was made when a New York manufacturer named Natlynn proposed to put out a Janet Leigh line of dresses. There will be eight frocks five times a year. Janet has every intention of helping with the designing. "It makes my flesh crawl when people endorse or lend their names to products that I know they wouldn't use on a bet," she said. "It isn't honest." She'll be photographed in these dresses and, what's more, she'll wear them.

Her ideas are well-defined and she is enthusiastic. "In the stratospheric price range, dresses are designed for the specific figure, but no one has ever done that for the woman of more modest means.

"That's one of the first things I have in mind—the basic dress for each type of figure. You know, I'm always writing these advice pieces on everything from hemlines to how to part your hair. I think I can do it more effectively this way. For instance, after they have seen a few dresses designed especially for them, girls with the more *rounded* figures will get used to the idea that a lot of frills and stuff only make them look bigger. If you show people once, it makes more of an impression than telling them ten times."

She talks with gestures, ruthlessly stripping imaginary frills off her own blouse. "For the teen-ager, it has to be separates. Mothers tell me they lose their minds with the clothes problem. You buy a girl that age a dress that fits perfectly; the next week, for no reason that anyone can explain, her waist—which was up here—is

marilyn monroe—

more glamorous than

ever before—

on the cover of

modern screen's

june issue

on your newsstand

may 5.

down here. The only answer is separates."

It takes a heap of knowledge to be a successful designer, but Miss Leigh isn't worried. She's picking up helpful hints from one of the best: Academy Award winner Edith Head of Paramount.

THIS IS JANET without Tony: an intelligent young business woman. She has a head for figures; he swears that he counts on his fingers. And this is one of many ways in which they differ. Their feelings about friendship. Tony simply boils with boyish admiration, and there is always someone from whom he's inseparable. One month Jerry's the most, the next month it might be Jeff. After they have stood the acid test of constant companionship, they're his friends forever and Tony would die for each and every one. He has a boundless capacity for love, this lad, and an uncontrollable tendency to spread himself in seven directions at once.

Janet is more objective. Says she, "I have many acquaintances, people I like, but only a few friends. To me, true friendship entails an obligation—of time, if nothing else. And I don't have time to be a good friend to more than a few people."

Along with the usual talent and beauty and the not-so-usual brains, Miss Leigh has a characteristic unique in Hollywood. She never gossips. There are probably more juicy items tucked away in her pretty little noodle than all the columnists in town have access to. She isn't stuffy about it, just not interested in adding her contribution of, "Well, *I* heard—" The most anyone can expect from her is a remarkably astute summing up of the situation under discussion.

Recently someone was telling her the latest hair-raising episode in the life of a feminine star who has the town's most conservative gentlemen falling by the wayside. "I just don't understand how she does it," said one of the listening pussycats. "What has she *got*?"

"She has got," said Miss Leigh succinctly, "the ability to make every man in the room feel more masculine when she walks in." Period.

That's the kind of person she is. Tony's wife, friend to a cherished few, president of a corporation, caging the perfectionist's drive in an almost too fragile body. Janet has a fine philosophy that ought to check the drive, if she ever gets it to working. "There is only one me in the world," she says, "just as there is only one you. We each have our potentials and limitations; I just have to get used to what I can do and what I can't, and take it from there."

IT SOUNDS LIKE just what she needs, except it doesn't work at all. Janet is back on Cloud 7, straining in every nerve to be exactly what Jack Webb wants of her in *Pete Kelly's Blues*. Her eyes sparkle, her mobile face is in constant animation as she speaks of the picture—and her energy is probably burning up at twice the normal rate.

"Golly, they were so wonderful to me at U-I. You know, I have a picture deal with them, and when *My Sister Eileen* was finished, they had every right to ask me to report over there. But when I told them I had this chance to work with Jack Webb, they said, 'Sure, go ahead.' When people are that nice, you're willing to do almost anything for them. They were just wonderful.

"This picture? Well, it's about the jazz era in New Orleans and Kansas City, but it's also a love story. Jack is pretty excited about it, because he has never done a love story before. I know, I know. I should relax, take things easier. But if even *Jack Webb* is excited about it, imagine what a state I must be in!" **END**

SIX-PART HARMONY

To be sung by: Rosemary, Betty, Gail, Nicky, José and Miguel!



Singer Joe Bushkin plays for Rosie and brother Nicky, a disk jockey, singer and composer!

■ Not long after José Ferrer married Rosemary Clooney he had to leave her and go to New York for a series of plays at City Center. This left Rosie singing to herself, and in spite of her husband's daily phone calls she felt cut off from the world. The worst was the night José called her from his hotel room. In the background she could hear the piano getting a workout and familiar voices raised in song. Self-pity enveloped Rosemary.

"You're having fun," she offered dismally.

"Sure," said José. "Got your family here. Betty and Nicky."

"But it's three o'clock in the morning there."

"Is it?" said Ferrer. "I hadn't noticed. Nicky and I are writing a song. It sounds pretty good. Listen. Betty will sing it for you."

By the time the AT&T had closed its circuits on this call, Rosemary had talked to them all, heard snatches of a tune that sounded promising, and collapsed into a heap of misery.

Since she can remember, Miss Clooney has been surrounded by music. Betty, with whom Rosie did a sister act for years, has famous pipes of her own and records for Coral. Brother Nicky went from high school into a disk jockey job in Wilmington, Delaware, and before two years had gone by, he had written a musical comedy score. When they were knee-high, the Clooneys devoted hours to singing, refusing to share their favorites. If anybody else dared to sing "It's A Sin To Tell A Lie," Nicky grew apoplectic, and Rosie clobbered the other two for humming a few bars of "The Old Covered Bridge."

So they grew up singing and Rosie topped it off by marrying Ferrer, a man who (among other things) sings, composes, dances and is an authority on jazz. Unlike many musically talented Hollywood people, Rosie and Joe sing a lot around the house, and often when they arrive home late their nightcap consists of an hour or so of song. Before Nicky was inducted into the Army he and Ferrer wrote many songs, including "Young Man," which is in Rosemary's recent album. Betty appears daily on *The Morning Show*.

This would seem to be enough music for one family, but Gail, Rosemary's nine-year-old sister, has decided that music is for her, too. On Rosie's radio show Gail matched voices with her famous sister in a duet of "Sisters," a recording previously made by Rosie and Betty. "Gail even likes to dance!" says Rosemary with some wonder, as she herself would prefer Terpsichore deleted from the list of Muses. "It's too early to tell about her voice, but it's a cinch she's earmarked for show business."

Possibly, Gail won't be the last melodic member of the family. On February 7, 1955, Rosie's first son, Miguel José, was born. He can't have missed inheriting a batch of musical genes. And if by chance he should prefer some other career, he'll still have music wherever he goes. He was born to it.

1000 FREE super charts

Here's another chance for MODERN SCREEN *readers to obtain brand new 1955 editions of the famous* MODERN SCREEN *Super Star Information Chart! These amazing encyclopedias of information tell you all about almost five hundred stars—their marital statuses, vital statistics, current pictures, hobbies—just about everything you want to know—and they are to be sent absolutely free to the first one thousand readers who fill out and mail to us the questionnaire below. So hurry! The first one thousand win!*

Please check the space to left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. Did you read the LADD story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Ladd story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Ladd story I've read

2. Did you read the MONROE story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Monroe story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Monroe story I've read

3. Did you read the HUDSON story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Hudson story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Hudson story I've read

4. Did you read the ALLYSON story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good an Allyson story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Allyson story I've read

5. Did you read the RUSSELL story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Russell story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Russell story I've read

6. Did you read the O'CONNOR story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good an O'Connor story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst O'Connor story I've read

7. Did you read the LEIGH story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Leigh story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Leigh story I've read

8. Did you read the RICHARDS story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Richards story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Richards story I've read

9. Did you read the GARLAND story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Garland story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Garland story I've read

10. Did you read the COOPER story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Cooper story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Cooper story I've read

11. Did you read the ANGELI story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good an Angeli story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Angeli story I've read

12. Did you read the MOORE story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Moore story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Moore story I've read

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13. The stars I most want to read about are:

a. _____ MALE
b. _____ MALE
c. _____ MALE
d. _____ FEMALE
e. _____ FEMALE
f. _____ FEMALE

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14. Do you have a phonograph? ☐ 78 rpm ☐ 45 rpm ☐ 33 1/3 rpm ☐ Three speed ☐ None

15. How many records do you buy a month? ☐ Less than five ☐ More than five

16. Who are your favorite recording stars?

_____ MALE
_____ FEMALE

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... STREET

..... CITY & STATE

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

how the ladds reconciled

(Continued from page 33) *"Alan has left the Holmby Hills house and gone to the ranch, all by his lonesome."*

Most cruel of all was another blind item: *"What wife, who completely dominates her husband's every move, is sitting home alone? The worm has turned."*

These were the hurtful things being printed and said.

But the topper came when Alan himself, in a fit of pique, told a newspaperman that he and Sue had been having trouble ever since she made him go to Europe for over a year to make pictures. It was this that jogged me into getting Alan immediately on the telephone at Rancho Santa Fe.

When he came to the phone, he sounded like a chastened little boy, and not because he had chicken pox, you can bet! He said, "I don't know what ever made me say such a thing. It's ridiculous, of course.

"Sue has never in her life made me do anything I didn't want to do. Anything as important as that trip to Europe we first talk over pro and con and then make a mutually agreeable decision. We both thought it was the right thing to do then.

"I made that comment to a reporter because I was upset and angry that Sue had gone to Las Vegas with her relatives from the east instead of joining me here.

"My anger made me say the first impossible thing that came to mind. It was a stupid thing to do and I'm sincerely sorry."

ALAN'S VOICE was very meek when he suddenly said, "Louella, wait a minute. Here's Sue."

"Everything is all right, believe me, Louella," Sue began. "There isn't a chance of our marriage, which has been so perfect for fourteen years, coming to an end.

"I love Alan and he loves me. What was a personal and temporary problem between us—and will remain that—could easily have been solved in privacy and would have been forgotten by both of us now—if it had come at a different time.

"We had a quarrel when both of us were nervous wrecks. Looking back on everything, maybe our jangled nerves were the *cause* of our misunderstanding.

"Alan had been working too hard. He made too many pictures in too short a time. When he should have taken a rest because he was tired, he signed to do the physically and emotionally difficult *The McConnell Story*, about the hero pilot who was killed. His nerves were on the jagged edge—and so were mine, but for an entirely different reason. I was the mother of a bride-to-be!

"At a time when we both should have been having peace and quiet, our home was a madhouse getting ready for the 500 guests who had accepted the invitation to Carol Lee's wedding to Dick Anderson.

"Everything was topsy-turvy—electricians, florists, carpenters, caterers were underfoot twenty-four hours out of twenty-four at least ten days before the wedding. The comfortable home I've tried to make for Alan and the children all these years was completely disrupted.

"So we blew up! Right after the wedding we had a quarrel, a serious one, about something that is still our private affair. And we both acted impulsively, each of us guilty of feeding the gossips.

"I suppose I shouldn't have gone to Las Vegas when Alan and I were having a quarrel—but again, timing played a big part in the decisions made.

"Before my aunt and cousin came out here from Chicago for the wedding, we had talked about going to Las Vegas on a visit. We had made the reservations—which

aren't too easy to get—and Alan was going to Rancho Santa Fe to get in some golf. I was to join him there after a few days. I really believe that these simple plans, made well in advance, looked doubly bad because they were carried out while we were quarreling."

It certainly is true that when Sue went one way and Alan another, the gossips felt free to proceed at full speed.

WHEN JUNE ALLYSON, Alan's co-star in *The McConnell Story*, admitted openly that she and Dick Powell were also having family problems, the lid blew off the kettle. What had been behind-the-hand whispers about Alan and June became shouts. The breaks between the two prominent and popular couples were played up on the front pages in *one* story carrying serious innuendos.

Now, let me tell you about this, the truth about it, I mean.

Nothing would have been made of this, if the Powells hadn't hit a snag the same time the Ladds did!

When I called June she admitted to me honestly that, like all married couples now and then, she and Dick were having problems.

"But as for another man's being in the picture, that's absurd," June told me indignantly. "I admire Alan Ladd as a fine man, a fine actor and a gentleman. Dick and I have had some problems but it doesn't involve anyone but ourselves—no other man."

When I asked June what the trouble was, she said, "Ask Dick."

I did. I've known him a long time and he's always been very square with me.

"If June and I were quarreling about Alan, we'd hardly have been at the wedding of the Ladds' daughter," he began.

"Our difficulty is purely family-style. I'm upset because my daughter Ellen (by Joan Blondell) isn't doing well in her grades at school. I've been stern with her and—well, June thinks maybe I've overdone it. They're good pals, you know.

"And, I've been touchy about not being able to get to Howard Hughes to show him the finished picture of *The Conqueror*, my first big directing effort. A lot of hard work went into the picture. I have high hopes for it and it's aggravating not to be able to get to headquarters about something so important to me, into which I've put so much time and effort and heart.

"But you know us, Louella, well enough to know that all this will pass. It's just a family matter, believe me."

I tell you all this because of its unfortunate bearing on the Ladds at a vulnerable time, but it's the Ladds we are talking about. There was still another point I wanted to take up with them while I had them on the telephone.

I asked Sue, "Didn't Alan go out to his ranch by himself more than usual?"

For the first time during our conversation, Sue seemed to be amused.

"Alan always goes to the ranch by himself a few times when he's working on a picture," she explained. "Don't forget that we have a household of children of staggered ages, none of whom are very *quiet* around the place.

"Frequently, it's hard to concentrate and if Alan has a big day or a big scene coming up he'll take off to the ranch to hibernate.

"The most ridiculous thing printed about us is that I protect Alan so much and keep him so tied to my apron strings that he didn't even know how to turn on the heat at the ranch and *had* to come home at nightfall!"

Even though she made light of it, I know that Sue was, perhaps still is, deeply hurt over the talk that she runs Alan's professional and private life.

I'd like to say that I know of no woman who has done more to make a happy home for her husband—one where he is free from petty cares, but where he most definitely is the *boss*—than Sue Ladd.

If she made a mistake, and she has a tendency to blame herself for everything, it is because she has tried to be too perfect as a wife.

I know that if anything as trivial as a leaky tap goes wrong in the Ladd home, Sue has told the servants not to bother Alan with it.

Everything Sue can spare Alan she does, which may or may not be right, but believe me, he was never so helpless he couldn't turn on the heat!

EVER SINCE THEY met, when Sue was a well-known actors' agent and Alan a struggling young actor, he has wisely followed her advice.

Sue had been a big screen favorite herself and she had much experience. She could and did warn Alan of the pitfalls.

She is also a very smart girl in money matters. As Evelyn Lederer, she had been the daughter of a wealthy Chicago family and after she came to Hollywood more than one producer was heard to remark, "Sue Carol can handle her own contracts better than anyone else can handle them for her."

It was natural that after their marriage, Alan should seek her guidance in both his career and business matters.

If this sounds as though Alan Ladd is henpecked or dominated by his brown-eyed wife, it is the most mistaken impression in the world.

In the first place, Alan is very much a man's man. Despite his great fame—and he led the popularity poll of this magazine for six years running—he has no conceit or actor-type vanity.

He loves motion pictures and is grateful to Sue that she makes it possible for him to give himself completely to the job at hand when he is working.

Between pictures he isn't "tied" at home. He plays golf, tennis, and rides with his cronies, Van Heflin and Dick Anderson. And while he is not crazy about big social events, he likes having people at his home for dinner, and all this is okay by his wife!

Make no mistake about it, he adores his Susie and he has often told me or anyone else who cares to listen:

"I couldn't get along without her. A lot of guys ask me why I never go anywhere without her. It's simply because I don't want to be anywhere without her. She's my best friend as well as my best girl."

Sue is the one who decided to end her many visits to the studio where Alan was working. She did this sometime ago because, as she says, "I have a big job at home with the children. The studio part is Alan's job."

She did admit to me while we were talking, "Maybe we shouldn't have gone to Europe for such a long time—although at the time we were enthusiastic about it. It seemed to be a wonderful way to see the world and at the same time for the children to have the educational advantages of living abroad for a while."

AND YOU CAN BET your life that if Alan hadn't wanted to go abroad, the Ladd clan never would have made the trip. It is Alan and Alan alone who is boss in matters of this kind and he was the one who rented the house at Rancho Santa Fe for a month. "Where we can be alone," said Alan.

Sue laughed. "So here we are. I'm doing all the cooking and the housework—and Alan's got the chicken pox!" She had all of her old humor back when she added, "Louella, isn't this whole thing *ridiculous?*"

Even the much-subdued Alan was laughing when he got back on the telephone. "Our happy second honeymoon with chickenpox," he chuckled. "I'm a mess."

I sincerely believe that as unfortunate as this trouble in their life has been, it has made them realize more than ever how very, very much they mean to one another. END

jane russell's tommy

(*Continued from page 43*) "May I keep these?" she asked softly. Jane nodded, and for a while the woman talked—about Tommy, of course.

That night in her tenement flat overlooking Lambeth, a working class district here, Florrie showed the pictures of Tommy to her three other children.

"Are you sorry, Mama," one asked, "that you gave Tommy away?"

Florrie Kavanagh shook her pretty head. "Jane Russell," she asserted, "is a truly wonderful person. She's the only mother Tommy knows. I'm glad I did it."

Four years ago, reporters asked Florrie Kavanagh *why* she did it, why she gave her baby to Jane to adopt.

"Is it because of poverty?" she was asked.

"No," she explained, "it's because my husband and I want him to have a better chance in life than we can give him.

"But my neighbors," she added, "are saying other things—cruel, spiteful things. They're saying, 'Fancy! Florrie Kavanagh is selling her baby to a film star.' And 'I wonder how much she got for her baby?'

"I want you to know that I never asked or received one penny from Jane Russell. My last words to her when she went into the airplane with Tommy at London Airport were, 'I would like you to have this baby for always. I hope you will always love him.'"

When Jane flew away to New York with baby Tommy in 1951, a well-publicized row began in the House of Commons. Marcus Lipton, a member of Parliament, said, "We don't want to export babies to Hollywood or anywhere else. These bundles from Britain have got to stop."

Presently, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kavanagh were called into court, charged with violating the Adoption Act. They told the magistrate that what they had done was entirely for little Tommy's benefit. They even showed the judge the warm and kind letters they had recently received from Jane Russell.

Sir Laurence Dunne read them and handed them back. "She must be a very wonderful woman," he agreed. The Kavanaghs were discharged. But the hue and cry resulting from the case aroused in Jane Russell a desire to do something to facilitate the adoption of foreign-born children.

She therefore founded WAIF—Women's Adoption-International Fund—one of the most humanitarian child-adoption agencies in existence.

It is to this charity that she now gives her time, her effort and a good deal of her money. As chairman of WAIF she works long hours making speeches, raising funds, trying to get homeless children into childless homes.

In the years to come it may well be that Jane Russell will be remembered more for her WAIF work than for any of her films. Certainly she will be remembered as a good, kind, charitable human being. END

phyllis? phyllis who?

(*Continued from page 37*) looms larger than the moon. It is as if he had just closed the whole interview.

"What did you do on Christmas?"

He smiled engagingly. "I went over to my mother's."

I wondered why everybody likes him so much. I wondered why *I* like him so much. I sighed. "All right, what did you do Christmas Eve?"

"I went over to my father's."

"Did anybody ever tell you you're great copy? What did you do New Year's Eve? Don't tell me you spent New Year's Eve with your family!"

He looked at the ceiling, thinking. "Went to two—no three—parties. Got home at three A.M."

That about took care of the holidays. Except for one. "Valentine's Day?" I ventured. "Is there any statement you'd care to make about Phyllis?"

"Phyllis?" he said vaguely. "Phyllis who?"

"Phyllis who, Phyllis who," I said, Benny style.

He laughed then and I felt sorry for him. We have spent many hours over assorted tablecloths, sparring with each other. For years I've been trying to find out what he's like and have gathered the distinct impression that I never will, but the situation is eased by the fact that Rock does his best, in his inimitable way, to help me. We have fun. You might even say he trusts me. Which makes my work tough.

THE FISH BOWL existence of a film star is not for Rock Hudson. He views his work seriously, more seriously than most, but he has the understandable wish to keep himself to himself. He will tell you what he eats for breakfast, but he will not tell you what he thinks while he's eating breakfast. If he feels so strongly about such everyday things, it is conceivable that he is unwilling to exhibit the things that are closest to his heart. Phyllis Gates may possibly be one of these things. I had no intention of asking him, partly because I knew he wouldn't answer, mostly because it's no fun to needle somebody you like.

The reason for his reticence is quite obvious. His late romance with Betty Abbott is a thing of the past, very possibly because of too much publicity. A man can't court a girl, and make up his mind while he's courting her whether or not he wants to marry her, when the press is devoting long paragraphs to the pros and cons of the situation. If he should decide he doesn't want to marry her, it's a rather good bet by that time the girl will have believed the publicity and figured he ought to. Currently, Betty Abbott is dating Jeff Chandler and would seem to be quite happy about the whole thing.

With Phyllis, he is in the same potential danger. And understanding this—well sir, there I was.

"Gates," I said. "Her name is Gates. Now look, I'm not going to ask any impertinent questions, but at this point I can't very well ignore the subject. I'm supposed to be a reporter."

"Ha," said Rock. "You're using psychology on me."

"Some psychology," I said. "I'm not hinting—I'm telling you. I won't ask about your intentions, but I think I might be able to say something about this girl. What does she look like?"

"Well, she has two eyes, two ears, two legs, two arms and a body." On this last, his eyebrows raised ever so slightly.

"I understand she does," I said. "She goes to a doctor here in town and whenever she leaves, he makes large wolf noises."

Rock looked delighted. "He does, huh? How'd you find that out?"

"I'm a reporter, bub," I said. "I knew *you* wouldn't tell me anything."

"Doctor who?" he persisted.

"Doctor who, Doctor who," I said again. "Now tell me, if you can bring yourself to it, are you and Phyllis soul mates? I mean, can you share things with each other, things like humor, a well-turned phrase, a sunset?"

He nodded cautiously. After all, if he told me anything about her, he'd be obliged to tell everybody else in town.

"I understand you're teaching her to love music," I said. "How is she coming along?"

He laid down his fork and looked at me aghast. "How'd you find that out?" he said.

"Never mind," I said. "What's her favorite at this point?"

"Brahms' First," he said before he could catch himself.

"Have a care," I said. "You're growing loquacious."

WE TALKED ABOUT the house then. He bought it in January and he admitted that the house, at least, was love at first sight. It is situated in the Hollywood Hills, is of Pennsylvania Dutch architecture, barn-red with white trim, contains 1350 feet of solid construction. There are two bedrooms, the larger of which looks out on the patio, and the living room has a view of pine trees.

"Real pine trees," said Rock, and his enthusiasm is believable to a transplanted Californian who is up to here with palm trees. "There's a brick walk to the patio, and there are pine needles all over it."

"Spring-y under your feet?" I inquired.

"Uh-huh. And one day I said to a carpenter who was there working on something, 'What kind of floors are these?' And he looked, and he looked again, and he said, 'I can't believe it, but it's teakwood!' Imagine, real teakwood floors!"

There's nothing in the house but clothes, records and a borrowed seven-foot bed. His own eight-foot bed will be moved in as soon as possible. This is the end of a two-year search for a house, and Rock is as hysterical about it as a ten-year-old with his first electric train.

"Does Phyllis like the house?" I said.

"She likes houses," he evaded.

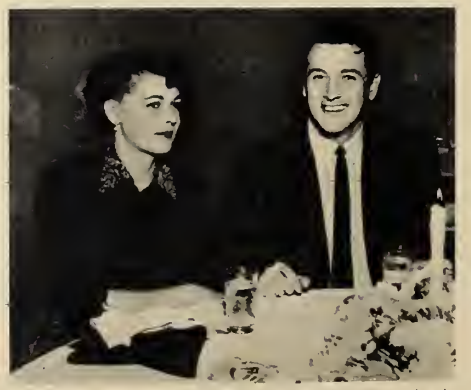
"What is she like?" I said, and when I saw he was bogging down, I helped. "She's a bubbling sort of a girl, a lot of happiness, but very solid in character. I believe radiant is the word for her personality."

"Say," he said. "Do you *know* Phyllis?"

"No, I don't. I'm just a reporter."

He leaned forward. "I'll tell you something else." It was as though he was afraid somebody would hear him. "She has confused eyelashes."

"You mean every which way?" I said, and he nodded.



At first Phyllis enjoyed being photographed with Rock, but pictures are becoming rare now.

"How long have you known her?" I said.

"About a year and a half."

"And your first date was in October?"

"How'd you know that?" he said.

"You told me, on our last interview," I said. "You took her to Ciro's and when the photographers crowded around, Phyllis was as excited as a kid. Don't you remember, you told me she got such a bang out of it that she posed like a real ham and forgot all about you?"

He grinned. "That's right."

"I guess I got in on the ground floor before you decided to clam up," I said. "Anyway, you certainly took your time about asking her for the first date. Cautious, aren't you?"

"Yup," he said. "Cautious."

I ASKED HIM if he'd heard what Conrad Nagel said about him. Nagel had joined the cast of *All That Heaven Allows*, his first Hollywood stint in seven years, and he'd said some pretty nice things about the young Mr. Hudson. Rock hadn't heard it. As a veteran craftsman of the theatre arts, Nagel had been asked his opinion of Hollywood's new crop. He said he didn't think much of them, specifically because they didn't take their work seriously enough. He said they get star complexes too fast and they even object to working overtime. Did he hold out hope for any of them? Answering this, Nagel named only four and Rock Hudson was among them. I told Rock this and waited for his reaction. It didn't come, so I continued.

"He said you remind him of Gable when he was getting his start, that you have the same attitude toward your work and a great deal of the same appeal."

Rock didn't say anything. When you throw a compliment at this boy you get the feeling it isn't being absorbed. In fact, you can almost hear it bounce off.

"Nagel says you are rare in that everybody at the studio likes you. All the grips—everybody. They say you get nicer all the time."

Rock buttered a roll. I began to get desperate, felt I had to convince him. "He says you think all the time, that you use your head, particularly that you really think while you're in front of the cameras."

Rock cut a slice of corned beef. "Nagel was doing a goodness," he said.

I GAVE UP. "I suppose you'll stick with acting. Have you any plans for the future, like buying a farm?"

"It's not for me," he said. "I have no desire to go back to the soil. I was there once, on my grandparents' farm. One day I helped to deliver a calf, and I didn't enjoy it very much. Tell you what. I have two plans, both of them impossible. One is to own that Chateau Marmont on Sunset Boulevard and live in the penthouse. I'd get my own plane and a license and a place in Palm Springs and a beat-up car. When I wasn't working I'd fly to the desert and use the jalopy while I was there. Pretty silly, huh?"

"Why is it silly?"

"Because the Chateau Marmont probably costs forty million dollars, that's why. The other plan would be to own a yacht. I'd work very hard for a year, make maybe six pictures, and then take a year off. I'd sail the yacht through the Pacific, see the islands and Burma and the Red Sea, the Suez Canal and leave the boat docked somewhere in the Mediterranean. Then I'd work a year and then take the boat back the way I came. Alternate, you see, and eventually take in the whole world." He smiled. "Think of all the shrunken heads I could get for my house."

"In Pennsylvania Dutch?" I said, horrified.

"Why not?" he said. (*Cont'd on page 64*)

I dreamed I was a designing woman

in my maidenform® bra



The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette* in nylon taffeta, acetate satin, cotton broadcloth, dacron cotton batiste...from 2.00

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"I've already got a mother-of-pearl jew's-harp. I like to collect interesting things."

"I can see you do," I said. "Well, I wish you the time to do it all. You've been pretty busy. I know you worked in *One Desire* all through the holidays. How'd you get your Christmas shopping done?"

"They rearranged the schedule, so I could have a day off."

"One day? You did all your shopping in one day? But just the things you got for Phyllis alone would have taken a whole day or more."

He put down his fork again. "What?"

"The cashmere coat," I said. "And the sweaters and the solid gold necklace. And the fountain pen."

He lost all interest in his dinner. "Now, how did you know that?"

I smiled back. "Can't tell."

"Come on," he wheedled. "Who told you? Who?"

"The press cannot reveal its source of information," I intoned. "Do you and Phyllis agree on politics?"

He ignored the question. "How did you find that out?"

"Politics," I reminded him.

"I don't know what she thinks," he said. "Me, I'm not a party-liner."

"Where do you go when you have a date with her?"

"Around," he said.

"Do you and Phyllis have the same religious faith?"

"Never asked her," he said, and then he looked at me. "I suppose this story's going to be about Phyllis."

"Now, what ever gave you that idea?"

"We both sang in a choir," he offered.

"Thank you," I said. "Have you gone out with anybody else? Publicity dates at premières or anything?"

He grinned. "Nobody asks me."

THEN I TOOK him back to the subject of the house. After all, he'd had a hard day at the studio and was hopeful of digesting his dinner. It seems that his main problem is to capture time for shopping. He expects to have two weeks between the finish of *All That Heaven Allows* and the start of *Giant* for Warner Brothers. That two weeks, as usual, will be disintegrated by interviews, still pictures, and the myriad chores that follow the finish of a film, but in that time he hopes to buy at least a few things. The décor bothers him. He toys with the idea of Old English, but he isn't too sure. "I saw six dining tables last week and I liked every one of them."

"Could Phyllis help you with the shopping?" I said.

He picked up a table knife and pointed it at me and said, "One was oak and round. Do you like round dining tables?"

"They give you trouble in the linen department," I said. "How do you intend to keep the place clean? Are you planning to leave the bourgeois bin and get yourself a houseman in a white coat?"

"I'll still have Truitt," he said.

"Truitt?"

"Sure. Good old Truitt. Haven't you ever heard about Truitt'll-do-it? She's been helping me for a long time, wherever I've lived."

I bent over my notebook, pencil poised. "Two T's?" I inquired.

He laughed. "Three T's."

"Thanks," I said. "You're always right there with information I don't need."

And the worst of it is, he couldn't be more charming. We spent two hours over corned beef, cabbage and coffee, and while it was a delightful shank of an evening, I gathered from him only three facts about Phyllis. That she sang in a choir once, that she likes Brahms' First Symphony and that she has confused eyelashes.

ON THE WAY OUT to the parking lot, Rock disappeared into a phone booth. I passed the booth like I was minding my own business and hadn't even noticed him in there, hunched up like a Great Dane inside a poodle pen.

The attendant had Rock's car ready, the motor running.

"Are you with Mr. Hudson?" he asked.

"No, worse luck. I'm driving that convertible with the brown sidewall tires."

"He sure is a nice guy," said the attendant. "Not like most of them I see around here. Doesn't try to make an impression. He's so easy-going and quiet."

Quiet, I told myself, is not the word for it. Thank heaven I knew that girl who knew that man who knew that girl who knew Phyllis. I had arrived with a new notebook and was leaving with one written word—Truitt, with three T's. **END**

the two loves of ben cooper

(*Continued from page 52*) some 3,200 appearances. And just as a little bonus in talent, he handles a horse and a gun like a hero out of a Zane Grey novel—something he could do before he ever left New York.

BORN IN HARTFORD, Connecticut, and raised not forty-five minutes from Broadway in Beechurst, Long Island, Ben, as a sort of relaxation from soap opera work, bought a pony, named him Gypsy, and rode daily near his home in Queens.

In his wallet he carries two pictures. One is of a super-curved blonde named Lee Sharon who headlines nightclub shows in such seaports as New York, Miami and Tokyo, doing dances which Ben describes as modern but which more professional critics seem to think are strip routines. The other picture shows Gypsy, mounted by a headless horseman. The photo was too large to fit into the wallet and something had to be sacrificed—either part of Gypsy or part of Ben. So Ben tore off his own head.

As he explains, "Well, I know what I look like. After all, it was Gypsy I wanted to remember, And Lee, of course."

He didn't mean that he has lost his head over Lee as well, but that is what most of his friends think. He has gone out with Anna Maria Alberghetti, whom he admittedly likes; he gets really animated when he talks about Pat Crowley, with whom he used to go to high school in New York; and he'll slick himself up sharp and shiny for a date with Lori Nelson. But the plain fact, say those in whom he confides such matters, is that he is crazy about Lee Sharon. She, dancing lately at the Latin Quarter in New York, is said to have flashed into Ben's life last November. She was the date of a friend of Ben's, who dropped in to see him one afternoon and was thereafter minus one girl.

They dated around town for about six weeks while Ben was working in *The Rose Tattoo*, in which he has co-starring billing with Burt Lancaster, Anna Magnani and Marisa Pavan. Then Lee had to go to New York. While Ben didn't write home about Lee, word reached his folks and his father wrote to him. Father also telephoned. If, as reported, the affair is still on, so are the family discussions.

"Oh, it's just a case of Lee's being the first girl Ben has ever known well," explained Barnett. "You know what that can do to a young fellow."

"Yes!" chimed in Ben, as if happily remembering.

BEN IS VERY PROUD of his father, Ben Cooper, Sr., a mechanical designing engineer who graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and is the brains behind such devices as practical truck winches, tractor hoisting devices and the fearsome looking cranes on aircraft carriers that clear the landing deck of plane smashups by hurling them into the sea. Brian Donlevy once made the mistake of asking Ben about his father and was still hearing about him a half hour later. Ben's mother, Mrs. Berna Cooper, is closely identified with his first years in show business, practically managing as well as mothering him through that period. And his older sister Bunny, now modeling in New York, has received a number of offers to come to Hollywood and probably will be testing for a picture by the time this story is in print. So Ben doesn't want any trouble with his family about Lee. But he doesn't want any trouble with Lee about anything.

When Ben's birth was being awaited by his mother back in 1933, a year still depression-thin, she got quite a bit of sympathy from her neighbors. "What a shame!" commented one of them. "Here you are expecting another child and things still so bad off. Just the luck of the Irish to be taking on a new burden now!"

"Oh, him!" retorted Mrs. Cooper, who had already borne a daughter and was sure the second baby would be a boy. "Oh, he'll be earning his own way before he's ten!"

It was a wild guess but a good one. At nine Ben was making $50 a week playing Harlan, the youngest redheaded son in *Life With Father* on Broadway, starring Howard Lindsay as the father. It was a play he was to stay with three years. No Cooper had ever before been on the stage. A friend of the family had heard that the producers were looking for an eight-year-old and while watching Ben romp around she got the idea that he would make a good actor. "You know, he doesn't pretend he's a cowboy or a policeman like the other little boys," she told his mother. "He seems to be pretending that he's pretending—just like I saw John Barrymore do once!"

The family had moved to Beechurst from Hartford by this time. Mrs. Cooper took Ben down to the old Empire Theatre, where the play was running, to join fifty other waiting mother-and-son pairs.

"How many plays has your little boy been in?" one of these ladies asked Mrs. Cooper.

"None," replied Ben's mother.

"Oh!" retorted the other patronizingly, while a few dozen of the other mothers gazed at her superciliously. Mrs. Cooper gripped Ben's hand and settled herself more solidly in her seat. Tired of waiting, she had been ready to leave. Now she was determined to stick it out. One week later, after a series of elimination tests, Ben had the job. Given a copy of the play and told to memorize about a page and a half of it for his audition, Ben, in four days, learned the complete role of Harlan, running fifty pages. That did it.

IT WAS ON THE FIFTH night of his career as an actor that he won special commendation from Lindsay. A prop man had forgotten to leave a copy of the catechisms on the bookshelf in one scene, and it became necessary for Father Lindsay to ad lib a request to one of his other sons, Whitney, to go out and get the book. Alone now on the stage with Ben, with whom he would have to ad lib further to cover the situation until Whitney returned,

Lindsay said, "Well, Harlan, what would you like to have me read to you?"

The moment the words were out of his mouth Lindsay was sorry. He was certain that an eight-year-old boy like Harlan could only reply to such a question by naming some comic book character like Superman—an awful boner, since the time of the play was at the turn of the century.

Instead, and for reasons which he cannot explain even to this day, since he did read many comic books then, Ben named a beautifully appropriate book, *Gulliver's Travels*. Lindsay practically got tears in his eyes in his relief and when Ben walked off the stage at the end of the scene his "mother," Dorothy Stickney, who was Lindsay's wife both in real life and in the play, gathered him into her arms for a rewarding hug. "A pro! A real pro!" Lindsay chortled when Ben came off.

With his first $50 Ben fulfilled an ambition to buy his mother "a beautiful new dress" and to give his father "a whole dollar." He then wanted to enter a formal objection to the deduction of fifty cents from his weekly wages for Old Age Benefits (as explained by his father), claiming that by the time he got to be sixty-five years old the Government would never be able to remember whom they owed the money to.

His folks recall that Ben "aged" very fast after he became an actor. One evening his father was driving him to the theatre when they passed a car in which sat a four-year-old boy with beautiful curls.

"That's just the way your hair was when you were his age," Ben's father remarked.

Ben studied the boy, and after some thought asked, "Dad, how does it feel to have me all grown up?"

Ben wasn't nine years old yet, but his father didn't point that out. He just took a quick look at his son, saw that he was serious, and said, "Oh, it's a deep comfort, a deep comfort."

A year after Ben joined the show he was stricken with pleurisy and had to miss some performances. On the first night that he knew he wouldn't be able to go to the theatre he begged for an alarm clock. Timing himself according to the routine of the show he began playing his part in bed. He would have presented the entire play had the doctor not rung down the curtain with the aid of a sedative.

BEN ATTENDED SCHOOL regularly all through the run of *Life With Father* at St. Luke's Parochial School in Whitestone, Long Island. Later, as he got into radio and television work, he went to Lodge High School (a private school in New York) and Columbia University. He finished his sophomore year at Columbia but never got to be a junior, because Hollywood was making noises like gold in the bank by this time. Hollywood knew what it was doing; Ben had accumulated a background of experience probably never before equalled by a youngster of his age.

He was in the cast of thirty-two soap operas before he was twenty. Among other characters he played were Dickie in *Portia Faces Life*, Brad in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, Ernest in *Joyce Jordan*, Billy in *Big Sister*, Mack in *Young Widow Brown* and Les Wentworth in *Tennessee Jed*. This didn't take all his time, by any means. Over the years he appeared in such top radio and television presentations as *Suspense, Kraft Theatre, Cavalcade Of America, Inner Sanctum, Studio One* and *Armstrong Circle Theatre*. And long before he came to Hollywood he had supported many Hollywood stars in New York broadcasts, including Helen Hayes, Joseph Cotten, Robert Mitchum, Gene Tierney, Claudette Colbert, Van Heflin and Basil Rathbone. He became known as a player of wide versatility and many dialects; he has portrayed Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Mexicans and even Japanese.

Naturally, when he had to write a paper at Columbia, and chose "Soap Operas" for his subject, he was able to write it without doing any research. He had also learned a little bit about the economics of his profession by this time and it isn't likely that anyone in Hollywood will slip a bad contract or deal over on him. Ben was only nineteen when he was elected a delegate to the merger session of the radio and television actors' unions into the one organization, AFTRA, The American Federation of Television and Radio Actors.

BEN FAILED TO make good on his first trip to Hollywood. This was in May, 1952, when a New York Warner Brothers scout signed him to test for a role in *Retreat, Hell!* The part went to Russ Tamblyn instead and Ben wasted no time brooding. Even while waiting for his plane back to New York he telephoned several producers there, got himself booked back into several radio shows and was ready to step into an *Armstrong Circle Theatre* play, an hour after he landed at La Guardia.

In the meantime, head men at Republic were shown the Warner Brothers test and decided Ben would be a good bet for a role in a war film, *Thunderbirds*, which they were planning. It was while he was working in this picture that Republic's president, Herbert Yates, saw Ben galloping a horse. In his time, Mr. Yates has had such western notables as Autry, Roy Rogers, Tex Ritter and Rocky Lane riding the celluloid range for him. He decided right then to corral Ben for a long run at the studio. Since then Ben has appeared in ten pictures, his best roles being that of Jesse James in *The Woman They Almost Lynched, Turkey*, the young desperado who *is* lynched in *Johnny Guitar* and Sailor Jack in *The Rose Tattoo*.

Just getting the role of Sailor Jack was harder than playing it, Ben thinks. Some three hundred young actors were after it. All were interviewed, more than a hundred gave readings, and about a dozen were tested. The day Ben's test was screened Wallis and the director, Danny Mann, announced that the search was over.

Ben has a small apartment in the San Fernando Valley almost across the street from his studio. He does his own cooking, and isn't as good at it as he claims to be, according to his friends. He has been plunking away at a guitar for the last year without becoming a Les Paul and he spends the rest of his spare time riding and practicing his draw with a six-shooter. He says he has timed himself and has it down to a fifth of a second.

"Is that fast?" Joan Crawford asked him recently, when he was demonstrating for her benefit. Ben gave her another gun and showed how he could pull his gun, cock the hammer and shoot it while she was still just pressing the trigger of hers.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "I should think you'd have to be born nervous to move that quick!"

Ben, a cool, assured performer when he is working, is apparently far from being a nervous man. But he does give this impression offstage because he is naturally spry, flit-quick with word and gesture, and very intense. He is also apparently one of those wiry Irishmen who are indestructible. During the filming of *Johnny Guitar* he fell flat on his back from a ten-foot-high wagon perch when his horse decided suddenly not to be where he should be. For two minutes thereafter Ben was unconscious while the director, Nick Ray, and the other cast members, Scott Brady, Ernest Borgnine and Royal Dana, worked over him. For the next three minutes, after he had opened his eyes, he was paralyzed, unable to move a muscle in his body, but five minutes later he was again jumping from the perch, this time landing on his horse as planned.

BEN LIKES HOLLYWOOD. He is young enough to be looking for laughs most of the time and he has friends on every level. One of his pals is the well-known part-time actor and part-time parking attendant at Ciro's, Jimmy Murphy. Ben stops by to see him often, and is therefore probably the only actor in Hollywood who goes to Ciro's usually to spend his time outside the place. Not that he doesn't occasionally attend as a guest.

When the popular Sammy Davis had his première at Ciro's following the tragic car accident which cost him an eye, Ben took Anna Maria Alberghetti. Practically every big name in Hollywood also attended, and after the show they all trooped out to vie with each other in having their Cadillacs brought up to them. But the first car was not a Caddie. It was a 1953, newly-washed, aquamarine Mercury convertible, registered to one Benjamin Cooper. Despite the "long green" most of the big stars were waving in their hands, Jimmy Murphy was already seated in Ben's car waiting for his pal to appear. The moment Ben lifted a little finger Jimmy scorched up with the Merc. After Ben and Anna Maria climbed in, the stars watched open-mouthed as Ben very solemnly handed Jimmy a dime tip.

"I don't get it," said a puzzled star who was ready to tip fifty times this amount. "Maybe I *am* losing touch with the people!"

Incidentally, after John Wayne told press agent Barnett that he thought Ben was a star, he also announced that he wants to make a picture with Ben. So does Dick Powell. And practically every studio in town is looking around for a story in which Ben would fit.

SO BARNETT IS QUITE happy about his new client except for one habit of Ben's. Ben not only loves to ride a horse, he loves to talk about it; and every time he talks about it he insists upon demonstrating that he has ridden himself bow-legged.

"He isn't bow-legged!" declares Barnett, who knows that a straight-legged star will go much further and last much longer in the business. "He pretty nearly breaks his legs straining them backward to make them look bowed, and as though he belongs on a saddle and nowhere else."

"I am *too* bow-legged!" Ben came back heatedly one night.

"G'wan!" retorted Barnett. "You're just trying to be true to your old horse, Gypsy!"

That stopped Ben. So that night he went home and wrote a long letter to Lee Sharon, asking her, among other things, to go see Gypsy for him. END

APPLE OF HIS EYE-TOOTH



I was buying bread in a Hollywood store when I noticed that one of my fellow customers was Johnny Weissmuller, of Tarzan fame. Imagine my surprise when I saw him pick up an apple as he walked out of the store, put the whole thing in his mouth and start chewing it!

Jeanette Curbow
New Orleans, Louisiana

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Left: Tear Drop. Batiste Lastex embellished with pearls. $15.95.

Any girl who wears a Catalina swimsuit is apt to be singled out for special attention by Mr. Cupid.

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Tan with TARTAN

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BASK IN NEW LUXURY WITH EXOTIC PRINTS AND REAL MINK

Above, Dorothy Lamour goes Oriental in Catalina's Japanese cotton print swim ensemble—*Yo Yo San.* The princess-line suit features a stay-front with draped-center bra. Puckerette zipped back and peg-top tapered shorts. The matching *Kabuki* kimono style coat has a wrap front, Mandarin collar, tie belt and is lined with white terry cloth. Orange or blue. Suit, 32 to 38. About $14. Coat, S.M.L. About $14.

Right, Terry Moore, soon to be seen in 20th's *Daddy Long Legs,* wears Catalina's Laton taffeta suit— *Swimming In Mink.* It has side-shirring and a flange bra banded with mink (especially treated for the water). Hyacinth with sapphire mink, black with white mink, cinnamon with ranch mink. 32 to 36. About $25. Terry takes her Cortina French course (textbooks and records) on her vacations—study is fun this way.

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Photographs by John Engstead

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More fashions on next page

THE SPARKLE OF THE BRIGHT WHITE TOUCH

1. Dorothy Lamour wears a classic polka dot *Pat-a-sheer* all-rayon sheath dress. Lattice work trims the scoop neckline. It has a matching bolero jacket. Navy with sparkle white dots only. Sizes 14½ to 22½. Costume jewelry by Capri.

2. Spring daisies trim this *Stevens* baby-checked gingham, scoop-necked, sleeveless dress. It has two large pockets and a self-belt. The matching bolero jacket has daisy-edged sleeves. Black, red or navy with bright white. Sizes 14½ to 22½.

3. Again, white dots are important to the spring picture—in this lovely, sheer, 100% *Trend* nylon dress. It has pearl buttons and nylon marquisette trim on the collar and cuffs. Navy or black with luxurious white. Sizes 14½ to 22½.

4. The all-occasion coat dress of 100% *Mallinson's* puckered nylon that buttons all the way down the front. It has glass buttons, self-belt, tucked shoulders and concealed pockets at the shoulder. Royal, black, red or green with white. Sizes 14½ to 22½.

5. This flattering, double-breasted coachman style of *Stevens Highland Park* gingham has a wide collar and white scallop detailing on the cuffs and pockets, self-belt. Black, navy or red with white. Sizes 14½ to 22½. Straw sailor hat by Leslie James.

6. To climax the parade of Rite-Fit Dresses by Max Wiesen, Miss Lamour wears a smooth *Pat-a-Sheer* rayon printed sheath that has self-looping on the pockets and neckline. Navy, grey, green or periwinkle blue on white. Sizes 14½ to 24½. Capri jewelry.

These are washable Rite-Fit dresses by Max Wiesen that are priced at about $9 each



Lovely Nylon Hosiery by Holeproof—the Perfect Gift For Mother



DOROTHY LAMOUR, Modern Screen Mother of the Year

Wife, mother, movie, radio and TV star, Dorothy Lamour's successful multiple roles win special acclaim from the editors of MODERN SCREEN as their choice for Mother Of The Year. Above, Dorothy is shown with her sons John Ridgely Howard and Thomas Howard. On this and the opposite page, she models the Mother Of The Year fashions—style-wise for your wardrobe, price-wise for your budget.



These Dresses Are At Fine Stores Everywhere.
Some Stores Are Listed on Page 72


2


3


5


6



Photograph by Rogert Prigent

CURTAIN CALL FOR A NEW STAR: *MAIS OUI*

■ But yes! Here is the bra that gives you the newest look. This all-nylon bandeau bra fashion, by Hollywood-Maxwell, features the high bosom, softly rounded look—and it gives added uplift. The nylon lace-topped, three-quarter quilted taffeta cups are underscored with supple padded wire. It can be worn with regular or low necklines. A, B, C cups in sizes 32-36. White only. About $4. Behind the scenes of this exquisite nylon lace and power net *Phantom-Ease* girdle by Guild Foundations is a unique "Swivel-hinge" back designed to end girdle tugging. Waist sizes 25 to 30. White or black. About $11.50.

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RITE-FIT DRESSES by MAX WIESEN Featured on pages 68, 69

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Write to the Fashion Department, MODERN SCREEN, *261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., if there is no store listed near you.*

family man on the loose

(*Continued from page 45*) could just make it under the wire. As he reached down to flip off the set and run, he heard, "Thank you—and good night"—and a cartoon commercial flickered on to mock him.

Donald O'Connor dropped like wet spaghetti and surveyed himself dismally in the mirror. His tie was cockeyed. His shirt cuffs flopped loose. His beltless pants rippled around his ankles. His hair stuck up and his "dress" shoes were brown.

"Get you," he told himself. "All dressed up and no place to go!"

Professionally speaking, it's too many places to go that's Don O'Connor's trouble right now. Donald David Ronald Dixon O'Connor sports a top talent for every one of his names, and it would be very convenient indeed if he had a separate body for each. Like another thirty-year-old (named Alexander) there isn't much left for O'Connor to conquer in his world of show business. As any casual TV twiddler or movie-goer knows, Don can dance with the effortless grace of Astaire, croon with the golden ease of Crosby, be as captivatingly nuts as Danny Kaye and act with the best of them. There's no business like show business for him and nobody in show business like Donald David Ronald, etc.—as he recently proved in the 20th Century-Fox musical of the same name. Ethel Merman, no slouch herself, tagged Don, "The greatest concentrated hunk of talent on the screen."

So DON BUMPS into himself coming and going as he tries to meet the Hollywood demand. Five mornings a week he pushes open the door of a pink stucco bungalow on the General Service lot where, as producer, director and star of his hit TV show, *Here Comes Donald,* he spends $50,000 of the Texas Company's money each week, meets a payroll of forty-nine employees. From his Mussolini-sized office he masterminds a galloping career which includes movies at $200,000 a crack, Las Vegas bookings at $30,000 a week, a song-publishing firm and a one-man idea factory which grinds out everything from movie scripts and nightclub skits to oil well ventures. From all this he figures to collect almost a million bucks in 1955.

For a guy who has been chasing show business rainbows since before he was born, this would seem to be a situation approaching Paradise. His mother was a dancer. Donald made his debut in the O'Connor Family act at four months. By his first birthday, his acrobat brothers, Billy and Jack, were tossing him back and forth over the audience like a football. All his boyhood the same shifting show business pattern prevailed as the O'Connor Family trouped vaudeville circuits, carnivals and clubs, gorging on chicken one week, feathers the next. In his twenty in-and-out years around Hollywood, Don had more ups and downs than an elevator—until he finally stuck on the top floor. Only last year he was picked to hand out Academy awards to his peers.

But Donald O'Connor floated in no transport of joy—nor does he today. In this flight to glory something is missing. The empty other side of the picture lent a wistful meaning to Don's self-appraisal that night as he stood before the mirror at the Bel Air. Because Don is a dangling man—all dressed up with fame and success, but no place to go for happiness. And ironically, the knots that tie him up professionally leave him at bare loose ends in his private life.

Since Don and his pretty wife Gwen finally called it quits a year and a half ago, after nine years of marriage, Don has rattled restlessly around like a loose bolt. In that time he has lived in four separate places. First, the Bel Air Hotel, which he deserted because it was "too public and too expensive." Yet he paid almost as much as the $1200-a-month there for the next place he picked—a modern hilltop hacienda in Benedict Canyon, complete with swimming pool, hi-fi system and plush furnishings, besides completely redecorating most of the rooms. This he abandoned soon on the flimsy excuse that it was "too buggy," with spiders, centipedes and other real and imaginary varmints swarming around. Came next a house in Malibu where the fishing he loves was swell, but that was soon "too far out." So he took a small apartment at the Villa Madrid, where he's camping today—and hating it.

IN ALL THIS TIME, Don has rocketed away from Hollywood, as if fleeing the plague, almost every week end and every free stretch after pictures and between TV seasons. Last fall he flew off to Hawaii on a day's inspiration for a week and jittered most of that time in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel because it rained five days out of the seven. The rest of the time he chased around Honolulu with a private detective, hunting thrills, à la Winchell. This winter he tore off after the final "Cut!" of each TV film to scattered refuges, including Snow Valley, where he ran into the heaviest fall of the year, got snowed in, couldn't budge on skis or anything else and almost went crazy. Next he went to Palm Springs for a rest and stayed up all night helping open a new guest ranch. Other exits to the Mojave, Mexico and scattered points have been just as fast, frantic and unrelaxing.

These are symptoms of discontent even in a natural skitterbug like Donald O'Connor. Of course, it's true that Donald is and always has been as charged as a bottle of pop, physically, mentally and nervously. His wiry body, which actor Bob Ryan, a physical culturist, calls, "the best physique, pound for pound, in Hollywood," requires exercise, and the natural coordination you see on the screen has made him an expert, easy athlete. Don learned to ski in two days, entered a race on the third. As a fourteen-year-old he competed in Bing Crosby's first golf tournament and, although he barely knew a mashie from a mid-iron, won a prize—twenty-four quarts of motor oil which he had to give away because he was too young and too poor to own a car. He's a deadly boxer and once broke his best friend's ribs teaching him to handle his dukes. Last year in Las Vegas the national convention of skeet shooters asked him to join the fun. He shattered eighty-five out of 100 clay pigeons although he'd never banged the game before.

Behind Don's bland, boyish face, too, is a mind that races on something or other every waking minute. Stuck one week end near San Diego, he stayed up all night in his room writing 200 gags. Another time he came home with ten new song lyrics. He always has been a speed nut, with a trail of Bugattis, Jaguars and other sports cars around him since his teen-age days when he hopped up jalops with dual carburetors and twin pipes. For years he's tried to stop smoking but admits defeat "because you can't light a candy bar." Wherever he is, O'Connor jitters around unless something active is going on.

Don explains his fast week-end exits from Hollywood as therapy to "relieve the pressure and change the scene . . . charge my batteries and fresh up for more work"—which is certainly logical. To give out what Don gives day in and day out, it figures that he has to stay as wound up as a thirty-day clock. But allowing for other occupational therapy and his own native restlessness, there are other unmistakable signs that Donald O'Connor is unhappy

with his status as a Hollywood bachelor.

FOR ONE THING, Don has failed to find any satisfactory romantic attachment since he broke away from Gwen. For a while he squired Marilyn Erskine around Hollywood, but that failed and Marilyn got married. He has taken out Sylvia Lewis, a pretty young dancer, but nothing came of that. Most of Don's fun partners are girls who happen to be where he happens to be, with no meaning whatever except the evening's pleasantries. In Palm Springs he sometimes teams up with Carol Morton, daughter of the manager of the Ranch Club where he likes to hang out. Around Hollywood he's seen mostly with Gloria Noble, a pretty brunette, TV actress and dancer, whom Don met at a *Colgate Comedy Hour* cocktail party two years ago. Gloria was married then and so was Don, technically. When he was free he called for a date and if there's anything halfway steady in his life it is Gloria. They know each other well enough to go off together on holidays with Don's pals, and last Christmas Gloria came through with two golden, diamond-studded, miniature dance pumps made into cufflinks and bestowed with a Christmas kiss. But when you ask Don about Gloria Noble he dismisses the subject with a curt, "Not serious." And if you press him, he'll argue, "How can you fall seriously in love with anybody when you haven't got any time to spend with her?"

This argument is a handy and perhaps valid explanation of Don's almost total lack of social life in Hollywood, usually extremely comforting and welcomed by young, attractive and successful divorcés. But as a stag Donald O'Connor acts like a lone wolf. He ducks Hollywood parties, shows up at the Strip's glitter mills only to catch acts he wants to study, and prefers to eat late at night in off-beat, remote cafes. Last New Year's he dropped into the Racquet Club in Palm Springs wearing riding breeches, a sport shirt and a white leather jacket, took a look around at all the formally attired Hollywooders sipping champagne, had a quick Scotch at the bar and departed.

Don's circle of friends today has shrunk exclusively to the people who work with him. His two-room apartment at the Villa Madrid is next to Sid Miller, a diminutive pal from his early Hollywood days who bosses the writers and capers with Don in the video funny business. Sid flew with him to Hawaii last fall along with Ralph Grosch, a former movie stand-in, now production assistant of *Here Comes Donald*. Another former stand-in, Phil Gerris, is his dialogue director. That trio, along with Don's press agent, Glenn Rose, and an associate of his song publishing firm, Jesse Stool, make up the current O'Connor set, double-date with him around Hollywood and take off with him on his escape excursions. Besides his niece, Patti, who writes for his show, and his brother Jack, who runs a dancing school in Encino, no one else in Hollywood can be called an O'Connor intimate.

TWO OTHER FACTS round out Don's loose-end picture: He has lost twenty-five pounds and he's still seeing a psychiatrist. The first he'll explain as, "I always lose weight when I'm working," and the second, begun when his marriage was faltering as a sensible attempt to save it, has become not only a deep interest but a part-time hobby. Don bought a batch of books on psychology and likes to study them intently far into the night. But neither loss of weight nor solitary self-dissection is exactly a sign of contentment.

For a long time, all this was explained on the theory that Don O'Connor was carrying a torch built for the Statue of Liberty. One friend goes so far as to say, "They wrote that song, 'Let Me Go, Lover,' for Don." Gwen *has* let Don go officially, as of February 5, when she finally married Dan Dailey in Las Vegas after a yes-and-no courtship carried on ever since Don moved out.

But even before Gwen married Dan, Don gave small evidence of the green-eyed monster. Hopeful gossips were disappointed by the absence of explosions when Don bumped into Gwen and Dan around town. He even played Dan Dailey's son amiably and without incident in *No Business Like Show Business*. After Gwen filed for divorce, they were so friendly that reconciliation rumors blossomed every second week. Don has had Donna, his eight-year-old daughter, with him whenever he wanted her, once for two straight months at Malibu, and only chuckled when that sassy miss teased him with, "I saw *No Business Like Show Business* yesterday and I thought Dan Dailey was great!"

Just the same, there is a causative link between Don O'Connor's broken home and his restless, frustrated existence today—and an even longer chain reaching back to his earlier life. Every man is the sum of his experiences. A look at Donald O'Connor's shows why he can never be a happy man as long as he's drifting around without ties.



Don frequently dates actress Gloria Noble in Hollywood—but, "It's not serious," he says.

His childhood was a blur of shifting scenery as the O'Connor Family vaudeville act rambled around the forty-eight states chasing a living. The only permanent home Don ever knew was his Uncle Billy's and Aunt Josie's farm near Danville, Illinois, where the clan retreated when out of bookings and broke. The only formal schooling he can claim is two brief years there; the rest of the time he had to pick up his education on the fly—likewise his friends. They were trunk-raised kids like himself who, like himself, played in alleys outside stage doors between acts, or in the dim-lit halls of small-town hotels, making toys out of anything handy. Don remembers one child who used to take out his glass eye and play marbles with it. When he ran out of kids he tagged after elevator boys and bellhops—wherever he could find friendship. Once, when he was missing, they found him singing chummily with a Salvation Army band. Don still can't bring himself to say, "Goodbye." He says hopefully instead, "I'll see you."

But in this helter-skelter raising, there was always one word etched in his being—*family*. The O'Connor act changed names countless times for billboard purposes, but always the idea of a family group was there, not only in billing but in fact. Don's dad Chuck, an ex-circus acrobat, fell over dead in the wings a few months after Donald was born and his sister Arlene was killed by a car in front of a Hartford theatre when Don was only one year old. But Effie, his dancer mother, Jack and Billy, the baby-tossing brothers, sister-in-law Millie and niece Patti, carried on, with Donald doing almost everything, including playing bearded old men. And whether collecting $1200 a week for the act or $6 and meals—as they did once—they stuck together. They played the Palace Theatre and strolled in glory down Broadway. They got pulled in by cops on suspicion of being the Lindbergh baby kidnapers (because Baby Patti looked just like the missing tot) on a forage into rural Canada. But Don never was without the warmth of homefolks, although there never was a home. "I used to have one big wonderful dream," he has recalled. "My own back yard."

Although his entrance into Hollywood was definitely unsettling (he was almost killed in California's destructive 1933 earthquake) Donald later made that backyard dream come true in typical family style. After he had finally clicked as a star at Universal, Don acquired not one but three back yards, complete with houses, for his mother, brother Jack and himself—all in one week at the combined outlay of $45,000. By that time, of course, the knockabout kid had realized another dream—to have a wife, family and a home of his own.

MUCH HAS BEEN written about the marriage of Don O'Connor and Gwendolyn Carter. What made them find living together unbearable after nine years and a daughter who is firmly lodged in both their hearts will still stir up an argument in Hollywood. Some say Gwen jealously longed for a career of her own, which, perversely, Don encouraged by getting her an agent and spotting her in a few of his shows. Others say Don left Gwen alone too much after *Francis The Mule* and the *Colgate Comedy Hour* put him back on the frantic career merry-go-round. Gwen eventually secured her divorce on the grounds of "mental cruelty" which means nothing at all.

But certainly there were recurring crises in the O'Connor home, arguments both in public and private, and more than a few times Gwen barked, "I want a divorce!" and packed her suitcase. Usually consideration for Donna smoothed these over. "Donna always played Cupid in that home," as one friend has put it. Once when Don moved out to a hotel, reporters got wind of the rift and badgered Don into a press conference there. But when they arrived he was gone. They finally found him back at home playing with Donna and trying to explain why Daddy had been away.

In fairness to Donald it must be stated that, while he was undoubtedly at fault as much as his wife, the pressure to separate was on Gwen's part. Throughout the familiar pattern of Hollywood home deterioration, it was redheaded Gwen who wanted action. Don tried to hold on. It was during this unsteady time that he turned to psychiatry for help and talked Gwen into it, too. He took Gwen with him to England and Scotland on a triumphant personal appearance tour in 1951 and tried to turn it into a second honeymoon with excursions, sightseeing and fun between bookings. Back home the trouble started all over again, ending in final separation and divorce.

But until their happiness curdled hopelessly, two significant things about Donald O'Connor stood out. He wanted, needed and appreciated a home and home life. And he's strictly a one-woman man.

While he was married, Don never looked at another girl. He had tumbled

for Gwen Carter in the Paramount commissary when he was thirteen and clowning with Bing Crosby in *Sing You Sinners*. After he married Gwen, when both were in their teens, he brushed against cuties in the highly emotional business of acting—as all young male stars do—who were more than willing. But extra-marital scandals never touched his name.

And if Don fell short of perfection as husband—as he admits he did—it was not because he neglected his home. On the contrary, Gwen's complaints were that he liked it too much ever to change the scenery. One maid they had occasionally grumbled because there wasn't enough excitement around the place to keep her job interesting. But for Don O'Connor there always was plenty, although not in the way she meant. Gwen cooked up the parties and entertainment. Don's idea of heaven was to install a pool, a home-made bowling alley, to decorate and fix up the place every year, crowd it with playthings for Donna—and dogs.

Even after it was no longer his home. Don returned often to pick up Donna, chat with Gwen—and look wistfully around the place. The house is Gwen's now, of course, and since she has become Mrs. Dan Dailey she probably will sell it and Don will see it no more. But anyone who knows him is certain he never will be content until he finds another like it—and someone to live in it with him.

"The plain truth is, busy as he is, Don's lonely," says one close friend. "Remember, he's been a married man all his adult life—and before. Did you ever see a once-happy husband who didn't try it again as fast as he could? I don't say he's in love. But you can bet your roll he'll be a bridegroom before many months—especially since Gwen is finally out of the picture."

And Don himself backs this up, laconically but definitely. "Sure, I'll get married again," he says. "I fully intend to."

If and when Don takes that step what are his chances for finding happiness and making it stick on the second try? That depends on the girl he picks, of course—but just as much on Donald O'Connor.

As marriage material, Don has his credits and his debits, like everyone else. In some respects he has changed—in others he's the same as he always was.

PHYSICALLY, DON has hardly altered at all. He'll be thirty on August 28 but he could still pass for a college boy. He has all his thick, wavy hair and even teeth. There are no crowsfeet around his keen blue eyes and he walks as straight as a cadet. Down now to 138 from 160, which he considers his best weight, Don keeps in trim working out in a gym and resolutely working in all the sports interests that intrigue him, such as skiing, golf, tennis, boxing and horseback riding. This last led to the only serious illness outside of measles he's had in his life, a case of rare "Q" fever which, press agents have gagged, he caught from Francis the Mule, close to the truth but not close enough. Actually the strange malady, which comes from horses, was picked up at a Las Vegas stable. It turned into pneumonia, sent him to the hospital and brought on the most bitter career disappointment in his life when Danny Kaye took over his part in *White Christmas* with Don's old pal, Bing. Don is over the fever, if not the disappointment, and left with only a lingering tendency toward colds. And he is making up for the missed session with Bing in *Anything Goes*.

Financially, too, Don is in the best shape he's ever been. With his TV show, contracts at two studios and all those sidelines, he faces a golden future which Bing Crosby, for one, believes, "can go on forever." True, Don will keep less than ten cents on each of those million bucks he may drag in this year and out of that come heavy responsibilities. Since becoming the financial responsibility of Dan Dailey, Gwen may take less of a cut of his earnings. But Don is generous with his relatives, and he'll always provide for Donna, now a third-grader at the Buckley School and a prize dancing pupil of brother Jack's.

Don's fiscal attitudes have improved with his multiple business responsibilities and good advice. The old cavalier approach to his income which naively forgot the taxes is gone. He has worked that off with the help of his hard-headed attorney, Louis Blau. Don still has expensive tastes but he doesn't toss around his money and he gambles only moderately.

In sum, Don can very well afford to support a wife.

But while that's important, marriage isn't all a matter of balancing income and outgo. Temperament, personal habits and emotional patterns which reach way back and seldom change, are even more vital, as is disastrously demonstrated in Hollywood and elsewhere every day. Even the people who know him best disagree as to Don O'Connor's basic character. "Don's really a tragedian wearing the mask of a clown," believes his sidekick, Sid Miller, which is another way of saying he's Irish. His wife Gwen, who found it impossible to live with O'Connor, still calls him "the greatest guy in the world." And his niece Patti, only three years younger and more like his sister, says, "Don's a pixie—he used to shoot me with BB guns." But in the next breath she states, "Actually he's a sophisticate."

Maxie Rosenbloom was very much impressed with Red Buttons' characterization of a dumb, blind, beaten-down prizefighter. Maxie went to the studio to tell Red: "I want to do that bit, too. I think I can make people cry like you, too." Red explained, "But people know you're not blind. So how will you be able to make them feel sorry for you?" Maxie brooded for a moment, then said, "I'll make out that I'm broke." *—Paul Denis*

Don seems to be all of these and more. He's well traveled. Despite a skimpy education, his grammar is faultless, his reading deep. He's a connoisseur of art, he speaks a smattering of Spanish, Italian, French and Yiddish.

YET, OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE at General Service, where he's a show business tycoon, there's a square of cement with the ragged autograph, "DONALD O'CONNOR," scratched there as any ten-year-old would scratch it. Don couldn't resist when the stuff was fresh. He succumbs periodically to other impulses quite as junior grade.

Don and his stand-in, Ralph Grosch, wandered over to the *Désirée* set to catch Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons in a Napoleonic clinch. At the stage door a cop asked for a pass and Don told his name. The cop shook his head skeptically and anyway which one was Donald O'Connor? Don pointed to Ralph, "He is."

"You don't look like Donald O'Connor," objected the guard. Ralph said that's just who he was, and the cop boiled, "Look here. How did you boys get in here?"

"We climbed over the fence," allowed Don.

"Well, you can get into a lot of trouble that way," he was told. "Now beat it."

Such caprices well up out of Don O'Connor's puckish, quick-change past as do his notoriously vague conceptions of time and place. For a while he was so vague about appointments that his publicist, Glenn Rose, although he was an old friend, refused to handle him on the valid excuse that he was ruining Glenn's relations with the press. That rift was patched on Don's promise to reform and today he says, "I've improved." Yet not too long ago Don raced feverishly off to play a benefit in a California city, arrived on time by seconds—only to discover the event was the following week. He always has to buy new shoes and rent clubs when he plays golf—although he owns twelve pairs of shoes and two sets of clubs.

Balancing this are some solid adult virtues and habits that make Don a prize in any girl's hope chest. He has intense loyalty, as proved by all the vintage pals who work for him. He has absolutely no jealousy, as testified by the dozens he's lifted up the ladder with him, often in direct competition. And his temper is lamb-like.

It's significant that none of the usual slambang Hollywood domestic battles were aired when Gwen secured her divorce. "When Don gets mad," his friend Sid says, "usually all he does is turn pale and quiet. Disharmony actually makes him ill."

Besides a smooth disposition, Don packs few irritating personal habits likely to blow up household storms. He's as tidy as a racoon and always looks as if he'd just stepped out of a shower, which usually he has. A Sunday job he likes is shining all his shoes and lining them up across the kitchen floor. Don's biggest extravagance is clothes, which he buys in "hunks," custom tailored by Devore's of Beverly Hills at $200 apiece. But for all the things he buys for himself he gives twice as much to others, being generous to a fault. And he'll eat anything. About the only valid complaint, in fact, that a housemate could make is Don's disdain of time, his habit of reading until all hours or listening to records twenty-six hours at a stretch. As a dad, of course, he's real gone. "Donna," he has said, time and again, "is really what I live for."

But precious as she is, there's a lot more than a darling daughter for Donald O'Connor to live for and a lot left of life for him to make meaningful and enriching to his private existence, so aimless today. Being born and bred in show business, that still and ever will come first in his time and attention, and he's terribly ambitious to do a dozen things he hasn't yet done. Television has given Don the long-sought chance to produce, write and direct, and after getting Francis through the Navy he'll stick to the big league movies where his sophisticated talents get the best showcase. That means he'll be busy. Maybe, as he says, "too busy."

AFTER THE TV season winds up and *Anything Goes* is safe in the can Don has a project. For years he's been cooking an idea to shoot a tragicomic tale of a Pagliacci-type clown in Europe with authentic backgrounds. So this year, he'll go abroad for a couple of months hunting locations. Meanwhile, he's hunting a house in Bel Air—and a new car. The house will be, he swears, "a big, roomy colonial that looks like a home." And the car—well, it was to have been a sporty Mercedes-Benz, but curiously at the last minute Don changed his mind. He ordered a Cadillac, the first big car he's had in years. "I don't want to drive around all by myself any more," he admits. "I like company with me. And you need a family-type car for that."

These are slim straws in the wind, of course. But puffing them along is a need and a hope, shared by all Don O'Connor's well-wishing Hollywood friends who hate to see him dangling around without the happiness he deserves. The hope, of course, is that before very long another O'Connor will suddenly show up smiling with the right girl and a license for a second try. **END**



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the sin...
the deadly
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storm over monroe

(*Continued from page* 34) I can't tell you how unhappy she was while she was married to DiMaggio. She felt closed in, a prisoner in her own house. She felt that Joe never would come to understand either her or show business. Her months of marriage to DiMaggio, despite all the fairy tales, were months of misery.

"When she divorced Joe, I know she felt as though a great weight had been lifted from her heart. She and Joe had nothing in common. She told me this a dozen times if she told me once.

"Marilyn has had very few friends in her life. Because of her sex appeal, women are afraid of her. The men she has known usually have been instrumental in helping her career.

"Joe was not one of these and she let him go. No sooner was he gone than they started seeing each other again. They were more lovey-dovey after the divorce than before. Not only that. When Marilyn flew back east, so did Joe. They met in Boston with Joe's brother and went out together.

"When Marilyn moved down to New York and into the Gladstone Hotel, Joe wasn't far behind. The columnists said he was serving her soup in bed. When Marilyn was asked if this meant a reconciliation, she said, 'No, but we're still good friends.'"

WHAT DOES ALL this mean? Does anyone really know where Marilyn is going? What does she want? What sort of woman has she become?

Messrs. Ziff and Friedman, entrepreneurs of The Last Frontier in Las Vegas, telephoned Marilyn in New York and offered her $40,000 a week to appear in their casino.

"We'll build a magnificent show around you," they told her. "All you'll have to do is a couple of numbers."

Marilyn's reported answer: "Thank you very much. But I'm sorry. I get frightened easily in front of a lot of people."

One of the grips who worked on *The Seven Year Itch* set with Monroe, was asked if he'd noted any change in her behavior.

"I've been on a lot of pictures with her," he said, "and I must say I was surprised when she ordered a closed set. Didn't want any visitors, didn't want any reporters. That was the tip-off, at least to me. She was getting a little big in the head.

"Another thing, she had Bob Alton, the dance director taken off *Show Business*. Alton is one of the greatest in the business. Discovered Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Sheree North, on and on. Marilyn said he wouldn't do for her. So they got her Jack Cole. Jack is a fine dancer. He did what he could with Marilyn. But let's face it, this kid takes time. It didn't go easy.

"I've seen a lot of players in my time. Tell 'em they're getting conceited, and they call you a liar. But gradually success has a way of swelling the head. It certainly has swelled Marilyn's, or she wouldn't have gone off half-cocked."

Billy Wilder, who directed her in *The Seven Year Itch*, says, "Working with Marilyn is not the easiest thing in the world, but it was one of the great experiences of my life . . . I have a feeling that this picture helped her in formulating an idea of what she herself is all about."

Milton Greene, the photographer who has been closer to Marilyn these last few months than any other individual, feels strongly that his business associate is being unfairly maligned.

"All she wants," Greene explains, "is to have something to say about the roles she plays. She has nothing against 20th Century-Fox. She agrees that the studio has been very good to her. It's only normal for an actress to want to grow. The better the parts, the better the development. She'd like to make an outside picture occasionally. She'd like to control a little of her own destiny. Maybe she'll fall on her face. Maybe she won't. All she's asking for is the chance. Our lawyer contends that she's a free agent. The studio contends that she's under contract for another three and a half years. Eventually the thing will be settled."

When Darryl Zanuck was in London several months ago—before Marilyn's contract fight took place—the 20th Century-Fox production chief was asked about Monroe.

"Sometimes," he volunteered, "publicity can be more damaging than helpful. I mean it can grow and grow and get out of hand. Then you have to fight to control it. That's what happened with Marilyn Monroe. We gave her the publicity build-up at the beginning. But now it has gone too far. We have to stop it before the public gets sick of her. As for the girl herself, well, she's temperamental. She's not very fit, either. Wave a script in front of her face and she comes down with a cold."

An executive at RCA Victor says, "Not too long ago we released a couple of Marilyn Monroe records, 'Heat Wave' and 'After You Get What You Want, You Don't Want It.' In my opinion this girl can become one of the most popular recording artists in America. She always has been very cooperative. That is, outside of being late. She's always an hour or two hours late for every appointment, but that's just a personal idiosyncrasy. When you want to see her at three P.M., you say, 'Marilyn, let's meet at noon.'"

THESE STATEMENTS reveal the conflict now raging around Marilyn. One camp says she is a sensible girl who knows what she wants and is determined to get it. The other side insists that she's all mixed up.

There is plenty of evidence that Marilyn, at this point, is muddled and confused.

When she married DiMaggio, she said, "I'd like most to have a baby." Whereupon she threw herself into her career with renewed vigor while husband DiMaggio stayed at home watching television and looking after the house.

No doubt Marilyn does want a baby, maybe many babies, but given the choice of wifehood or movie career, she will take movie career every time.

Why? Well, perhaps the answer lies deep in her background. She never had a happy home life. There is nothing sentimental about home to her. Family, home, mother, father, the relatives everyone takes for granted—to Marilyn Monroe are unknown quantities.

She never has seen her father. She knows nothing about him, where he lives or whether he's alive or dead. As for her mother, the poor woman has spent much of her life in and out of sanitaria. Therefore, Marilyn hates to recall her youth.

TO HER what counts most is her relatively new success, the fact that she has pulled herself up by her own bootstraps.

Over the years Marilyn has demonstrated an amazing facility for connecting herself with people who will do her the most good.

Johnny Hyde, her first true love, was one of the most influential agents in Hollywood. Joe Schenck, one of the founding fathers of 20th Century-Fox, is still one of the great powers in the motion picture industry. Natasha Lytess, Marilyn's dramatics coach, is said to be largely responsible for Marilyn's superb performance in *The Seven Year Itch* which, incidentally, is the finest picture Monroe has ever been in. Columnist Sidney Skolsky has given Marilyn more space than any other single Hollywood star.

What Milton Greene and Frank Delaney, her new associates, will do for Marilyn remains to be seen.

"I wonder," remarked an actress who dislikes Marilyn, "if she would still be fooling around with DiMaggio if the studio had met her terms.

"I would like to suggest the possibility," this actress continues, "that in Marilyn Monroe you are seeing the shrewdest cookie Hollywood has ever produced. No girl without brains can reach the heights this baby has scaled. She has played all the angles. She has made the most of her talents.

"She has become a big name. She can grab off a millionaire any time she wants. DiMaggio is begging to take her back. He's a lonely man with a few bucks salted away and no career. Marilyn's a good thing for him to show off. It balms his ego. But Marilyn is much too smart to be used.

"Perhaps I'm being hard on the girl, but I think if you study her history you will find that she has always received much more than she has given. For example, the publicity she got when she married Joe and then divorced him—you can hardly beat that. The honeymoon in Japan. The divorce scene on their front lawn. All of that did her no harm.

"The only wrong move she made in her career was to turn down that new studio contract. A girl who has had nothing wants more than $200,000 a year. Why? To the public it makes no sense. 'Is Marilyn greedy?' her fans want to know. 'Is she unwise? What's the score?'

"If she likes DiMaggio so much, if she loves staying in hotels watching television with him, why did she divorce him in the first place? Maybe she really didn't try to make the marriage work.

"There was a time when the international public regarded Marilyn Monroe as a twentieth century Cinderella. Now she has gone and destroyed the dream and the whole build-up. It's the first mistake she has made."

Marilyn Monroe's detractors insist that the girl has lost all sense of proportion, that dozens of persons are whispering constant and nonsensical flatteries in her ear and that she has momentarily lost the common sense she had shown for so long. The basic truth (and this is apparent in her fan mail) is that through her strange behavior she has disenchanted thousands of fans who for a long time felt that she had conquered adversity because she was endowed with the virtues of honor, selflessness and love. **END**

RECORD-SMASHER



In a Philadelphia department store, I waited to get an autograph on my newly-purchased record. But when I finally reached the singer, I dropped the record in my excitement and it broke.

Tony Martin gave me a big smile. I guess he knew by the look in my eyes that I couldn't afford another one. He turned to the salesgirl and said, "Give her another record, on me!"

Mrs. Wiegner
Cibolo, Texas

the way of a bride

(*Continued from page 56*) Pier's mother. True, she thought her daughter not yet ready for marriage. Daughter, however, thinks for herself and the answer she gave Vic was her own. "You have still a year to serve. Together a few weeks, then a long parting—this is no way to begin. We are both young. If it is meant to be, it will come about." Before leaving, she gave him a friendship ring.

Being no girl to sit home counting her fingers, of course she dated and dreamed, developed the normal crushes, got them out of her system, but never looked marriage in the face until Vic asked her again that day in the Retake Room.

"All afternoon I was on the set, hearing him sing an Italian lullaby which moved my heart. The song too, but the singer more, his eyes so soft, his voice so tender. As we danced in the Retake Room, he asked me, and though something inside said yes, my lips said, 'No, it's too quick.' That night I talked to my father. My father died four and a half years ago. He is buried in a place in northern Italy. But I loved him so greatly that his life is around me. For me he will live while I live. When it's something important, I ask him and it seems to me that he answers. 'Father,' I asked, 'what do you think I should do?' And it came to me how I always prayed God to let me find someone both strong and kind, who will love and protect me. Then I saw Vic's face, so true, so gentle, and the ring I gave him which for two and a half years he never took off, and I felt to run to him with all my love, and I knew the answer."

But Pier is realistic as well as romantic. Her face, with its swiftly changing moods, turned pensive. "You go to marriage, and who can give you the promise of happiness? You are engaged, and everything is rosy. Then come such thoughts—will the person you love understand you? You look back to the other life and you're frightened a little. I, for instance, am very close with my mother and sisters. To be separated, I think I will cry every day. I think I will even miss to hear my mother tell and tell, 'Why don't you put on your sweater?'—'The shoes are too high.' But I miss nothing. When my mother told, sometimes I got impatient. This is the daughter's way. When Vic tells, I like it. This is the way of the bride. Once my mother touched me to fix my hair. I said: 'Don't touch me. Only Vic can touch me.' It was of course a joke and we both laughed as she fixed my hair. But in the bottom of the joke lies a little truth.

"The truth is that a husband is to his wife as nobody else. I never thought you could be so happy in the world, only in a dream. Sometimes it feels like a dream. In the restaurant he says, 'Now I will take you home.' For a minute I think, home to my mother and sisters. But no. Home to Vic and me, and it comes over me again all new and beautiful. And how I worried if he will understand me. If he under*stands* me!" She hugged herself, a small candle aglow. "I have only to look, and he knows what it means. Sometimes with*out* looking. From the first day."

ON THE FIRST DAY they planned to drive from their wedding reception directly to Las Vegas. In the car, Vic said: "Let's stop at the house first." A sensitive soul herself, Pier also understood without looking. To carry her into the bridal suite of The Sands, with bellboys agape—no, thank you, from both. Across their own threshold, they two alone, that would be right.

Part way up they ran out of gas. "I think someone did a trick on us," said Pier.

"Can you walk, Mrs. Damone?"

"Or else why did the dear Lord give me feet?"

They walked for fifteen minutes. Having been borne over the threshold, Pier suddenly felt too tired to move. Not from walking or climbing steps. From too many emotions. But she wouldn't say so. "We'll sit a little, then we'll start."

She didn't have to say so. "Would you like to eat dinner here and go tomorrow?"

"Vic,' if you ever lose your voice, God forbid, you can be a magician."

The magician had the car rescued and dinner sent in from an Italian restaurant—lasagna and veal, salad and fruit—and a bottle of champagne, compliments of the innkeeper. Neither likes to drink. But since a celebration indicates champagne, each took a sip from the same glass. "To you," she said.

"To us," he amended, "and to our marriage."

THEY'RE LIVING now in the house leased from Bob Arthur just ten days before their wedding. The agent had been hunting for six weeks. At six-thirty one evening he called Pier. "This place is high in the hills and there may be too many steps, but take a look anyway." She drove up alone; what use to bother Vic if it wasn't right? Yes, there were too many steps—until she reached the top and caught her breath because it looked like Italy—green-girdled, drenched in stillness except for the singing birds, and all the little houses alight below. At the golf course she found Vic hitting some balls around. "Let's go see this house. Outside, it's like heaven."

"And inside?"

"I forgot to look. Never mind. We'll look together."

Inside it was fine—a real honeymoon house, just big enough for now. Half an hour later Vic signed the lease. While they were away, Mrs. Pierangeli moved their clothes in and refurnished the bedroom by her daughter's blueprint—all white with pink velvet, tulle curtains and femininity. "Maybe a little too feminine," Pier admits. "But Vic thinks a bride should have her way about this." Returning, she engaged a maid, installed a cat since Vic is allergic to dogs, and was all set for domesticity.

Or so she thought, discounting week ends when the maid is off. This brought about a small crisis. Pier can cook if she wants to. "But when I cook, the smell of the food makes me that I can't eat." So she prefers to have someone do it for her.

Came Saturday. "I would like," said the man of the house, "three eggs over easy. With sausage."

Masking her dismay, she repaired to the kitchen. In Italy you don't eat eggs for breakfast. What was this eggs-over-easy? To ask him would have made her feel stupid; she couldn't ask. For reasons clear only to herself, she decided they must be eggs with a little cheese. When she turned them over, they came out scrambled. Ditching them, she tried three more. Scrambled again. Meantime the sausage, sizzling for fifteen minutes, had stiffened to rock, and how long can a man wait for his breakfast? Into the dining room she marched and dumped the mess under his nose. An excellent cook himself, Vic eyed it dubiously. "He thinks," she thought, "what kind of wife did I marry, at least she could do *eggs!*"—and fled to the hills where he found her weeping like a fountain. "I'll never do you anything again."

He tilted her chin. "That's intelligent. Don't you want to learn?" With a big handkerchief, he dried her eyes, kissed them, took her home and showed her how to fix eggs over easy. After which she made his breakfast every week end, but drew the line at dinner. On Saturdays they'd go to her mother, on Sundays to Pep de Lucia's. Tears were banished by decree of Vic. "You must always smile; I can't bear to see you sad. If something goes wrong, don't run away from me, tell me. We'll sit down together, and together we'll decide how to make it right. Without crying, without anger. Okay?"

Before long, she was trying out the method. "Vic, I have been unhappy today."

"Who hurt you?"

"My husband. Why do you say four and come home at five? Don't be like my mother. My mother says six and arrives at eight when all the food is gone."

"We'll send out for more food."

"No, I am serious, and I also see your side. You have been so long alone, answering to no one. I understand that for you it's a big thing even to say, 'I'll be home at four.' I don't care if you're busy till five or seven or ten. I would only like, when you say four, to be here at four. If you're late, I worry, I think accidents, my heart goes too fast—"

Since then, he says four and gets home by three-fifty.

To Vic, she's Ahnnah, not Pier—or more often, Ahnnah-baby. Our English Anna sounds flat, but the Italian caresses it to softness. She's teaching him Italian and he understands all she says—when she speaks slowly. He's teaching her chess.

WHILE HE FILLED an engagement at the Cocoanut Grove, life slipped into its routine. For Vic, there was work. For Pier no more pictures were planned before the baby. But time didn't hang heavy. She read a lot, listened to music, knitted, cleaned house—which, as opposed to cooking, she enjoys—and tried out her voice. As a child of ten she sang on Radio Italy and cherished a secret hope that some day she may be able to sing with Vic. Alone, she'd carol away, thinking, "I'll show him." Given the chance, she's too shy to utter a chirp.

Three times a week he rehearsed with piano and drummer—always at the pianist's house until Christmas time, when there in the living room, cellophaned and beribboned, stood their own piano, a gift



LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

When Debbie Reynolds was vacationing in Miami, I haunted the lobby of the Saxony Hotel, hoping for a glimpse of my favorite star. One evening I bumped into a handsome couple on their way into the coffee shop. In confusion, I said to Debbie, "You're tinier than I thought!"

"Yes," Eddie Fisher agreed, smiling, "good things are still coming in small packages."

Stella Kamp
Miami Beach, Florida

from *Madre*. The fact that neither plays more than the simplest scale failed to dim their pleasure. Now Vic could rehearse at home with Pier in the room—an advantage too obvious to go into. But when he records, he wants her to disappear. "My wife mixes me up. I look at her and forget my words." She would take her dismissal as the compliment it was, and an added indication that they were meant for each other, since she feels the same way. In a big scene she would never want Vic around. "It would make me too self-conscience," she explains gravely.

Only twice did she go to the Grove to hear him sing. For the rest, she waited at home, because down there she had no one to sit with and Vic didn't like her sitting by herself. Nor does he much care about having her stared at, even when he's right beside her as natural guardian. In a restaurant, he'll sight some stranger giving her the onceover. Down go knife and fork. "Why is he looking?"

"He has eyes, he looks. Why don't you eat?"

"I can't stand him."

"You never looked at a girl before you married?"

"That's different. She wasn't my wife. Wait, I'll fix him." He shifts her so the stranger gets a clear view of her back—a trick which reduces Pier to giggles and restores her husband to perfect humor.

This is one of the games of love. Another was their ritual each night before he left. Pier would hang on to him tight. "You know what happens now? Little animals crawl round the windows. The wind goes ooh-ooh. There are birds with big eyes—owls. I don't like owls."

"Are you frightened?"

"No. For this reason I got the cat."

"Just the same, you must lock yourself in the bedroom. I won't go until I hear the click of the door. Are you locked?"

"I am locked. Goodnight. God bless you."

"God bless you." For however brief a parting, these are the words they use.

BETWEEN SHOWS he'd call her. "What are you doing?"

Obligingly she'd answer, "I just finished to paint the walls. Now I start the ceiling."

"Don't go to sleep. Wait for me. Watch TV."

"Nothing is on," she'd tease.

But she'd wait, even though forced to prop her lids open. For one thing, being locked, she'd have to wake up anyway to open the door. For another, Vic always brought home something to eat—like a big pizza. Besides, he'd expect to find a note on the bed and she couldn't disappoint him. "In Las Vegas I even put notes inside his soup and the ink came off. The soup he sent back, but the note with all its words washed away, he kept."

At length, hearing his voice at the door, she'd unlock it swiftly and scramble to hide, having left on his pillow the note which always said something original like "I love you," or, for variety, "So in love with you am I."

"There must be a woman in the house," he'd shout. "Where are you?" No answer. "I know you are here. I saw what you wrote. Is it true?" No answer if she could help it, though now and then a gurgle betrayed her. To encourage the gurgle, he'd open small drawers where even a doll couldn't hide. He'd startle the cat out of a sound snooze. "Where did you put my wife, you rascal, you?" Then he'd go hunting in earnest—behind chairs, in closets, under the dressing table. Sometimes she'd let him find her, sometimes she couldn't wait to fling herself into his arms. He'd fix lemonades and they'd talk and eat and talk. The lion's share of the chatter came from Pier, the lion's share of the pizza went to Vic, ravenously hungry since he never eats much dinner before singing. Finally they'd settle down to sleep. But the game wasn't over yet. From Pier a small whisper: "I hear a sound. Oh my goodness, maybe a man is upstairs."

Up rose her hero, arming himself with a golf club. Snug in bed, she'd shiver deliciously. "But I make believe," she confesses. "I know there are just the little animals crawling round the windows. And I laugh to myself because it is so funny and cute that my husband protects me with a golf club."

SHE HAS HER OWN ways of protecting him. Pier loves to go dancing. Dancing's fine with Vic, but a busman's holiday doesn't appeal to him. Earning his bread in nightclubs, he'd just as soon stay away from them when he can. On the other hand, his wife needed diversion. He promised to take her dancing on his night off. Knowing that he'd infinitely prefer to relax at the movies, her heart misgave her. Even more when she looked at him well and saw he was tired. To drag him to one of those places, to see the same people, hear the same noises—it would be unjust. "Let's not go dancing. I dance enough."

"Where do you dance enough?"

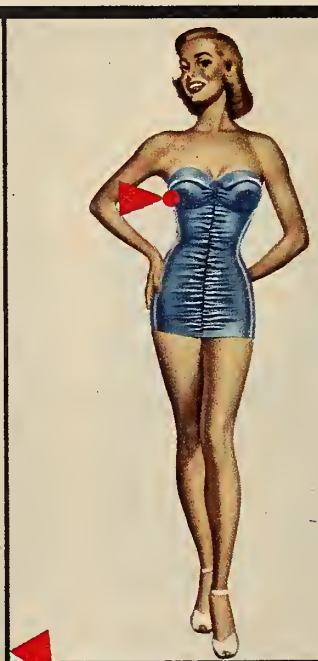
"At home. With Zip."

Zip is the first stuffed toy Vic ever gave her to add to her collection of stuffed toys. A large monkey, he wears red slacks and is very *simpatico*. When she's alone and feels like dancing, Zip is her partner.

"But he can't lead you," Vic objected, managing to look hopeful *and* doubtful at the same time.

"Then *you* will lead me. Before dinner, we put on your records and dance. After dinner we go to the movies. In marriage





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ART BY Amaro

advices they call it—what do they call it?"

"A compromise, and throw the advices away, you've got your diploma."

One night they saw *Young At Heart,* which gave Vic a revolutionary idea. "You're always down here in the bedroom, brushing and brushing. Why do you have to suffer so much with your hair? Why don't you cut it like Doris Day's?"

"Because I have a little face, I would look awful—"

"Sit down, I'll show you how you'd look." In front of the mirror, he combed all her hair upward. Though hardly a Guilaroff job, the result was short. "Sidney will do it better, but it's charming."

Unconvinced, she called two friends, who offered conflicting opinions. She called her mother. "You will look," said *Madre,* "like anyone else."

Vic took the phone over. "Why," he inquired subtly, "do *you* have short hair, and on you it looks beautiful!"

"Because I'm a lady."

"My wife is a lady, too."

"Your wife is a little girl."

He laughed and gave up. So Pier asked her maid, who solved the problem. "What does your husband want you to do?"

"He wants me to cut it."

"Then cut it."

Some agree with Vic about the new hairdo, others with *Madre.* Pier still isn't sure, but still considers her maid a very wise woman. "And if for my next picture, they like it long, there is time enough."

AS THIS IS WRITTEN, Vic's on tour. Before it appears, he'll be back in Hollywood, preparing for his role in MGM's *Jumbo.* The career-dragon, devouring so many marriages, won't find much fodder here. These young people, one born abroad, one in America, were reared to the same values—integrity of the home, faith to one's vows, and do as you would be done by. To protect isn't to dominate. Vic felt no wish to exact from Pier any promise to quit work. "If you want to act, act. I'll never be the one to say stop."

Which left her spirit unfettered. "How I will decide, it's too soon to say. But the good is, that my husband lets *me* decide. I want my baby, that she or he has a father and mother in the family, not only a nurse. But this is for later, and I have nothing to worry, knowing Vic will not push me here when I feel to go there."

ON THE SURFACE she bubbles like the child her mother calls her. Underneath, lie depths of maturity drawn from instinct and sorrow. "People sometimes, when they marry, they think this first rosy love is enough. It is not enough. With it one must be patient and understanding and without the ugliness of jealousy. You can never keep a husband by telling, 'Where have you been, what did you do?' It means they don't trust. Without trust, there is nothing. I know that Vic is my man. I wouldn't hurt him. I love him too much. We have both faults; how could it be otherwise? But we never go to bed with resentment, we never sleep without saying goodnight, God bless you. Everyone tells that the rosiness passes; I am too new a wife to say. Then let it pass. The roots grow stronger, as with my parents they did. And it will always be this way. I'll make it this way because it can't be another way."

The great eyes deepened and wistfulness shadowed her face. "I look young, but inside I am not young. "When you have seen war suffering, when you have had not too much to eat, when you have lost someone very dear, you don't forget. It makes the present more precious. You feel, not that the happiness *must* be so, you remember well how it could have been different, as for many others. You hold it like a little bird in your heart to keep it warm."

Ask her which of Vic's gifts she treasures most, and she'll show you her wedding band. This may be the way of the bride. But Hollywood's sourest cynic won't dispute the prediction that twenty years hence it will still be the wife's way. **END**

brighten the corner

(*Continued from page 57*) what you have read about me you may have formed a different opinion. But even young actresses have hearts, can be hurt, and want to be liked and loved for their true selves as well as for their film selves.

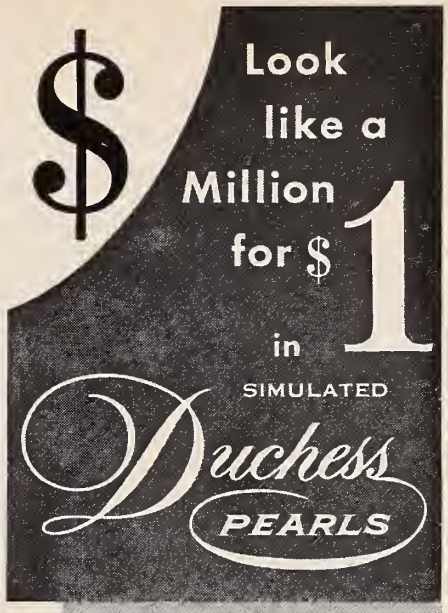
This is my feeling, and I have said that I have learned from experience and from my church. I was once asked if I didn't think I would be the same person even if I never had been close to my church. I had to reply that this could not be. It is true that I was born with my instincts and perhaps inherited a disposition to lean toward this or that view of life, but the mainstream of my thinking has come from my religion, and from this was shaped my character. The very words which come to my lips when I am confronted with a personal problem are words I have grown up with, words, as a matter of fact, which were familiar sounds before I was old enough to know their meaning.

I was a year old when prayers were first said over me. I had lobar pneumonia and an elder of the church came to minister to me when my condition went into a crisis. The story was told often in the family because in that same room in the Glendale Physicians and Surgeons Hospital there was a boy who also had pneumonia, but who was believed to be not so seriously ill and for whom no one prayed. He died and I survived. It was the kind of dramatic story that will stick in a child's mind, but beyond that, it established an unforgettable affinity between myself and the power of prayer.

It is not that I give proof that the prayer saved me, or that lack of prayer doomed the boy. One of the most powerful stories of prayer that I know concerns a twenty-six-year-old elder of our church whose sister had an incurable disease and found suddenly that he could not ask God to save her when he prayed. "I tried to say it, but the words wouldn't permit themselves to be spoken," he told us afterward. Instead he asked merely that her pain be relieved. And it came to me that the importance of prayer is not to be judged by a sort of box score of its results. One prays not for automatic blessing, but to be in communion—that is to say in harmony—with the spiritual. What warmer, greater satisfaction than this?

AS FOR THOSE things life has taught me, it didn't require major catastrophies to make an impression—small events did it very well. For instance, I got an odd lesson on the sin of selfishness when I was not yet ten, after I cheated my young brother out of a ride on a hay wagon during a farm vacation in Idaho. This was no great crime and I bear no cruel scar. But just the same, it led to some good thinking and to conclusions which are not forgotten.

There was only one place left to sit on the wagon. I plopped myself down before my brother, Wallie, could make a move, and as we pulled away I laughed at the disappointment in his face. Yet I, who laughed and won this small victory, have thought about this stolen (*Continued on page 82*)



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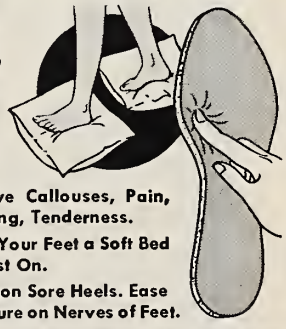
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HOWARD KEEL:

Some call him "Moose" and some call him "Puny"—and some call him younger than they ever dreamed he was!

■ The house in Gillespie, Illinois, where Howard Keel was born and grew up has a reputation for being indestructible. Even a tornado couldn't smash it. "Tilted the homestead a little," Keel admitted, "but it's still standing."

The six-foot-four, 190-pound star is rather like the family house. When it comes to meeting adversity, Keel digs his heels into the ground and squares his shoulders.

Friends claim that if he put his mind to it he could expand his forty-eight-inch chest, unleash his powerhouse baritone and shatter a water glass. In the same way, when pushed too far, he has shattered many an ironclad bugaboo.

He can be provocatively likable, eloquently charming and completely outspoken. Unabashed Howard admits that he once fell asleep at a Hollywood party when his eyelids outweighed the conversation. And he confessed that he was as homesick as a three-year-old during his recent trip to England. He has been nicknamed "the Moose," but close pal Louis Calhern calls him "Puny."

Just before a concert in Scotland he became pretty disgusted with himself. Here he was in Glasgow, scheduled to do two shows a day, and with a sandpaper throat. "I had been touring the provinces for six weeks and only seen the sun three days during that time. I had a bad cold and felt so lousy I thought I'd have to cancel the second show."

"You'll be all right," his accompanist reassured him.

"I sound like a frog trapped in a kettle," Keel admitted.

"Not to the audience. During the first show, they weren't even aware that you had a cold."

"Well," Keel thundered, "if they don't know it now they never will."

He walked out on the stage, did his act, plus three encores, and stood for one hour and three quarters signing autographs. When the management asked why Keel drove himself so, he explained, "I just got mad. I couldn't let that cold lick me."

When Howard gets provoked, he's a man of decision. A smoker for ten years, he made up his mind last summer to give it up. "It was murder, especially with my pipe collection staring at me every time I went into the den. Before I could weaken, I packed up the pipes and sent them to my uncle. That ended that."

Disciplining himself, his conscience resembles a top sergeant, but it melts like butter on a hot stove where his family is concerned.

Because the Keel family is so close, his wife Helen agreed she couldn't leave the children for seven weeks even though she wanted to accompany Howard to England. Yet, when the day came, and she was helping him pack, his shirts were catching a steady deluge of tears.

Howard tried to cheer her up and finally said, "Doggone it, if you're going to be such a blubberpuss, I'm going to give you a surprise."

He had been saving for it five months and never hinted he had been planning such a long-range project. In a few minutes the goodbye tears were replaced with smiles. "All I said," he grinned, "was, 'I ordered you a full-length mink coat.' "

Howard's statements have always been refreshingly frank and to the point. Even when he first came to Hollywood in 1936 and was living in a small rented room, he philosophized, "A career should be considered from a businessman's viewpoint." But if he has a problem along these lines, it's that he's overgenerous.

He took his mother's car to be repaired—or so he told her. When he returned, he asked her to go out and drive it around the block to make sure it was okay. When she opened the garage door, there stood a brand new Buick. His surprises are large-scale and have the appearance of being sudden. But like the mink coat, the car had been planned and ordered months in advance.

The one thing Keel doesn't sound off on—because he 's too amazed to do so—is the reaction of his fans. While signing autographs after the preview of *Jupiter's Darling*, a young girl blinked into the face of her idol, and blurted out, "You're so much younger than I thought." She then let out a shrill giggle.

When the singer arrived in Hollywood, he found hostesses were also amazed at his youth. They considered his experience on Broadway, and at parties had seated him next to bejeweled dowagers.

Today, Howard Keel has a satin-lined future. He has a beautiful wife, a growing family, a fourteen-room house and an MGM contract that keeps him in steak well into 1961.

With all this, you'd think he'd get heady with success. "I may have felt my oats when I got my first stage break. I had a three-year contract with the Theatre Guild, but I learned that a contract carries with it certain responsibilities. Hard work has a way of puncturing the ego."

Keel enjoys this story on himself:

When he came home from Europe, he stopped off in his home town, Gillespie, to see his eighty-nine-year-old grandmother. There he saw an aged coal miner he had known as a kid and sat down on the front porch for a chat. It was obvious the old man didn't remember him.

Soon several other neighbors joined them. One of them asked the miner who he thought was the town's most famous citizen. "Well," answered the senior citizen, "the most famous one was John Dillinger." He paused. "Then there's another fellow named Howard Keel."



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(*Continued from page 79*) hayride a hundred times since, and never without a pang of shame; while my brother Wallie, who was disappointed and cried about it then, has never even been able to remember the incident! There must be something about illicitness that glues it to the mind. And that something can't be very good for one! The day I beat Wallie out for the ride I made a bad bargain, and ever since I have always been wary of making any quick profits in my relationships with other people.

I learned something, too, the very first time "fame" ever interfered with my life. I was only twelve years old when I was signed for my first movie, *Maryland,* starring Brenda Joyce, John Payne and Walter Brennan. And I darn near lost every girl friend I had in the school as a result of it!

You know how girls in their earliest teens develop a sort of mass taste; how they will all like the same thing at the same time—a new crooner, a fashion fad, a saying? And, of course, it is important for a girl to feel she is part of the group (individuality comes later!). I can remember that we used to fall for the same boy together, and switch from him to a new one all at the same time and chatter the same reasons. So you can imagine my feelings when, one fine day, I found myself gradually being shunted to the outer circles of the gang and then being ignored by all.

I don't know whether I had bragged about being an actress, but I did trace the whole thing to my work in the picture. I was resented, and so bitterly that when it developed that the studio was not going to use my scenes in the picture, but scatter all my wonderful talent over the cutting-room floor, not a smidgin of sympathy did I get. In fact, when the news got around, the comments were equipped with claws:

"She lied, I bet. She never was in the picture."

"She was so bad in it they *had* to cut her out."

"They previewed the picture and found out the audiences couldn't stand her!"

And having hurt me thus, the girls didn't stop there, but went further—they refused to vote for a part for me in the class play, *Alice In Wonderland.* I, who always felt that I even looked like Alice; I, who had already acted on the radio and, yes, even in movies (though my part was left out) was not to be in the cast at all. I started out wanting to be Alice, and from this I slipped down the scale of roles until I was willing to play anything. But all parts were allotted by class vote and they allotted me nothing! I went home crying.

When I reported to mother I probably had the thought of doing something against the girls in retaliation. But the first thing mother did was to lead me into a discussion of our church's interpretation of the Bible in a search for observations and findings which would apply to my case. Examining the lives, the experiences and wisdom of the saints soothed me and lent me a strengthening courage.

"Disappointment and heartbreak make character," mother pointed out. By this time she didn't have to urge against any words or action of spite on my part in school. It was clear that I would thus be indulging my worst side and wasting a wonderful opportunity to improve myself. "If you follow the line of least resistance," as our church elders tell us, "you become as crooked as the river which does the same."

I went back to my class in a mood of humility, yet I had strength, too. I didn't feel that my future in the movies was over because I had been cut out of my first picture. And I didn't feel that my school days were to be forever friendless. I can best describe my attitude by saying that I looked as if I were at peace with myself—and I was! It's something you can't fake and you must get the strength and inspiration for it from spiritual sources.

I can tell you that it had a magic effect. It not only dispelled the girls' dislike for me but seemed to engender in them an eagerness to show their good sides to me. It worked so well that when the teacher assigned me to do a between-the-acts recitation at the *Alice In Wonderland* play (with my brother Wallie assisting) the girls still remained friendly although we turned out to be a genuine hit.

I HAVE ALWAYS believed I would be a success. And I still do. But I mean as a person, not as an actress. To succeed professionally is fine, but to have real friends, to be well-rounded and to be liked best by those who know you best is to me the difference between really living and just pretending you are living! I pray I'll never change.

We say in our church: "Pray as though everything depends on God. Work as though everything depends on you."

I have studied this a thousand times, and it always has clear meaning—if I break God's law it will break me. God's law runs not only through the books and sayings of the church, but through my whole life. It is remarkable how much comfort I get out of knowing this. When I am criticized on false charges—and I have been!—I don't fall to pieces or go around proclaiming my innocence. I don't have to do that to keep my peace of mind, my self-respect. Knowing that my salvation depends on me, I make sure always that my prime relationship—between my God and myself—is a close and understanding one. If I succeed here I cannot fail elsewhere!

Frank Sinatra played the villain in "Suddenly," and Pearl Bailey wonders if Frankie did it so people will speak of him as a "heavy."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

I know perfectly well that some who profess to be friends are not truly friends; but this does not mean that friendship must die. I have been taught not to let another's mistake become mine. If they are mistaken in not liking me I must not make the same mistake and dislike them! To my belief the time of hell is when you look back on your life and see the better person you could have been.

Perhaps I give the impression that because I have a set of rules to live by I am perfect. It's not so, of course. I err, sometimes knowingly, sometimes unconsciously, but less and less as my relationship to my faith strengthens with the passing of the years. When I know, as my church tells me, that there are no successful sinners in this world, there is little likelihood that I will sin. When I know that there is only one worthwhile victory in every person's life—to enter eternal life—it isn't so hard to give up all the small victories that can be had by overlooking one's principles. When, by living my religion instead of just sporting it as a label, I get an immense inner satisfaction, I know I am on the right path—and for me there is no other path.

I SUPPOSE THAT to many people I don't sound at all like the person they have thought me to be. That's only because no one ever asked me before about my faith; I mean as a subject to write about. But many of my friends (most of them, as a matter of fact) have put questions to me about it in conversations. You know, if you are a singer and you sing well, people interested in singing will ask you who

your teacher is. For the same reason, if you seem to be a happy person people who are interested in happiness—and who isn't?—will often probe about trying to know what your secret is. They are a little unbelieving sometimes when I tell them it is my church, but almost always they have become convinced if we have talked on.

I remember an Army sergeant in Korea asking me about this, and with his questions there began a conversation which lasted for hours, practically, and then had to be carried on by mail after I got back home. And almost every boy I have gone with has not only attended my church in Westwood, but a number of them have become members of the congregation. I know because I never miss a Sunday when I am in Hollywood, and I see them there.

You might be surprised to know what sort of subjects come up for talk at movie parties. I can tell you, for instance, of a Saturday night when we gathered early and went on until five o'clock the next morning, at which time the whole crowd—which included Jane Russell, Rhonda Fleming, David Brian, Connie Haines, Peter Potter and David Street—drifted over to my house to finish the discussion. What were we so deeply engrossed in? Answer: the origin and significance of baptism! If you don't think it is absorbing, read about it in the Bible.

I don't suppose anything is as interesting to us as the spiritual side of our existence, provided we take the time to think and talk our way deeply enough into the subject. And it's worth taking the time. In fact, not to do so is perhaps to miss knowing ourselves as we really are! A famous English astronomer, the late Sir Arthur Eddington, once said that the only actual difference between men and beasts could never be measured by any material means. Both were animals and in many ways remarkably similar. But there is this distinction which man enjoys alone—man is he who asks the question.

Who am I? What am I? Where am I? Where will I be? I have asked. And I have been answered. **END**

(Terry Moore is appearing in 20th Century-Fox's Daddy Long Legs)

poor but happy

(*Continued from page 50*) thirty-two-year-old Judy Garland herself.

Judy, as you probably know, is nervous and temperamental. When the news about Sid hit the headlines, people expected hysterics of her. Instead Judy was unruffled.

"I tell you," she says, "when I'm pregnant, I'm completely happy. No matter what, I feel wonderful. I sit and eat. I never worry about my weight. I'm really relaxed.

"When I'm not pregnant and I have to worry about my diet, I get terribly nervous. Dieting is tough for me. It's always been tough. But after this baby comes, you have my word. I'll get down to 110 pounds and stay there."

Not a word about her financial condition. Not a word about the fact that Judy threw most of her hard-earned money into *A Star Is Born*. Not a word to indicate that *Star* might prove to be a financial loss.

Judy is looking at the world through rose-colored glasses. At the Academy Awards nominations dinner, she sighed a little when *Star* was not even nominated for the best film production of the year. But she was thrilled to her very toes when she won a nomination for the best performance by an actress.

"How do you feel about it?" she asked. "I feel great," she asserted. "But I really



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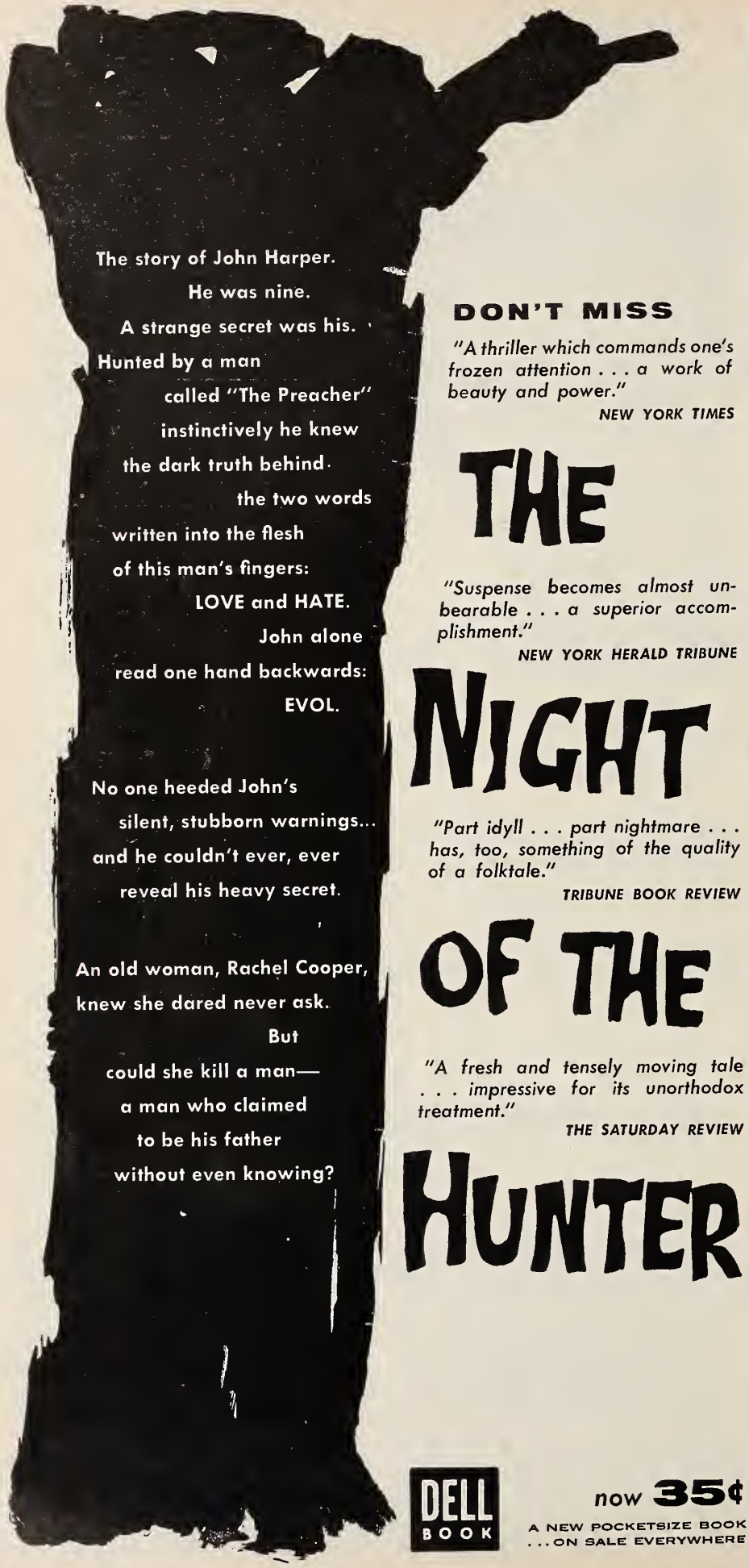
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think Grace Kelly will win the Oscar. Did you see *Country Girl*? Wasn't she just wonderful in it?"

"She was great, but most people seem to think you'll win. Your performance in *Star* was magnificent."

"I hope so," Judy said. "I sure could use it."

BY THE TIME you read this, the twenty-seventh Academy Awards will have been announced. If Judy has won, there will be great rejoicing in her home. If not, there will be great rejoicing anyway, because her third child will have been delivered via Caesarean section on April 8. Either way, July will be a winner.

"If it's a boy," she told me, "we'll call him Josh. If it's a girl, we'll name her Tina. Sid and I will love any child that comes along. Sid's son John plays with our two girls around here, so the way I figure it, we've already got one boy in this family, anyway."

In some Hollywood quarters, it's been suggested that if Judy doesn't win the Oscar, she might never make another movie.

"I can't tell you," one of her associates confides, "how much of her life and energy and money she put into *A Star Is Born*. It took almost a year, $6,000,000, five different cameramen, three different camera processes, and an endless list of struggles.

"Judy is a perfectionist, and in this business perfection costs money. In addition she knew that her husband's career as a producer was riding on the picture, too. That's why she gave it everything she had. She made a lot of retakes while she was pregnant. And it's lucky that her pregnancies are easy. No morning sickness.

"If she doesn't win an Oscar, I'm convinced that she'll be so discouraged that it'll be another five years before she tries another film."

This associate was asked what Judy would do for money if she made no more films.

"First of all, Judy has been offered scads of dough to star in a television series. Sid was back in New York kicking the deal around with NBC. No doubt he'd be the producer of such a series. So long as Judy can sing, there's no money problem. That's why she doesn't worry about it.

"My own opinion is that all she'll get out of *Star* is her house. She bought it from Hunt Stromberg and had it completely remodeled. I guess it cost her $200,000. The dark wood walls have been bleached to a lighter shade. The bathrooms have been completely redone. Walls have been added and subtracted. It's a beautiful place right across the street from Lana Turner's. Judy loves it."

JUDY IS VERY MUCH in love with her husband. Although the wise guys said the marriage would last about ninety days, it seems to be more secure than ever. The reason for this is Judy's boundless faith in Sid.

"I can't tell you how bright he is," she maintains. "He's a wonderful father, a considerate husband. And he understands me perfectly. He's just right for me. He beats in my own particular rhythm. We're what you might call very well mated.

"I know when we started *Star* lots of people around here said, 'What does *he* know about picture making?' Well, Sid showed them. He knows a lot, and I'll tell you this. I don't think I'd ever make another picture or do any sort of show without him to guide me. He's a swell guy and I'll always listen to him."

These are the words of a young woman who has finally found herself, a young woman with hidden resources of inner strength. Judy is a girl who was counted out five years ago. They said she'd never make it again, never return to stardom.

She fooled them, and she attributes her comeback largely to her husband's faith.

"Sid kept telling me," she says, "that my career wasn't over, that it had just begun. He was so right. He took me through the dark times, and I'll never forget that."

WHAT BROUGHT on the dark times, anyway? Judy, understandably, dislikes looking back. What she went through, all the horror and sadness, is something she blocks out.

The answer probably is love, unhappy love. That was the villian in her youth. She fell in love with David Rose, the composer. Dave was twelve years older than Judy. She hadn't known many boys before him. One was Barron Polan, a youngster assigned by Leland Hayward to squire Judy to parties and other Hollywood functions. When Dave proposed marriage, Judy, all of nineteen, quickly accepted.

The marriage was doomed from the beginning. It was difficult to tell who was more temperamental, Dave or Judy.

Then came Vincente Minnelli, the artistic MGM director who had guided Judy in *Meet Me In St. Louis.* This marriage was blessed by the birth of Liza, now nine. But not even Liza could save it. Mentally and physically exhausted, Judy started taking sleeping pills. She thought this might be the answer to overwork, too much weight, her squabbles with the studio, her falling out of love with Vincente. It was the answer to nothing. It led to despair and estrangement from her mother. It led to a nervous collapse.

When Sid Luft moved into Judy's life, the typical movieland reaction was that the brown-eyed little singer was all washed up.

No one expected Sid, former private secretary to Eleanor Powell, a pilot, a race track entrepreneur and a former husband of Lynn Bari's, to revive in Judy the will to entertain.

THE POWER OF LOVE should never be underestimated. With Sid to guide her, Judy made her comeback in London, then New York, then Los Angeles.

It must be said here that the funds for the comeback were supplied in part by the William Morris Agency, Abe Lastfogel directing. Neither Lastfogel nor William Morris represents Judy today.

In June of 1952 Sid and Judy were married. Then Lorna was born. Simultaneously, Sid began working on a comeback vehicle for his wife.

He wanted to remake *A Star Is Born* into a musical. But David Selznick who had made the original production had already sold the film to television. In fact it was being telecast every Tuesday and Thursday. A producer named Edward Alperson had the rights.

Luft went to see Alperson. They formed a partnership, Transcona Corporation, and the film was pulled out of TV. A release deal was made with Warner Brothers and playwright Moss Hart was hired to do the new screenplay.

There is no point in rehashing all the trouble that accrued to this production. Suffice it to say that Judy proved to everyone that she has what it takes.

"I know," she says, "that I've been blamed for all the production delays on *Star.* I know people said the picture took almost a year to make because of me. Let them make me the heavy, but the truth is there were a lot of factors that slowed down the production.

"CinemaScope was pretty new at the time. In fact we scrapped a month's film before we even started to shoot in CinemaScope."

But in time, *A Star Is Born* was finished, and pregnancy notwithstanding, Judy,

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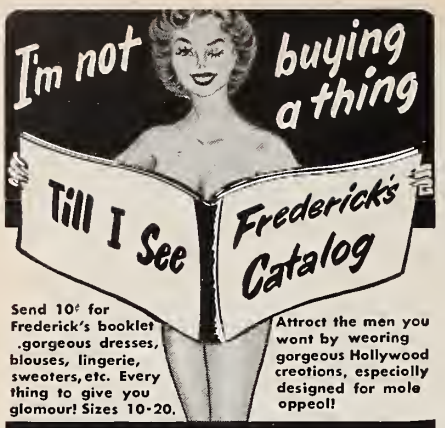
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many months ago, went on the road to help sell it. The picture cost so much that it very likely never will make any considerable profit. The foreign returns probably will tell the story.

There is no doubt, however, that it is a great picture. Once and for all, Judy proved to the doubting Thomases that she can sing and act superbly, that if anything, her talents have multiplied. She was so great in *Star* that she doesn't know how to follow it.

Rodgers and Hammerstein have suggested that she play the Mary Martin role in the film version of *South Pacific*. But in Judy's words, "I really don't know what I'm going to do after the baby comes. That is, about my career. Sid and I are going to be very careful. We're certainly not going to rush into anything."

Right now, however, Judy is more interested in childbirth than any other subject. If she produces a son, friends jokingly suggest that she name him Oscar.

The chances are very good, however, that by the time she meets the stork, Judy will have already won an Oscar. Certainly she deserves one, not only for an incomparably memorable performance, but for courage and determination.

Win or lose, Judy Garland has won back the public. **END**

how long can it last?

(*Continued from page 40*) *The McConnell Story.* She's edgy and jumpy.

Between pictures she has gone on location with Richard, shopped for and decorated their new house. And most important of all, she has changed her way of life to include her stepdaughter Ellen, and her half-brother, Arthur Peters, twenty-one.

Ellen and Arthur came to live with the Powells this year. What this means is that June has a houseful of children ranging in age from four to twenty-one. Managing such a household is a wearing job.

Ellen Powell, at sixteen, is entering the problem years. Arthur is a medical student. Pamela and little Ricky see their mother much less than they'd like.

The Powells have about seven in service, plus four dogs, two cats and two horses. And it's June's job to see that the household functions smoothly, a job she insists upon fulfilling even though it's taking its toll in temperament.

Dick works hard on his various enterprises all day long—he has just finished editing *The Conqueror,* an outstanding film he directed last summer—and when he comes home, he likes everything to be in order. He wants his Scotch and water, his seat by the fireplace, and a few minutes of relaxation.

The trouble is that June, omitting the Scotch and water, wants pretty much the same things. After a day's work at the studio, she's tired, too. But then there's the house and the four children.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "Richard and I haven't had very much time together. That's why this Sun Valley vacation will be a very good thing."

ORIGINALLY, June and Dick planned to hire a tourist cabin in Ketchum, a small town near Sun Valley. June was going to cook for her husband. It would be another honeymoon, idyllic and peaceful.

"It's not that June doesn't cook well," Dick later explained, after he canceled the cabin routine. "It's just that we thought Sun Valley Lodge and the hotel service would be a little more appropriate for a vacation."

June and Dick are both pretty good skiers, because they are both supple and light on their feet. Originally a dancer, June surprised the Sun Valley ski instructors by learning how to slalom so quickly.

There's a story about their skiing that's told around Hollywood with great relish. When the Powells went to Sun Valley a year or so ago, June bought the most expensive clothes and ski equipment. She also hired the best ski teachers.

Dick thought it was all a lot of nonsense. But he's a camera bug, and likes to run family motion pictures, so he hired a man to take movies of him and June skiing down the mountainside.

When the movies were developed they were sent to Dick in California. One night he ran them off at home to the accompaniment of explanations and wisecracks.

"See that figure coming down the mountainside?" he asked his children. "See that figure with her skis spread a mile apart? See that figure who looks as though she's ready to fall head-first into the snow? Well, that's your mother after five hundred dollars' worth of instruction!"

The figure Dick was talking about was rather fuzzy on the film. Once the camera moved in for a close-up, however, the figure Dick had lampooned turned out to be himself!

The family roared. Actually, Dick is a better skier than June but not by much.

"Another season on skis," says Leif Odmark, a Sun Valley instructor, "and Mrs. Powell will be very good. She has rhythm and grace. She's come a long way."

JUNE ALLYSON has come a long way in other ways, too. Ten years ago when she became Mrs. Richard Powell, she was scared stiff. She was shy, insecure, frightened, completely dependent on her husband. She knew nothing about housekeeping, nothing about personnel, nothing about budgets. It was Dick who did the hiring and firing, Dick who chose the furnishings, Dick who paid the bills.

June was ashamed of her background and avoided probing interviewers. Interior decorators reported that she had no idea of what should be in her home.

Lovingly, Dick used to refer to June as, "my little idiot wife." He judged her scripts, gave her his advice, tried to bolster her courage and inflate her ego.

It has been suggested that subconsciously June resented her total dependence on Dick. If so, she never showed it.

Until lately she always has let him make the major decisions. She didn't want to star in *The Stratton Story.* Dick said, "Don't be foolish. With Jimmy Stewart you'll be a big hit." Dick was right. He's been frequently so.

A little over a year ago, June said that she was tired of the stories MGM was giving her. She wanted to quit. "Only I lacked the courage to free lance. After all, I'd been at Metro almost ten years. My contract had been renegotiated twice. The studio had been kind to me, but I knew I couldn't go along forever playing opposite Van Johnson.

"Richard said if I felt that way, I should quit, that I'd have no trouble getting work as a free lance. I was hesitant. He told me to put my foot down. I listened to him and I left the studio. I've never been happier in my career.

"I've had the most wonderful offers. I've worked at Paramount, Warners, 20th, and I've been able to choose my own stories."

In one of these, *The Shrike,* in which June stars opposite José Ferrer, she plays for the first time a bit of a "heavy."

"Richard didn't want me to play in this picture," she explains, "but for the first time I disobeyed him. I said, 'I want to

play it.' And that's just what I did."

Before June and Dick left for Sun Valley, June gave her first dinner party. "It was the first time I arranged everything myself—ordered the food, arranged the guest list and so forth." The party was for Harold Cohen, a Pittsburgh screen critic, and it came off beautifully. June was tremendously proud of herself. "I knew I could do it," she said proudly.

Friends say that the quarrels in the Powell household have resulted from June's declaration of independence.

It has taken her ten years to mature, but now her personality is coming to the fore, ready to assert itself. June has found confidence. Her relationship with "my Richard" has changed to one of equality.

Being the kind of husband he is, warmhearted, understanding and considerate, Dick Powell thinks June's growth is a very good thing. For years he has been telling her that she has absolutely no reason to suffer from feelings of inferiority.

"You've got looks and talent and ability," he once said, "and you can do anything you set your mind to!"

June realizes, of course, that she owes her character development to Dick, that it was he who brought her out. No one, for example, was happier than Dick when June insisted upon furnishing their new home herself. She picked the decorator and together they did a magnificent job.

Rocky Graziano once appeared on *What's My Line*, as the Mystery Celebrity. The experts were blindfolded and tried to guess who Rocky was. Finally, Louis Untermeyer asked, "Are you a pugilist?" Rocky blinked, consulted John Daly, then answered: "Nah—I'm just a fighter." *—Paul Denis*

JUNE HAS REACHED the point where she is ready to assume all her wifely responsibilities. She is giving the orders in her house. That goes not only for Rick and Pam but for Ellen and Arthur as well.

When she has something to say, she wants Richard to listen to her as an equal, not as a precocious child feeling her oats.

Not too long ago, the Powells had a quarrel in public. June left the table when she felt the tears coming to her eyes. She went out, ordered a cab and went home. Next day, it was all over. But again, June had demonstrated her independence.

It has been hinted of late, that June's new success has given her a rate of growth faster than Dick's. They say, "Junie is outgrowing her husband. It's just a question of time before they begin to differ about major things. After all, she was elected the number-one box-office star of 1954. She's coming along fast."

Dick Powell is the mastermind behind June's new success. June is the first to admit that. Dick knows every avenue of show business. He started as a saxophone player and crooner. He graduated to master of ceremonies. He was a musical comedy star, then a straight actor. He organized his own radio programs. Presently he became a director, producer and president of three show business corporations. He is also a wonderful father, a charming host and a shrewd businessman.

Would June ever give all this up? She was once asked that question. Her answer: "I would sooner give up my right arm. The most important thing in my whole life is my husband. And he always will be!"

It looks as though the Powell-Allyson marriage will last a long time. Each of the participants has much of what the other needs, wants and loves. **END**





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jeff richards

(*Continued from page 49*) night?"

"Oh, out for a cruise."

"Are you nuts?" cried his neighbor. "Don't you know storm warnings are up?"

"Is that so?" replied Jeff innocently. "Guess I just didn't see 'em." Then he went below to sleep.

Luckily for the cardiac conditions of some Hollywood executives fifteen miles away at MGM studios, that typical Richards stunt didn't travel beyond the rows of pleasure craft bobbing safely up and down at anchor. Luckily, that is, because that solitary, thrill-hunting sailor is pretty precious cargo at MGM right now. In fact, around the lot they're calling Jeff, "the next Clark Gable."

Now, that's a tag pinned hopefully on every new movie hero with muscles and a dark beard for the last twenty years—everywhere around Hollywood except Metro. The King was always king in Leo Land and that was that. But now that Gable doesn't work there any more, Jeff Richards looks like just the boy to fill the empty footprints he left behind. That is, if Jeff will stay alive and in one piece which, you might have guessed, is always a question.

Besides living dangerously, Jeff looks, acts and even talks like Clark. He's tall, dark and brutally handsome, with a rocky jaw, beetling brows, a reckless grin and deep brown eyes that send out that old devilish Gable beam. Last New Year's Day when a bevy of Pasadena Rose Princesses toured the MGM lot, the cuties quivered, "Oh, can we met Mr. Richards?" One cried, "He's so fascinatingly scary!"

Jeff Richards laughed when they told him that. He doesn't figure himself a menace to anyone except possibly himself. Like Gable, he's big, rough, and thrilling to see—six feet, three, and 210, with shoulders like a longshoreman, which he once was, snake hips like a sailor, which he was for three years, and the lithe, graceful get-along of an athlete, which Jeff's stretches as a pro baseballer confirm. Underneath though, just like Clark, he's a gentleman not inclined to toss his weight around unless it needs tossing. Then he can handle what occasions arise.

The other night Jeff strolled out of a Hollywood cafe where he'd bandied jokes with the waitress only to run into a roundhouse right to the jaw from her boy friend. In seconds, the boy friend was out cold. Later, he looked up Jeff, saying he wanted to thank him.

"Thank *me?*" puzzled Jeff, who was expecting something more like a knife in the back. "Why?"

"For not killing me," explained the boy, with real gratitude, "and for knocking some sense into my head."

RIGHT NOW the only people Jeff Richards seems certain to slay are a few million maidens all over the land—with his next picture, *The Bar Sinister.* It will be his thirteenth movie but that's not worrying Jeff a bit, nor his bosses either. They've had "more Jeff Richards!" yelps from exhibitors for months and sentimental fan mail for Jeff. Those sure signs began back with *Big Leaguer,* kept ballooning through *Code Two, Seven Brides For Seven Brothers, Crest Of The Wave* and *Many Rivers To Cross* until they finally made Jeff a star in *The Marauders.* In all of these epics, Jeff Richards had hair on his chest but never a girl in his arms. That sad situation will be emphatically corrected with the sock 'em, love 'em and leave 'em job Jeff undertakes next.

All this second coming of Gable talk got going after Jeff was summoned by a desperate Metro director named Herman Hoffman, who was puzzling a mystery almost to the point of collapse. Why, oh why, he pondered, weren't there any primitive, young, straight-slugging lovers around Hollywood any more? Like—well, the old Clark Gable of *A Free Soul, China Seas* and *Boom Town.* Why were all the new heroes so neurotic? Were raw meat Romeos extinct? Hoffman had a star's part ready to roll and no one to fill it. Then Jeff Richards strolled by like a walking answer.

You'll see the results when *The Bar Sinister* hits the screens this fall. But after Herman Hoffman watched Jeff cuff sexy Jarma Lewis around the set like a punching bag, mop up the floor with what was left, then bring her to life with a kiss, he heaved a happy sigh. "Ah-h-h-h-h," said he, "at last a star who's not mental—just *el*emental!"

Wendy Barrie was interviewing Marlon Brando on her TV show. He was wearing a T-shirt, sneakers, one white sock and one blue and red sock. He stretched, scratched himself and yawned incessantly. Finally the interview was over and Miss Barrie offered him a gift watch, saying, "Keep this watch in the box. I don't want the ticking to keep you awake."
—Paul Denis

His studio boss, Dore Schary, calls him "the most virile young star on the lot." But, as Jeff's sun rises, so also does a headache. The trouble is, Jeff's just not geared for Hollywood glamour.

Jeff is a lone wolf, shy, remote and shrinking from the spotlight as it begins to bear down. He dwells all alone on this boat of his, without even a phone.

In five years at MGM Jeff has gotten around to one annual première, consented to a publicity date with exactly one starlet, and seen the inside of Mocambo once, six years ago. He declines all Hollywood party invitations politely, doesn't own a tux and drives an old DeSoto. Half the stars at his studio don't know him. His buddies are the set workers, one of whom owns a ranch in the remote Cuyama Valley where Jeff goes off for weeks between jobs and lonesomely rides fences by himself. The one big Hollywood star he knows intimately is Humphrey Bogart, on whose yacht, the *Santana,* Jeff often crews, but they never talk pictures. When Herman Hoffman suggested that Jeff take his *Bar Sinister* script along one week end and have Bogie give him some knuckle-lover pointers, Jeff was horrified. "I couldn't do *that,*" he protested. "He's my friend!"

Part of Jeff's reticence can be traced to his own lowly estimate of himself as a Hollywood figure. And part of that stems from the fact that until lately he wasn't really sure whether he wanted to be a Hollywood figure or a baseball player. Jeff himself explains his rugged isolation by the fact that he's sweating out an unfortunate divorce that's keeping him broke. But what really augurs a stubborn tug-of-war is the more basic fact that he's been a freewheeling maverick almost from the day he was born, and he's not likely to change.

THERE WERE SEVERAL reasons why Richard Mansfield Brooks, as he was christened thirty years ago in Portland, Oregon, early acquired the independent custom of calling his own shots. He had restless French-Irish-Scotch pioneer blood and the northwest was a wide open land where most people did as they pleased. But the best reason of all was—he had to.

When Jeff was only five, his father, Carl

Brooks, dropped his mechanic's tools one day and just disappeared. That left his mother, Beryl, with no means of support and three children, a situation complicated by the rock-bottom depression.

Jeff remembers clutching his mother's skirts as she stood wearily in the bread lines of Seattle, where they had moved. He remembers heatless, waterless and lightless stretches in their paint-peeled cottage. He foraged in the woods with Clyde, his big brother, for firewood, and scrounged around markets pinching wilted vegetables for his little sister, Margaret. An aunt contributed clothes and, by taking care of other kids as well as her own, Jeff's mother made ends touch. Two years later she married an oil plant superintendent named Ernest Taylor and the pressure eased. But Richie never forgot.

While he had a warm house to live in and plenty of food from then on, proud Richie Taylor found a stepfather setup chilly. "I respect my stepdad for the obligations he took on," as he puts it today, "but maybe he didn't have much understanding—or maybe I didn't." Jeff kept on foraging like a coyote cub throughout his boyhood, going after what he wanted on his own and in his own way. Sometimes it was right and sometimes it was wrong.

Once, raiding a cherry orchard outside of town, the cops grabbed him with loaded gunnysacks and hauled him in to the station. "They scared the pants off me before they let me go," grins Jeff. "But they never did find out where I lived. I figured that wasn't my folks' headache, but my own."

IN MORE CONSTRUCTIVE adventures Jeff was just as self-reliant. He cleaned out garages, mowed lawns and peddled magazines, bought old bikes from junk shops and made them work, hammered together his own racing "bugs" for the soap-box derbies. He never asked for a nickel to finance his Saturday kick, playing hockey down at the Civic Ice Arena from five A.M. until the place closed. That and a dozen other sports built that lean-muscled body. "If there was any game I didn't play, I don't know what it could have been," he says.

He started football scrimmage on vacant lots and played center on his high school team, began basketball arching an old volleyball through a rusty barrel hoop over his shed door and later, while he was in the Navy, coached the game. But the real sports love of Jeff's life was baseball. It has been ever since the day at six when he happened to bump against the radio and tune in a Seattle Indians game. His mother explained what was going on and since then the crack of wood on horsehide has been like a siren serenade to Jeff.

HE WAS PLAYING semi-pro ball at fifteen, and never doubted for a minute what his future would be—the big leagues.

When he was down in Florida on location three years ago, making *Big Leaguer*, Pitcher Carl Hubbell, the Yankee immortal, watched Jeff work out on the training camp diamond, and wagged his head in puzzled wonder. "Whew!" he whistled as Jeff scooped them up one minute and slammed them over the fence the next. "What the hell are you doing in movies? You're not acting—you're playing big league ball! How come you aren't in the business?"

"That's a long story," answered Jeff, which by then it was. "Just say I missed it." But he remembered a Brooklyn Dodger offer and a New York Yankee one, too—and he felt a pang that reached way back. Jeff is sentimental about baseball because that and his other athletics were the things he first starred at. Jeff's sports prowess was the one thing that made him feel important. At studies he was so-so and socially he says he was a pretty sad apple.

There was nothing wrong with him— he liked the girls all right, and they liked him. Rich Taylor's chiseled features and his powerful physique attracted them, but his native standoffishness and antisocial fix made him a bumbling figure at parties, where he lurked in the corners awkwardly, refusing to dance. He didn't dance, in fact, until he was in the Navy.

THE MOST DISTASTEFUL chore Jeff has had in Hollywood was dancing in *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*. One circle dance group gave him the hots and colds until he decided just to be natural and caper clumsily around. Luckily, the result was so comic that director Stanley Donen kept it in.

All this distaste for social graces does to Jeff Richards today is keep him out of Hollywood's clip joints, but back then for a spell it routed his adolescent group instincts to the wrong side of the road. When he was seventeen he teamed up with a bunch of rowdies at Lincoln High who called themselves "The Boozer Boys Club." The tag was mostly juvenile braggadocio, justified by mild beer-busts now and then. But the BBC was hardly a Sunday School outfit.

The members were all toughies and they all wore cords, riding boots, T-shirts and a looping brass chain with a bottle-opener at one end. They had officers—president, treasurer and even, incongruously, a chaplain! Jeff was secretary. They hammered a clubhouse in his back yard out of an old garage, fixed it up to sleep eight, and proceeded to raise the roof generally.

Jeff's interest in the Boozer Boys dwindled when war struck and he had a chance to earn some real money longshoring on the Tacoma docks packing flour, sugar sacks and lumber into holds day and night on week ends. Sometimes he'd earn $25 on a Saturday.

But what snapped him out of this harum-scarum phase for keeps was a real club with very different ideas to impart —the U.S. Navy. Richard M. Taylor got his greetings in May, 1943. It was his senior year and he received his diploma in advance and left for Camp Farragut, Idaho. By that time his club was famous all over Tacoma. As he registered, a secretary spotted his brass chain. "So you're a Boozer Boy," she said. "I think your next few years in the service promise to be very interesting!" They were. But *really* interesting. For a guy who was fighting insecurity, that made all the difference.

IT DIDN'T HAPPEN in one easy lesson, of course. There were a few things a black sheep like Boot Taylor had to learn. The hardest was discipline. On his looks

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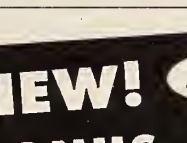
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they made Jeff platoon leader. But he lost that because he was too easy on the men and grumbled at petty officers' orders.

Luckily, Jeff had something the Navy could use. As a kid he had tinkered with radio sets, and at Lincoln High he'd specialized in radio classes. When he took an Eddy Test, his score was tops. They shot him to Chicago and pre-radio school, on Randolph Street, only two blocks from the Loop. It was there that Jeff had his first contact with show business. Mayor Kelly's town kept a big hello and welcome mat out for G.I.s everywhere. Jeff took in the nightclubs and girlie-girlie shows, although at the USO dances he still played wallflower. But the idea of being an entertainer himself never entered his butch-cut head. He'd never even been in a class play. The only play Jeff longed to make was short to second to first.

So, it was heaven on cleats for Jeff when, after primary school at Texas A. and M., he landed at Corpus Christi, Texas, for secondary radio-radar training. There were eight air bases scattered all around Ward Island. And those bases were loaded with big league baseball players in khaki—really greats like Johnny Sain, Sam Chapman, Eddie Sylvester. As shortstop on the Ward Island nine, Jeff played a game almost every week. The pros told him, "Say, Bud—you've got big league potentials—if you'll just stick with it."

JEFF HAD TEAMED UP with pretty Pat Sunden in his last year at Lincoln High for about the only gentling influence to offset the Boozer Boys. They had been writing, so on his first eighteen-day leave Jeff hitched down to Long Beach where Pat had a defense job. "Well, everything was swell," he recalls, "except that Pat was already in love with another guy!" Jeff rescued the situation with her roommate, though, and volunteered one day to go up to Los Angeles for some Yugoslavian light fixtures the landlady had ordered.

But when he called by the store, the clerk said, "It'll take me two hours to dig those things out of the storeroom. Want to wait or come back?" Jeff allowed he'd come back. He ducked into the Hollywood USO, latched on to a movie studio tour and pretty soon found himself inside Paramount watching Betty Hutton knock herself out. Someone else was rubbering at the rugged good looks of Sailor Taylor even more intently—a studio talent executive named Milton Lewis. The Hollywood he-man shortage was getting pretty desperate about then.

When Lewis inquired if Jeff was interested in pictures he got only an embarrassed snort. When he pressed, "Got a few minutes?" Jeff said he had more time than money. So he was trotted around to the Paramount brass that afternoon. They wanted to make a screen test the next day but there Jeff balked. "I've only got three days' leave left," he explained, "and I got plans for those." They made him promise to come back after he got out of uniform and not sign anywhere else. He said, "Oh, sure, sure."

"But frankly," Jeff remembers, "I thought those people were all as crazy as coots!"

So he pushed the insanity out of his mind, delivered the light fixtures, kissed the girls goodbye and hitched back up to the base—and baseball. Because wherever he went Jeff kept his slinging arm limber. The only post-war future that glittered for him was on a dusty diamond. At Astoria, Oregon, where V-J day ended his training, and at Tillamook where he stored planes, Jeff kept in training on service nines. And when they were still processing him out in Portland, he hiked in his Navy blues to the Portland Beaver field and begged Sid Cohen, a relief pitcher, for a workout. He was so sharp that every pitch Sid delivered Jeff sent over the fence. He did the same thing next day and the manager wasted no time signing Taylor on as a rookie, farming him out to the Salem Senators as a shortstop. "I walked out of one uniform right into another," marvels Jeff. But as most movie sagas prove, Lady Luck takes some very strange shapes. Jeff's was a trick cartilage in his knee that he had torn coaching basketball at Tillamook. He poked out two-for-three in his first game with Yakima, but he gimped around the bases. Frisco Edwards, the manager, broke his heart. "It's a shame to drop you, Taylor. Build up that sore knee and come back next year." But by next year Jeff was in Hollywood—although for a long time he wondered why.

It wasn't any burning urge to express himself that sent Jeff back down south but something much more elemental, like a growling gut. Out of baseball for a year and his dreams clobbered, Jeff had no racket to fall back on except mending radios, but he's not the type to hunch happily over a workbench. That's when he thought of this crazy studio offer. "I figured I had nothing to lose," he says, "and a job was a job." He had money enough for a bus to San Francisco and thumbed from there. Paramount took him.

FOR THE NEXT six months, besides drama lessons when he got around to them, about all Jeff did was play ball with the Paramount Cubs. He had so much time on his hands that at twenty-two he enrolled at USC on his G.I. Bill of Rights, showing up at the studio once a week to collect his $150 pay check. A studio strike slowed things down and they dropped him.

That might have been the end of Jeff's Hollywood saga, because he'll confess stars didn't dance in his bright brown eyes—not then. "When you have things plop right into your lap," he reflects, "you don't appreciate them at all." A contract at Warners plopped right after Paramount let him go and just as easily. He even drew more dough—$250 a week. But it was the same story: nothing to do there—six months and out. Even after that Jeff picked up $100 a day every now and then playing lifeguards, football players and flyers. The check was all that interested him.

. . . They're saying the re-run of *Medic* will be called *Relapse*.
Leo Guild in The Hollywood Reporter

Jeff Richards was happier at USC than around any studio. He pledged Sigma Chi, moved into the house, played interfraternity ball (his pro record kept him off all varsities) thumped a bull fiddle in a swing combo, studied business administration. He liked it all so much that he'd occasionally tell his brothers, "I'm going to quit this picture stuff altogether."

It took a girl again and a job to change his mind. And paradoxically because he didn't get either one.

The girl was a beautiful blonde Delta Gamma named Eleanor Pastori. Jeff tumbled like a load of coal on his first blind date, made it a steady twosome and in his third college year got engaged. About the same time a big Los Angeles dairy company picked him out of 200 applicants for executive training—with enough starting salary to support a wife. But it fell through at the last minute and with it Jeff's marriage plans. He was so discouraged he broke off with Eleanor, who soon got married and left him holding a large, illuminating torch. What the light re-

vealed to him was, as Jeff says, "that I'd been treating my Hollywood opportunities in very immature fashion." The business world wasn't a bit easier or more secure.

IN THIS CHASTENED state, Jeff met exactly the right man. Vic Orsatti is a Hollywood agent who used to play ball with the St. Louis Cardinals, and his brother Ernie starred with the Chicago Cubs for eleven years. A fraternity brother took Jeff out to Vic's house one night and the pep talk worked. "You can make the grade if you'll take it seriously," Vic argued, "but it's like baseball—you have to train long and hard before you make the team." Jeff walked out as Orsatti's client and two days later he was in Louis B. Mayer's office at MGM. After a test, he signed his third studio contract on the strength of his good looks.

They take the long-range outlook at Culver City, which is just the view Jeff Richards needed. Like a baseball club, MGM operates on the slow and steady buildup for rookies.

Jeff started with a low salary, $125 a week, and a brand new name, Jeff Richards, because with Bob Taylor, Liz Taylor and Don Taylor on Metro's list, the place already sounded like a garment district. He began grimly repeating, "How now, brown cow," with diction coach Gertrude Fogeler and making clumsy entrances and exits for drama coach Lillian Burns. Both frankly told him, "You need a lot of work." Five years later, they agree, "Jeff is ready for big things."

They broke him in playing a policeman in *Tall Target,* and the eight lines Jeff spoke weren't deathless gems. If you saw *The Sellout,* you might have spotted him as a truck driver, and as a bombardier in *Above And Beyond.* It was all slow and easy. A lot of times Jeff hid his sex appeal behind black whiskers and rough clothes. He gained confidence with three naturals for a bona fide ball player in *Kill The Umpire, Angels In The Outfield,* where he played in the outfield and *Big Leaguer,* which broke him into the Hollywood big league with a respectable third baseman part. *Code Two* was a frank B-quickie, but Jeff drew a lead out of it with Elaine Stewart and learned so much that the Boulting Brothers picked him to go to England for *Crest Of The Wave* with Gene Kelly. Before he got back, MGM had ace writer Dorothy Kingsley penning a special part for Jeff in *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*—and that really sent him rolling along at last, although it didn't exactly build up his ego.

Besides the ignominy of having a singing voice dubbed for him, and all that trouble with dancing, Jeff Richards was pretty miserable batting around with a lot of dancing boys and girls, his head spinning with arty musical jargon and choreography chatter on the set. Luckily, another maverick was around to prop him up. "I don't think I'd have got through it without Howard Keel," allows Jeff. "He talked my language and set me straight."

ALL THIS TIME, nobody has been able to bend Jeff Richards an inch closer to what his buddy, Keel, calls, "Hollywood fol-de-rol." For a long time Jeff lived with some USC pals in a shack at Venice on the beach, but that was really just a taking-off place for the yacht harbor. Jeff bought his first boat, an eleven-foot sailing dinghy, five years ago. Next, he rebuilt a Lightning Class sloop from the hull up, then traded it in on the twenty-six-foot PIC sloop where he sleeps today. Jeff's wild cruises aren't as reckless as they seem, because he's a well-seasoned sailor. He has crewed with Bogart on a lot of rough, blue-water races and with the nationally known racing sailorette, Peggy Slater, too. He still studies navigation at night, chips, paints and varnishes every free day "around the house," because that's what his tub has been to Jeff since last November when his marriage broke up.

Jeff met pretty Shirley Sibre down in Cypress Gardens, Florida, a year ago this spring, on a publicity junket that turned into a whirlwind honeymoon. Shirley is a professional water skier from Miami, and for once posing didn't irk Jeff's retiring soul. All he had to do for a couple of weeks was skim over the waves with Florida's shapeliest mermaids perched on his bare shoulders while shutters clicked. He married Shirley four weeks after he first hoisted her up on his shoulders.

He brought his bride back to California, but right away there were a lot of rivers to cross. "What we found out," Jeff explains it shortly, "is that we just didn't know each other. There was a blank wall between us." They tried to get acquainted for five months in a Manhattan apartment, but no charms worked. Shirley flew back to Florida last November and Jeff went back to the boat, this time "purely as a matter of economics."

With lawyers' fees, court costs, separate maintenance and eventually a formidable settlement picking his pockets, Jeff frankly states that he's too financially flat to do much besides what he is doing right now. This April the divorce comes up and he'll know how things stand. But the unhappy experience hasn't soured him.

"Sure, I get lonely down here," he confesses. "A man needs a woman around. Right now I can't afford to take one out to a decent place. But, I'd give my eye teeth to meet the right girl and get married again."

MEANWHILE, JEFF RICHARDS is comfortable in his loneliness and, after a fashion, happy. When the sun dips past the yardarm he opens a can of beer or has a Scotch straight, strolls ashore for his inevitable rare steak. Then he climbs aboard to puff one of his thirty pipes, delve into his stack of history, geography and nautical books or catch up on the batting averages. Sometimes he scuffs his sneakers up and down the wharf chinning with the other skippers.

But as the Hollywood heat turns on him, Jeff knows he'll have to give in and change residence sooner or later. "I'd like a little house of my own," he says, "where I could rig up a hi-fi set and hammer around the place. But I'll settle for a dressing room at the studio if they'll let me move in when I'm working." He'd like a lot of other things, too, he'll admit—like sports cars to tear around in, guns to hunt with, a ranch someday, a bigger boat and, of course, that wife who will be a real companion in all this.

There doesn't seem to be any reason why he won't get them. Because nothing succeeds like success, and with his own progress most doubts Jeff Richards had about acting are slowly evaporating. "Now that I've got my foot in the door at last," he muses, "I like it. It's a fascinating business. You never know where you are until you're there, of course, and you've got to keep hitting. But you could say the same about baseball, couldn't you? I want to be a professional performer now—but I'll never be an actor's actor. The way I figure, I'll always be just a personality."

Those words have a familiar ring. If so, it's because somebody else said them almost twenty-five years ago—another big, rugged, elemental he-man who went his own way in Hollywood and made the world love him for it. He's still around, too, and doing all right, although he'll never see fifty again. It worked for Gable. It can work for Jeff Richards, too. END

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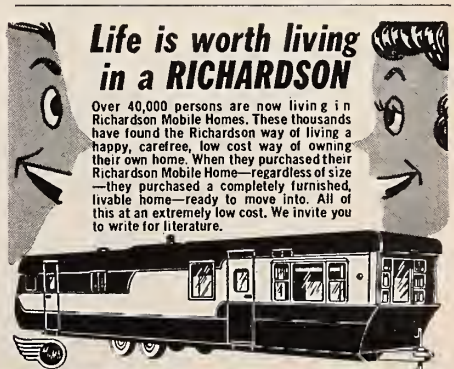
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jane's fracas with the french

(*Continued from page 43*) construction. It's entirely possible that she would redecorate the interior of someone's doghouse if nothing else were available, and she's not going to be robbed of her role in this project.

"And on that same lunch hour," continued the friend, "you are going to do your charity work, squeeze in a recording session or two, and see those four million friends you've been complaining about never having time for?"

"Don't argue with the timetable," Jane said.

The friend retired. "Yes, Jane," she said meekly. For which conciliatory answer Miss Russell turned on her and snapped, "Stop treating me like a child!"

Carmen Cabeen, Jane's stand-in for close to ten years, is inured to anything that might be reported in this vein. "You just have to get used to the way she thinks. Her mind is cluttered up with people and personalities, and essential things make no impression at all. She might have thought about you all day yesterday and not say more than hello today. Or, while you're with her, she may make three important dates to be at different places at the same time; she expects you to stop her. One of the things she always says to me is, 'If I were with somebody as stupid as me, *I'd* remind her of things!' "

She needs reminders—which anyone with built-in radar could supply. On a typical day, supposedly neatly arranged, this is what Jane did. She was up at seven to breakfast and play with the children. At noon, wearing pedal-pushers, carrying a make-up case and mink stole, she departed with a friend, announcing, "I don't know when I'll be back."

They had lunch at a restaurant in San Fernando Valley, from which Jane forgot to retrieve her mink stole. When that was recovered, they went to Emeson's, where Miss Russell was half an hour late for a dress fitting, and there she forgot her make-up kit. They went to the Russfield office, so that Jane could countersign some checks and call Emeson's about her make-up kit, and as she was ready to leave, secretary Margaret Martinez handed her a Manila envelope with the admonishment, "Now, for heaven's sake, don't lose it."

Jane didn't say what was in the envelope. She planted it on the front seat and said, "Don't let me forget this."

They were only an hour and a half behind schedule, Jane having an appointment with Bob Thiele of Coral Records to discuss two new sides she was to cut. "Should I take the envelope?" asked Jane's friend as they sprinted from the car.

"No! I'd leave it in the studio for sure!" Jane sat on a stool, went over the new arrangements with a pianist, muttered, "Oh, marshmallows," and then went off to answer a phone call. She was back on the double. "Hey," she shouted to her pal, "come on! We're late to rehearsal for the Police Benefit. The girls are on their way over to pick us up; we'll leave my car here." From here the plot is obvious. The girls—Connie Haines, Beryl Davis and Rhonda Fleming, with whom Jane makes up a best-selling quartet for charity—picked them up and zipped off to the auditorium for rehearsal. Jane had no sooner greeted the orchestra leader than she turned to the friend, whose feathers were dragging from the pace they had maintained all day. "My music!" she said accusingly. "You left my music in the car."

Exasperating, yes. But it's at a time like this that you get the Jane Russell bug. Not when she's doing a feverish movie scene; she's almost always ornery during a production. You get the bug when you watch her, head thrown back, eyes closed, belting the daylights out of a song because singing is a part of her. Or, when someone else is rehearsing a number and you suddenly miss Jane. Looking around, you see her in the very back of the vast, darkened theatre, dancing alone. Not showboating, just dancing, because there's a beat and her feet can't keep still. Then she's happy, somehow released, totally different from the Jane who greets her friends with such a somber "Hi" that they suspect her of wishing they would all drop dead.

MOSTLY THESE suspicions are quite wrong, of course. That's just the Old One's way. But sometimes, every now and then, they are quite right.

In France, for instance, Jane was not what you might call happy. The sum total of her experience abroad would appear to be the successful completion of Russfield's first independent production, *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,* and four of the most homesick months of her life.

Example: Having been exposed to the charms of Paris before, Jane became increasingly disenchanted with director Dick Sale for his insistent, "You've *got* to see this place we're taking you tonight!"

"He and Mary always wanted to make a night of it," Jane lamented, "and the idiots just couldn't get it through their heads that I need ten hours of sleep. They dragged me from place to place, with me complaining every inch of the way. And Dick saying, 'Why, you'll still have five hours to sleep!' "

John Carradine, reading Shakespeare at the Blue Angel, treks back to Hollywood soon for Cecil B. De Mille's epic about Moses. In it he plays Moses' half-brother. Explains Carradine, "I'm too thin to play a whole brother."
Barry Gray in The New York Post

Those first eight weeks, spent in Paris and Monte Carlo, were rough, quite apart from the abuse of Miss Russell's sleeping habits. At times Jane began to suspect the entire French nation collectively of wanting her to drop dead. Not true, of course, but possibly close.

Jane started off on the wrong foot with the French and was too tired and homesick to bother about getting back in step. When she and Carmen flew into Paris, they found it bitter cold and wet. No exterior scenes could be shot, and the studio they had hired wasn't ready for interiors. Having worked out at Universal-International up to the very day she left, Jane felt she could well use the three days of rest that lay before her. But, unfortunately, she found herself in conflict with one of the innumerable French eccentricities—to wit: they do not turn on the heat before October, regardless of the temperature. The Parisiennes may not mind that, but Miss Russell was chilled to the marrow, racked by a cough, and was, as always a pioneer for the preservation of creature comforts. She remonstrated gently with the hotel management, which remained polite but adamant. Provide heat in September? An absurdment!

This was the moment someone chose to tell her that she should appear at some public function or other. Jane turned stone deaf and did not regain her hearing until a friend from the American Embassy said that the sun very often shone in Deauville while rain fell on Paris. Within the hour she and Carmen departed for a week end in Deauville.

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That was, to put it mildly, a goof. When they returned, their horrified Embassy friend met them, newspaper in hand. "Do you know what you've done, girl?" he demanded. "You've only insulted the entire French nation, that's all. Do you know what this headline says? 'Jane Russell refuses key to the city!' That's a very great honor and, as far as I know, this is the first time it has ever been offered to an actress—and you go off to Deauville. Why didn't you *tell* me?"

"Oh, fiddledeedee," answered Jane. (Well, it's possible that that's what she said.) "I thought it was some publicity thing, and I couldn't be bothered. Besides," she countered reasonably, "what do I want with the key to a city where they let you freeze to death?" She would have accepted the key to the hotel furnace.

THERE WAS ONLY one way left to fracture the French ego, and the Old One did that, too. It had to happen that the Dior "flat look" was unveiled during her stay in Paris, and it figured that the press would fish for the Russell reaction. Jane was baited and she bit off a mouthful.

Despite the headlines it was not in the nature of an international incident. Thereafter, Carmen reported, "They just ignored her. The French didn't understand Jane."

She could've gotten a bad press from it. Said the blockbuster in her blandest voice, "I wouldn't know. I can't read French."

All Jane wanted was to go home. She worked on the picture with such ferocity that the assistant director, an Englishman with a bristling red mustache, called her the Black Bull of the Pampas and suggested she take up mule skinning if she ever retired from acting. She worked and, when the day was over, she huddled by the fireplace in the hotel suite she shared with Carmen and Boyd Cabeen.

"That weird place! The walls were hung with dark, brocaded tapestry; both Boyd and I hate overhead lights so we used nothing but candles. The French thought we were crazy and the Americans who visited us always did a double take; it looked just like a den of iniquity."

WITH ALL OF the glamorous activity of Paris going on in the streets below, the Old One sat by the fire and dreamed of home. She was so lonely that the appearance of Bob Waterfield precipitated an outburst that nearly startled him out of his wits. Normally, if she sees someone dear to her after an absence of a year or two, Jane can work up something really demonstrative—like, "Hi." It had only been a month since she had seen her husband, but this was different.

"The day Robert was due, I couldn't concentrate on my lines; I kept watching the clock. He came straight to the studio from the airport, and when I saw him I just grabbed him and started bawling. I never do things like that. Poor Robert. He held me off at arms' length and said, 'What's the *matter* with her?'" Jane loved the guy, and Robert understood her even if the French didn't—that was the matter.

BUT SHORTLY thereafter, the production moved to London where, unaccountably, the reserved British public took Jane to its collective heart with an enthusiasm that more than compensated for Gallic indifference. She couldn't leave her house on Belgrave Square without attracting a fascinated, but mannerly, mob. Her chauffeur, Miller, who came with the car provided by the studio, explained the mystery of guineas, pounds and shillings, accompanied Jane into stores on shopping expeditions, stood by every hour of the day. The Italian couple who constituted her household staff were equally solicitous And at the studio? "They certainly never

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City_____ State_____ Age_____

had seen anything like her," one of the company said, "but they loved her."

When her customary untrammeled bellows rang from the rafters there, her proper little hairdresser went around reassuring the crew, "Its only the way she expresses herself," Jane brimmed with self-expression.

"You should see this poor little publicity girl," Jane wrote to a friend in Hollywood. "She comes pussyfooting in every morning with her little list of 'do's' and 'don'ts', and I let her have it before the first sentence is half way out of her mouth. She really scurries." They all scurried until they learned the harmless nature of the sound and the fury, and then, to their huge enjoyment, they found that they were shouting right back.

It was nice to be liked, but it still wasn't home. The last few days when the picture was winding up, Carmen reported, Jane threw temperament around like Confederate money. "She picked fights with everyone. She wanted everyone to be so mad at her that they'd want to get rid of her, so she wouldn't have to stay one extra day." They couldn't get very mad at her, but they let the girl go home.

EXCEPT THAT she didn't get there. A submarine première of her latest RKO picture, *Underwater*, had been arranged to coincide with Miss Russell's arrival from Europe, and though Miss Russell knew about it well enough, she wasn't about to go to Florida. Having arrived in New York of a morning, she had a reservation on a plane leaving for California that night and meant to be on it. The trick was to avoid talking to anyone connected with the studio, so every time the phone rang, Jane said, "I'm not here," and walked out of the room so it wouldn't be lying.

It might have worked, but Carmen got tricked. "We were expecting a call from someone else at a certain time, so I answered the phone. There was no operator saying Hollywood was calling; I just said hello, and I was talking to Edie Lynch at the studio. So I had to get Jane."

The RKO publicity department's Mother Lynch is a persuasive talker, but this time she bent the Old One's ear to no avail.

"No," Jane said. "I'm going home to see my kids."

Edie talked on. This première meant a great deal to the studio, it was a personal project of Howard Hughes; the press was being flown in from all over the country, it was going to be a spectacular do—but only if Jane put in an appearance. Otherwise, the whole thing would be canceled.

"All right, I'll make a deal with you." Jane was at her most sullen and uncooperative, which only happens when she's justified in feeling that way. "If you can get Robert's permission and have the kids flown here tomorrow, I'll go to Florida. You'd better call me before plane time tonight, though, because if I don't hear from you by then I'm coming home."

Neither of them entertained the slightest expectation that Bob Waterfield would consent to having Tracey and Thomas flown to New York. After all, Jane had already been gone four months, and a few more days wouldn't make any difference. That was the way he would reason, being a logical man—and that's the way Jane counted on his reasoning.

But Robert can throw logic to the wind as well as the next guy. Not that he does, very often. You get comfortably used to the idea that Bob Waterfield is sane and sensible about impulsive notions. And then he throws you a curve with his warm understanding of the impulse.

Edie Lynch called him and repeated Jane's ultimatum, bracing herself against a possible atomic explosion. Instead of which, Robert mildly said he'd call his mother and see if she could take the children to Jane.

It was a nervous, fidgeting Jane Russell who met that plane the next morning. Four whole months she had been gone . . . they were such babies . . . suppose they didn't even recognize her. Did they?

"Aaaah!" Pride and inhibition fought it out on her face, and pride won in a broad grin. "The minute they saw me, each one grabbed me by a leg and started hollering for me to pick them up. And them grown so big and fat that it would take a derrick to lift them!"

THERE ARE these beguiling quicksilver glimpses. She recently negotiated a new contract with Howard Hughes which guarantees her an annual income of $50,000 for the next twenty years. Hughes is an old, respected friend, the contract has been hanging fire for a year, and Jane's share of the loot could be delivered in bales even if it ain't hay. Is she dancing for joy? When she was congratulated, she said darkly, "Well, I don't know . . . I'm exchanging my freedom for security."

Probably she was thinking impatiently of the next Russfield production, *The Way Of An Eagle*. This is a project that has been close to her heart ever since Margaret Martinez wrote the original story some five or six years ago. Jane was under exclusive contract and hadn't a prayer of making the picture herself, but that didn't prevent her from knocking herself out on its behalf. She showed it to everyone who could be remotely interested; specifically, she induced Producer Harry Tatelman of one studio and Director Nick Ray of another to all but memorize it. Both agreed that the story was great, but neither was in a position to do anything about it.

What does one do with a great picture that no one is interested in making? If you're Jane Russell, you start casting it, of course. She saw a fan magazine picture of a guy named Jeff Chandler, and from that moment on he was her star. When she found a movie in which he appeared—Jeff did what amounted to bit parts in those days—she dragged Margaret off to inspect him. "Let's find him," Jane suggested. "I want him to read the story."

Somebody at Universal *thought* they had an actor by that name under contract, but he might be anywhere. It turned out he was in Hawaii.

"By the time we found him, I'd have called if he had been in China. I don't know why his wife didn't divorce him then —she couldn't have believed that an actress he'd never met named Jane Russell was calling him all the way from Hollywood because she wanted him to read something nobody was ready to produce! Jeff sounded a little suspicious, himself."

THINGS ALWAYS WORK out if you bide your time, according to the Old One. Jeff Chandler became a star. Years passed and the idea of Russfield was born. Jane was asked to make *Foxfire* for Universal, and she did so on the condition that in return she could borrow her co-star, one Jeff Chandler, for a Russfield production. *The Way Of An Eagle*, naturally. To be produced by Harry Tatelman. Directed by Nick Ray with a brilliant writer named Ellis St. Joseph to do the screen play.

The wheel has come full circle, the story Jane loved so well will become a picture under conditions ideal beyond her wildest dreams. It is to be hoped. At the moment there is one final, infinitesimal stumbling block which can't be ignored. Ellis St. Joseph is in Hollywood, the stage is set, the players are waiting, Jane's timetable is prepared, but he has nothing to write a screen play from. Owing to circumstances which anyone who knows her could have foretold, Jane Russell has lost the original manuscript. **END**

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June, 1955

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modern screen

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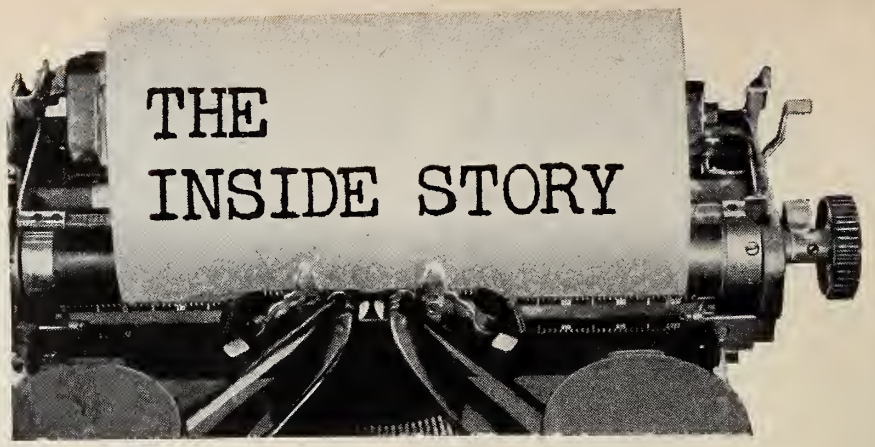
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Can you identify the lady (she's older than he) Montgomery Clift has been secretly visiting in New England?
—V.Y., NASHUA, N.H.

A. *Torch singer Libby Holman.*

Q. Why did Dominguín, the bullfighter, marry Italian actress Lucia Bose instead of Ava Gardner? I understand Dominguín was not married in a Catholic ceremony after all. That was supposedly the reason he didn't ask for Ava's hand. What is the truth?
—D.L., MADRID, SPAIN

A. *Dominguín's family objected to thrice-married Ava. Dominguín and Ava fell out of love last summer. Dominguín and Lucia Bose were married by a Justice of the Peace in Boulder City, Nevada.*

Q. Is there any truth to the rumor that MGM paid Liz Taylor's salary all through her second pregnancy?
—C.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Yes, in exchange for her granting a one-year extension on her contract time.*

Q. Is it true that Leslie Caron hopes never to return to Hollywood?
—R.I., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. *Miss Caron is in Paris, playing the lead in* Orvet. *Her contract at MGM has four more years to run. She hopes to play it out.*

Q. Is it true that Olivia deHavilland's mother is Japanese?
—L.J., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *Her stepmother.*

Q. Why does Marilyn Monroe have no close girl friends?
—G.K., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A. *Marilyn is basically shy, insecure, has never invited feminine friendship.*

Q. Why is it that Universal-International Studios has had such great success in developing actors like Rock Hudson, Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Audie Murphy and George Nader and yet hasn't come up with a single outstanding young actress?
—V.G., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *There is no explanation. U-I executives say it's a matter of luck. They are trying to build up some new actresses, too.*

Q. Who is older and who is richer, Sonja Henie or Liberace?
—H.K., DENVER, COL.

A. *Sonja Henie on both counts.*

Q. Why is it often denied that Bob Wagner's parents are wealthy?
F.L., PHILA., PA.

A. *It is generally considered not good publicity to say that an actor was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.*

Q. Is it true that Kirk Douglas recently fired the press agent who was largely responsible for his build-up?
—D.L., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. *Yes.*

Q. What is the relationship between Ann Miller, Bill O'Connor and pianist José Iturbi? —S.L., BUTTE, MONT.

A. *They are three good friends.*

Q. Is it true that former President Harry Truman has signed a movie contract and will shortly go to Hollywood to become an actor?
—G.K., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. *No. Mr. Truman has agreed to appear on a television program,* Person To Person, *sometime in May.*

Q. I understand that Mel Ferrer will not make movies in the future unless wife Audrey Hepburn is in them. True or false? —B.L., BRONXVILLE, N.Y.

A. *Ferrer has just finished* Oh! Rosalina *in London, opposite Ludmilla Tcherina.*

Q. Can you tell me which movie stars own gambling casinos in Las Vegas?
—E.L., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A. *Frank Sinatra and Tony Martin have financial interests in Las Vegas hotels.*

Q. What figure in show business is considered the greatest lover of all time? Is it Charles Boyer, John Barrymore or Frank Sinatra?
—D.K., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Authorities on the subject claim the honor belongs to French actor-playwright Sacha Guitry, now seventy. Guitry is married to a thirty-six-year-old beauty, Lana Marconia. Before her there were four other young and beautiful brides.*

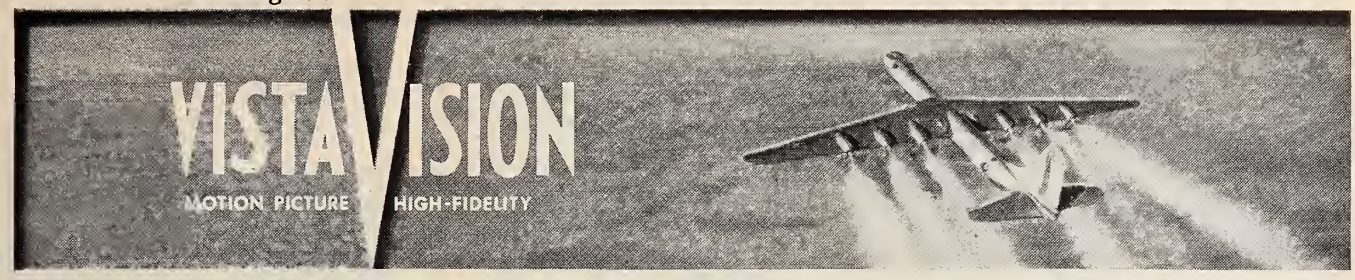
Q. What motion picture actress once played under the name of Elaine Peters?
—D.M., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. *June Allyson.*

Q. Is it true that Bette Davis shaved her head for *Sir Walter Raleigh?*

A. *Yes.*

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A Paramount Picture



When an argument gets hectic, should you—

☐ *Tape record it* ☐ *Break it up* ☐ *Take the laser's side*

One man's politics (or ball club or disc collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter—tactfully. Maybe with music; or a funny story; anything to change the subject and save the party from bogging down. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time, as well. For when you choose *Kotex**, you're getting the softness, safety, complete *absorbency you need*—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.



Quick way out of your hero's heart?

☐ *Confess you can't cook* ☐ *Kiss and tell* ☐ *Be a mamba maniac*

All those sweet nothings he whispered in her ear, last night . . . all cancelled, in nothing flat! Why? Because today a complete playback reached his blushing ears! Only a chrome dome babbles to her cronies. It's a fatal mistake. On certain days, you need make no mistakes about sanitary protection—not with Kotex. For this napkin can be worn on either side, safely; and you get special softness that *holds its shape.*



Is the longer torso line strictly for—

☐ *Beanpole stature* ☐ *Chubby centaurs* ☐ *Little middles* ☐ *Laughs*

That long, lean midriff look—got it? Better get with it, especially if your competition's hand-span waisted! Do bending, stretching exercises that pull in your tummy. And of course avoiding greasy or gooey goodies can help whittle your middle. At "that" time, too (even in a *slim skirted* dress) you can meet all eyes serenely—what with Kotex and those *flat pressed ends* preventing telltale outlines. Try all *3 sizes* of Kotex; learn which suits *you.*

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

As a man-about-town, Travis was the most. As a baritone, he's more!

EX-ESCORT



■ He used to be known around Hollywood as an escort to glamour girls, as a fiancé to Jane Wyman, as a builder, as Travis Kleefeld.

Now he's known in the same place as 1955's singing sensation, as a frequent date to Cleo Moore, as a newcomer with a chorus of famous voices singing his praises, as Tony Travis.

Dinah Shore heard his demonstration record at a tennis club and introduced him on her NBC shows. "I flip," she said. "This boy sings up a storm!" And Jane Russell said, "This boy has the sexiest voice to come along since Sinatra!" All of this by the time he had made his third record for RCA Victor.

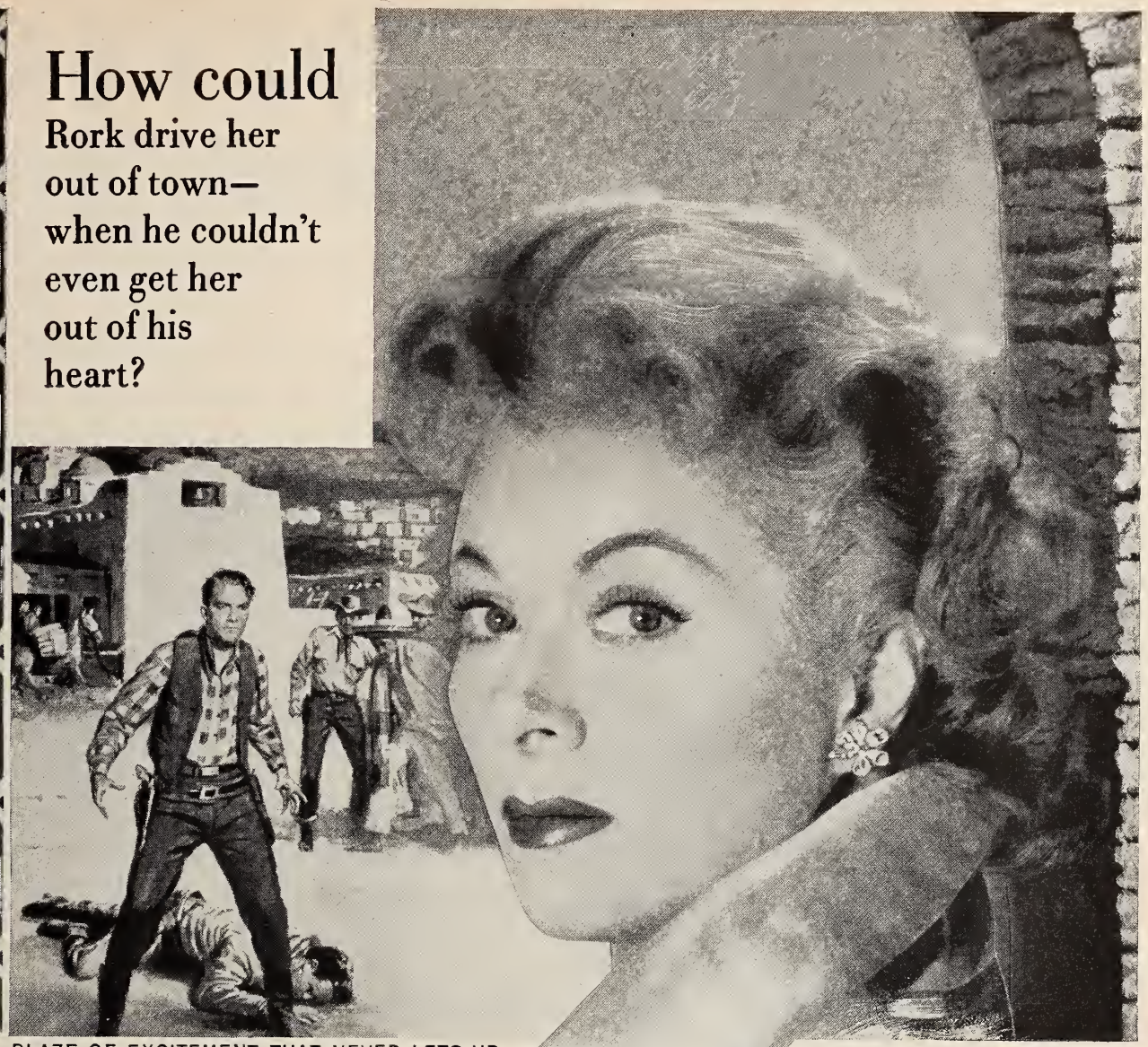
Tony Travis had played trumpet, tuba and drums at Beverly Hills High School, but he had no intention of becoming a singer. He had friends in show business, but no plans for joining them. He went into his father's construction business to stay. But people who heard him sing urged him to go into the profession. He didn't take the idea seriously until Dinah Shore heard his home recording.

Tony is six feet, one, weighs a well-built 160 pounds, has wavy black hair and hazel eyes. He sings—with a flair for phrasing—in a strong romantic baritone, and his current hit is the bouncy "We Oughta Be," backed by the plaintive "I'm Gonna Be A Long Time Forgetting You."

He has had only one bit in a picture, but 10,000 teen-agers in San Diego's "Hi Debbers" club picked him as the most exciting new singer of the year. "His S.Q. is terrific!" they said.

Swoon Quotient, they meant.

How could
Rork drive her out of town— when he couldn't even get her out of his heart?



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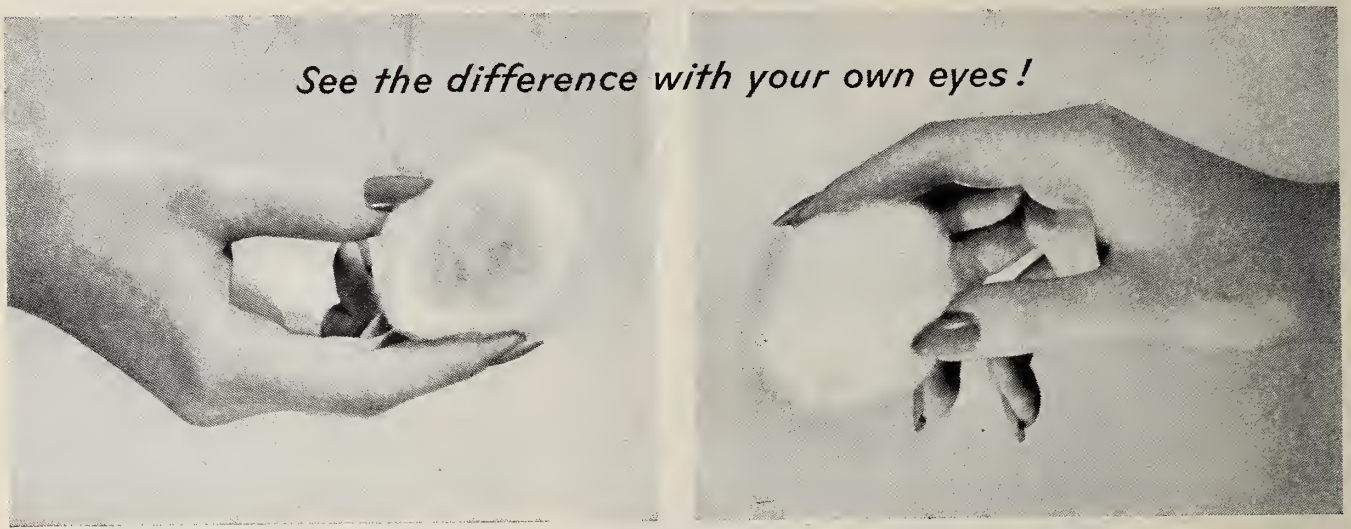
Hear the voice of FRANKIE LAINE singing 'Strange Lady in Town'

Story and Screen Play by FRANK BUTLER Music Composed and Conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin

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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood





Oscar-winner Marlon Brando applauds other winners at Academy Awards!

IN THIS SECTION:

Good news
Foreign press awards
Big day for Doris
I nominate Lucy Marlow
On my soapbox
The letter box



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

JUDY GARLAND WAS WIDE-EYED and laughing and talking happily ten minutes after her first son was born by Caesarean section at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital.

It was the morning before the Academy Awards were presented and Judy said, "I've got my Oscar, already!"

Judy and Sid Luft had just said goodbye to their dinner guests, Frank Sinatra, Lauren Bacall (Mrs. Humphrey Bogart) and agent Irving Lazar, when Judy said, "I feel kinda funny."

"Funny" is hardly the word for it. Three hours later, she gave birth to a five-pound, eight-ounce, bouncing baby boy. She had previously told me that if it was a boy she wanted to call him Joshua. But Sid said that sounded too much like a kid in an Eton collar.

"I want to call him Joe," Sid told me over the telephone. "He's the prettiest baby you ever saw." Whatever they finally decide on, Joe evens up the Lufts' children at two boys and two girls.

It's Judy's third Caesarean operation. "And they say a woman can have four," she said. Well, she has told me often that she's never so happy as when she's pregnant!

WHAT'S VERONIQUE PASSANI—the girl who won Gregory Peck's heart—like? Is she a rarin', tearin' beauty? Is she glamorous? Is she a siren? *No*—to every one of these questions.

She dresses very plainly, wears no jewelry and is not even a beauty. But she has something much better, intelligence.

Greg brought her to see me. Vera, as he calls her, wore a very simple dark blue dress. She doesn't watch her figure, doesn't diet. Her eyes are lovely—her best feature—blue, almost violet colored. Her nose is large, and her figure is not particularly slender in the accepted "model" sense, but there is something about her that is extremely likable.

I thoroughly dislike coy women, most of whom get that way after they capture a prize like Peck. Veronique is not in the least coy. She's very down to earth.

She and Greg stayed about two hours. We discussed everything. She knows where you can get wonderful antiques in Paris and the places that are not good. She knows art. She was on *Paris Soir* and other French newspapers and she talks with the air of an educated woman.

I believe Greg will marry her as soon as

Almost everyone in town turned



Gregory Peck was there to receive his award—as the most popular actor in the world! Maureen O'Hara helped arrange the presentations.



Just a little while before her baby was born, Judy Garland and Sid Luft spent an evening out with John Ireland. Judy looked so well and happy—but not half so much as she is now with the baby boy she and Sid wanted so. I'm so glad for them.

out for the Foreign Press Awards — given by the newspaper representatives of more than fifty countries!



Ann Blyth, with Dr. Jim, of course, looked so sophisticated with that startling new hairdo that I hardly recognized her at first!



It always makes me feel good to see Rocky and Gary Gooper together. In spite of the troubles they had in the past, they are right for each other.



Rock Hudson brought his best girl, Phyllis Gates. I hear Rock has taken out a few other young ladies—but Phyllis is far and away his favorite!

The reconciliation of the year took place when Jeff Chandler and his nearly ex-wife Marge called off the divorce. Jeff had been very lonely.





I'm on my soapbox to laugh and laugh and laugh

■ What I'm laughing over this month is these "inside" stories in self-dubbed "inside" magazines that the romance between Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher is a *publicity stunt*!

This absurd gossip gained momentum when Debbie and Eddie postponed their marriage date from early June until the end of June. The decision was made by the kids because they will be clear of all professional dates by late June and can enjoy without interruption the two months' honeymoon in Europe they promised one another.

If Debbie and Eddie aren't sincerely in love, neither were Romeo and Juliet.

I sometimes think this skeptical idea about them was born because I, a newspaperwoman, happened to be on a trip with them to Las Vegas when they were just beginning to fall in love and weren't yet sure whether it was real enough for marriage.

If you remember, I wrote a story about the beginning of this romance which appeared in this magazine. Later, someone sniped sneeringly, "If they are so sincere about their romance—how come it 'bloomed' under the watchful eye of a columnist famous for her scoops?"

What utter nonsense!

These two famous young people are deeply in love and, God willing that nothing unforeseen happens, they will become husband and wife in June.

he's free. Theirs is not one of those fly-by-night romances. He and Veronique have been seeing each other for a long time. She is the first and the only woman in his life since he and Greta parted and, Greg insists, she was not the cause of their separation. Their marriage was already almost over.

There are always two sides to every marital tangle. Only a man of Greg's stature couldn't and wouldn't tell his side despite all the gossip.

The fact that the Peck boys adore Mlle. Passani is proof that there's something very nice about her because you can't fool children.

I asked her the usual question, "What do you think about California?"

"It's amazing," she said, "to walk out of the snow and sleet and bad weather into this glorious sunshine." She wanted to sit on the patio and breathe in the sunshine. But even for a Californian such as I have become, it was a little too chilly.

"This is the only call we've made so far," Greg told me. "I promised you that when Veronique came to California I wanted her to meet you. I think two newspaperwomen should have a lot to say to each other." And we did.

AFTER THE JEFF CHANDLERS' reconciliation, I heard a very cute story about how it came about.

Seems Jeff was in the habit of dropping by his home to visit Marge and the children (it was happening more and more frequently) and this particular night was no different from other times he came for dinner.

Only, after the kids had been put to bed and he and Marge were sitting listening to hi-fi, Jeff suddenly said to his about-to-be-divorced wife, "How would you like to go up to Phoenix with me and watch the Giants work out?"

Marge gasped. "But Jeff," she said, puzzled, "that would look awfully funny, wouldn't it, with our divorce final in just a few days—and everything?"

Jeff said, "It wouldn't look funny, would it, if we told the world we are together again and that I'm moving back home? Would it, Marge?"

What happened immediately after that is very much Jeff and Marge's own business—but you know the happy outcome. From Phoenix, from the ball park, came the happy news that the Chandlers are together again—and will be remarried.

If only all Hollywood divorce stories could end like this one what a happy town this would be!

I SINCERELY HOPE that Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall have called off divorce plans by the time you read this. As of this writing, he's still living at the house and I can't help feeling somehow that Ruth does not want this divorce.

The rumors have been circulating about Ruth and Morty for well over a year. They had a big and loud argument in front of Chasen's one night. But the next day, both were laughing it off, saying, "Name us a married couple that doesn't have a battle now and then."

Let's hope their sense of humor returns be-

When Doris Day reported to Metro for the first time, the whole studio turned out to make her welcome!



The studio police were the first to say hello when Doris drove onto the lot.



The picture was Love Me Or Leave Me, *about the singer, Ruth Etting.*



Dodo and director Charles Vidor looked at Ruth Etting's scrapbook.



Producer Joe Pasternak went over sketches of the sets with Doris.



Then Doris ran over the music with musical director Johnny Green.



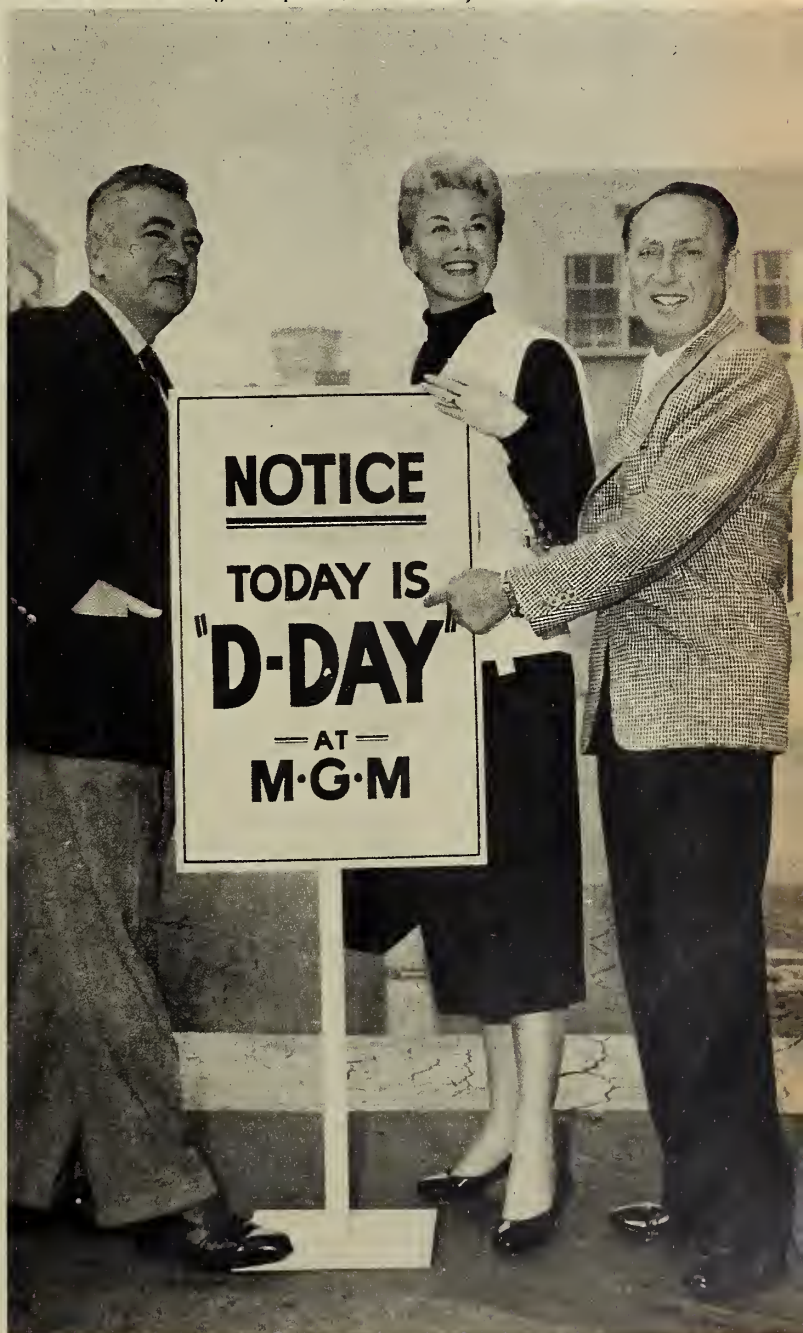
Designer Helen Rose showed Doris drawings of the 1920-style dresses.



Then Dodo joined husband Marty Melcher for lunch at the commissary, said hello—and goodbye—to Stewart Granger just before he left for India.



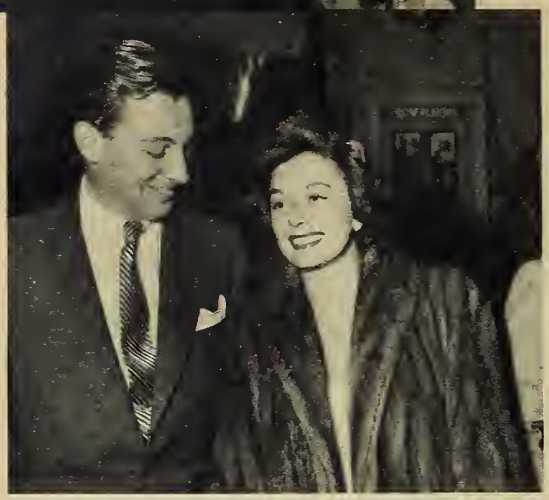
Jane Powell came over to say hello and good luck to a fellow-songstress. Everyone on the lot was so friendly to Doris, who just beamed all day.



And she got such a big kick out of the sign Pasternak and Vidor had had put up! It really shows how much Dodo is liked by Hollywoodites.



Hollywood was a happy town despite illnesses this month; I saw s



Ruth Roman and her husband Mortimer Hall have been talking about divorce, but I hope they won't go through with it. They haven't been fighting lately, I believe.



Brenda Marshall is certainly one of the best-looking women in Hollywood—and one of the happiest. She's never regretted giving up her career for Bill Holden.



Marlon Brando, who certainly does seem a different—and very respectable—boy these days, came to Marguerite Piazza's party and spent the evening laughing and chatting in the most friendly way. He was dressed perfectly for the occasion, too

fore they make that final leap which means, "The end."

IT WAS A MONTH OF ILLNESSES and near casualties for many stars. Pier Angeli and Mrs. Guy Madison, both expectant mothers, had similar shocking mishaps on airplanes.

Pier fell in the ladies' room of a plane flying between Los Angeles and Palm Springs and at first it was feared her injuries might bring about the loss of her expected baby. Vic Damone was so concerned, he canceled an engagement in Milwaukee to be at her hospital bedside. He was threatened with a lawsuit for failing to appear.

Said Vic, "I don't care. A million lawsuits won't make me leave Pier at this time."

Sheila (Mrs. Guy) Madison is another mother-to-be who became very ill after a particularly rough airplane trip from Mexico City. Guy was so worried about her that he gave up their house at Malibu even though they had six months to go on their lease and moved Sheila into an apartment in Hollywood to be near her doctor.

Elizabeth Taylor had a very bad time during the birth of baby Christopher Wilding and was a very sick girl indeed for weeks afterward.

She lost ten pounds in three weeks following the arrival of her second son, could not regain her appetite and underwent four blood transfusions.

With Mike Wilding facing surgery, the cook down with the flu and even the dog at the vet's, Liz wistfully says their household is like a clinic.

Even the rugged he-men were getting bad breaks. Tony Curtis and Arthur Kennedy collided on horseback, making a thrill scene for *The Rawhide Years* at Lone Pine, California, with the result that Kennedy had to be rushed to a hospital with a broken ankle.

And on a ski slide at Sun Valley, Dick Powell took such a tumble that he broke his shoulder. "Poor Dick," sympathized June Allyson, "it was his first real vacation in eighteen months."

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN'S invitation t meet the charming Irish couturière, Sybi Connolly, brought out such distinguishe guests that I won't say this cocktail party was the closest thing to a good old Irish hoedown I've ever attended.

Such dancing of Irish jigs—such inspired singing of Irish tunes by Maureen O'Hara her attractive mother, Mrs. Fitz-Simons, he two brothers!!

The party started at five in the afternoon and it did not end until way after midnight

You'd hardly call the two exotic Gabo sisters, Zsa Zsa and Eva, Irish lassies, bu the two beauties certainly entered into the spirit of the occasion. Eva's gown was white satin printed in huge red roses with which she wore ruby earrings shaped like roses Zsa Zsa was in a much more conservative salmon-colored chiffon.

nany smiling faces all around me.



Eleanor Powell is another star who gave up a career that might have hurt her marriage. She and Glenn Ford always seem happy together.



Janet Leigh and George Nader met at a première, stopped to chat. Janet is letting her hair grow again; it's most becoming, I must say.

Perhaps it was because the guest of honor is Ireland's most noted stylist—and certainly one of its real beauties—that all the gals were turned out like fashion plates for that party.

Evie (Mrs. Van) Johnson's cocktail dress was of sheer black mesh over a vivid Spanish red sheath.

Mrs. Charles Boyer looked charming in a shirtmaker style beige satin blouse with rhinestone buttons and satin skirt piped in kelly green.

Joan Fontaine's dress was of chiffon in various hues of grey ranging all the way from charcoal to mist.

Gracie Allen, always one of our best-dressed women, wore a beautiful red cocktail suit and Maureen O'Hara (a redhead) was really vivid in a red taffeta full-skirted dress.

Dolores Hope was another who wore a suit —she couldn't stay too late because she brought with her the oldest daughter of the

I nominate for stardom: LUCY MARLOW

■ The newcomer who played the giddy starlet in *A Star Is Born* played it so well that a real new star is born—Lucy Marlow herself.

Columbia Pictures immediately signed this sparkling five-foot, 116-pound, brown-haired, brown-eyed charmer to a long term contract and after giving her short workouts in *Lucky Me*, *Tight Spot* and *My Sister Eileen*, handed her a role almost equal in importance to Joan Crawford's in *Queen Bee*.

The studio bosses believe it will do for Lucy what *Mildred Pierce* did for Ann Blyth.

The twenty-two-year-old honey is a local gal, born in Los Angeles on November 20, 1932. The name on her birth certificate is Lucy Ann McAleer. Her family has been prominent in civic matters for many years. Her uncle, Owen McAleer, was mayor of Los Angeles from 1908 to 1912.

"I attended Los Angeles High School and, like most of the other girls who go to school in movietown, I was movie struck. Used to read all the fan magazines and wrote my favorite stars for their autographs and photos. I was always disappointed when some of them didn't respond. I'll never make *that* mistake, believe me."

The first actor she ever met in "real life" was James Mason the morning she reported to work on *A Star Is Born*.

"He was very gracious to me and treated me as though I were an important star," glows the excited Lucy—who is well on her way to becoming one.





the letter box

BARBARA ELEN, DOWNEY, CALIFORNIA, is already an ardent James Dean fan: "At the première of a movie in Hollywood, I was standing on the sidelines behind the ropes, and I was amazed when the m.c. at the microphone failed to recognize Mr. Dean. I called to him from the sidelines and asked him to sign my autograph book. He said, 'Thank you very much for recognizing me. It makes me feel like a movie star. You are the first to ask for my autograph. I won't forget.' *Imagine!" Thanks for your nice close-up of James.*

MRS. MARY LEONA CLEMENTS, 6545 ST. HELENA AVENUE, BALTIMORE 22, MARYLAND, writes that her eleven-year-old daughter, Mary Leona, has a favorite Hollywood married couple—"Guy Madison and his lovely wife, Sheila. They can make a little girl very happy by sending her a picture of both of them." *Are you listenin', Guy and Sheila?*

KATHLEEN MURPHY, NEW YORK, thinks Grace Kelly dates men too old for her. "I'd like Grace to meet Tyrone Power now that he's back in the open market."

"Why do you hate Marlon Brando so much?" EVA ST. CLAIR queries from BUFFALO. "He's only the greatest actor since John Barrymore." *You've got me wrong, little Eva. I don't hate Marlon and I agree that he is a fine actor.*

CATHERINA GIREE, STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, has plenty of nice things to say about Ava Gardner: "Whatever she may have said or done in Brazil, Miss Gardner was extremely charming and lovely when she visited our city for the première of *The Barefoot Contessa.* She was graciousness itself to fans and press. As for her beauty, she is out of this world!"

FRED DALIAS, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK, is finished with the Academy Awards. "When this group (whoever they are) completely ignores Richard Burton's magnificent performance in *Prince Of Players,* I'm through with them." *So take that and* that!

Hopes, a really lovely looking, tall, blonde child who whispered in my ear that this was her third cocktail party, "My mother and father gave the other two," she explained to me. A charming girl.

DAN O'HERLIHY WAS ANOTHER one of Maureen's guests attracting much favorable attention. The good-looking Irishman told me he was more surprised than anyone else when he was nominated for an Oscar for his performance in *Robinson* Crusoe.

His charming wife laughingly remarked, "When his name was called at the Cocoanut Grove and he stepped in front of the television cameras, I thought he was going to faint. And I *knew* I was!"

Dan said that what surprised him most was that he didn't have a big studio behind him—or even a high pressure press agent. "I wish the votes weren't secret," he smiled. "I'd like to shake the hand of every voter who selected me."

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Robert Mitchum is just wonderful in *Not As A Stranger.* I hereby publicly eat my words that Stanley Kramer had pulled a boner in casting Bob in the best-selling novel. So don't accuse me of always refusing to admit I am wrong.

Never, in all the time she has been married to Alan Ladd, fourteen years, has Sue Ladd been as slender and pretty as she is these days.

Lori Nelson wears clips or pins on the sleeves of her cocktail dresses and pretty sweaters—something new in the fashion department.

Ingrid Bergman's radio interview in Stockholm, answering the critics who panned her acting in *Joan At The Stake* was a scorcher, the first time she has referred to her troubles publicly since she left American shores. Said an angry Ingrid, "In America I am considered a fine actress but an unmoral woman. In my own country, I am considered a brave and courageous woman and a bad actress!"



Marilyn Monroe and Milton Berle appeared at the opening of the circus in New York for the benefit of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation. At one point Marilyn rode an elephant!

Here's Why Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!



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Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is fermentation, caused by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

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Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact. Test after test has shown that even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward, as much as 80%.

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Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action. As a result, Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

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All the Fun of Life is in it!....
STEP OUT
with Fred and
his loveliest
entertainment
date!
It's all
enchantment...
and pure delight...
because "Lili's"
in love with
Daddy Long Legs...
all the way from Paris
to the Waldorf.
Oh Daddy! What Songs!
SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE · DREAM
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co-starring Terry Moore · Thelma Ritter
WITH FRED CLARK
RAY ANTHONY (AND HIS ORCHESTRA)

All the Joy of Love is in it!...

It's the whole world dancing to the music in your heart!

Fred Astaire Leslie Caron

Starring in
20th CENTURY-FOX'S

Daddy Long Legs

America's best-loved story becomes its most enchanting musical in

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PRODUCED BY Samuel G. Engel · DIRECTED BY Jean Negulesco · SCREEN PLAY BY Phoebe and Henry Ephron
FROM THE NOVEL BY JEAN WEBSTER · BALLETS BY ROLAND PETIT

Why are more and more business girls using Tampax?



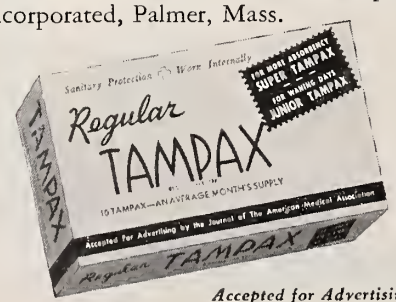
Ask the company doctor or the staff nurse. They're very apt to tell you that the Tampax user is much more likely to take "those days" in her stride. But the girls themselves are still most impressed by the freedom and assurance that doctor-invented Tampax gives. Here are some of the things they say:

"I can't be bothered with all that other rigmarole; Tampax is quick and easy to change." . . . "I *must* have protection that prevents odor." . . . "No telltale bulges for me; not, of all places, in the office!" . . . "Tampax is so comfortable, I almost forget it's 'time-of-the-month.'"

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Girls starting work often decide on Tampax because of admiration for some older, perfectly poised woman in the organization who uses it. From its daintiness of handling to its ease of disposability, Tampax seems made for the woman who has to be on the go all the time, who has to meet people with charm and assurance under any circumstances.

The druggist or notion counter in your neighborhood carries Tampax in all three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse or tucks in the back of a drawer. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



With a hopeful heart, Ingrid Bergman set off for Sweden—and found a chilly welcome from

THE COLD FOLKS AT HOME

■ For the last year, Ingrid Bergman has been touring Europe with *Joan Of Arc At The Stake*, a speaking opera directed by her husband, Roberto Rossellini. The notices have not been good.

The climax came when the beautiful Swedish actress returned to her own country. At a charity in Stockholm, Ingrid had been invited to draw the lucky numbers in a lottery. She raised her right hand for silence.

"I was happy to come home to my own country and my own language," she began. "I was received with warm, spontaneous applause when *Joan Of Arc* opened. After the curtain fell I said to my husband, 'Now I can lay myself down to die and feel happy.'

"But after reading the critics the next day, I wished I had died.

"Only last night," the actress continued, her eyes growing misty with tears, "I read an article which said that I am a woman who is showing herself for money and that the fire at the stake resounds to the crinkling of bank notes.

"The writer wants to make out that I first made my name in America as the well-bred young lady of the manor from Sweden and that later in Italy I played the part of the good mother who has taken her life into her own hands.

"And that now nothing remains to me but to rove from city to city, from land to land, like a woman outlawed.

"I know I am not the only artist to suffer this fate. The Swedes cannot suffer anybody to differ from the crowd."

In the Grand Hotel the next day Ingrid Bergman, still mortified, locked herself in her hotel suite and received no callers. But she did accept a small mountain of flowers rushed to her by many Swedish admirers. These did not neutralize the letters, mostly anonymous, mailed to her by Swedish detractors.

"I cannot tell you," she wailed, "how many of these I have received from my own countrymen in the last few weeks. I am at the point of desperation. I cannot sleep because of the mental torture."

Financially, *Joan* was a tremendous success in Stockholm. Ingrid, however, has rarely been interested in money. To her love and career are important.

As for love. she still has Rossellini and three children. As for career, Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox recently flew to Europe in an effort to sign her for the Hollywood version of *Anastasia*, a hit play on Broadway.

Ingrid may yet return to Hollywood where she built her world-wide fame.



You feel so very sure of yourself... after a WHITE RAIN *Shampoo!*

You're confident you look your loveliest . . . your hair soft as a cloud . . . sunshine bright . . . every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feeling you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

Use New WHITE RAIN *Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

Antibiotics in Your Daily Life



by William I. Fishbein, M. D.

The world hears a great deal of "miracle drugs" and most of them represent years of patient and diligent study in the laboratories and clinics.

For example, in 1931, Rene J. Dubos, then associated with the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, discovered tyrothricin. Tyrothricin is one of the most powerful of the antibiotics—stated simply, it is effective because it aids the defenses of the body in combatting harmful bacteria. The general use of tyrothricin has been delayed until research has definitely shown that it would cause no harmful effects or reactions. In the forefront of this research have been the pharmaceutical companies, and no company has been more zealous than McKesson & Robbins.

Tyrothricin is effective in preventing perspiration odor by inhibiting the growth of skin bacteria responsible for this condition—and this "magic" antibiotic is equally effective in skin infections, in sinus infections, for wounds, abscesses and burns, and for hemorrhoids or piles. Research also indicated the amount which may be used without causing sensitivity reactions, yet produce the maximum benefits.

Laboratory and clinical research has enabled McKesson and Robbins to announce a series of preparations for the specific uses outlined above. It is to their credit that they have not introduced them until they were convinced that excellent results would be obtained and that there would be no reactions. Tyrothricin used externally is not absorbed into the blood stream as are certain other antibiotics.

That is one reason why it is particularly suited for direct application to a localized spot of irritation or inflammation on the skin, nose or throat. McKesson and Robbins have developed special products for use on these portions of the body.

Look for these McKesson Antibiotic Products at Your Drug Store

NEO-AQUA-DRIN LOZENGES—for the relief of minor throat irritations.

NEO-AQUA-DRIN NOSE DROPS—for the relief of congestion due to head colds, sinus, etc.

UTOL—for relief of pimples and minor burns and skin abrasions.

POSITOS—ointment and suppositories for the relief of discomfort due to hemorrhoids.

BORIC ACID OINTMENT | **ICTHAMOL OINTMENT**
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To Every Woman Who Has Suffered Underarm Burn, Rash...or Worse...

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME... THE PROTECTION OF A MIRACLE ANTIBIOTIC IN A DEODORANT!



Revolutionary antibiotic New Yodora stops perspiration odor—gives safer, longer-lasting protection. Its light, creamy base keeps sensitive underarm area softer, smoother, lovelier. And New Yodora never cakes—always stays fresh—delicately fragrant. No other deodorant ever promised better, safer, surer protection from perspiration odor.

New Yodora is unconditionally guaranteed by McKesson & Robbins.

Large Size **43¢** *plus tax* *Economy Size* **69¢** *plus tax*



The First... the Only Deodorant with Miracle Antibiotic Pertexol* for Sensitive Skin!

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NEW YODORA

Scientific Facts About Harsh, Irritating Chemicals for Underarm Use

Laboratory tests show that these dangerous chemicals often invite trouble to sensitive underarm area. This is why you may have noticed redness, roughness of underarm skin.

Scientific Facts About Revolutionary New ANTIBIOTIC Yodora

Only New Yodora contains Pertexol*, the miracle antibiotic that combats bacteria responsible for skin irritations. New Yodora gives longer-lasting protection from perspiration odor because its exclusive antibiotic destroys odor-causing bacteria on contact. New Yodora is guaranteed not to contain harsh chemicals that irritate skin and chemically ruin your clothes.



Imagine a Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!

New Yodora with antibiotic Pertexol* is so mild and gentle we can even recommend shaving with it. No other deodorant would dare suggest this!

1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.
2. Shave underarms with slow downward strokes.
3. Remove excess with tissue—smooth remainder well into skin.

That's all you need do to stop perspiration odor. Whether you shave or not, one application daily of New Yodora is the new, sure answer to your deodorant problem. **A brand of tyrothricin*

For Esther Williams, teaching blind children can be an education.



■ The seven-year-old blind girl who was talking to Esther Williams at the Home for the Visually Handicapped Children in Los Angeles, touched gently at a silk ribbon in the movie star's hair. "This feels smooth and nice," she said. "What color is it?"

Most of the children at this home where Esther teaches a swimming class twice a week, have been blind from birth, but she knew that this particular child had vision until she was four. Yet, thought Esther, naming the color wouldn't mean anything to her, probably. So she sought to answer by illustration.

"It's like when you look up at the sun," she replied, knowing that when the blind turn their faces to the sun, most of them can sense its radiance.

"Yellow!" exclaimed the girl instantly, sounding very pleased. "The ribbon is yellow." Her fingers moved now from Esther's hair and touched at the dress which was white. "What color is this?" she asked.

"Why that—that's like a dandelion," replied Esther. And she was annoyed with herself for not being able to think of a better comparison.

"Like when it's ready to go 'poof'?" responded the blind child.

"Yes," marveled Esther. "You do remember, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the little girl. "I remember all the things in my old world. They help me see the things in my new one!"

Introducing
the first girdle to give you
That French Look
and the Freedom you love

NEW PLAYTEX *High Style* **GIRDLE**



The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are *yours* with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style . . . you'll call it wonderful! World's *only* girdle to give you all three: miracle-slimming *latex* outside, cloud-soft *fabric* inside—and a new non-roll top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free . . . *no matter what your size!* The Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

Look for Playtex® High Style Girdle. Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

$5.95

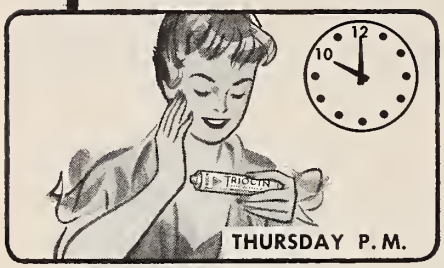
Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

New Playtex "High Style" Bra in coal cattan! Party-pretty embroidered cotton gives you that French l-i-f-t plus fabulous fit! Only $2.95

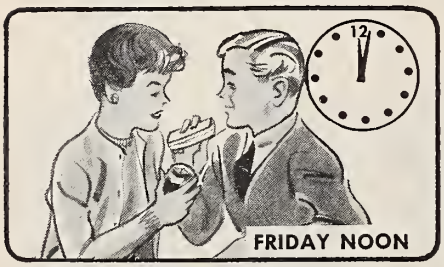
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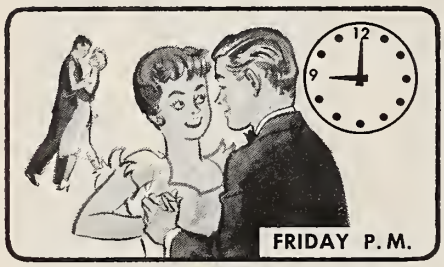
BLOTS OUT HICKIES INSTANTLY!



Blots out embarrassing blemishes *instantly!* Blends with your skin best of *all!*



Dries up hickies *quicker!* Keeps 'em out of sight, concealing better while healing faster!



Clears up acne *faster!* Often in *24 hours*, your skin can meet your date-line!

On the job—or on a date—don't let unsightly acne rob *your* confidence, now that TRIOCIN can rescue you! Hateful eruptions can be concealed *instantly*—can be *improved*, often in *24 hours!* TRIOCIN relieves over-active oil glands and thickening pores. It discourages bacteria growth, thus preventing further infection. Get TRIOCIN right away! It's *3 ways better!* A $1.29 tube can save a lot of heartbreak!

Also use TRIOCIN Blue Foam first, the mildest bubble-foam designed for cleansing sensitive skins. 89¢. Both products available at druggists.

improves acne...
OFTEN IN
24 hours!



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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein





Starting as a dime-a-donce girl, Ruth Etting (Daris Day) makes her woy ta the top—but with the help of the people wha destray her.



In the pracess she loses the one man (Cameran Mitchell) wha could hove mode her hoppy. But she does win the great fame she wanted.

Picture of the Month: LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME

■ Maybe you don't know who Ruth Etting was. She was a dime-a-dance girl fired with such ambition that she let a racketeer help her to singing fame. She had a one-track mind about singing, so it never occurred to her that someday she'd have to pay back Mr. Snyder for all the favors. It occurs to him, though, and he never forgets. The unusual thing about *Love Me Or Leave Me* is that unlike most screen biographies it has the harsh ring of truth. Behind the tinsel of glamour you not only see the tawdry struggle, it hits you right between the eyes. The other unusual thing is James Cagney's performance as a hostile, crippled, little big-shot who inspires your pity as well as your distaste. They call him the Gimp and he buys Chicago for Ruth (Doris Day); later he gets her into Ziegfeld's Follies, but he doesn't leave her there. What Ruth never considers is that she might have gotten to the top on her own, and had the love (Cameron Mitchell) she wanted with half the pain. Instead, she has to marry Snyder and lose most of her will to live. He, feeling cheated and like a nobody, is literally driven out of his mind. Long enough, anyway, to shoot the man she loves. Along with this sensationalism there's singing by Doris Day which is always a pleasure to hear. CinemaScope—MGM.

HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO ♫ DOWN BOY ♫ WHICH ONE ♫ I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU ♫ SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME ♫ I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU ♫ HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO ♫ DOWN, BOY ♫ WHICH ONE ♫ SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME ♫ I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU

THE MUSICAL SHOW THAT'S GOT EVERYTHING!!!

Fun is bustin' out all over in this honey of a hit with lively tunes... luscious lovelies... and laughs galore!



BETTY GRABLE ☆ MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION

JACK LEMMON

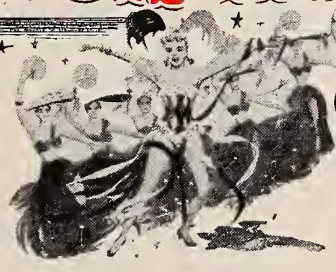
Cheer These Top Tunes

"Someone To Watch Over Me"
"I've Got A Crush On You"
"How Come You Do Me Like You Do"
"Down, Boy" • "Which One"

THREE FOR THE SHOW

with MYRON McCORMICK

Screen Play by EDWARD HOPE and LEONARD STERN
Based on a play by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Produced by JONIE TAPS • Directed by H. C. POTTER
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



CINEMASCOPE
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Betty's BLUE



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Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain —it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-65, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL





END OF THE AFFAIR Van Johnson is a writer and Deborah Kerr is married to a civil servant who wears horn-rimmed glasses. They all meet during the "blitz" days in London. And what starts out to be a casual affair turns into the most painful kind of romance. It is very sensitive; it is very haunted (as are all the novels by Graham Greene—and this movie is based on one) and its underlying theme is redemption. Johnson, madly in love, is full of jealousy and suspicion. Deborah Kerr, torn between passion for him, pity for her husband and guilt for her feelings calls out to God one day, and to her shock and disbelief He answers. Then her tortured struggle toward salvation begins: the first step of which is to give up Johnson. Adding a touch of lightness is John Mills' neatly drawn performance of a private detective whom Johnson, at one point, hires to spy on Miss Kerr.—Col.



5 AGAINST THE HOUSE Maybe you can break the bank in a Reno gambling joint, but you can't break into the safe and get away with it. That's what two college buddies (Kerwin Mathews and Alvy Moore) keep telling Brian Keith, when a third buddy (Guy Madison) isn't begging him to go back to the Army hospital for psychiatric treatment. Rich boy Mathews worked out a foolproof scheme just to test his ingenuity, and he's anxious to prove it for laughs. Trouble is, Keith can't laugh anymore. Every minute he's getting sicker and sicker. Thanksgiving arrives and the boys are rolling down to Reno in a trailer. Kim Novak is in that trailer, too. (She didn't come with it. She came with Guy Madison to marry him.) Kim and Madison don't know what's cooking until Keith starts boiling over and produces a pistol. From then on it's exciting business, even though hardly a gunshot is heard.—Col.



CELL 2455, DEATH ROW The man who wrote the book that made this movie is sitting up in Death Row right now. And no wonder they can't decide whether or not to pull the switch. Here's his story from the day he was a kid making faces at animals in the zoo. That was the day his mother became paralyzed in an auto accident and his life fell apart. Teen-age gangs, reform school, months in solitary and escape from Chino, the model prison without bars, into a career of more crime. He gets the death sentence for being a murdering sex fiend—but that's the charge no one can prove and to which he pleads innocent. Although his defense is as shaky as the state's case against him. One thing, William Campbell turns in a good job as the accused, but you don't come away exactly liking the guy—even though you know he grew up with plenty of strikes against him. With Robert Campbell, Marian Carr.—Col.



MAMBO Here's a movie (filmed in Italy) with plenty of good atmosphere and important things to say about lost people—so why it makes you laugh instead of cry I can't figure. Although it may have something to do with the dialogue, which sounds like it was written in a deep coma. Anyway, Silvana Mangano is a beautiful product of the slums, loved (but not well) by a cynical, generally unemployed croupier (Vittorio Gassman); and lusted after by a cynical, fatally ill count (Michael Rennie). Into this decadent setting comes the wildly dedicated dance troupe of Katherine Dunham and their manager (Shelley Winters)—a frustrated, lonely devotee of the art. She makes a dancer out of Silvana in an attempt to live through her. But Silvana—like everyone else in this movie—can't even live for herself. At least, not until she suffers some soul-shattering experiences.—Para.



CULT OF THE COBRA The same curiosity that killed the cat makes short shrift of several nice G.I.'s who were looking for a little fun in Asia. Of all people to come up against, they have to find some who get a glassy look in their eyes and turn to cobras. The boys sneak into their temple and in the middle of a snake dance G.I. James Dobson pulls out his camera and wants everybody to pose. "The Cobra Goddess will avenge herself!" the high priest shrieks, as the boys hightail it for their jeep. Right away one of them drops dead. Snakebite. Back in New York they all feel pretty safe. Another one drops dead. Snakebite. You'd think it would get boring, but it doesn't. All the deaths look violently accidental and what cop will buy that hocus-pocus story? And how can lovesick young Marshall Thompson look his slinky girl friend (Faith Domergue) in the eye and call her a cobra? With Richard Long, Kathleen Hughes.—U.I.



SEVEN ANGRY MEN The angriest man of all is John Brown, fanatic abolitionist. The other six are his sons, whose wrath is unevenly divided between slavery and their father. John Brown was not an easy person to live with. He didn't actually believe he was God, but he harbored the notion that he was God's right hand man. Since his cause was great, it wasn't simple for his sons to rebel. Raymond Massey plays Brown with his usual eloquence. His sons work with him in his Free State camp in Kansas. When border ruffians destroy a nearby town, Brown, Bible in hand, feels perfectly free to take an eye for an eye and orders death penalties. A couple of sons leave in revulsion. Always loyal is Owen (Jeffrey Hunter) the oldest boy, who promises his fiancée (Debra Paget) that he'll quit The Cause for farming. But he can't quit, is there at Harper's Ferry when Brown's plan to raise an army overnight fails.—Allied Artists.



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Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Confection" hairdo. And the curl stays in—no matter what the weather.

NEVER TIGHT, NEVER FUSSY

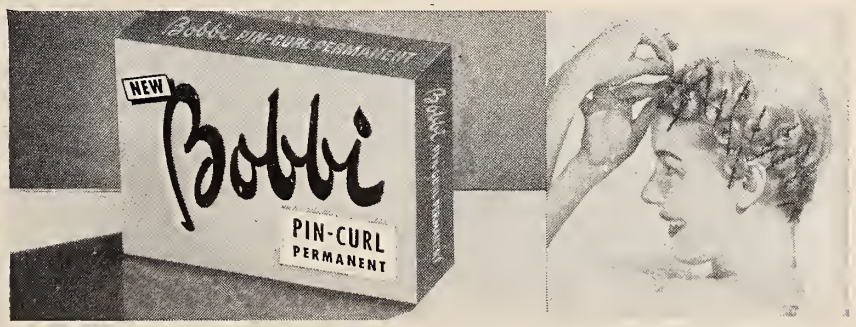
Softly feminine hairstyles like these are yours with a Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

If you dread most permanents because you definitely don't want tight, fussy curls, Bobbi is just right for you. This easy pin-curl permanent is specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

Bobbi gives a curl *where* you want it, the way you want it—always soft, natural, and vastly becoming! It has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair.

You pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out...immediately you'll be happy with your hair. And the soft, natural look lasts week after week. If you like softly feminine hairstyles, you'll love a Bobbi.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! **Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for *"Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles."* Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.**

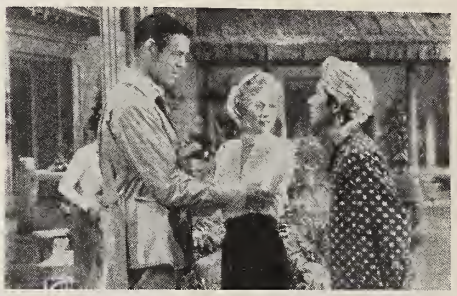


Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.





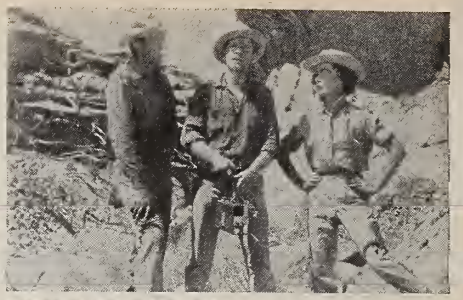
A MAN CALLED PETER The book was a best seller, and the movie will probably be. It's an inspirational story of a man who found God early in his life and who served Him nobly the rest of his days which, unfortunately, were less than most. Peter Marshall (Richard Todd) was Chaplain of the U. S. Senate when he died. He began life in Scotland, worked in the mills by day, studied at night and finally saved enough money to come to America where he trained for the ministry. His career, once it started, steadily brought him acclaim. Even more important, it brought people who had rarely seen the inside of one, into church. Marshall's heartfelt sermons changed the life of a young college girl (Jean Peters) whose love for him was happily returned. Their marriage was inspiring, too. And you are treated to many of Mr. Marshall's exciting sermons. All of which is reason enough to see this movie. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



ESCAPE TO BURMA I liked the part where that old Sawbwa of Sakar is having Bob Ryan whipped in the back yard of his palace while Barbara Stanwyck stands around waving an envelope that proves Ryan is innocent. Time she gets that envelope open Ryan's half way to his final rest. That's how justice moves in Burma—slow. Slow as all those elephants Miss Stanwyck charms into docility around her teak forest. For years she's been in that forest, living in lonely splendor with a gorgeous wardrobe going to waste. Till the day Ryan comes galloping out of the jungle with a bag of rubies round his neck and a murder rap on his head. Talk is he killed his best friend—the Sawbwa's son—for the loot, and cops of all nations, including Britain's David Farrar are after him. Ryan, being a strong, touchy type won't say if he's guilty or not. But love he'll talk about anytime. With Murvyn Vye. Technicolor—RKO



BLACKBOARD JUNGLE The stories you hear about violence in our schools are enough to curdle your blood, and if nothing is done to remedy this situation you can't blame MGM, who pulled out the stops in this highly dramatic film. Glenn Ford, sensitive young teacher, is thrown into the "garbage can" of city schools to pit his ideals against a group of hoodlums (his students). At times his struggle is pathetic, and he's surrounded by apathy in tired teachers like Louis Calhern. Ford gets beaten up, his wife (Anne Francis) gets poison pen letters, his pet peeve (Vic Morrow) pulls a knife on him. And early in the game he's saving teacher Margaret Hayes from attempted rape. How Ford makes a dent in the wall with the aid of Negro student Sidney Poitier provides a moving, if slick, solution. But you'll watch every second and you may learn a lot about tough kids and how to handle them.—MGM



CANYON CROSSROADS There's such a mean ole critter in this movie you wonder how he lived so long. Old man that ought to be sitting in a rocker instead of up in the dusty hills of Colorado dynamiting entrances to mines and shooting people in the back. But there he is—making life hell for Richard Basehart and Phyllis Kirk who, after days of rough riding, are absorbed in a Geiger counter that practically jumps out of their hands, the rocks are so full of uranium. Naturally, where there's uranium there's greed, and where there's greed there's shooting, and where there's shooting there's dying, and where there's dying there's a hero (that's Basehart) fighting for all he's worth. Only this time his target is a man in a helicopter (Stephen Elliot, who's too rich for mere horses). That's a switch, the only one I noticed in this episodic film. With Russell Collins.—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

EAST OF EDEN *(Warners):* One of the best films ever made in Hollywood, this is a violently dramatic tale of a boy (James Dean) who longs for love. Richard Davalos, Jo Van Fleet, Raymond Massey give excellent performances as his family, Julie Harris is splendid as the girl who understands him. Dean is nothing short of marvelous. Don't miss this latest Elia Kazan production.

DAY OF TRIUMPH *(Century):* Sensitively and tastefully told, the story of Christ comes alive in this movie. And there's a fictional plot involving the Zealots, a group of fanatics. Lee J. Cobb, Joanne Dru. Eastman Color.

MARTY *(U.A.):* Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair turn this simple story into a beautiful little movie. Adapted from the TV play, it tells of the love between two ordinary people leading ordinary lives. There's comedy as well as tenderness.

THE GLASS SLIPPER *(MGM):* Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding do a charming job in MGM's idea of the Cinderella tradition. Not as good as *Lili,* but fun.

MAN WITHOUT A STAR *(U.I.):* Kirk Douglas is the man, Jeanne Crain the woman, in a western mostly about wandering men. With William Campbell, Richard Boone.

JUPITER'S DARLING *(MGM):* Esther Williams momentarily diverts the course of Hannibal (Howard Keel) and ancient history with the help of her slave, Marge Champion. George Sanders plays the Roman emperor, Esther's fiancé. With William Demarest, Gower Champion, Richard Haydn. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

INTERRUPTED MELODY *(MGM):* Eleanor Parker plays the dramatic life story of Marjorie Lawrence, the Metropolitan Opera singer who was stricken with polio. Glenn Ford is fine, as usual, as her doctor husband. Technicolor.

PRINCE OF PLAYERS *(20th-Fox):* The story of the Booths, America's first family of the stage in the 19th century. Richard Burton as Edwin, John Derek as John Wilkes and Raymond Massey as their father. With Maggie McNamara, Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Sellars, Eva Le Gallienne, Christopher Cook. CinemaScope, Technicolor.

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS *(U-I):* Tony Curtis as a thief extraordinaire, in a suspenseful story based on the actual Brinks robbery of not too long ago. With Julie Adams, George Nader.

TIGHT SPOT *(Col):* A really exciting thriller about big-time crime and the people caught in it. With Ginger Rogers, Edward G. Robinson, Katherine Anderson, Brian Keith.

The Tōwle Touch

From our drawing boards... sterling design that is authentic, elegant, correct.



From the traditional charm of Towle's Old Colonial to the contemporary grace of Towle's Contour, Towle designers overlook no detail that can enhance a pattern's beauty. Special treatment of fork tines and bowls is a typical Towle Touch. We call it "tip-to-toe" design. Note how the unusual fluted bowl of the Old Colonial spoon, and the bowl of Towle's modern classic, Contour, are *part* of the pattern. Towle "tip-to-toe" design adds subtle individuality to every pattern ...piece...and table.





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Pieces illustrated: *Craftsman* cream ladle, *Rambler Rose* lemon fork, *Rose Solitaire* nut spoon, *Southwind* butter serving knife, *Old Master* jelly server. 6-piece place settings from $29.75. Towle Sterling is sold only at selected stores best qualified to serve you.

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Available at 75 to 250 to match all engagement rings.	
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Everytime I've needed help, there's been

"SOMETHING ON MY SHOULDER"



■ Betty Hutton reads the Bible every night of her life before she goes to sleep. She never has given a performance that hasn't been preceded by a prayer. She has abiding faith in God.

She feels deeply that the success she has had in show business is a direct result of prayer, that she was meant to entertain others, and that God has helped her constantly.

"How else could it have happened?" she asks. "When I was a kid I had no talent. I was just plain loud. I've learned a lot since then, sure, but all the odds were against me. It *must* have been God helping."

She is a fatalist, believing that things are meant to be or not meant to be, and she accepts the good and the bad with gratitude and humility. When she has a stroke of good fortune she says, "Something's on my shoulder," and if she has a disappointment she feels it has happened for her own ultimate good. Again she says, "Something's on my shoulder."

When both Hollywood and circus people were astounded by her courage and skill in learning trapeze work for *The Greatest Show On Earth*, Betty merely attributed the whole thing to Providence. And when now she looks back on it and shudders to think of the chances she took, she is doubly sure that Something was on her shoulder.

Every coincidence that has evolved into a break for Betty is, according to her, the result of her faith. And while it may be true, we cannot help thinking that Betty, with her talent and penchant for hard work, is helped, perhaps, because she helps herself.

the victory of JOHNNIE RAY



With ex-wife Marilyn Morrison, Don Dailey

■ A strictly self-taught, pick-up pianist with a natural love for singing, Johnnie Ray started at an early age performing at church socials, school assemblies and with a boys' club. One day when Johnnie was about ten, some of the club members tossed the small fry in a blanket. Johnnie bounced too high, missed the blanket and landed on his ear, which caused him to lose more than fifty per cent of his hearing.

For a long time, nobody knew what had come over Johnnie, not even Johnnie himself. When he failed to understand what was being said to him people thought he was obstinately refusing to pay attention. He became sullen and solitary.

When he was fifteen, Johnnie's trouble was discovered and he was fitted with a hearing aid, which he has worn ever since. As he rediscovered the world he lived in, he felt the need to express all the pent-up emotions he had experienced during his years of withdrawal.

Johnnie's rise in the entertainment world has been slow. He tried recording. And he took out his heartaches penning some 154 songs, among them, "Cry" and "The Little White Cloud That Cried," which has sold around 2,500,000 records so far.

Successful and happy today, Johnnie remembers those years of frustration and loneliness. He has been active in raising funds for helping the deaf, particularly children. And he has contributed generously himself. He doesn't talk about that.

"Be careful what you say around me," he grins. "I can read lips!"

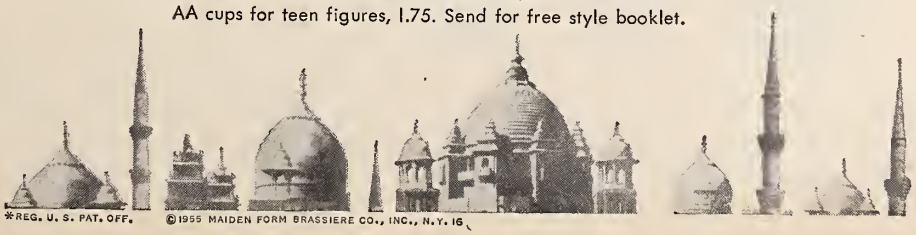


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TV TALK

The Emmy Awards are handed out . . . Berle may lose his Ace . . . everyone's surprised at Kim Stanley . . . the Sinatra-Vanderbilt romance . . . Brando wants variety



George Gabel and his writers collected.



Danny Thomas accepted far his shaw; Laretta Yaung wan as best actress.



Art Linkletter had tap day shaw; Ralph Edwards audience-participatian.



Dinah Share was vated best female singer.



Rabert Cummings received acting award

Well, the **Emmy Awards** have come and gone, but they're still the talk of TV. The Academy of Television Arts and Sciences did not, of course, put on the show that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences did when the Oscars were handed out. But, after all, it was just the seventh time that the TV people have handed out their statuettes—and the very first time a big network gave them a coast-to-coast hookup for their party. Also, when you come right down to it, TV doesn't yet have all the glamour of Hollywood (we have to admit it; after all, Marlon Brando wasn't there). But TV was sure trying. You don't have to apologize when you have Steve Allen (flown all the way from New York), Dave Garroway, Jimmy Durante, George Burns, Danny Thomas, Jack Benny, Ralph Edwards and **Dr. Frank C. Baxter** for emcees! It's amazing, by the way, how at home Dr. Baxter is with all the stars. He just loves show business, you know; and he's never happier than when he's rubbing elbows with the big names in entertainment. It shows, doesn't it? He didn't make one fluff in his speech—which is more than can be said for **Durante!** He really did break the glass over the Teleprompter, but he's never been funnier, and that's saying something. Most of the fluffs came from New York, of course. It almost looked as though the sound man had it in for **Garroway;** his voice was hardly ever heard. He just stood there, obviously talking, but no one knew what he was saying. (The next night, by the way, **Ernie Kovacs** did one of his hilarious take-offs on his local New York show, and the shots of a bespectacled man standing there moving his lips in silence wouldn't have made Dave happy at all, if he had seen it.) It never was explained who the little balding man was who picked up the Emmy for *Omnibus.* It was **Bob Saudek,** who has been boss of the show ever since it started—and who will be again next year. One of the worst mistakes of all was when an announcer said that someone else was picking up **John Daly's** Emmy for him at the very moment John, grinning all over, walked over to Garroway to get it. And we kept wondering what one of the cameramen in New York was thinking because every time one of **Ed Murrow's** shows was mentioned and someone else won the statuette, you could see Ed. It could have been one of two things. Either the cameraman was mad that Ed's shows didn't win (and maybe wanted to show what a good loser Ed was being) or he's the kind of guy who likes to show losers. Maybe, on the other hand, Ed was just sitting at the table that was right in line with Garroway, and the guy behind the camera couldn't help it. Anyway, it seems to us that next year, when the Emmies are handed out again, an announcer should tell us who some of the people are that are sitting around. He couldn't cover everyone, but wouldn't you like to see Mrs. Murrow and Mrs. Art Carney and Alice Gobel—the real-life one, (*Continued on page 87*)



she's got VIV

(you can have it, too!)

It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new *High-Chroma Formula* gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Coral you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni. **Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.**

new viv lipstick

by Toni $1.10 plus tax

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At last!

A LIQUID SHAMPOO

THAT'S EXTRA RICH!



JUST POUR IT . . .
and you'll see the glorious difference!



Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery . . . some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that can leave a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and *never* leaves a dulling film.

IT'S LIQUID PRELL FOR *Radiantly Alive' Hair*

Something to sing about—wonderful, emerald-clear Liquid Prell!

No other shampoo has this unique, extra-rich new formula—and how you'll love it! Bursts instantly into luxurious, extra-rich lather . . . rinses in a twinkle . . . is so mild you could shampoo every day. And Liquid Prell leaves your hair caressably soft, a dream to manage—looking excitingly 'Radiantly Alive.' Try new Liquid Prell today, won't you? It's *fabulous!*



PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair—now available 2 ways!

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for the whole family. Won't spill, drip, or break. It's *concentrated*—ounce for ounce it *goes further!*



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

It's always darkest before the dawn. For these two people, tortured and tired, dawn didn't come a minute too soon!

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

Rita and Dick:

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP



■ Rita Hayworth is back in Hollywood. With her fourth husband, Dick Haymes, she is living in an elegant apartment overlooking Wilshire Boulevard.

She is working in a Columbia film, *Joseph And His Brethren.* It is her first movie work in two years, and she is happier than she has been in a long, long time.

But as a home town, Hollywood is not for Rita.

"From now on," she explained, "our home is Nevada. We will work in Hollywood, of course. But Nevada is where my two daughters are going to school. And that's where we have our home. It's a small town on Lake Tahoe called Crystal Bay.

"After *Joseph,* I have one more picture to do for Columbia. Then my husband and I will enter independent production for United Artists."

Rita Hayworth has always been reticent. She opens her heart to few people. She has always borne her own sorrows, and they have been many.

She has been criticized and denounced for letting her heart rule her head. But never has she shed her tears on someone else's shoulders. She has courage and fortitude.

Back in Hollywood the happiness light shone in her brown eyes. There was a wry little smile on her lips. Her hair, long and lustrous ("Dick likes it that way") shone as it caught the light.

Rita is happy for good reason. At last, the financial, legal and personal problems that clouded their marriage from its very first day are almost over.

Dick can now enter and depart from the State of California without being pursued by process servers. He is no longer charged with contempt of court. Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes, his third wife, claimed that she gave him his freedom to marry Rita on his express promise to pay her $100 alimony per week. (*Continued on page 92*)

now it can be told:

LIZ TAYLOR'S SECRET FIGHT FOR LIFE

This is the story behind the news—the story that only a handful of close friends knew—and no one even whispered about!

BY RICHARD MOORE



Before, during and after Elizabeth's ordeal, Mike was with her constantly.



■ For two days it was touch and go whether Elizabeth Taylor would live.

On February 27 she gave birth to a baby boy, born by Caesarean section. He wasn't due until March 10, but Liz wanted him on her birthday, and Dr. Aasberg, who had delivered her first child, gave his consent.

The doctor anticipated no trouble from the actual birth, and encountered none—except that Liz' blood count dropped. Immediately after the birth, she was given a blood transfusion. It was an emergency measure. That was the start.

The next day Liz insisted that she felt well enough to see her new son. They wheeled her down to the nursery, because Christopher Edward was in an incubator. He wasn't in danger at any time, but the incubator was prescribed as a precautionary measure; once, when taken out of it he turned blue and had to be put back at once. He had weighed only five pounds, twelve ounces, at birth, and his weight dropped soon after. The nurse took Chris out and showed him to his mother. Liz beamed. Then she was taken back to room 367, where Mrs. Underwood, her nurse, made her as comfortable as possible.

The next day the *real* trouble began.

Liz Taylor never has been a strong girl. She has suffered over the years from a variety of ailments, including anemia. Pregnancy places strong demands on the bone marrow—where blood cells are created—and Liz' body was unable to (*Continued on page* 85)



It'll be an old-fashioned Wedding



Surrounded by Eddie's pictures ond presents, Debbie soys, "I'm living for the future, when we can stop corresponding!" The future starts late in June.



Mrs. Reynolds, who made all of Deb's clothes for years, is helping with the bridesmaids' outfits, designed by Debbie and MGM's Helen Rose. There will be six bridesmaids.



Househunting, with and without Eddie, has taken much time, produced no house. Debbie and Eddie plan to make Hollywood their home, commute to New York when necessary. "Everything will work out," Debbie tells pessimistic critics.



Luckily, Debbie is as fond of Coca-Cola (Eddie's sponsor) as her fiancé is. Cooking, managing the household, will be up to her. Eddie will handle the finances, support them both.



Deb's collection of toy monkeys features contributions sent by friends from all over the world. She will no doubt buy more on her honeymoon, touring Spain, France, Italy.

With the big day only weeks away, Debbie finally talks about her plans for the most talked-about wedding of the year!

BY MARVA PETERSON

■ Proudly, Mary Frances Reynolds held out her small, slender left hand. The light reflected brilliantly from the large, emerald-cut diamond. Her audience was more than appreciative—they were overwhelmed. "How dreamy!" "It's gorgeous!" "What a rock!"

Debbie beamed at them. A few years ago she had been a girl like these. Now she was the object of their admiration. Or at least, the ring was. All afternoon at Glendale High, where she was visiting her friend, Jeanette Johnson, and Jeanette's pupils, the girls' eyes had been straying to the diamond. They glanced at it even while they questioned Debbie about Eddie and her wedding plans. They clustered around her on the school playground (Jeanette had achieved what used to be Debbie's ambition: to be a gym teacher) and stared at that left hand, until finally Jeanette interrupted the questioning and said, "You may each take a quick look at Debbie's ring." Then they were satisfied.

At first, they had been a little shy. When Jeanette had arrived on the playground with the star beside her and called, "Girls! I'd like you to meet my best friend, Debbie Reynolds," they had dropped their chatter and subsided into an awed silence from which finally emerged a collective and worshipful, "Hello."

"Hi, gang," Debbie had said, airily.

In pink corduroy pants and flat-heeled shoes, she was as short and as young looking as most of the high school students. Except for her poise and professional demeanor, Debbie might easily have passed for one of them.

"Last fall," Jeanette began, (*Continued on page 82*)



WHY BOB WAGNER DATES A GIRL ONLY ONCE

He meets a pretty girl, has a wonderful evening—and never sees her again! Nobody digs it. But R. J., fancy-free, has his reasons.

BY JACK WADE

■ Bob Wagner woke up in a Wichita, Kansas, hotel one morning last February, officially a year older than when he had turned out the lights the night before—twenty-five to be exact.

Sleepily, he yanked a fan of yellow Western Union greetings from under his door—happy returns of the day from his mother and dad in La Jolla, California, his married sister in Claremont, pals at 20th Century-Fox and interested parties, male and female, around Hollywood.

He read them all before he scraped his face, pulled on his clothes and ordered his breakfast. Then, bucked up and happy, he breezed into an auditorium packed with 3000 high school students. That was the reason he was in Wichita—to make new friends for himself, and to publicize his latest picture, *White Feather.*

The gang greeted him singing "Happy Birthday." For an hour he had a ball holding open forum on movie-making and Hollywood life in general. He answered questions about everything—screen stunts, camera tricks and techniques, the joys and headaches of a screen star's life. When they yelled, "Hey, Bob—when you kiss Marilyn Monroe on a set how do you *really* feel?" he came back, "When you kiss a girl how do *you* really feel?"—and the meeting turned into a good-natured riot, as ordinarily happens when Bob hits a town.

He was just making his exit when a deeper voice hailed him, this time in a cynical tone. "Say, Wagner," needled a reporter, "you're a big boy now. What's the matter with you? Why don't you fall in love? When are you going to get married?"

Bob Wagner felt his face get hot, and suddenly the starch drained out of his act. "I'll have to pass on that one," he said. "So long, everybody. Got to make a plane." But his voice was flat. For him the party was over.

The bellhop was slinging his bags into a cab at the hotel when the clerk beckoned him. Hollywood calling. And the gossip columnist's insistent voice was too familiar. "About this Anne Stebbins, Bob," (*Continued on page 65*)



Barbara Darrow: They went to the movies.



Debra Paget: She never goes out.



Debbie Reynolds: She's Eddie's girl now.



Bella Darvi: They're just friends.





Jean Peters: She married somebody else.

Terry Moore: The publicity got frantic.



Becoming a star, being a star, is more than just good looks, more than just talent, more than just breaks—

IT'S MAGIC



RUSS TAMBLYN: This boy's magic is love. Not the romantic headlines type: just an unaffected, vital liking for people in general or in particular. It comes across in his friendly grin, his young, eager voice—and is enthusiastically returned. Five feet, ten inches tall, he weighs 148, is twenty years old, and hasn't lost a bit of the enthusiasm that got him his start. This occurred at the tender age of five, when neither convention nor theatre ushers could prevent him from climbing out of the audience and onto the stage of the Granada Theatre in Los Angeles to do an entirely spontaneous and unrehearsed dance. Since that day he's never regained his amateur standing. His one unfulfilled longing is to do as much for others as his brother, a Mormon missionary in Germany, is doing. His romantic interests are reported to be centered around one Cindy Robbins, blonde. His latest picture is MGM's *Hit The Deck.*



GEORGE NADER: To George, miracles, like most good things, come in threes. His first happened shortly after he appeared on TV's *Fireside Theatre.* He opened an envelope, expecting a check, and lo and behold—it was something better, namely, his first fan letter! He read it twelve times, pasted it in his scrapbook. It came from one Florence Lewis. He doesn't know the name of the girl who worked his next miracle for him. He was driving down a street in the San Fernando Valley (in dark glasses, mind) and, as he went past Corvallis High, heard her say, "Why, there's George Nader!" That was just after *Six Bridges To Cross.* The third—and probably not the last—occurred before he went to work on *The Second Greatest Sex.* A fan asked for his autograph! This so overwhelmed him that stalwart Navy veteran George shakingly signed, "Thank you very much"—and left off his name!

FESS PARKER: His great loves are adventure, the outdoors, women and fighting. He's had more than his share of all four, though, "Competition for girls is very tough in Texas, where I come from, and I lost out." He's six feet, five inches tall, and is Davy Crockett to millions of TV fans. He has a knife scar, chilly feet, veteran status (he was on a mine sweeper in World War II) and a new house. It stands in Benedict Canyon, has plenty of room (". . . in case I should find me a girl to marry") and radiant heating in the floor to keep his feet warm. Twentieth wants him for *The Tall Men,* Disney has big plans for him (*Davy Crockett, King Of The Wild Frontier,* a full-length film), everyone likes him—but the magic spell of stardom didn't hit until he was introduced to a four-year-old. "The little fellow didn't say a word, but all of a sudden he gave me that quick bear-grin, like in the picture. Just about bowled me over and I said to myself, 'Fess, looks like you're getting to be somebody!' "

The new, sexy-but-dignified Monroe took blasé New York by storm! Despite some skeptics she won friends and influenced famous columnist Wilson!

■ People have been saying to me lately, "Marilyn Monroe must be all mixed up."

I disagree. I think Marilyn knows exactly where she's going—and that it's forward. It's just possible that she'll turn out to be not only the sexiest but the smartest blonde of our time.

Marilyn has a knack of getting what she wants—especially from men—by acting rather vague. Some superficial observers would think she's just a frivolous blonde.

But she isn't. In New York recently she posed with some posters advertising the Rheumatism and Arthritis Fund. Several reporters turned out for a press party at Sardi's, and some of them began to pepper her with questions about whether or not she was going back to Joe DiMaggio.

"Oh, let's talk about arthritis," begged Marilyn.

The reply was just preposterous enough to make the reporters laugh and drop the questioning.

Marilyn got what she wanted—no more questions—by this little trick. Right now she wants to act and to get well paid for it. I predict she will. I was present at a big Actors Studio party which she stole completely although the biggest stars were there. And I witnessed something that shows she is respected as an actress around Broadway.

"Could I get her autograph?" asked Lawrence Langner of the Theatre Guild, who has directed or employed the greatest stars, including Katharine Hepburn and Helen Hayes.

I transmitted the message to Marilyn. She inscribed a card, "Love and Kisses," and then her name—and when I mentioned who he was, she said:

"I should get *his* autograph!"

And he gave her one of the most glowing messages I've ever seen. it said:

"Dear Marilyn: We need you for our Shakespeare Theatre. Yours admiringly, Lawrence Langner. P.S. For *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. What a dream!"

Langner told me the last time he had asked an actress for an autograph was in London in 1908—forty-seven years ago—and that her name was Zena Dare.

At first Marilyn was believed to have made a mistake by leaving Hollywood and coming to New York when she battled with her studio. But with the help of photographer Milton H. Greene and agent Jay Kanter of MCA, she did a good public relations job for herself in Manhattan.

She has so much warmth and charm that she won everybody she met—and she met many.

When she went to a première of *East Of Eden* to be an usherette, Marilyn was such a sensation that some of the other glamour gals did some jealous muttering.

A TV commentator interviewing Denise Darcel when Marilyn came in couldn't, or didn't try to, conceal the fact that he wanted to finish with Denise —and get to Marilyn.

Marilyn was also smart in refusing to sing "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" at this party.

She hadn't had time to (*Continued on page* 64)



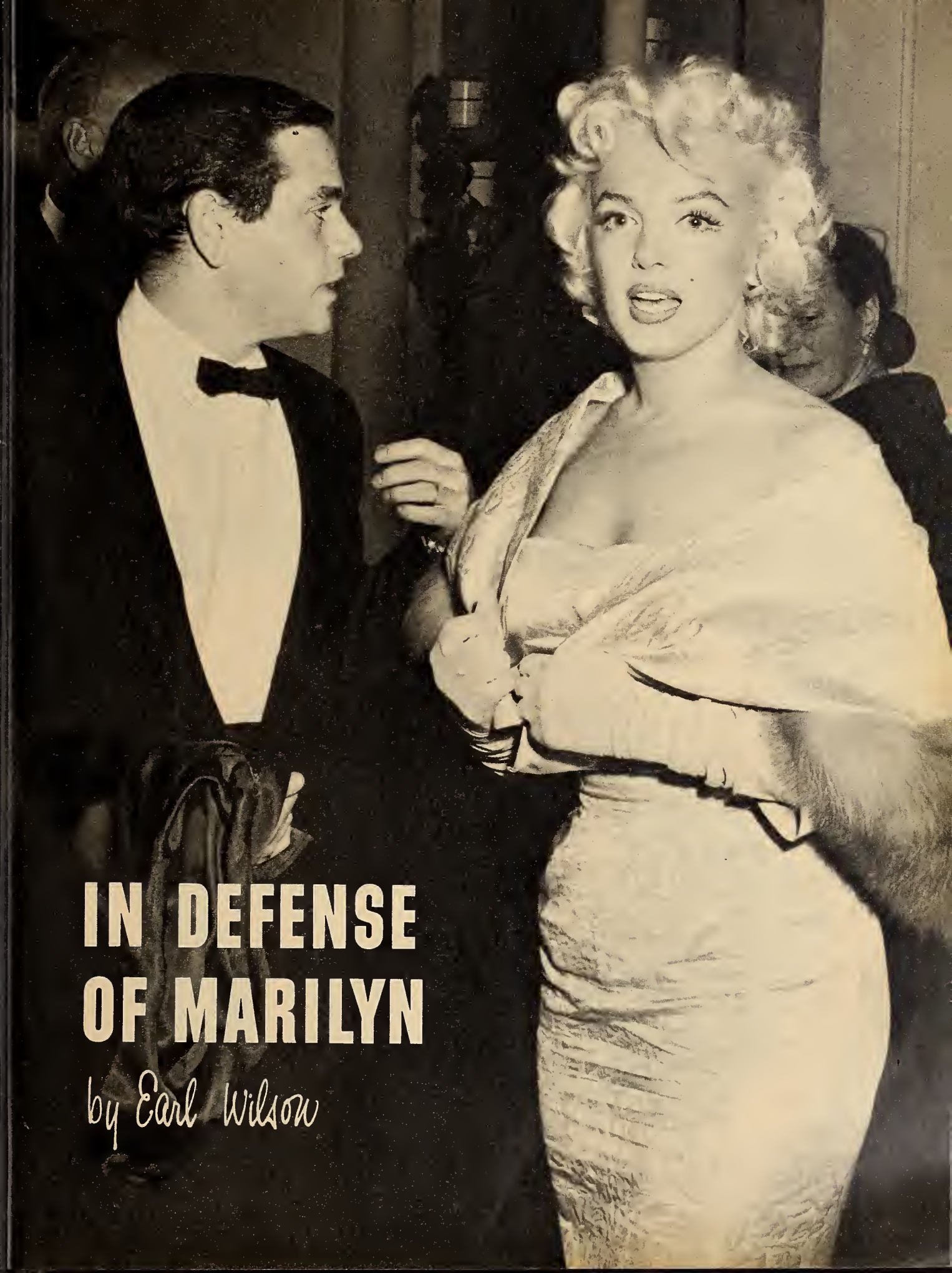
At the première of *East of Eden,* usherette Marilyn handed out programs to Milton Berle, Sammy Davis, Jr., other celebrities.



Anxious cameramen stalked Marilyn everywhere. They caught her even as she left the powder room, comb in hand.



She chatted sedately with columnist Earl Wilson, but her entrance—with Miltan H. Greene (opp. page) had been spectacular.



IN DEFENSE OF MARILYN

by Earl Wilson



by DEBRA PAGET

as told to Louis Pollock

For ages I tried to look sophisticated. And nothing worked because I just didn't *feel* sophisticated. Then Mama said, "Change your hair!" —and overnight *everything* changed!

why I went **R***edhead*

■ Four years ago, I got a bad scare. George Jessel, who was to produce *Anne Of The Indies*, in which I had been cast, suggested that I change the color of my hair for the role—to red! I was startled by the request and pretty well upset. It's a major step for any girl to take, of course. But when you are in a profession in which your appearance can make or break you, it's triple major!

But then a counter order came down from Mr. Darryl Zanuck, the head of our studio.

"I don't want a hair on that girl's head changed!" he told Mr. Jessel. Mr. Jessel passed the word on to me. I heaved a sigh of relief and remained a brunette. Yet only a few years later I was to turn redhead all by myself. That's women for you. That's this woman, anyway!

"Today I am a redhead and it is one of the happiest things ever to happen to me. The new color to my hair seems to have triggered a big change; I feel like a new person. I have discovered a new zest, not only in dressing my new self, but just in *being* my new self. I feel that I have added immeasurably, and in many, many ways, to the old Debra.

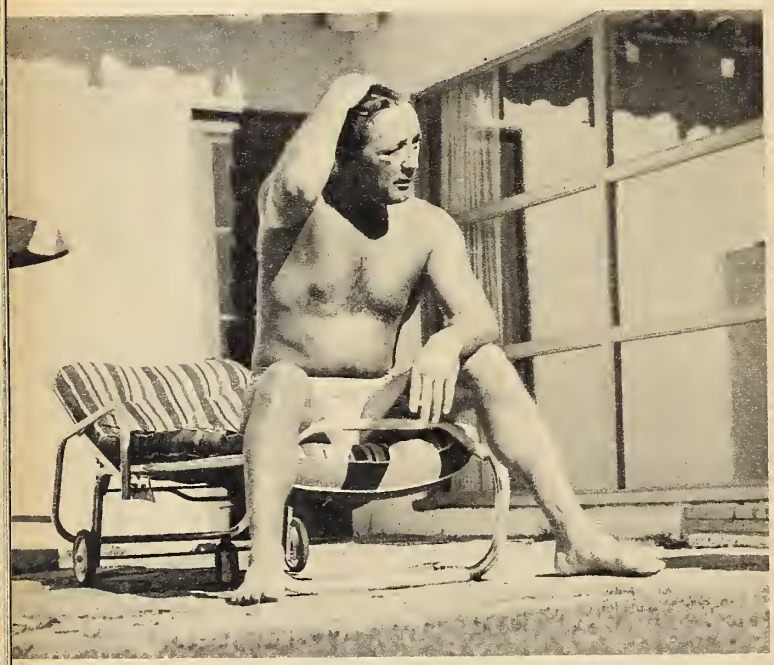
There was even a mystery reaction at first. People kept telling me that I not only looked better, I *sounded* better. Then, of course, I realized that with my new appearance I had adopted a new personality; nine girls out of ten would do the same thing, I am sure. You unconsciously try to live up to yourself—if you can only get yourself to looking right!

When I was a small girl, and even during my first months at the studio, I was a strawberry blonde. Then my hair began to darken quickly. Fortunately this was right for the kind of parts that came my way; I was a Polynesian, an Indian, a Creole, an Oriental and an Egyptian—but never a blonde. It was all right with me at first, but after a few years I thought I saw a sort of relationship between the color of the hair and the kind of part which came my way. I think my mother got the idea first, to tell the truth. I think that's what made her figure it would be a good idea to encourage producers to think of me when they had roles other than Indian maidens and temple dancers. And from her own experience on the stage, when she was known as Margaret Gibson, she knew that the most (*Continued on page 79*)

MITCHUM'S WAY



These pictures, from the Mitchum family album, were taken during a recent vacation in Palm Springs. Bob rented a bungalow there, and partially fulfilled a strong ambition to spend his life basking in the sun.





Daughter Petrina, sons Jimmy and Christopher regard their father as a model one. No one has accused Dorothy of calling Bob a *perfect* husband —but she has few complaints about their hectic, usually happy, life.



They're telling tales out of school about Badman Bob again. And he, as usual, is grimacing and bearing it—as long as possible. But when the last straw falls—stand back!

BY TONI NOEL



One thing Bob's kids will be is honest. Bob is—to the point of rudeness, sometimes. Occasionally people refuse to believe that he means what he says. "Bob, you're a character," they say. Mitchum grins, repeats what he said, and gets fired.



There are many facets of the Mitchum personality not often mentioned—such as his intellectual inclinations, his generosity to his family and co-workers, his real popularity with those who know him well—including stars who've worked with him.

■ A few months ago Robert Mitchum received what might be considered a surprising and flattering offer: a two-week engagement with Britain's Stratford-on-Avon company, to play King Richard. Except that nothing surprises Mitch very much, and flattery will get you nowhere with him. Predictably, he declined the bid.

"Demmit, Bob," said Charles Laughton, who was then directing him, "you ought to do it. It would be the first time they had a living, breathing actor in the role in quarter of a century!"

Mitch's big shoulders shrugged lazily. "What would it prove? That I can do Shakespeare? For two weeks? I'd rather be a bum."

Than an actor? "Than anything," Robert corrected; he had already dismissed the honor, if such it was, and gone on to other things. "I've worked at just about everything a man can do to earn a living, and the longer I think about it, the more I'm convinced that I just don't like to work."

Yes, but you can't not work when you have a wife and three children. Bob snorted derisively. "Look, I can be a bum and still make half a million dollars a year to take care of my family. Don't you see? I *am* a bum. And I have nothing to prove, so why should I go to England to play Richard when I'd rather travel with my wife? . . . Besides, if I worked myself to death at acting, the same people would be saying I was wasting myself. No matter what I did, they'd still say it. Why bother, since being a bum is more natural?"

There are these people who believe Mitchum is an undeveloped genius. Like Mr. Laughton, who found nothing odd in the idea of his playing Shakespeare.

Like young (*Continued on page 95*)





I never had a Doll

by Barbara Stanwyck

I'm a movie star and this is the story of my life. I wouldn't say it's a very glamorous story, maybe not even a happy one —till the most recent chapter. But I've learned almost as much from telling it as from living it—so here it is—straight.



Just betare this picture was taken my mother died and my father left. I was twa.



When I was fifteen—and saying eighteen—I gat my first jab as a dancer.



At twenty-one I married Frank Fay and came ta Hallywood with him.



I started in pictures, trying ta fill the long, dreary haurs when Frank wasn't home.





Seven years after my divorce I met Robert Taylor. In 1939 we were married. In 1950, divorced.

■ I don't remember them at all.

Catherine, my lovely Irish mother, died when I was two and my English father, Byron Stevens, just up and disappeared soon after. He had loved my mother madly, and when she died he went gypsy; working—when he worked—as a laborer.

Millie, my youngest sister, took on most of the responsibility of looking after me. She managed, through some miracle of ingenuity, to stretch her skimpy chorus-girl wages to pay for my room and board with various families in Brooklyn.

In the environment in which I grew up, kids existed on the very brink of domestic or financial disaster. We were alert, precocious and (*Continued on page 88*)

AUDREY ON THE RUN



Surrounded by guards, Audrey and Mel lunched at the Dutch Embassy . . .



then, laughing at reporters chasing them unsuccessfully, drove off . . .



and didn't pause on their dash to privacy until trapped for autographs.

BY COLETTE MAURIER

■ No one since Roger Bannister has run so conspicuously as Audrey Hepburn did during her Paris holiday. From the moment she and Mel Ferrer got off the plane from London until they took off again three days later, Audrey was on a continual sprint.

She ran—from the plane to her car, from the car to her hotel, from the hotel lobby to her rooms on the first floor. Later, wherever she went, she ran—always with her head down. When she wasn't running she was hiding or disappearing or ducking in and out of doorways—and all to avoid having her picture taken.

It would have been so much simpler to have cooperated, but Audrey felt that she had done her duty. During a press conference arranged by Paramount, she had politely answered questions which were sometimes banal and often indiscreet. She had grinned obligingly at a hundred photographers, all of whom got the same shot, that of Audrey seated at a table.

This she did for the sake of Paramount and *Sabrina*, then playing to capacity audiences at seven Paris movie houses. But that was absolutely all she intended to do.

The hide-and-seek routine she used the rest of the time was aided and abetted by the Ritz Hotel, which assigned ten men to patrol the entry to Room 24; by restaurant keepers who threatened mayhem to cameramen who invaded her privacy; by all the persons she visited; and especially by Mel Ferrer, who performed his duty with unconcealed relish. But the photographers never gave up.

Audrey and Mel landed on a Monday afternoon. They leaped into the Cadillac Paramount had sent and sped to the hotel. Their first appointment, after a quick change of clothes and a visit to the hotel cashier, was for cocktails in the apartment of John Nathan, head of Paramount for Europe. Right behind them as they drove to Avenue Foch came several cars, filled with reporters and photographers.

Audrey seemed to be (*Continued on page* 94)



The only time Audrey consented to sit still for color pictures during her entire stay in Paris produced this photo — taken by Paris-Match

Ask Van Johnson to go through fire, fight off tigers, handle dynamite—he's ready, willing and able. But ask him to look you in the face and sing, and . . .

It's Murder Man!

BY GEORGE SCULLIN



■ Charlie Morrison is one of Hollywood's most beloved institutions and so is Charlie's club, the Mocambo. So when Charlie had a stroke and landed flat on his back in the hospital, half the stars in Hollywood took over for him, providing the entertainment and personal touches that Charlie had always given his place. The other half came to watch. And there was plenty to see. For ten days Charlie's friends knocked themselves out, putting on performances such as not even Las Vegas ever saw. And then they sent tape recordings to Charlie, just to let him know that someone was looking after the club.

Van Johnson found himself scheduled to do the fourth night's show, all by himself. Being an old friend of Charlie's he accepted the offer for the honor it was, and said yes promptly. Then, very quietly, he had a fit. There wasn't enough money in the whole of Hollywood to have lured him back onto a stage. There wasn't anything but friendship that could possibly have bought him for what he knew would be a repetition of the most terrifying moments of his life.

Which moment? Well, there had been the times when his life appeared to be in danger every time he set foot on the street. There were the days when, if he had his coat buttons sewed on too tight, the fans would tear off half a lapel and maybe a sleeve with them. There were the nights when they climbed through the windows into his house and wrote messages to him in lipstick on his walls, his tables, even on his car and the hotel to which he fled for refuge. It was great for the lipstick manufacturers, but for Johnson, it was altogether murder.

But he wasn't expecting that now. Those days were pretty well over, which was more than all right with him; for years he'd been trying to finish them off. But he was subject to different attacks these days, and no (*Continued on page 97*)

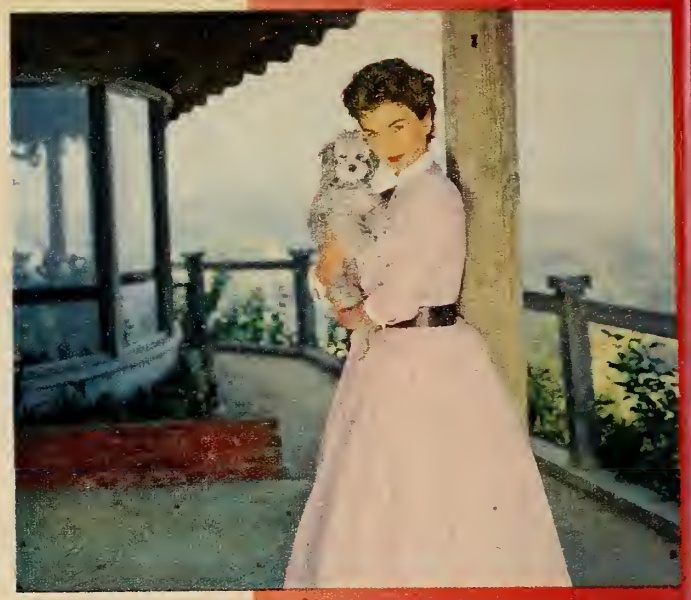


AT MOCAMBO, FORMER CHORUS BOY VAN SANG, DANCED, JOKED—AND WAS SO SCARED HE COULDN'T REMEMBER A MINUTE OF IT!



FRANK SINATRA, HIS DATE PEGGY CONNALLY, VAN'S WIFE EVIE AND EILEEN BARTON, WERE AMONG THE STARS WHO SAW HIS SHOW.

DIARY OF A LONESOME WIFE



Jean does the chores. She talks to friends. She works until she's too tired to be miserable—or almost. But with Stewart away on location once more—what *is* there to do?

BY NATE EDWARDS



Stewart suggested that she shop, so Jean made out a list, bought things she thought he would like.



Even reading, watching her own TV favorites seemed dull without him—but preferable to going out evenings.

■ "I'll be back before you know it," Stewart Granger told his wife, trying to make light of the five months he expected to spend half a world away.

Jean Simmons agreed brightly. But in the back of her mind ran a phrase, a typically American phrase, which seemed to be a more appropriate answer. "I hear you talking," it went, "but are you making sense?"

Well, maybe he was. If you are an actor, you play your cards where the game is best. After all, their profession brought them a good living, a darn high level of living, to tell the truth, and it didn't make sense to cry about the unavoidable drawbacks. As the old cliché says: "Play the game, darling."

Jean knew she must. And she does. But it isn't too easy.

After Jimmy (his real name is James Stewart) had left for Pakistan last February to make *Bhowani Junction* with Ava Gardner, Jean began to go for long walks along the fire trails over the hills around their Beverly Hills home. She took along not only her two beloved miniature poodles, "Young Bess" and "Old Beau," but a third companion who was Jimmy's latest present to her, a bright-eyed, long-nosed, black and white quadruped classified by Jimmy as a "true-blooded" Tibetan water spaniel. (*Continued on page 63*)







BY LAURA OWEN MILLER AND ANNA KENDALL

■ Six hours after Vic Damone proposed marriage to Pier Angeli a few months ago, that fragile, doe-eyed little Italian creature went out on a date with a twenty-four-year-old actor named James Dean.

"I had a previous appointment with Jim," Pier recalls, "and it would not have been right for me to break it."

Pier Angeli is a girl of admirable integrity, and Jimmy Dean has plenty on the ball.

As anyone who has watched his electric performance in *East Of Eden* will testify, Jimmy has an inexplicable, boyish magnetism, a youngish sex appeal.

One senses latent passion, great depth and seething, smoldering energy, and wonders about a momentary eruption.

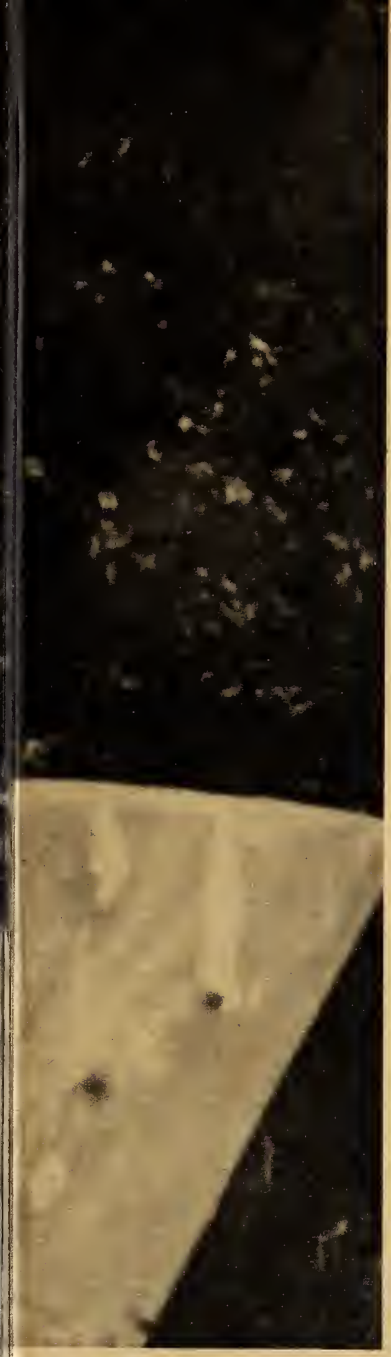
After seeing *East Of Eden,* one critic wrote, "Jimmy Dean is a rare and true genius." "As fine an actor as Marlon Brando," wrote another, "maybe better. "The best thing to have hit the screen in years," attested a third.

And the columnists, not to be outdone, have climbed on the bandwagon. "Jimmy Dean is the greatest." "A screwball, sure, but what a talent!" "One of the most colorful kids in Hollywood history." "Of the T-shirt school of actors, probably the best."

Not since Marlon Brando has any young actor prompted such unanimous praise. And not since Brando has any young actor aroused so much controversy in the movie world.

One group steadfastly maintains that Jimmy Dean is copying Marlon Brando in both his personal and professional life.

"Marlon Brando has a motorcycle," one young actress points out, "so Dean buys himself a motorcycle. Marlon Brando plays hide-and-seek with the press, so Dean plays hide-and-seek with the press. Marlon Brando won't tell anyone about the girls he's dating, so Dean doesn't talk, either. He's a carbon copy of Brando. Absolutely no difference. There's nothing original about Jimmy Dean."



James Dean:
SMOLDERING DYNAMITE

Here is the life story of the boy who is frankly the most important young man to rock Hollywood since Brando hit town!



As a young child, Jim lived with his parents.



When his mother died Jim, nine, was taken ...



to the farm in Fairmount, Indiana, where he grew up...

A co-ed who dated Jimmy in 1950 when he was attending Santa Monica Junior College, represents those who believe James behaves in the way that is natural for him.

"Jimmy," she says, "is the most individual young man I ever met. He was the way he is long before Marlon Brando came upon the scene. Everything he does is sincere and heartfelt. It is not calculated for effect.

"Unlike Brando, he is not a shocker. He is gentle, sensitive and masculine. Yes, he's moody and introverted. Sure, he's a non-conformist but he's very well brought up. His background is so conservative that he is not likely to defy convention in the brazen way that Brando does.

"I happen to remember when he was going with Pier Angeli. He was stuck on the girl. No doubt about it. When she was at Warners working on a picture, he used to leave the *Eden* set and watch her every day.

"One day I was out there and (*Continued on page* 60)



with his aunt and uncle. His father is seated left.

More pictures on next page



Later, he attended Santa Monica Junior College.

Jimmy was photographing Pier. They looked very much in love. And I remember saying to myself, 'This is the same boy who once told me that he never would get married.'

"Anyway, Jimmy took Pier to meet his father and stepmother. His parents live in Los Angeles, and Jim arranged for a lunch at Frascati's on Wilshire Boulevard. It came off very well. Now, what could be more conventional than a young man introducing a girl he's very fond of to his parents?

"They say that Jimmy is a recluse, that he drives around like a madman on a motorcycle, that he refuses to wear anything but a T-shirt and blue jeans. Most of what they say about him is nonsense or exaggerated. Investigate. Ask the people who really know him. They'll tell you the truth."

According to his parents, his teachers, his relatives, his colleagues and his friends, James Byron Dean at twenty-four does not fit the Hollywood mold stamped "Typical Young Actor."

He does not always wear blue jeans and T-shirts. He dresses in black boots, slacks, polo shirts, sports coats, sweaters—any kind of informal wear. He owns more formal clothes but wears them on special occasions. He has always done this.

Jimmy Dean does not "drive around Hollywood like a madman (*Continued on page* 70)

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY BY MODERN SCREEN,





FAIRMOUNT HIGH TRACK TEAM

Date	Team	Held
March 29	Sweetser	At Sweetser
April 12	Mississinewa and Swayzee	At Sweetser
April 16	Van Buren	At Fairmount
April 20	County	At Marion
April 23	Converse Relays	At Converse
April 30	Kokomo Relays	At Kokomo
May 6	Converse and Montpelier	At Converse
May 14	Sectional	At Marion

The following track boys are ones who were outstanding in events from Fairmount High School:

100-220 yard dash . . . Earl Scott
440-yard dash . . . Rex Bright
880-yard run . . . Charles Lewis, Charles Simpson
Mile . . . Gene Stone, Lawrence King
High Hurdles . . . Jim Granville
Pole Vault . . . Jim Dean, Jerry Brown
High jump-broad jump . . . J. Brown
Mile Relay Team . . . Brown, Stone, Lewis, Brown, Granville

Jim Granville now has the school record in the high hurdles, a record of the season March 29 at [illegible] seconds flat.

Charles Lewis was expected to break the school record in the 880 yard dash during the season.

and only 5'-8½"

COMPLIMENTS OF B. M. HALL & CO.

JIM'S HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK, *THE BLACK AND GOLD* SHOWS HIM AS ACTOR, ORATOR, ATHLETE, LEADER!

J.D., boy Monster



"GOON WITH THE WIND" AND FRANKENSTEIN

The play, "Goon With the Wind," and Frankenstein made their appearance October 29 at the [illegible] Carnival. Some of the high school characters in the play were: Josie Jones, Jim Dean, and David Nall. Jim Dean, as Frankenstein, grotesquely "scared the wits" out of the audience.

Two plays presented by the Thespian Society during National Drama Week included "An Ape from Coles County" and "Junior Prom."

Formal initiation for new members was held during the year. Those initiated were seniors, Edith Thomas, Ethel Thomas, Virginia Payne, and Earl Vetor. David Nall, Kathleen Titus, Paul Smith, Reva Brown, and Janet Sue Nose; and sophomore, David Nall.

The plays were under the direction of Gurney Mattingly.

Double feature guy from horror to hoops

COMPLIMENTS OF FAIRMOUNT HARDWARE



Prez of the Thespians



That was only the beginning!

THE DEBATE CLUB

Those composing the debate club are:

Standing: Mrs. Adeline Brookshire, Barbara Leach, Earl Vetor, president; James Dean, and Dean Hurlock.

Sitting: Shirley Hill, Sue Hill, Janet Roth, Betty Todd, secretary-treasurer; David Nall, and Paul Marvin Smith.

One of the greatest achievements of debate year was the National Forensic League Charter 761, which was presented by Senator Karl Mundt at Talk of the Hour meeting in Marion March 21. N. F. L. is an honorary society for all phases of speech.

Resolved: "That the United Nations Now be Revised into Federal World Government" proved to a lively topic [illegible] debate club this year.

[illegible] two-day trip to [illegible] and Legislative Assembly, December 3 and 4. Barbara Leach, senator, and Earl Vetor, representative, participated in the legislature.

Grand County Lions Club sponsored a "Voice of Youth" broadcast over WBAT at Marion Public Library. James Dean and Barbara Leach spoke February 13; David Nall and Earl Vetor, March 27, representing Fairmount.

Jim Dean won first place in the N. F. L. state contest held at Peru, April 8-9. This qualified Jim to enter the national contest of the N. F. L. held at Longmont, Colo, April 29-30. "Madman" by Charles Dickens was the title of his dramatic reading.

More Frankenstein?



JAMES DEAN
N. F. L. state contest winner
dramatic declamation

STUDY HALL

Here we have the fourth period study hall with Miss Betty Amos supervising. Students have the privilege of using the reference room and they may take out library books and magazines for specified lengths of time.

FRENCH CLASS

French is back again at F. H. S. We hope it will stay for quite a while. As you see there are a number of the students learning to say "Bonjour" and "Au revoir." Many of the students correspond with French children of their age.



DAVID NALL
F. F. A. state contest winner
public speaking

COMPLIMENTS OF CITIZENS STATE BANK — MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

P.S. Class prophecy: Jim Dean has his masterpiece of Barbara Leach hanging in Carnegie Hall



The people who scare you the most are probably the very ones who need your friendship the most. But you have to dare to be yourself to find out!

CALL YOUR OWN BLUFF

by Jane Wyman

■ As a youngster I was terribly shy. I may not have been the original hide-under-the-bed-when-company-comes Nelly, but I couldn't claim to be far from it. I have a picture of my school days that I don't particularly want to remember but will never forget. I see a girl standing before her class making a simple book report. She sweats, she stammers, she trembles. That's me.

I also see myself telling lies to hide some simple truths that I wrongly thought were a disgrace—I was poor, lonesome perhaps, hadn't any clothes—and the lies fastened about me so that they constantly tripped me up.

You know, I never used to think of myself as a dancer when I was a youngster, even though I did have feet which seemed to know what they were doing. When Mother took me for lessons I had to be tied into my dancing shoes. I really used to believe that I didn't care about dancing. But today I am sure there was another reason. What really bothered me was the unconscious dread that if I became a dancer I would have to dance before an audience. (*Continued on page 68*)

(*Continued from page 56*) "His name," he told her gravely, "is *Meetoo-Shih-Tzu*, and among the Buddhists of Tibet, dogs of his breed are counted as temple dogs."

You could never tell about Jimmy, but you could soon tell about "Meetoo". He was a real companion. The poodles hated him at first, but he quickly won them over with a wild, ear-flipping kind of gaiety. And he was crazy about the walks over the hills, reminded by them of his native Tibetan mountains, she figured. So when there was nothing else to do Jean would walk herself and her dogs silly. And for the first few nights after Jimmy was gone she enjoyed a certain "liberty" around the house—or thought she did.

"At least, now I can see what I want to see on the television, without interference!" she told Bill Rushton, Jimmy's former orderly of his British Army days, who manages the household for them.

She meant that up to now she had always been obliged to give up looking at the dramatic and comedy shows she liked because Jimmy (and Rushton, too!) always tuned in the fights or other sporting events. But it didn't turn out as she had planned. Watching TV just wasn't the same, somehow, when Jimmy wasn't there. She would be watching some play which seemed never to get anywhere, Rushton would be out in the kitchen splashing the dishes about, and things were dull, dull, dull!

And that was when she began to feel grateful for being tired evenings. And for more than a week after her picture started, she would come home, eat sparingly (for good reason—she had really made a "porker" of herself during her winter trip home to England), and be happy to tumble into bed.

THERE WAS SOLID REASON for her weariness, of course. In *Guys And Dolls* she not only had an exacting characterization to fill, but there was some singing and dancing to do—something quite new for her. Once before, in an English picture called *Way To The Stars*, she had been asked to sing. The director, Anthony Asquith, had listened to her with deep concentration, after which he had advised: "You had better stick to plain acting, my dear."

Nevertheless, Joe Mankiewicz, who was directing *Guys And Dolls* for Samuel Goldwyn, and who had written the screenplay adaptation from its Broadway presentation, insisted that Jean use her own voice. He pointed out that in the picture she played the role of a Salvation Army lass, not a professional singer, and what she had to be was herself, not Lily Pons.

The singing and dancing, and working in strenuous scenes with such stars as Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine called for a big outlay of mental, as well as physical, energy.

She was going to write Jimmy about her singing; she was going to say something funny, like, ". . . and I did it all without once using a throat atomizer," but she didn't. In the first place, no letter from Jimmy came for her until almost a month after he had left—so wretched was the mail service from Pakistan. And, to tell the truth, no letter from her to Jimmy had even started—so horrible a correspondent was she, she realized with a guilty twinge.

BUT SHE CAME to think about that later. First there were the walks with the dogs. Then there were the rides she would take in her Jaguar. On one of these she came to realize that the unusual has an odd habit of occurring in a girl's life when events find her without the protection of the man she has depended on for so long.

She had stopped her car at a street corner for a red light when a strange man walked over and started talking to her.

"Back where I come from we admire beautiful women and fast horses," he said. "In Hollywood I guess it's a case of pretty women and these here scat cars. Ain't that so, Ma'am?"

Jean didn't know. When she saw the light change she "scat."

And during the first week or two after Jimmy left the only feeling she had besides the fatigue caused by her work was a certain apprehension which gripped her whenever she happened to pass the telephone. This, in fact, caused her to answer the phone with a certain edge of suspicious inquiry in her voice when it did ring. The last time Jimmy had gone off on location—last year when he went to South America for the outdoor shots of *Green Fire*, the telephone began to behave mysteriously. It would ring and yet, when she answered, there never would be anyone on the line. She didn't want that sort of thing to start again this time.

But this time the telephone behaved. And if anything threatened to get out of order, it was Jean. One day she looked out of the window and thought she saw a man down on the road below who was peering up at the house through a telescope. Taking a second look, she realized she had made a mistake. He was a surveyor looking through a transit.

Another time she found herself standing in the living room giving birth to an idle thought that concerned one of Jimmy's African trophies mounted on the wall—a fine rhinoceros horn. What would happen, she wondered, if she carved her initials on it? And knowing Jimmy, she was able to deduce the answer immediately; she probably would be shot and mounted on the wall beside it.

Bob Olin now hears a movie process is planned where the wide-screen will reach almost entirely around the theatre, to give the audience a little extra entertainment on the side.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

ALL THIS SHOWED that Jean wasn't enjoying being alone, of course. When you get used to living with a man you have to work at getting used to living without him; it doesn't happen automatically. Jimmy knew this, too. He had known it when he left and had managed to leave a lot of himself behind in a certain way. For instance, he had suggested that she go on a shopping spree after he left. He said he thought she should pick up a lot of sports clothes.

She did. She went to her favorite store and bought herself a slew of slacks, sweaters, shirts and accessories. But even as she went about selecting the very first article, she thought of Jimmy and what he would think of her choice, and she realized that he was going to stay right there in her mind with every purchase she made. Because he had always shown fine judgment about what she should wear, had in fact picked most of her clothes, she couldn't very well even buy a belt buckle without wondering what he would say about it.

Had he guessed this would happen when he told her to go shopping? She felt there was no doubt about it and she had to smile about him fondly. He had done more than this, as she now realized.

When they had been in London last winter, they had met one of his favorite painters, Sir Matthew Smith. Jimmy was already an admirer of his work to the extent of five of his paintings, gay floral works, acquired years before and now decorating the living room in their Beverly Hills home. Yet when Sir Matthew said he would like to paint a portrait of Jean, she thought it could hardly be arranged because of their busy schedules. But Jimmy had reworked all arrangements so that she could pose in two sittings—and now that painting, a color and mood impression of her, was hanging in their living room along with the other Matthew Smiths.

It was a portrait of her which she couldn't help seeing every day. But it was also a reminder of Jimmy, of how much he had wanted the picture, of how happy he was to have his favorite painter put her on canvas.

BUT EVEN THAT JIMMY is a Jimmy you have to recall, not a Jimmy in actuality, and when he had been gone for some time, her days began to slow down. The thing to do was to go out; there were many "friends of the family," so to speak. Yet six weeks after Jimmy had gone Jean had been out only twice, both times escortless, in the proper sense of the word.

On the night of the Screen Writers Guild Awards Dinner she had gone along with Mr. and Mrs. Mankiewicz, the Danny Kayes and the Bert Allenbergs. She had a wonderful time listening to the clever satire of the men who wrote filmdom's stories—but perhaps not so wonderful as she would have had had Jimmy been along. He liked good writing, and he liked the viewpoints of writers on matters of the world. She enjoyed these things more seeing them through his eyes.

Her second time out was a visit to Liz Taylor in the hospital when Liz' second child was born. And this had been the occasion when she had become a godmother for the first time in her life—to Christopher Edward, the Wildings' baby boy.

But after that she turned down the many invitations and decided to concentrate on her work. There were several demanding aspects about her role in *Guys And Dolls*. It would be in production for four months, so that she would be busy on it for almost the entire time that Jimmy was to be away. It was a picture on which she had to study almost every night to make sure she was "up" on her American accent.

Once before, when she co-starred with Spencer Tracy in *The Actress*, she had had to make sure she was speaking American, American as it was spoken around Boston, two generations ago. However, there was at least a token similarity between Bostonian English and British English. But the Broadway version of English, of the lingo as spoken in *Guys And Dolls*, was something else again.

AND SO, AS THIS is written, Jean Simmons is spending her time away from the set practicing the lines she has to speak on the set. And outside of this she has given up all other activities except one, which involves a present Jimmy gave her about a year ago—a .22 calibre rifle.

When she finds time, Jean goes out on the grounds in back of her house and practices shooting at a standard small target, about twelve inches in diameter, from a firing point thirty-six yards away. She has decided that she wants to be a good shot.

Anybody who knows Jimmy knows that he plans to go to Africa again soon to do some hunting. Before this he has gone alone. But he did agree that if Jean were a good shot she might come along. Just about now, Jimmy will be receiving something in the mail in Pakistan that will convince him of Jean's fine marksmanship.

It won't be a letter. Jean may never get around to writing. Instead it will be a target in which the whole bull's-eye center is shot away. Jean put seven out of ten bullets into that bull's-eye. And now she is content to wait for Jimmy to get back. For the next time he goes, she goes, too! END

(*Continued from page 44*) rehearse the song. Furthermore, she might have been compared with others who've sung it, and as a Hollywoodite at a Broadway party, she might have been resented. She wisely just sat there at the party—and let all of the curious stars stare at her. And they surely did!

Marilyn also went to the big Friars' dinner for Martin and Lewis, where she was the only woman on a dais of about forty celebrities.

Sitting between Eddie Fisher and Bobby Clark, she was the center of attention all evening. When she took a bow, and gave Martin and Lewis each a smooch, she won tremendous applause.

Marilyn admitted that she had one embarrassing moment that evening—when she left the dais to go to the ladies' room.

"The President of the United States does that," I told Marilyn. "At big banquets he leaves the dais to go to the powder room."

"Then I guess I can do it," said Marilyn. "I'm a president—of Marilyn Monroe Productions."

Marilyn discovered that New York show people—supposedly hard and tough—have real respect for her. She hasn't had one bad experience with them. Carol Channing had been urged to trap her into getting up on the floor to sing "Diamonds" with her at the Actors Studio party. But Carol thought it over and decided not to do it. I talked to her about it when she came off the floor.

"I decided it wouldn't be fair to Marilyn," Carol said. "I just know that I'd kill anybody who'd do it to me, so why should I do it to her?"

Many actors seemed to be going around asking, "Do you think Marilyn would mind this?" One of those was comedian Joey Adams, one of the dais-sitters.

"I've got a gag about Joe and Marilyn. Do you think I should tell it?" he asked a friend.

"No," replied the friend. "There's nothing wrong with the gag, but it might be embarrassing to her."

So Joey chucked the joke.

WHILE SHE WAS around New York, Marilyn doubled her contacts and acquaintances—and nearly every new one was on her side.

One of the funniest experiences she had was at Jackie Gleason's thirty-ninth birthday party at Toots Shor's.

"I've got splinters!" she suddenly announced, patting the area where she had them. Everybody laughed—and several gentlemen volunteered to help remove them. Marilyn didn't laugh, though. She hustled off to the ladies' room.

My wife and another guest at the party happened to be there and they helped yank the big splinters out of the Monroe epidermis. Marilyn got them by sliding down into a chair. She demonstrated to my wife how it happened. And my wife said that Marilyn gives a chair a caress when getting into it—sort of oozing into it—and that the splinters are to be expected if one has watched her get into a chair. In Fort Wayne, Indiana, a group of fans got up something called "The Society for the Prevention of Splinters In Marilyn Monroe."

Marilyn was the hit of that party, too. Joe DiMaggio escorted her to it. Later on Joe happened to be at another party—and Gleason phoned him that he was coming to it.

"I just want to warn you that I'm bringing Marilyn," Gleason said.

Sure enough, he arrived with Marilyn—his girl friend, Marilyn Taylor of the June Taylor Dancers.

One of Marilyn's big excitements in New York was helping to stage a surprise party for Milton Greene, the vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions.

Greene's pretty wife Amy got Marilyn to help. So Marilyn and Agent Jay Kanter called a meeting of Marilyn Monroe Productions at about three o'clock on the afternoon of Greene's birthday at the Hotel Gladstone where Marilyn was living.

"Keep him out till six-thirty," Amy directed.

"We had a hard time with Milton," Kanter told me later. "We transacted all the business in a couple of hours. But we had to keep him another hour.

"So Marilyn would say, 'Oh, that reminds me of something else I've been wanting to take up.'

"We'd dispose of that in a few minutes and Milton would say, 'I've got to be going.'

"Then I'd say, 'Oh, here's something else to worry about.'"

Marilyn, Kanter and Greene finally arrived at Greene's studio at about six-forty-five and everybody shouted, "Surprise!" to Greene, who really was. Marilyn was wondrously happy, for she felt she had put it over—and she had.

"It's the first time Marilyn ever had a surprise party for anyone," Amy said.

GREENE, WHO IS thirty-three, has excellent taste, and is primarily interested in seeing that Marilyn is not cheapened or "pushed around."

Photographing her for one of the top magazines, he saw her as potentially a Great Woman. He didn't photograph her the easy way—with a towel on—but brought out her sex appeal in a more dignified manner. One of his prize pictures of her shows Marilyn in a black robe. She's well-covered. Only her bare legs show.

Yet this picture conveys the idea of Marilyn Monroe's sex appeal far better than most—and still nobody can ever criticize Marilyn for it.

That's the direction Marilyn wants to take with the help of the Greenes, who invite her frequently to their home at Westport, Connecticut.

Toward respectability.

Marilyn has given serious consideration to the Broadway stage. She and Greene had a long meeting with George Abbott about the show, *Damned Yankee*, based

SHORT SHORTS STORY

Wherein Lana's happy vacation takes an unexpected twist.



■ Lana Turner's favorite story is one she tells on herself with difficulty, as the telling is interspersed with giggles.

Lana and Lex were in Acapulco, land of leisure and sunshine. The vacation was idyllic and Lana had never felt better. She allowed as how she looked pretty good, too, being tanned to a rich walnut color. So she was in high spirits the afternoon she and Lex drove into the village to pick up some things at the general store. When they discovered there was no parking space Lana trilled happily that Lex should double-park and she would run to the store. She jumped out and waited for traffic to clear, standing there in all that tan and white shorts.

It was only natural that she would be spotted by the two American sailors lounging in front of the store.

"Hey!" said one in stentorian tones. "There's Lana Turner!"

"You off your rocker?" boomed the other. "Where? Where's Lana Turner?"

"There!" yelled the first sailor, pointing at the vision.

"Where?"

"There, you jerk! She's coming this way!"

They spoke as though no one in all of Mexico had ears and Lana, whose hearing is as faultless as her figure, was amused. She sailed across the street, cleared the high curb with a bound and stood face to face with the Navy.

"Well, I'll be damned!" breathed the doubting young salt. "It's the old girl herself!"

Telling the story, Lana chokes back her laughter. "You might think I'd been around for fifty years! I was even *skipping*, for heaven's sake!"

And after that, every time she suggested eighteen holes of golf, or racing Lex into the ocean, he'd shake his head in mock concern and say, "Aren't you getting too old for that sort of thing?"

For the record, Lana has been a Hollywood fixture for eighteen years, but is a supple, shapely age thirty-four.

on the book, *The Year The Yankees Lost The Pennant.*

"Marilyn should have a show written just for her," Abbott said afterward. "With that personality, she's entitled to it." He felt that her sometimes faint voice is of a special quality which would be excellent in the proper show.

She's had to take a lot of kidding in recent months because she said something about hoping eventually to do *The Brothers Karamazov,* by Dostoevski, and that's a little unfair to her. The idea got around that she wanted to become a longhair.

"Why do you want to give up sexy parts?" she was asked.

Actually, the part she had in mind is very sexy. And anyway, she was talking about a picture she would like to do at some distant time. Marilyn knew a great deal more about the Dostoevski masterpiece than people who were joshing her about becoming a longhair.

Curiously, she is a well-read young lady. One book she read recently was *Garbo* and another was Ben Hecht's *Child Of The Century.* The book about Garbo was given to Marilyn by a friend who inscribed it, "To one who is even prettier than Garbo." Marilyn was especially interested in the sections of the book which told of Garbo's battle with her studio.

At no time has Marilyn spoken out harshly against her studio.

"They're all a wonderful group of people," she says. But she has felt that she would have done better if she'd had a voice in choice of stories.

It didn't make her happy to be in *There's No Business Like Show Business,* alongside such expert singers and dancers as Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor.

"Ethel Merman is one of the greatest singers in the world," points out a friend of Miss Monroe.

"Marilyn's a good singer who's learning a lot. But her singing would be bound to be overshadowed by Merman's—just as Merman would be overshadowed if she tried to do a young sexpot role of the kind Marilyn can do so well."

In *The Seven Year Itch,* Marilyn comes into her own, and makes up, she hopes, for another mistake, *The River Of No Return.*

"We should have had a stronger story," is about all she'll say about that.

MARILYN is so celebrated at this point that a columnist must always be checking a new crazy rumor about her. A recent one was that she and Rory Calhoun had been secretly married once many years ago.

I checked this one myself, going to the extreme of phoning Rory Calhoun's Hollywood home. His wife, the lovely Lita Baron, answered at six-fifteen A.M.

She first said, "You're not serious!" Then she told me, "This is preposterous."

Suddenly, she said, "Oh, I know where that crazy story comes from. They were married in *The River Of No Return.*"

To me, there's something significant in the way the autograph kids—the movie fans of today and tomorrow—talk about her. They'll tell you that she's wonderful, never too busy to stop and sign their books and pose for their cameras.

Never underestimate this gal. What other actress—during a suspension—has gone about making a million or so new friends? **END**

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why bob wagner dates a girl only once

(*Continued from page 41*) he pressed. "What cooks? Is it a romance? Are you engaged? Give me a quote."

"Okay," replied Bob wearily. "I will. She's a nice, attractive young lady—but we've never had a date. You're on a crazy, cold trail. I'm just a friend of her father."

"How about that picture of you two?"

Bob had been at the Friars' testimonial to George Burns and Gracie Allen down at the Biltmore. Alone. He ran into Artie Stebbins, his wife and their eighteen-year-old daughter. A news photographer shot a picture. He hadn't seen her since.

"Ha!" scoffed the skeptic. "Still kidding the public, hey?"

Bob hung up, thinking you can't win, wherever you are. The others they'd romanced him with raced through his mind—Barbara Stanwyck, Debra Paget, Terry Moore, Joan Collins—women and girls he'd never even taken out on a date. Suddenly he felt a hundred and two and as jumpy as a jack rabbit. In the rest of the twenty-three cities he visited he didn't dare show up with a girl in public, including New York, although a very beautiful one he knew lived there and he liked her a lot. But on his last visit he had escorted her to a première. One date and the columnists had him engaged to Josephine Abercrombie.

BOB WAGNER has been back in Hollywood since early spring, but in his own home town he's still a bachelor on the run. If he gets within two feet of a girl people say he's in love. If he is seen out on a date it's a Big Thing. He's had his telephone number changed twice since he got home and he's thinking of yanking it out.

Now, most eligible young Hollywood males learn to live with this hunted feeling, as others besides Bob—like Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter or George Nader—could easily confirm. Bob has been in pictures since he was eighteen, a swoon star for almost three years now, and except for a supposed romance with Debbie Reynolds, very hard to stick with a Valentine all that time. In fact, you practically have to dig out Wagner's dates with a Geiger counter, a fact that reporters find increasingly annoying as Bob's years and his fame grow.

Of late Mister Robert John Wagner has been popping in and out of his apartment in Beverly Hills like a restless gopher. He came back from three months in Mexico to take off on this nation-wide personal appearance junket. Home again, he had barely riffled through his mail before he roared off in his Thunderbird to La Jolla to visit his folks. Before a phone call could reach him there, he had hopped on the invitation of Leo Durocher over to Phoenix, Arizona, to pepper it up with the New York Giants in spring training. Finally cornered at home, he was packing his bags to run up to San Francisco next day. Bob looked frayed and he confessed he was twelve pounds under his fighting weight. Asked why he didn't sit still for a while and cool off, he grinned.

"This town's too small," he observed nervously, gazing out the window at a sprawling community which approximates 4,000,000 souls. "It's the greatest when I'm on a picture, but right now I'm not." When *Lord Vanity* ran into leading lady trouble and was canceled until summer, Bob doped out this good will tour himself.

"When I'm not busy I blow," he explained. "If I hang around here on the loose I just get involved."

What's wrong about that?

"You mean with girls? You, too?" sighed Bob. But he can be reasonable.

"For some guys, nothing I suppose," he began reluctantly. "But for me everything. The main reasons are: I'm not in love. I'm not interested in getting that way. I don't want to marry yet. And I don't want to waste all of my time, my thoughts and my energies on something that doesn't yet make sense—I've got other places for those. On top of that, I find it sort of silly, embarrassing and undignified to have this heartbeat fiction floating around when it's so crazy. Now, if I did tumble I'd want everyone to know it. But I haven't yet, so why work up a storm over nothing?

"I date girls all the time," allowed Bob. "But usually I duck in and I duck out because that's the way it has to be for me. Usually one date and goodbye. No entangling alliances. And when I do that I don't let anyone know about it or catch me if I can help it, because then it's the old story: I'm hooked, I'm going to get married, it says here, I'm this and that—and who cares? I don't believe my love life means a nickel to my career. I don't think anything does except what Robert Wagner does up there on that screen.

"That may sound selfish," Bob conceded, "but actually it's not. Nobody's in love with me either, and when a phony item gets out—well, I don't like to hurt anybody. Now I know reporters run out of something to write. So they take anything that looks promising and build up a story. I don't blame them. If they catch me with a girl, well they've got me and it's okay—an occupational hazard, I suppose. But frankly, I dodge."

A CASE IN POINT, Bob said, was Anne Stebbins. When Bob was in Phoenix working out with the Giants it wasn't mysterious that Anne was there, too. Her dad, insurance man Artie Stebbins, is an old friend of Leo the Lip's. In fact, he introduced Bob to Durocher. But even with that tie-in Bob figured it was risky to be nice. When he was asked to a party at Leo's it was natural for Anne to expect him to take her. Instead Bob had to dodge. "What do I want to waltz you around that gang for?" he kidded her out of it. "I want to spend my time with Willie Mays." He felt like a dog, but he also knew what would happen if they showed up together again.

"I made a silly statement once when I first hit pictures," grimaced Bob. "Said I'd get married before I was thirty. Now each birthday the heat's on. What a crazy crack!

"How could I possibly know then when I'd get married? You don't just wake up some morning and say, 'Nice day—think I'll get married.'

"I'll give you a scoop," razzed Bob. "I like girls. Couldn't get along without 'em. I've dated since I was in knee pants. I've gone steady and I've thought I was in love. I've been unofficially engaged a time or two. I've tossed over some girls and been tossed hard myself. But I've never regretted it. Maybe if I had stuck with the steel business I'd have been married by now. But something else happened to me. And that something else makes a big difference. You don't just walk out and say, 'I'll have a career,' either. You work for it. I work almost every day, shooting or not. It's a full time job. So is marriage. Something's got to give."

A STACK OF MAIL three feet high stood by his desk. "Came in while I was gone," he revealed. "I get up at six o'clock in the morning and wade through it. Two thousand letters pile into this apartment every week, not counting the rest. It costs

MR. FORD
of the peach patch

■ Glenn Ford collects trees in the way other people collect stamps. His three-acre estate in Beverly Hills is an informal jungle of every tropical vine, bush or tree that will grow in southern California.

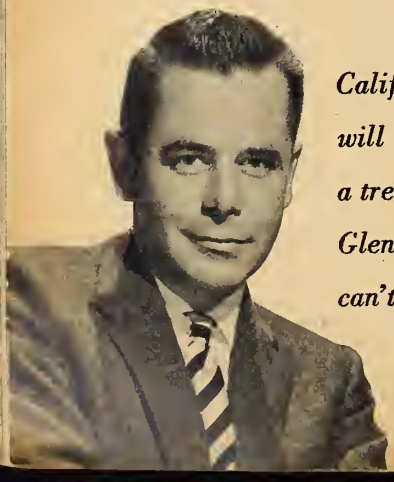
He has sixteen kinds of peach trees, a banana tree (no bananas on it because the climate isn't warm enough), walnut, pecan and almond trees and a hundred more.

Glenn can make anything grow. For delicate baby avocado trees, he rigged up a line to the house's hot water system, so that the trees would have a fine hot spray on cold nights. For weeks Glenn's wife Ellie complained that there was no hot water, but by the time she found out the reason, the trees were old enough to live without it.

When Pete Ford (who is now ten) was six years old, he went on an "I hate fruit" diet. So Glenn bought a peach, an orange, a grapefruit and a fig tree, and let Pete plant them. There never has been any trouble making Pete eat fruit since. On the contrary, he nearly drove his parents to distraction by asking every day, "When does my fruit come? Where's my fruit on my trees?" It's understood that the fruit from the four trees belongs exclusively to Pete.

Right now Glenn has a problem. "There's hardly room for another tree, and someone promised me a magnolia from Mississippi and a pair of dwarf figs. And there are some others that I'm sure will grow here. At least I'd like to try." Then he grinned and said, "I'll make room behind the swimming pool for the figs, but after that—"

After that, he will probably buy the acre next door.



California will never see a tree Glenn Ford can't grow!

me $150 a month to take care of that. But a lot of it has to be taken care of by nobody but myself. I'm lucky to get it, of course."

Bob kept the phone hot. "I'm on this thing all day long sometimes," he explained. "Contacts. In this business you have to keep them warm. It's 'Root, hog, or die!' You've got to keep rustling jobs for yourself even when you have a studio contract. People say I'm too serious about my job. Maybe I am. But I'm not kidding myself. I'm not really a big star. I want to be so good they can't ever fire me. Then I want to make my own pictures. I tried to buy a couple of stories but I couldn't clear all the rights. That reminds me—" he dialed another number.

"I'm a quiet romance item strictly because I want to be," stated Bob later. "Truth is, I'm just in no hurry. My dad married my mother when he was thirty-seven and he went with her two years before that. They've made a great team. One of my best friends married first at forty-five—same result. In fact, when I look around I'm not sure early marriage is such a good idea in Hollywood. But of course," admitted Bob, "there are others who make you think it's the greatest idea on earth—like Rory Calhoun and Lita. I don't know about that side of the picture—it must be terrific. All I know is my side." He waved his hand around. "People say, 'But don't you want a home of your own?' Man, I've already got one!"

Bob has lived for a year in a house in Beverly Hills, five minutes from his studio and less from the best restaurants, movies and shops. Inside there's a big fireplace, sturdy furniture, soft rugs and soft music. Remington prints deck the walls, guns slant against corners and books line the shelves. Upstairs two bedrooms will put up his folks for the night. A phone exchange handles his calls, a valet and a cleaning woman keep things tidy.

"But the best thing of all," said Bob, "is that when I flip the key I'm off and free as the birds. No waiting around and nobody to run a check if I don't hurry back. Right now that's how I like it."

Bob's off quite a bit these days. Up to Del Monte for golf, down to Palm Springs for some sun, away to La Jolla for home life. If you press him he'll admit he's got girl friends in each of those places and a few more besides. "Just girls you wouldn't know," he claims, "and I hope you don't find out about! But none of them threatens to change the picture.

"The truth is," he analyzed himself. "I'm not too sure I'm psychologically ready for marriage, even if the right girl walked into my life tomorrow. As of now, I'm not certain I'd make the ideal husband at all. I'm pretty independent and always have been. I've got a temper, too, and when I blow I can go real good. I haven't any sense of time—oh, I'm reliable for a set call or a business appointment, all right. But when I'm off the hook I don't wear out my cuffs digging a wrist watch. I'm extravagant. Maybe I'm selfish, too, although I don't think so. At least this doesn't look like it." He flipped over a jeweler's bill. $3500. "Don't get excited," he teased. "Mostly for my mother."

Bob drags down $75,000 a year now, but he's in a seventy-eight per cent income tax bracket, and he keeps around $12,000. He could tally more if he wanted to on sidelines. But he's not interested. "Pictures are all I'm trained for and that's it for me," he said. "I don't really give a damn about money. I like to spend it, sure, but piling it up worries my business manager more than it does me. I'd rather have a good part than the pay check for it. Right now I've got one in mind I'd do for nothing—if they'd let me. What would a wife say to that? Probably crown me with an egg beater!

"No, I've got a long way to go yet and the way I see it it's still a case of traveling fastest by traveling alone.

"Besides, there are lots of things I want to do before I settle for a picket fence. I want to travel all over Europe and South America, study the museums, see the country, meet the people. How can I ever get really good on the screen unless I keep putting things in here?" He tapped his handsome noodle. "I didn't go to college. Until I made pictures I hadn't gotten around much. You know what I'm doing most nights when people think I'm out holding hands with some doll? I'm camped here on this couch, reading. Sometimes all night. They aren't romance yarns," he added.

"Romance just has to wait, that's all," stated Bob. "You get on a spin with a girl in my spot and you spend all your time answering questions. Get seen twice with the same one and you're on a hayride. True or false, your public believes it, even your best friends, and after you read it day in and day out, sometimes you do yourself, which is worse. It's insidious. So when the time comes—as it always does unless it's real—and you have to do something about it, well, you just take off with a bump because it's the only way. I know," declared Bob. "I've had experience."

It wasn't necessary to ask him with whom, because that was easy to figure—Debbie Reynolds. Publicity built that friendship up for Bob to a Big Thing—and publicity broke it up, too.

Bob Wagner isn't cynical, though. Nor is he a misogynist or a hermit. You can't blame him sometimes for his skittishness about *affaires de coeur*. But that can be a prescription for loneliness, too.

"Well," he conceded, "of course you can't have everything. I'm not saying this lone wolf routine is one step from Heaven. There are good things and bad. But I can't honestly say I'm ever lonely. It's no fun eating alone but that doesn't happen often. At breakfast I know all the waitresses at Armstrong Schroeders, at lunch I've usually got an appointment and if I haven't a date I've usually got an invitation for dinner. You know how it is with young, unattached guys in Hollywood. You don't pick up the phone—it picks up you!

"Seriously, though," said Bob, "I'm very lucky. I've got some wonderful friends in this business—oh, a slew of them. They're not all exactly in my age bracket but somehow they let me hang around—and if I have a girl she's welcome, too. They don't have photographers around those places.

"Of course," he said, "maybe some day I'll wear out my welcome. I'm not kidding myself that I'll float along solo all my young life having a ball. I know things will change—me, too. I want to get married some day, for sure. I want children. I'm a nut about kids. Always have been. On this tour I can't tell you how many thousands of kids I visited and my heart flipped a hundred times because most of them were in polio and muscular dystrophy wards. You can't beat a family. Maybe though," grinned Bob, "when I tie up with one girl nobody'll believe it. Or they'll pull a switch—and try to break it up!"

Asked what kind that lucky girl might be, Bob confessed, "That I wouldn't know. I'm not too sure she'll be an actress. It might be rough having a professional rival for your wife. But on the other hand, when you're in this business you're really in a world apart. People who aren't actors can't understand a lot of things you have to do, ways you have to act. Why, even my own folks give me blank stares sometimes when I try to explain and they've lived around Hollywood quite a time. So, I don't know, I really don't. My type? Well, I guess I'm not being particularly original, but I like

Grace Kelly's type—smart, independent, beautiful—and a lady. Maybe it's a corny word but she's got class. I'm a great admirer of Jean Peters, too. There's an honest, sincere girl for you. I like Mona Freeman; she's really an old friend. Just say I like girls. And I only hope when the chips are down, the one I love loves me.

"When that happens I'll get married so fast it'll make your head swim," Bob promised. "And I hope for as long as the vow says. Tell you what, Dad, I'll call you first and tell you when I'm ready to take the gas. But meanwhile, come on over to Romanoff's. I've talked so much my throat's cracked. I need a drink. Got to kill those amoeba bugs I picked up in Mexico."

SO HE FLIPPED the key. At Romanoff's, Bob ordered a Martini and sipped it reflectively. "You know," he said, "it may sound silly and even superstitious. But I guess the really big reason I don't want to get mixed up with anyone in the heart department just yet is because I don't want things to change. I'm the luckiest guy in the world and I'm scared to rock the boat."

The Mexican bartender took Bob's empty glass. *"Mas?"* he asked in Spanish.

"No mas, gracias," refused Bob. "I don't need it," he explained. "I'm feeling on top of the world right now. Anyway, I've got to blow. Where you going?"

Home to the wife and kiddies, and how about him?

"I turned the key, didn't I?" grinned Bob. "That means I'm off—and don't you wish you knew where!" **END**

Rabert Carsan, navelist and screen writer, finished a new baak, *Quality af Mercy*, but didn't want to submit it ta the studios. Carsan told his agent he didn't want the galley praafs making the usual rounds. "The studios can read it when it's serialized, or when it comes out in book farm." There wasn't anything the agent could do about it, but wait. Hawever, Carsan gave his friend, Marty Melcher, Daris Day's husband, a carban capy af the manuscript to read. "Take yaur time. When yau finish, let me knaw what you think of it," said Carsan. When Marty finished, he said ta Daris: "Bob's new baak is great. Different. Fascinating."

"Is there a movie in it for me?" asked Daris. "Na," replied Marty, and he started ta relate part af the story. "Don't tell me any more," said Daris. "Let me read it."

Daris Day was almast finished reading Carsan's manuscript when she tald her masseuse abaut the wanderful stary she was reading. "I'd like ta read it," said the woman. "It's not out yet," explained Daris, "but I'll let yau have my copy when I'm thraugh." This masseuse also takes care af Alfred Hitchcock, and while rubbing him told abaut the thrilling suspense story she was reading. Hitchcack asked who wrote it and the title. "Oh it's nat published yet," said the masseuse, feeling important. She promised ta lend Hitchcack the manuscript. Well, by the time Marty Melcher was returning the manuscript to Robert Carsan, Alfred Hitchcack was trying to buy the mavie rights to the unpublished novel. And Carsan couldn't understand how Hitchcack had read it.

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampaa," says Maureen O'Hara. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Maureen O'Hara starring in "LADY GODIVA"

A Universal-International Picture. Print by Technicolor

call your own bluff

(*Continued from page 62*) For the same reason I never gave the slightest consideration to becoming an actress.

That I did, that I have achieved some success in my profession, cannot therefore be a personal triumph. The credit must go elsewhere and I know to whom. It belongs to the team—the team of human beings we are all a part of.

Let's go back to the day when I uttered my first line before the camera. The studio was Warner Brothers, back when they were making their famous *Golddiggers* series of musicals. I was just a chorus girl who had danced in a half dozen pictures and never had spoken so much as a word of dialogue. The very idea of it would have petrified me—and did right then and there, because the director's eye casually roved over me as he announced that he wanted one of the girls to exchange a few lines with the star of the picture, Dick Powell. He pointed me out, waved aside my protests, and the next thing I knew, the assistant director was coaching me.

"But I can't!" I told him.

"Ah!" He scoffed at my fears. "Sure you can, kid!"

I was telling my fellow man that I could not live up to one of the important moments life had for me. And my fellow man was telling me I could.

The scene began. I was standing in a line with the other dancers and Dick Powell came by slowly, inspecting us as candidates for a show he was supposed to be staging. The starch ran out of my knees; I knew that before this was over, my heart was going to beat itself into a rag.

"What is your name?" he asked.

Somehow I gave him the answer. "Bessie Phumphnik." It was supposed to make him smile. He did smile a little, which in a sense meant I had done my part so far, and the scene hadn't fallen apart yet.

"What do you do?" he asked.

That was the time for my long line. I was sure I couldn't get it all out but someone else was sure that I could. And maybe that is why I did.

"I swim, ride, dive, imitate wild birds and play the trombone," I told him, without a fluff.

Instead of just briefly laughing, Dick broke up completely and howled at this. The fun became infectious, everyone had to laugh, and the moment went over as one of the gayest in the picture.

"You'll do!" Dick was supposed to answer. And he did. But the way he said it made me think there was a real life significance. (Later he told me he meant, too, that *I* personally, "would do.")

"Why!" I thought to myself. "I can act! I am an actress!"

I was such a typical actress at that moment that I forgot all about the assistant director who had given me the courage and confidence I myself didn't have. But later I did remember and understood where the faith I had found that day came from.

So THAT EXPLAINS how I got my first speaking role, a terribly important step in our business. But how did I, who would never dream of appearing in public, much less speaking, ever get this much of a chance, ever get into a studio at all?

For the answer to this, we have to go back again—to the day I got a job as a dancer in the movies.

A girl I knew, who had gone to dancing school with me, heard that Warners needed dancers for *King Of Burlesque*, starring Warner Baxter and Alice Faye. She hurried over to my house and suggested that we both go over and apply. I was appalled.

"I don't dance well enough," I said. "They'd get mad at me."

"Of course you do!" she argued. "You're a good dancer!"

Eventually I went, trembling all the way. And this time I knew I was right when the dance director, the well-known Sammy Lee, asked all of us if we could do a time step, and I didn't dare raise my hand with the rest of the girls.

He cast a puzzled eye at me. He wanted to know why I couldn't do a time step.

"I tried to learn once and it didn't seem to work out," I told him. "I specialized in ballet."

"What step do you know?" he asked.

"I can do a rhythm rhumba," I offered.

"Show me," he said, gesturing for me to go ahead. Even as I hesitated, the rehearsal pianist practically gave me a shove by breaking into a beautiful tempo. My legs did the rest. It seemed I heard Sammy Lee's voice the very next moment.

"You're hired," he announced.

"But what about the time step?"

He laughed. "Any girl who can dance like that can learn a time step in twenty minutes if she concentrates."

He was right. My feet had flown into a tangle each time I had ever tried. But now, with *his* confidence *and* my ability, I picked up the time step with no trouble at all. And I knew exactly what his confidence in me had done. I was not a better dancer than I had been before, but his encouragement had made me sure-footed where I had been hesitant.

Marion Marlawe often saves time by loosening up her vocal chords in taxicabs between appointments. Most cab drivers recognize her and comment on her fine soprano voice. But one cabbie, a non-musical grouch who didn't realize who she was, said dryly as she stepped out of his cab: "Better get a cup of black coffee, ma'am, and sober up!"
—Paul Denis

DO YOU KNOW how it is when you try something new and don't seem to be getting far? Then someone calls out, "That's it!" How suddenly the courage flows through you and you know just what you are doing? This is what we need from the other person and what we can give him in turn, of course. My real life began when I came to know this.

Let's go back again. I went to the studio to ask for a dancing job because a friend had practically made me go. I was lucky to have such a friend, because for a long time I suffered from a false pride which ruined my friendships. Since I didn't trust people to like me for what I was, naturally they couldn't like me for what I was pretending to be. Ergo, as the scholars say, I was just not giving myself a chance.

One of my troubles was that I tried to pretend myself out of poverty. I have said I was poor. I was lucky if I had two dresses to my name; generally, I used to have to show up in school day after day wearing the same dress. I refused to accept the situation; I kept talking and acting as if it didn't exist.

When a girl whom I knew to be rich invited me to her birthday party and I arrived at her house, I lost my head completely, and went "grand" on her! She had two or three floors of luxurious home and an aristocratic looking mother. I simply became overimpressed. I began to brag about my family, "our" mansion, "our" chauffeur and "our" gold service. Toward evening, when it was time for them to drive me back to "our" home I was panic-stricken, of course, that I would be found out. While trying to lie out of it, I broke down altogether.

I remember that for a period I felt terribly bitter about this girl and her mother; I thought of them as enemies. As I know now, this wasn't true at all. They were fine people, would have made wonderful friends, but I had ruined all that.

That rich girl, as I remember now, was probably very much like the heroine of a novel I had run across about that same time. One I shall always remember.

The chapter which stuck in my mind concerns her invitation to a poor friend to come and see her. To greet her visitor, she had donned a new and pretty dress. But she happened to look out of the window as her little friend approached the house and saw that she was dressed in the same old middy blouse and skirt she wore to school every day. Instantly, the rich girl changed her dress—also to a plain middy and skirt, so as not to embarrass her schoolmate.

It was the most wonderful story I had ever read, I thought, and I remember that I kept wondering ruefully why people couldn't be like that in real life. It took a long time for me to realize that a lot of them are, but only to those who don't close themselves up as I did. By fearing the worst from others, by not opening up, I was not getting many hurts or many joys, and I was also not *living* very much.

I BEGAN TO REALIZE that I could go on like this, having little happen to me that meant anything, or I could open up and meet people on a you're-as-good-as-I-am level. Gradually I did, and gradually I began to be part of a much more interesting world than I ever had lived in before.

Girls always figure that it's their looks that win them happiness. I know differently. Looks make you a candidate only. The ability to think and feel in harmony with the thoughts and feelings of others is the thing that gets you elected.

"I love you," says a boy to a girl. This is not really true most of the time. You can't love a picture and quite often all he is talking about is her appearance. He still has to learn to love the person behind that appearance. If she *is* a person, a real person, that love he had for what she looked like may extend also to what she is.

I have come to believe that one of the first faiths a person must develop is faith in the other person. What I am today—the woman as well as the actress—I have been helped to be by people, as you can see. No special people, just people.

As infants we all begin to develop this faith; in our first weeks we discover that there is security and comfort in the arms of another. But for some of us our confidence in man doesn't go beyond this immediate relationship to mother or father, and this is a great pity.

It seems to me that without some confidence in the other fellow, until one really begins to like one's fellow man, such valuable personal assets as poise, humility and human dignity are impossibilities. After all, to have poise and humility means to be blessed with inner ease, not only when among friends, but among strangers as well. You cannot have this ease if you are distrustful of people or uneasy with them. You can only bluff your way. I know because I was distrustful, I bluffed and I was a darn unhappy girl because of it. I had to call my own bluff to come out of it.

An interesting thing happened to me during the war. Like many of us, I made trips to camps and hospitals to entertain and talk to the boys. About this time I had finished *The Yearling*, in which I played a young wife and mother, a most sympathetic part. Many of the boys had seen the picture, apparently, and I discovered, to my amazement, that to a lot of them I was still in that role. They talked to me not as if I were (*Continued on page 70*)

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IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE

(*Continued from page 68*) a movie star but as if I had all the wisdom and the tenderness and understanding of that young mother. Little by little, as I came to realize this, I began to play that role all over again. That is to say, at first I just played at being that mother, but as time passed I did begin to be like her, perhaps. At least, I began to develop, to take on the qualities they had endowed me with.

Today I know for certain that nothing in my life has ever helped me so much socially as my relationships with those young G.I.'s. If up to that time I had maintained a barrier between myself and the world, an artificial "me" between it and my real self, so to speak, my hospital visits wiped it all out. The boys taught me to speak straight and I think that teaching has stayed with me.

I THINK BACK to my early movie days and I remember a lot of us youngsters, all floundering around the studios, not knowing exactly where we belonged and always feeling so *inadequate*. But around us were fine actors like Jimmy Cagney, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Glenda Farrell, who, we were to come to learn, were also fine people. You didn't have to look *up* to them; if you looked just straight ahead you would find them right on your own level of life and glad to be there. At first, I didn't believe that they were really this way; in time I came to know that not only was it true about most of them, but that they needed to be friendly to us as much as we needed their friendship. I hope it will always be true of me. The day I stop being human and start being a star with a perpetual capital "S" I know I will be back to telling lies about myself, and my chances for happiness will be gone.

The other afternoon a writer whom I was seeing for the first time paid me a compliment that had nothing to do with my looks, what I was wearing or my ability as an actress. "You are a comfortable person to meet," he said. What a lovely compliment. And how warm it makes one feel.

We both knew what he meant, without any further elaboration. Even ordinary conversations, let alone interviews, are terribly difficult if one or both of the people involved hide the best part of themselves behind some immaturity which often is masked as shyness, or resentment or even overpleasantness.

What is personality? To me it is an attitude in life founded on a trust that your good points will be recognized by your fellow man. They need not all be good points. We are people, not gods. And that is what is interesting about us. Why be shy or hesitant or otherwise evasive about it?

HERE WE ARE as we are. Isn't that a warm and comfortable spirit to spread about when you meet someone? And isn't it a sort of faith?

Out in one of our coast towns there is a man who stands on a busy highway junction and waves to people in the passing cars. Most of the motorists have never seen him before and they are puzzled by this greeting. But an astonishing thing happens. *Almost everyone of them waves back!*

That's the point about people. They always respond to kindness. **END**

Jane Wyman will soon be appearing in Paramount's Lucy Gallant *and U-I's* All That Heaven Allows.)

smoldering dynamite

(*Continued from page 60*) on a motorcycle." He is the proud owner of a white Porsche convertible, approximate cost $4,000. He takes care of this car with the solicitude of a new mother. Let the motor idle improperly, let one cylinder skip a thrust. Immediately the car is in Jay Chamberlain's garage across the road from Warner Brothers.

Like most actors he keeps odd hours, staying up until two or three in the morning and sleeping (in shorts) until eleven A.M. or noon.

When he's working, he's up at six-thirty and always at the studio on time.

Not only does he not look like an actor, but he is unusual in that he cares little for money or publicity. "Just don't go in for either," he says. "They don't interest me. I've been without money. And what good is publicity if you don't have talent? Then you're just kidding yourself."

AT WARNER BROTHERS, where Dean is under contract for two pictures a year, two pictures he approves of or he won't play, Jim is described by one spokesman as "a kid who spent his whole life on an Indiana farm, a regular, healthy farm boy with a flair for acting."

It's true that Jimmy lived on a farm for nine years, from the time he was nine years old when his mother died in West Los Angeles. His grandmother took him back to Fairmount, Indiana, where the Deans have lived ever since the late eighteenth century. Jim lived there with his Aunt Ortense and Uncle Marcus Winslow until he was graduated from Fairmount High. But in his mental outlook, he is hardly a rural type.

He is a bullfighting enthusiast. He sometimes goes down to Mexico to fight bulls. He studies art, literature and music.

Agriculture and animal husbandry have never interested him.

At Fairmount High School he was a crack basketball guard, an outstanding pole vaulter, one of the greatest debaters in school history. In 1949 he won first place in the National Forensic League contest held at Peru, Indiana. This qualified him for the national contest at Longmont, Colorado, where he recited Charles Dickens' *The Madman.*

He didn't win, but in the words of Mrs. Adeline Nall, his high school dramatics teacher, Jim became impressed with "the power of the spoken word before a great audience."

Unlike Marlon Brando, who recently admitted, "I became an actor through accident," Jimmy Dean is an actor by design.

All through high school he took part in plays, character parts, roles that were difficult and challenging for a youngster.

When he came out to Santa Monica Junior College in 1949, he majored in Theatre Arts and received fine grades, but his father tried to discourage him.

Winton Dean reasoned, "Suppose you do have dramatic ability? Will you be happy living an actor's life? Why don't you study law? Your acting will come in handy."

But Jimmy Dean has determination. Ortense—he calls her "Mom"—will agree.

"When Jimmy makes up his mind to do something," Mrs. Winslow affirms, "nothing stands in his way."

"I can't tell you," says Mrs. Jean Owen who taught him dramatics at Santa Monica, "what an intense student Jimmy was. He worked on his voice. He studied Shakespeare. He did an awful lot of radio work. His whole approach to acting was intense and dedicated. He learned the rudiments. I remember one time he made-up another student to look like Lincoln.

"The make-up job was absolutely masterful. It had required excitement and imagination. Those are the two qualities that characterize Jimmy—excitement and imagination. His approach to problems is unusual. He plunges in head first. I think he was the same way at U.C.L.A."

At the University of California in 1950 Jim again was a Theatre Arts Major.

An instructor who remembers him, claims that, "Dean was an uncommunicative character who seemed to live within himself. He spoke infrequently but when he had something to say, he said it clearly and forcefully. James Whitmore, the burly, broad-shouldered actor who was under contract to MGM was the first, I believe, who spoke to Dean about going to New York and getting experience on the stage."

DEAN SAYS that his legal residence is New York City. "I like it there," he says. "I have an apartment in Manhattan. Very stimulating place. People leave you alone. Hollywood is okay. But for my taste, my whims, I go for New York."

New York, however, did not go for Jimmy Dean when he arrived there by bus from California a few years ago. The first few weeks the city awed him, and he spent most of his time "watching three cheap movies a day."

He eked out a bare living from odd jobs, but Broadway would have none of him. Neither would the Army, because of his near-sightedness which requires him to wear glasses nearly all the time.

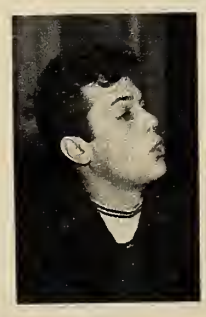
Jim could have wired for money from his father in Santa Monica or his "Mom" in Fairmount, but it is indicative of his independence and self-reliance that he refused to do so.

Instead, he talked himself into a crewman's job on a sloop cruising the Atlantic seaboard. To the skipper he confided his acting ambitions, and as luck would have it, the skipper knew a friend who knew a friend. James Dean wound up in the cast of *See The Jaguar,* a Broadway play written by Richard Nash.

Unfortunately, the play ran less than a week. But Jimmy had an opportunity to show his stuff. And the ability he demonstrated was good enough for him to win a role as a blackmailing Arab in Billy Rose's production of *The Immoralist.* He appeared on television at CBS and NBC, in such shows as *Studio One, You Are There* and *Television Playhouse.*

Last year Elia (*Continued on page 72*)

PENNY A KISS



Last year, at a political rally in the Palladium, I stood near a booth where Tony Curtis was selling kisses. "Gee, I'd like to kiss him," I remarked to my friend, and she dared me to do it. The catch was that we had only thirty cents and the minimum was fifty. Hesitantly, I touched his sleeve. When he turned and looked questioningly at me I said, "What is the least you'll take?" He grinned and asked, "How much have you got?" I told him that I had thirty cents and he said, "Okay, honey!" and kissed me. Now, that's what I call a bargain.

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2. Did you read the TAYLOR story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
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4. Did you read the WAGNER story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
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5. Did you read *IT'S MAGIC?* ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
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6. Did you read the MONROE story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Monroe story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Monroe story I've read

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How good a Johnson story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Johnson story I've read

12. Did you read the SIMMONS story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Simmons story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Simmons story I've read

13. Did you read the DEAN story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Dean story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Dean story I've read

14. Did you read the WYMAN story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Wyman story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Wyman story I've read

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

a. _____ MALE
b. _____ MALE
c. _____ MALE
d. _____ FEMALE
e. _____ FEMALE
f. _____ FEMALE

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ADDRESS..... STREET

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(*Continued from page* 70) Kazan, the director who had discovered Marlon Brando, asked Dean if he would be interested in going to Hollywood for *East Of Eden.*

JIMMY jumped at the chance. He came west and rented a tiny apartment over a garage in the Hollywood Hills.

He had no time for his father, his stepmother, any of the friends he had made at Santa Monica or U.C.L.A. In 1954 it was nothing but work, and he loved every minute of it.

While *East Of Eden* was in production, Jim fell in love with Pier Angeli, who was acting two sound stages away in *The Silver Chalice.*

He will not talk about Anna (all her friends call Pier Angeli by her real name) now that she's married to Vic Damone. But before Anna's surprise marriage, Jim spoke of her "wonderful soul and her soulful eyes and her overwhelming beauty."

He tried to spend every spare moment with Anna, and she with him. One afternoon he was chatting with her in her dressing room when her mother came in. Jim took off like a jet.

Jim's father is a Quaker and his mother was a Methodist. Mrs. Pierangeli always wanted Anna to marry "a good Catholic boy." And Vic Damone came along.

Before Vic, Jimmy Dean had been sure he had the inside track with twenty-one-year-old Anna. When she drove him to the Los Angeles airport one night several months ago, he hadn't the slightest idea that when he returned from New York she would be engaged to Vic Damone.

Jimmy Dean likes "plain girls." He doesn't go in for actresses. Anna seemed different to him from most actresses, more sincere, more artistic, more open-hearted.

At the moment, however, he is carrying no torch. Industriously he is studying the script of *Giant,* his next picture, in which he will star opposite Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson. Next he is scheduled for *Rebel Without Cause,* a psychiatric case study.

NOW THAT HE HAS ACHIEVED a measure of fame, people who scarcely knew Dean a few years ago have become authorities on his life. For example, Dean was once a fraternity pledge on the U.C.L.A. campus. He left by request. "I just didn't have the dough." But quite a few of his so-called pals don't remember those days and refer to him as "one of my buddies."

There are several authorities on the life of Jimmy Dean, and two of the most prominently honest and factual are the delightful couple who raised him, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Winslow, whose prosperous farm is located on the Jonesboro Road, three miles north of Fairmount, Indiana.

Mrs. Winslow, Ortense Dean before her marriage, is Jimmy's aunt. He regards her as his mother. His uncle, Marcus Winslow, he calls "Mark." Their two children, Joan and Marcus, Jr., he thinks of as his stepbrother and stepsister. This is his family, and he loves each one, though he does not speak about it often.

Apparently he has always been like that. When he was five and six, and his real mother would try to fondle him, Jim would always say, "That's for sissies."

James Byron Dean was born in Marion, Indiana, on February 8, 1931. His father is a tall, thin, bespectacled, sandy-haired, blue-eyed dental technician named Winton A. Dean.

The Deans have lived in and around Marion for more than 200 years. Jimmy's grandfather, Charles Dean, seventy-five, and his grandma, Emma, seventy-two, still live in Fairmount, a farm town of 3,000.

Jimmy's mother was Mildred Wilson, a short, slender, dark-haired farmer's daugh-

ter from Gas City, Indiana.

She and Winton Dean were married in Marion in a civil ceremony early in 1930. The following February Jim was born in a small apartment on West Washington Street. His father was a dental technician in a Veterans Administration Hospital.

The Deans came out to West Los Angeles in 1936. Winton was transferred to the Veterans Hospital out there.

An only child, little Jimmy was enrolled in the Brentwood Grade School on Bunday Avenue. In 1940 Jimmy's mother, not yet thirty, died of an incurable disease. Jim's father knew that death was coming, and he tried to prepare his son for it. "But it was very difficult for me," he recalls. "I just couldn't get through to the boy."

Jim went back to Indiana with his grandma Emma. His father asked his sister if she and her husband would look after his son. The Winslows said they would be only too happy.

They have brought him up as their own boy. They take great pride in his achievements and his rise to fame.

They recall that, "He got straight A's in art all through school and was given violin lessons but wouldn't practice. Now he could kick himself around the block because he didn't."

Dean himself says, "I enjoyed a pretty normal youth as a boy in Indiana, although my father remained in California, working." Since 1941 the American farmer has enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity. There was always enough money in the Winslow household. As a youngster Jimmy Dean did not have to pinch pennies.

One of his schoolmates at the West Ward Grade School in Fairmount recalls, "Mark Winslow always did well with his wheat and corn and livestock."

The farmhouse Jimmy Dean was raised in is old, big, white, roomy, well-furnished and comfortable. His foster parents are Quakers who are well-liked and respected.

As a matter of fact, Fairmount these days, basks in a good deal of glory reflected from James Dean's success. He is the local boy who made good, and nowhere in that small, clean town can you find anyone who will say a harsh word about him. The kids from Fairmount High are thrilled by his accomplishments. His former classmates remember him fondly as "an all-around guy, an outstanding athlete." His school teachers say with pride, "He was always blessed with the spark of brilliance. All he needed was application."

A few months ago, Jim came back to Fairmount with a photographer, and the town buzzed with excitement. Jim couldn't understand why the kids at the drug store stared at him or why he was stared at when he attended a high school dance.

He considers himself no celebrity, "only an actor trying to learn, trying to do my best."

EVENTUALLY, HE plans to direct. Sensible and intelligent, he realizes that he has a great job in trying to maintain the acting level he established in *East Of Eden*. He realizes, too, that he has now become a target for the envious and cynical. And for the columnists who want every crumb of personal information.

To these inquisitors, Jimmy is always out. He keeps his phone number a secret. He is also chary of interviewers. A Warner Brothers publicity man recently explained, "He's hard to figure out. Some people he'll see and others he won't. He's one kid you can't figure. The only concessions he will make are to his own conscience. He is determined to live his life in his own way—not according to the rules of a young actor's conduct as prescribed by Hollywood." END

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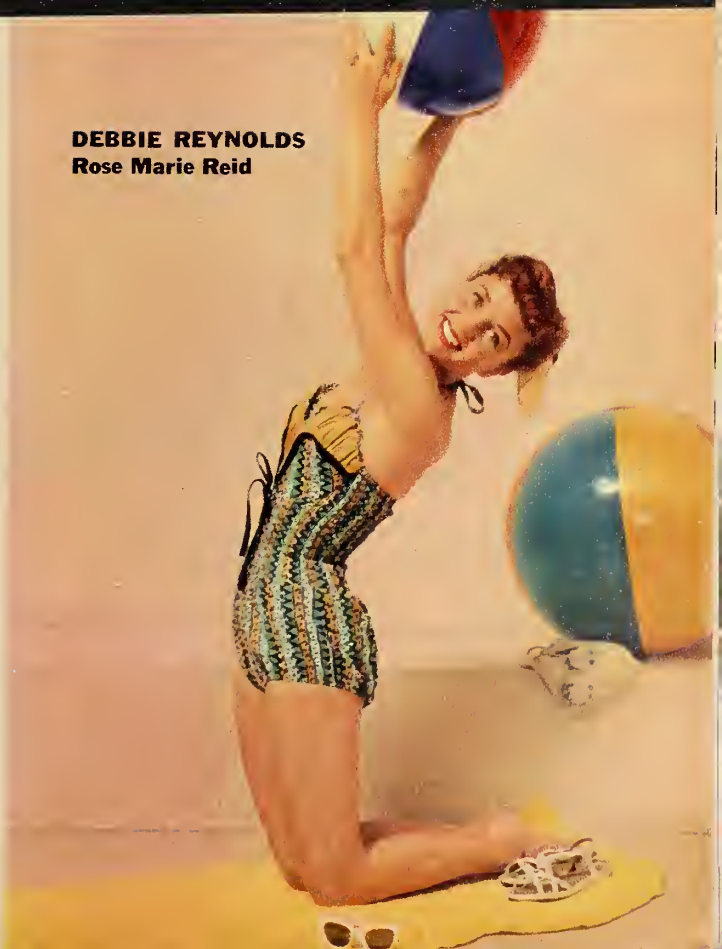
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To help you shine under the sun, the season's choice swimsuits and eye-catching accessories

Film credits, descriptions, prices and where-to-buy information are on the following page



VIRGINIA MAYO
Catalina-Tartan



DEBBIE REYNOLDS
Rose Marie Reid

DESCRIPTIONS OF SWIMSUITS AND ACCESSORIES ON PAGES 74 and 75

Anne Francis, now in MGM's *Blackboard Jungle,* wears Sea Nymph's cotton swimsuit, shirred in front and elasticized in back to adjust to your figure. Bow converts into halter strap. Turquoise, pink or orange. 32-38. About $8. Cap, U. S. Howland Hair Dry. Foot coverings, Peds.

Ann Miller, in MGM's *Hit The Deck;* wears Sea Nymph's glamorous pearl grey cotton *Ballerina* swim style. The bra is boned for strapless wear. The plaid ruffled top and full skirt enhance the long torso section of the suit. Pearl grey (as shown), pretty pink or ice blue. 32-38. About $9.

Debra Paget, 20th Century-Fox star, wears Rose Marie Reid's *High Tide,* a long-boned, elasticized bengaline sheath. Tuck-away straps. Also in magentalite, sea amethyst, sapphire, jade or limonite. 8-14. About $18. Suntan lotion, Skol. Cap, U. S. Water-Tite, *Tropic Lei.*

Jane Powell, in MGM's *Hit The Deck,* poses in Rose Marie Reid's *Ticker Tab,* a little-boy shorts silhouette with contrasting cinch belt. Piping trims the bra, button tabs and legs of this Celaperm (sealed-in color) Lastex suit. Black, red, violet or blue on white background. 8-16. About $18.

Jane Russell, in U. A.'s *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,* wears Form Control's Paraflex Lastex suit, built-in *Phan-tum girdle.* Button trim. Peacock, violet, Alice, coral or black. 32-38 or 10-16 Teens. About $13. Cap, Playtex Contour Molded. Suntan lotion, Tartan.

Mitzi Gaynor, in Paramount's *Anything Goes,* wears a Sea Stars (Kerrybrooke) swimsuit, *Short Stuff.* An acetate cotton and Lastex model with Celaperm stripes. Tuck-away straps. White with navy or navy with white. 32-38. About $14. Swim cap, Kleinert Sava-Wave. Suntan lotion, Coppertone.

Virginia Mayo, now in Warners' *Silver Chalice,* wears Catalina's *Tear Drop,* the Tartan Suntan suit of 1955. Batiste Lastex, pearl-encrusted cut-outs below the bando-bra. Black, white, pink, cherry or water hyacinth. 32-38. About $16. Swim cap, Playtex Contour Molded, suntan lotion, Tartan.

Debbie Reynolds, in MGM's *Hit The Deck,* wears Rose Marie Reid's *Basquette,* a modified bloomer suit of two-tone Sanforized striped broadcloth. Bodice and halter ties, elastic-shirred back. Also in blue with rose or aqua with yellow. 8-16. About $12. Cap, U. S. Water-Tite.

IN THIS ISSUE:
Sunglasses by American Optical
All casual shoes by Cobbler of California (except those worn by Jane Russell)
Sports jewelry by Capri
Baskets by She-She Originals

THESE FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 83

DAZZLING



Figure-molding swim style of Paraflex Lastex, worn by lovely ballet dancer, Taina Elg, who came from Helsinki, Finland, to make films at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. This sleek and trim Surf Togs shirred-front swimsuit features the built-in bra for you. It comes in black, navy, brown, cherry red, lime or peacock blue with white piping. Sizes 32 to 38 or 10 to 16 Teens. About $13. For swimming, keep your hair lovely and dry with a Kleinert *Gamin* Sava-Wave swim cap. Taina can soon be seen in the MGM films *The Prodigal* and *Dianne,* both in CinemaScope.

NEW SWIM FARE





Camisole top and lantern leg are the style features of this one-piece Catalina *Chemisette* swimsuit worn by pert Terry Moore. Made of famous Dan River Cotton (wrinkle-shed finish), the camisole top has a stay-side inner bra for strapless wear and is smocked in white. It also has a puckerette zipped back, button-on straps and tie belt. Black, skipper blue, tiger lily, violette or powder pink with white trim. Sizes 32 to 36. About $13. For a pretty over-all tan, Terry rubs on Tartan suntan lotion. She is currently appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, *Daddy Long Legs.*

Tucked and jeweled all-around top and hemline give extra glamour to this Catalina Laton taffeta one-piece, long torso corselette suit called *de Gracia.* Stayed zipper back. Front and stay-side inner bra for strapless wear. Black, wild cherry, spice brown, violette or Siam sapphire. Sizes 32 to 40. About $25. Before Janet dives into the pool at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, California, she covers her long, blonde hair with a U.S. Water-Tite swim cap. Janet can soon be seen in Columbia's *My Sister Eileen.*

More fashions on page 78



Smooth-fitting princess sheath cuffed with white

A new star on the Metro Lot, Luana Lee, wears Sea Stars (Kerrybrooke) *Twinkle Toes*. It's a stunning, one-piece sheath made of acetate cotton and white Lastex, and fits smoothly and comfortably. The cuff carries four glittering buttons that add a glamorous accent to the suit. The straps can be worn for swimming and tucked away for sunning. Comes in melon, navy or deep turquoise. Sizes 34 to 40. About $13. Luana selects a U. S. Water-Tite swim cap, *Star Dust*, with nylon appliqué design. See Luana in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *It's Always Fair Weather*.

THESE FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 83

More Fashions on Page 80

why I went redhead

(*Continued from page 47*) effective encouragement would be a whole new appearance. There was only one trouble with this. I balked!

MOTHER, WITH HER YEARS of show business behind her, knew what she was about. I had to be reasoned into it. She explained:

"Men tend to see a woman as she is, not as what she can become. That's why women are always trying for something new in their appearance, in their ways, in their interests; because they know it's their job to show that they are capable of growing; no one is going to guess it can happen. Producers are men. In your case—well, they still think of you as the little girl they see around the studio, wearing peasant blouses and bouffant dresses, who plays Indian maidens. You have to show them you are getting to be a young woman who does very nicely in a form-fitting gown and who can live up to the more sophisticated roles."

"Well, can't I just wear the form-fitting dress as a brunette?" I asked.

"Yes, but then in their minds you would probably still be the little Indian girl, but now trying to look sophisticated," she answered. "Make the change complete. Be a new Debra altogether!"

"Be a new Debra altogether!" It is powerful medicine for any girl to be a new edition of herself! But still I held back. I thought of it, I played with the idea, but I didn't have the courage to go ahead. Mother would talk. I would listen. But then the thought of remodeling myself would frighten me.

Then one morning I heard that Jeanne Crain had gone redhead. I will be very frank and admit that I was impressed by this; especially when I saw Jeanne. She was a bright, radiant, *new* personality.

Now my mother revived the idea, and this time I didn't say no, nor yes, either. I thought I would go along, but guardedly. So I said, "If I could be the same kind of redhead as Jeanne, get the same shade, maybe I'd consider it."

Mother was way ahead of me. She whipped out the name of the very place Jeanne had gone, she said. The Bentley Beauty Shop.

"The first thing I did after seeing Jeanne was to find out where she had her hair done," Mother said.

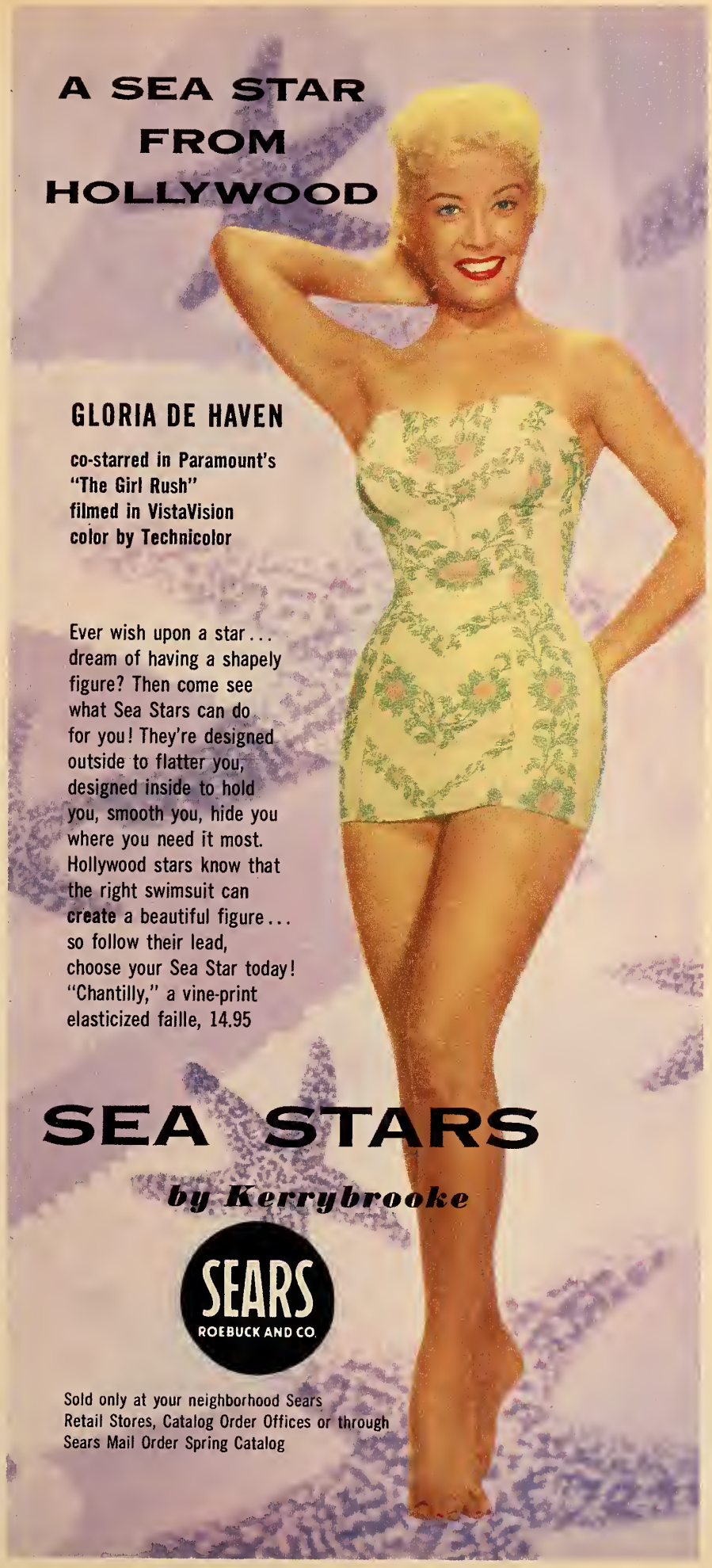
And while I was still wondering about it, Mother went to the phone and made an appointment. In no time I was no longer a brunette. My hair was flame red!

THE FIRST THING that happened when I went back to the studio was that I saw Mr. Zanuck coming up the studio street toward me—and I ducked! I remembered what he had told Mr. Jessel, and I just hadn't the nerve to face him. Next I bumped into Mr. Charles LeMaire, the studio's head wardrobe designer, and while I held my breath, and figuratively stuffed my fingers into my ears to keep out a critical blast—he started raving!

"It's wonderful!" he said. "The best thing you could have done!"

He talked to me about getting it cut short in the back, but keeping it fluffy elsewhere, and went away still raving over it. From that moment on I began to perk, really *perk!* I looked like a redhead. Something seemed to say, "*Act like one!*"

Of course, I was still sensitive to general reactions. They were very interesting in the way they reflected personal philosophies. For instance, all the old male friends of our (*Continued on page 81*)



DAZZLING NEW SWIM FARE



Petals outlined by colored piping top slim suit

Barbara Rush blossoms out in a petal-top clinging Lastex swimsuit by Sea Nymph. It has a figure-flattering princess cut outlined with multi-colored piping and a boned inner bra within the petal top for strapless wear. Celaperm (sealed in) shades of sky blue, ruby, pink, sapphire, yellow, jade, black or brown. Sizes 32 to 38. About $9. Barbara is prepared for the sunshine with a bottle of Coppertone suntan lotion. Nylon foot coverings, Peds. Barbara is in U-I's *Captain Lightfoot.*

THESE FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 83

(*Continued from page 79*) family, plus all the older or more mature men we knew in the studio, who were not in the creative end of the business—like the studio policemen, for instance, or studio technicians—didn't like my new hair at all.

"Oh, no, Debra! Change back to what you were!" cried one of them—and that's what they all felt. But all the producers in the studio (except Mr. Zanuck, who still hasn't seen it!), the directors, the writers, the other players, plus all the girls I knew—including many who aren't connected with show business—were highly in favor of my new coloring.

For some days I was puzzled by this sort of group thinking; one class of people hating my new hair color, the other liking it. And it was then that I understood the reason behind it had to do with how each group was motivated.

The studio policeman and technicians thought of me as they'd think of any other old friend, but not in terms of my duties, and certainly not in terms of the successful pictures I would have to make to continue on the studio's payroll. They were veteran employees who had nothing to do with the films being made, and their minds didn't run in that direction. But the producers and the directors were more like me. They knew *they* had to keep coming up with something new. They could well understand why it would be important for me to shine in a novel, bright light.

NOW I WAS BEGINNING to dig behind any words of praise or criticism I was getting for what they were based on. When I realized I was doing this, it flashed into my mind that I was finally growing up, and that this was a special bonus for me from my new hair color! Up till then I had heard people tick without knowing why. Now I knew that if I listened to their ticking, and figured out why they were ticking just so, I might be able to be the kind of redhead who knows exactly what time it is in her life!

I hope I don't sound mixed-up, but what I am trying to say is that you can't always depend on your friends' advice as being the best advice for you to follow; you have to ask yourself why they think as they do, and if what they want for you is what *you* want for yourself! In my case it wasn't.

For instance, I had always been a quiet person, the kind who relies on "yes" and "no" more than any other words in the language. It was my nature to be quiet, but it wasn't to my liking to be *that* quiet. I had always wished to be able to talk interestingly, but somehow I never seemed able to.

It's different now. I do get away with a bit of a discourse these days—and it started when I stopped being brunette!

One of the magazine writers I know, but whom I hadn't seen since my "dark" days, was quite surprised. "You know, you seem to be able to express yourself so much better these days," he said.

It was true. And I knew why. It's because redheads have so much in them they have to express! And don't tell me I'm not a redhead. If I have found out one thing, it is that when you change your hair to red you become a 100% redhead.

It's really funny how you can go around making new impressions. And not only on new people, but new, fresh impressions where you already had made indifferent ones!

Honest! The fellow who smiled so-so yesterday gives you that old eyes-lit-up smile today!

Jeff Hunter, with whom I worked in *White Feather* and who isn't given at all to soft-soaping, stopped short when he saw my new flaming locks, and just plain looked impressed. It was the nicest compliment I could have had.

Mr. Henry Koster, who directed me in *Stars And Stripes Forever* at 20th Century-Fox, took one look at the new hair color when he saw me in the commissary and said just, "Ah-h-h!" But he made that sound like a whole bookful of praise.

Dale Robertson, whom I hadn't seen for months, stopped me in the street to lavish approval that I knew came straight from his Oklahoma heart.

These are the people with whom I must work, and whose endorsements I must have if I am to continue successfully in my business. When they reveal that they think I am right, I *am* right! No wonder I can talk, and open up to strangers, instead of freezing up. I have the confidence that is born of security; and it all came that day when I had my hair turned *red!*

MOTHER THINKS that as a redhead I may get the urge to go out on dates, something I haven't done up to now. I don't know. That never was a matter of the color of my hair. I simply see no sense of frittering away time on someone in whom I am not completely interested. And I am not completely interested in anyone yet.

When he does come along, when I see the one I want, he had better look out. I won't hang back then.

And there is one thing he can be sure of. He will be going out with a redhead.

An assistant director we know told Mother the other day that he thought I should go back to being a brunette.

"Over my dead body," said Mom.

Over mine, too!

END





an old-fashioned wedding

(*Continued from page 39*) "Debbie promised to visit my classes some day when she wasn't too busy. She's not making a movie until September, so here she is. She has been kind enough to agree to talk to us informally. You've got fifteen minutes."

Squeals of delight interrupted the introduction. "After that," continued Miss Johnson, "I want you to divide into teams. I want you to show Debbie what sort of volley ball we play these days. Then she can see what kind of teacher I am."

The Glendale girls were thrilled, but for a second no one said anything. Then one asked the first question.

"Di-did you always want to be in movies?" she stammered.

Debbie smiled. "No," she answered. "I wanted to be a gym teacher, too. But when I was sixteen I won an amateur talent contest in Burbank. The prize was a contract at Warner Brothers. From then on I was in show business for keeps."

"Is it really as wonderful as they say?" another sophomore asked.

"It certainly is," Debbie assured her. "But it's hard work. Harder than school and the hours are twice as long."

"When do you and Eddie plan to get married?" someone asked.

"During the last of June," Debbie said readily. "Probably the thirtieth." Her friendly, relaxed manner put the girls so completely at ease that their questions now came rapidly. "How about the honeymoon? What is Eddie really like?"

At the question, "Will you have a large, formal wedding?" Deb Reynolds grinned from ear to ear. "I guess you'd call it large," she pointed out. "I'm planning to have six bridesmaids and my four-year-old niece is going to be my flower girl. As for guests, if we just invited our families we would have a good-sized affair. Eddie has six brothers and sisters, three of whom are married. Then there's his father, mother and stepfather.

"On my side I have my parents, my brother Bill and his wife, my grandmother from Texas, and a flock of cousins. We've met so many wonderful people in our work that we hate to leave anyone out. The guest list is already enormous, and I'm not even half finished.

"About the formal part," the pert little actress raced on. "Eddie and I want our wedding to be warm and memorable but not stiff or formal. I don't know whether I'm making myself clear. But we want it to be traditional, too. I want to do all the things brides are supposed to do.

"I'll wear something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. My dad will undoubtedly be a little nervous, and I'm sure Mother will cry a bit, but it's going to be wonderful and beautiful. Then after I throw my bouquet, I'm even looking forward to having our gang of friends follow our car, honking horns and all that kind of kidding."

A girl from the outer edge of the circle inched forward. "Will it be a double-ring ceremony?"

Debbie winked. "Eddie says it will."

"What's your wedding gown like?" another voice whispered eagerly.

"Now, that," Debbie said, "is going to be a surprise—even to Eddie."

Just as she had promised, she stayed through a whole afternoon of gym classes. Repeatedly, she named her bridesmaids: Diane Cheek, Marian Weingarten and Jeanette Johnson, chums from her Girl Scout days.

Joyce Reynolds, her sister-in-law, would be her matron-of-honor. Little Peggy King, the cute vocalist on the George Gobel Show, Lori Nelson and Eddie's young-

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est sister Eileen would be her bridesmaids.

Her honeymoon would start early in July with a plane flight to New York.

"After a few days in New York," she explained, "we'll sail to Europe. We had reservations on the *S.S. America* but we had to cancel when our wedding date was moved back from June 17.

"Eddie has been to Europe four times, and I've been to England just once by plane. Eddie says going by boat is the best honeymoon way, and I'm following his advice. When we get to Paris we're going to pick up a little car and drive all over the continent. Eddie's planning the itinerary and I don't know it completely. But I *do* know we'll tour Spain. I speak a little Spanish. We'll also visit France, Italy, Switzerland, any countries that we have time for. We expect to be away three months, and I figure we can see plenty in two or three months. Any place that appeals to us—well, we'll just stop and hang around until we get tired of it. Then we'll move on."

Come September, Debbie told the Glendale girls, she and Eddie will be back in California. She and Eddie hope to buy an English-style house with a pool somewhere in Beverly Hills or Hollywood. When Eddie's career takes him to New York they'll probably live in a midtown hotel.

At the end of the school day Debbie invited Jeanette home for supper. Zipping along in Debbie's new Ford Thunderbird —it's fireman red—the two friends rode in comfortable silence for the first few miles. Then Jeanette said, "I hope you aren't exhausted from talking."

"Now, when," Deb joked, "have you ever known me to get tired of talking?"

Jeanette smiled. All through school, she remembered, Debbie had been a regular magpie. Her report card had always suggested, "Mary Frances could improve her work if she talked less . . . She's inclined to be too sociable in study periods . . ."

"Well, if you aren't too exhausted," Jeanette said, "how about filling *me* in on a few details. How come you changed the wedding date from June 17?"

Debbie looked at her pal for a fleeting moment. "Eddie and Mr. Blackstone. Mr. Blackstone's his manager," she explained. "They sat down one day and realized that Eddie couldn't possibly finish his television shows much before the end of June, so we postponed the wedding. We're both determined to get married and go on a honeymoon in the old-fashioned order of things. We didn't want to have any work days between the wedding and our European trip."

Originally, Deb ran on, she and Eddie had announced June 17 as the big day for sentimental reasons. It was the anniversary of their first date. A year ago on that day Eddie had telephoned from New York. Would she go to the Cocoanut Grove with him? Only after she accepted did she learn that it was opening night for Eddie's engagement at the Grove.

"Of course," Debbie admitted, "it might be easier if we gave up our romantic illusions and got married right away. But frankly we can't see it that way. Because then our European trip would be a vacation and not the real honeymoon we want. Eddie and I are sticklers for certain traditions."

Debbie Reynolds is a stickler for convention in other ways, too. In her own upbringing her father was the indisputable head of the Reynolds tribe. Debbie feels strongly that this is as it should be.

In her marriage to Eddie, Mr. Fisher will take on all the financial responsibilities. Any further income accruing to Debbie will go into investments. Moreover, the Fisher career will be the dominant fac-

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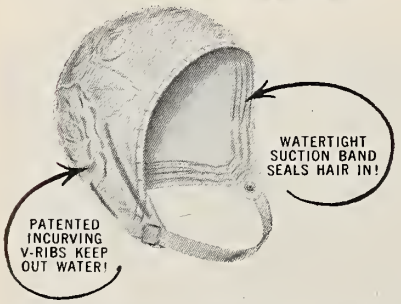


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tor in deciding where they live at any given time.

Debbie, in turn, will decide on furnishings and plan the meals, manage the household staff, and look after the children.

In the matter of bridal showers and parties, Deb told Jeanette that Lori Nelson and another friend, Milly Ericson, John Ericson's wife, had asked for the first bridal shower to include the old Burbank gang. Terry Moore had also spoken for a free evening early in June so that she could invite the show business friends who had toured Army camps. Then Helen Rose, the MGM dress designer, had asked if she might give a party for studio people.

"All they asked me," Debbie said, "was to name the kind of shower I needed. I had to laugh. Honestly, Jeanette. Because all I've got so far are six cut-work pillowcases, some doilies that my grandmother made for me and the Westmoreland flatware that I got posing for an ad. Right now I'd appreciate an egg beater and a few dish towels."

Endowed with a touch of the practical, Jeanette said, "Where you going to keep the wedding presents and shower gifts?"

"Holy cow!" the future Mrs. Fisher exclaimed. "I never even thought of that. Oh, well, we'll work something out."

That sums up Debbie's philosophy about setbacks, major and minor. She's an incurable optimist. Everything will work out, that is, if you have faith in yourself.

There are some skeptics in Hollywood who predict that in the Reynolds-Fisher alliance, there will be a good deal of career competition. Debbie scoffs at this. "Things will work out for the best."

Critics also point up the religious differences between Eddie and his bride-to-be. Here again Deb refuses to worry. "What problems?" she maintains. "We both believe in God. As for any other problems that should arrive, Eddie is such a basically solid fellow that any difference we have can easily be settled with love and patience."

Debbie knows that Eddie's career is infinitely more complicated than hers. He has three distinct bosses: the Coca-Cola Company, sponsors of his TV show; RCA, owners of his recording contract, and NBC, his television employer. Debbie is simply under contract to MGM, who have obligingly scheduled no pictures for her until after her honeymoon.

For Eddie's sake the Coca-Cola people and NBC got together and agreed to let Eddie telecast from the west coast.

"For recording sessions, and business meetings about his records, however," Debbie points out, "Eddie will be in New York part of the time. He wouldn't think of working with any music conductor except Hugo Winterhalter. Eddie thinks he's the greatest. When he's working on his recordings, I will naturally go with him. I'll catch up on shows and concerts. Everything that is right will always work out."

When Debbie and Jeanette arrived at the Reynolds house later, Deb had great fun explaining some of the preliminary preparations for her wedding. In the sun porch Mrs. Reynolds and four of Debbie's friends had set up an operations center.

To date they've compiled a master card file of all the guests' names and addresses. They will also keep a record of invitation acceptances, and when the gifts start descending on Evergreen Street they will neatly identify each gift on a little card. Presently, Debbie will take this stack of cards and write hundreds of thank-you notes.

"You've really got a set up here!" Jeanette Johnson agreed. "How many people do you expect at the wedding, anyway?"

"Just as I told the kids at school," Debbie expounded, "we don't want to leave anyone out. People's feelings are so easily hurt. So we've made up—or I guess, will make up—a double list. One group will be invited to the wedding and the reception, and the other group to the reception."

"Where can you get a place large enough?"

Debbie chuckled. "We've been wondering, and we haven't decided yet. I guess it could be in a large hotel, like the wedding for Joan Benny. We do know it's going to be held at night so that everyone who's working in the day can make it. Now, this means that Eddie and his best man will wear summer tuxedos. Helen Rose will give me the full bridal treatment—a floor-length gown, cap, veil—the works."

"And what about your bevy of beautiful bridesmaids?" Jeanette asked.

"Don't worry a minute," Debbie assured her friend. "You're in good hands. Lawrence Evans and my mother are going to make your dresses as soon as Helen and I can come up with a suitable style. Lawrence is doing my trousseau, too."

All her life Debbie Reynolds has had a clothes problem. Even when she was a small girl her mother was never able to buy anything that fit her daughter properly. As a result, she made most of Deb's clothes. This arrangement continued until a few years ago when Debbie's need for many clothes became too much for Mrs. Reynolds. She and Debbie set about finding a designer who had a definite talent for small-size figures. They found Lawrence Evans, a gifted couturier. He's made most of Debbie's outfits since then.

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eddie fisher—
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For her going-away trousseau he's planning "clothes that will travel well." Debbie and Eddie have agreed to take only one large suitcase each on their honeymoon. Debbie's wardrobe, therefore, must be carefully thought out. She's relying heavily on separates, clothes that will mix and match and offer variety in the change. She will take only sheath dresses because they take less room than full skirts and petticoats. The colors will be carefully coordinated so that two sets of accessories go with everything. Debbie plans to take one pair of black shoes and white summer sandals plus matching pocketbooks.

"When the honeymoon is over," she says, "we'll have some sort of house to move into. But whether it will be our own or rented I can't be sure. Eddie and I are so positive about the sort of house we want that I'm afraid we're going to have to build. We saw one house in Beverly that we both love but it wasn't for sale or rent."

When Debbie was a teen-ager she and her girl friends used to drive through Bel Air and Beverly Hills and look at the lovely big homes. The ones that always

appealed to Mary Frances, as she was called in those days, were vine-covered English Tudor houses with massive oak doors.

This past winter when it became apparent that she would soon need a home of her own, Debbie took to driving up and down the streets of Beverly Hills again. One day she saw her dream house. She summoned her courage and walked to the front door, cold. She knocked and waited. No answer, so she jotted down the address.

Next time she tried the house, Eddie was with her. On this day the owners were home. Eddie explained their interest in the house, and the owners invited them in to look around.

"It had just what we need," Debbie recalls. "A paneled living room, a small dining room, and two bedrooms. Only it wasn't for sale.

"When we do get a home of our own, it will be English outside but modern inside. We want to use contemporary furnishings rather than English period, which is too heavy for our taste. Eddie and I like large couches and plain modern wooden cabinets. We want simple fabrics and big handsome lamps, and we're going to bring back from Europe, if we have any luck, some paintings and art objects and maybe a grandfather's clock—things that will reflect our taste and remind us of our honeymoon."

The mailman's whistle cut into Debbie's speculations. She rushed to the door and handed the man an airmail envelope, addressed to Mr. Eddie Fisher, Essex House, New York City.

"This is one more reason why I'm living for the future," she laughed, "so we can stop corresponding and live happily forever after." **END**

elizabeth taylor

(*Continued from page 36*) meet these demands adequately. The supply of new blood cells was insufficient. The day after she saw her son she grew light-headed and dizzy. She felt weak and fragile, she seemed completely without energy. She lost strength rapidly.

The telephone rang in her room and she could hardly lift the receiver. It was a friend. "How do you feel, darling?"

"Terrible," Liz said. "Terrible and weak."

The blood seemed to be draining out of her face; she became frighteningly pale. She grew even weaker and refused all nourishment. A blood count was taken. Her haemoglobin content was down to fifty-five per cent.

Dr. Aasberg ordered an immediate blood transfusion. Liz had that. Then she had liver injections. It was not pleasant; Liz hates needles.

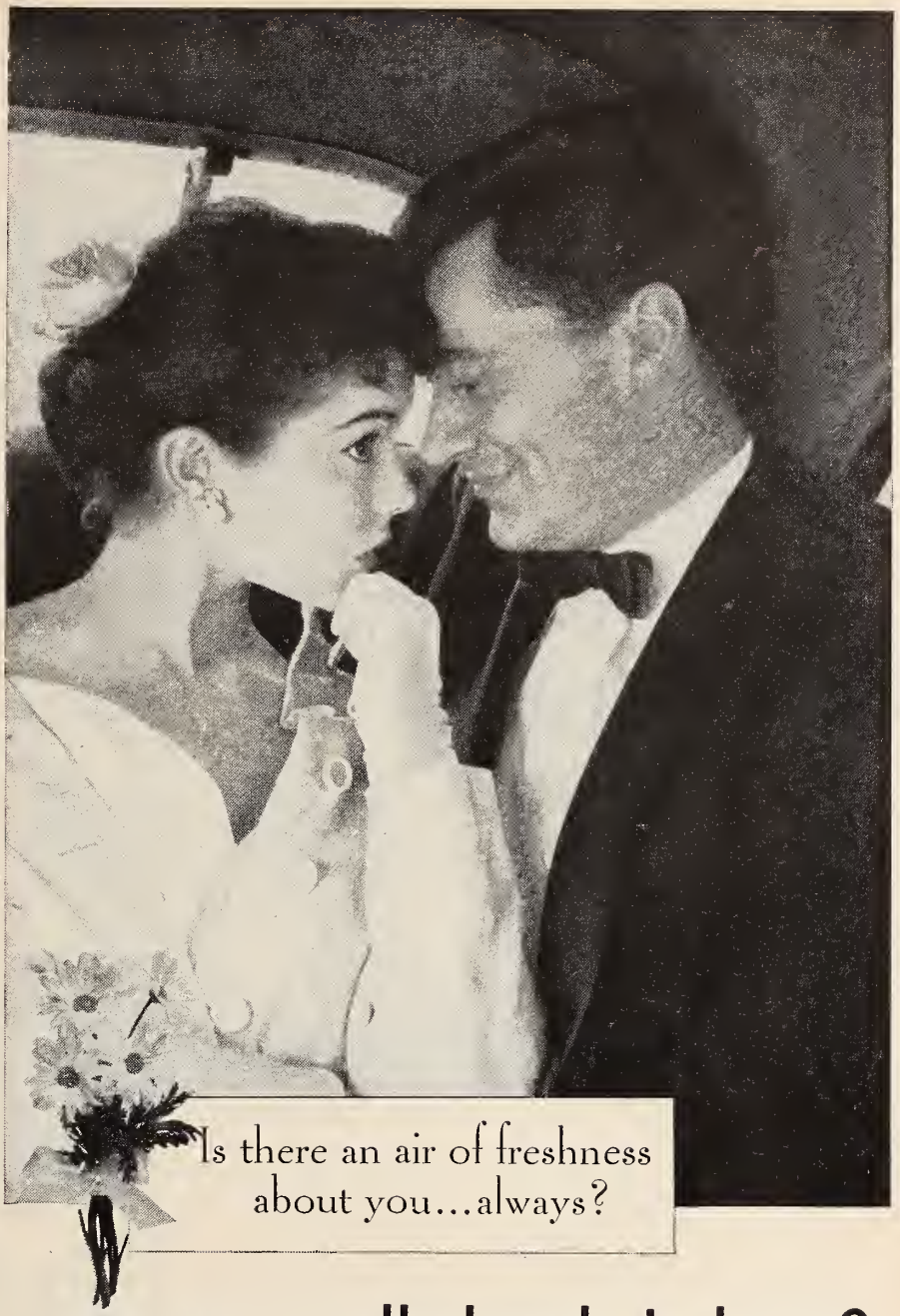
The next day she was not quite so weak but she was terribly depressed. She had not bounced back as hoped. She seemed completely inert, and was given a drug to make her feel a little more cheerful. Then they took another blood count. It was still too low.

"Prepare Mrs. Wilding for another blood transfusion," Dr. Aasberg said. Mike Wilding, who had been with his wife every day, knew real fear. The hospital staff buzzed worriedly.

They gave Elizabeth another pint of blood. And this was the one that brought her through.

After she had slept for a while, another blood count was taken. The haemoglobin content had gone up. It was seventy-five per cent, approximately normal.

Mike breathed again. Little Christopher Edward, who was out of the incubator after



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two days, was pronounced fit by Dr. Jurgensen, the pediatrician, and doing well on his formula. Dr. Aasberg replied to all questions about Liz, "Fine. Everything's satisfactory." And Liz began to recuperate slowly, because she had been a very, very sick girl. But the crisis was over.

Her first confinement had kept her in Santa Monica Hospital for five days. This time she was there for twelve. Toward the end of her stay Dr. Johnson, a plastic surgeon, removed some tissue which had grown up around her vaccination scar. Mike was with her constantly. He brought news of little Mike, of the English nanny taking care of him, of Peg Rutledge, Liz' secretary. He said nothing of the fact that he had been having severe trouble with his back, that it gave him more and more pain, that he might have to have an operation Liz had been beside herself with worry when, during the filming of *The Glass Slipper*, Mike had slipped a disk in his back. Now he said nothing, but he was seeing a doctor frequently.

A nurse at the hospital was asked about Liz and Mike as a couple. After all, there had been rumors.

"I've never seen a more devoted couple," she said. "Mr. Wilding would come every day a little after lunch. He would spend all afternoon and all evening with his wife. She had a television set in her room and they would take dinner together and talk and then watch a program.

"Their devotion wasn't obvious. I mean it wasn't ostentatious. But from the way they spoke to each other and looked at each other, you could tell that they're happy and in love. We couldn't get him out of her room until ten o'clock every night. I'm sure he spent about eight hours a day with her.

"I remember the day Mrs. Wilding was going home. Her husband had arranged for this big limousine from MGM to fetch her.

"Dr. Aasberg was around, and he loves to tease. He said, 'Elizabeth, there are hundreds of reporters downstairs, and when Mike wheels you out of the elevator, I want you to give them a big smile.'

"Mrs. Wilding shook her head and said, 'You're kidding,' and of course he was. But she surely looked beautiful sitting in the wheel chair, that little baby cuddled in her arms."

So the tragedy had been averted, and a healthy, though weak, Mrs. Wilding took her new baby home. But her entire pregnancy had been marked with trouble.

WHEN SHE DISCOVERED last summer that she was going to have a second child, Liz told no one but Mike. They shared their secret happily for weeks, taking long rides in their Jaguar, searching for a larger house. They didn't care whether Mike, Jr., in the exciting process of saying his first words, would have a brother or sister—either would do fine. They were very happy.

Hollywood should logically have guessed what was in the offing. Why were the Wildings looking for a larger house when they had just finished furnishing their hilltop one? But no one guessed. In the fall, trouble began. Liz hurt her leg and it was slow to heal. She came down with hepatitis and nervous tension. At this time a studio hairdresser did suggest the possibility. "Maybe she's pregnant again?"

"If Liz is pregnant," came the answer, "she's one girl who'll show it in a hurry."

The first time Liz was expecting, she certainly had. She had gained forty pounds and had had a miserable time trying to get back to 117 after Mike was born. No one dreamed that she would be able to hide a second pregnancy.

But this time she gained only nine pounds during the entire nine months. She carefully followed Dr. Aasberg's instructions and when the coming event was officially announced many of the Wildings' acquaintances were amazed.

The announcement, however, explained more than Liz' nervousness. It explained the extra solicitude with which Mike had been treating his wife; it explained Liz' even greater than usual dependence on her husband. Without a blessed event in the offing, the Wildings are one of Hollywood's happiest couples. With, they are absolutely inseparable.

When Mike's parents were ill in London several months ago, and the death of one was imminent, Mike flew home. Alone, Liz grew worried and fretful. A few days after he left, she packed up and followed him across the Atlantic—and she was six months pregnant at the time.

WHILE HE WAS MAKING *The Glass Slipper* with Leslie Caron, she lunched with him every chance she got. One day, on the set, he slipped the disk in his back. Mike may have minimized the accident at first, but Liz worried for two. That was a trouble they haven't surmounted yet; surgery may still be necessary.

But about other things, Liz didn't worry. During her pregnancy, the Wildings, who have a habit of lavishing expensive presents on each other, even though they have bought, built and furnished two houses in two years, ran a little short of money. Money never has been a source of anxiety to Liz. She spoke to her agent, shrewd and charming Jules Goldstein. Jules drove down to the studio one afternoon and had no difficulty whatsoever in making a deal. As a result, Metro paid Liz her regular salary all during her pregnancy. In exchange, she granted the studio a one-year extension of her contract.

All in all, it was a complicated pregnancy, but no one anticipated the truly terrifying climax. When it was over, the Wildings were emotionally as well as physically exhausted. But the story has a happy ending.

When Liz took Christopher home, she was prepared to find some natural resentment on the part of Mike, Jr. Many first children are jealous of the second. To everyone's joy, little Mike adored Chris from the start. He considers him a riot.

No doubt that reaction is at least partly due to the fact that Mike, Jr., is still getting his share of adoration—and justfiably. He is one of the most charming children in the film colony. He's bright, full of life and spirit—and yet remarkably obedient. Tell him even to go to bed and he trots off without a murmur.

AS FOR HIS MOTHER, her health restored, she's one of the most contented young women in town. The other evening she and Mike were invited out to an elaborate Hollywood party.

"Want to go?" she asked Mike.

"How about you?" he countered.

"I'd rather stay home with all my men," Liz said. "Let's just have a couple up for dinner." So they invited Dr. and Mrs. Aasberg and made an occasion of it by serving Dover sole, a favorite of all four.

After dinner they chatted in the living room. Presently Liz Taylor rose and walked to the picture window overlooking Beverly Hills and Los Angeles.

Dr. Aasberg joined her. "How's my girl feeling tonight?" he asked.

Liz turned her back on the scene below and looked around the room. "Right now," she said, "I am the happiest, luckiest girl on earth." Having come close to death and having been restored to her full and happy life, she has every reason to mean what she says. **END**

tv talk

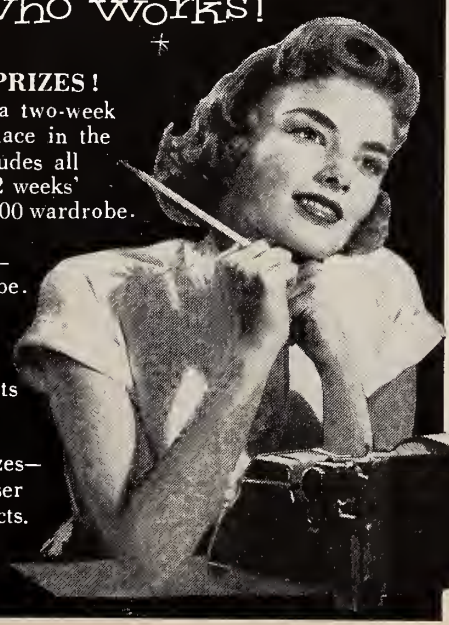
(*Continued from page 32*) not Jeff Donnell. One thing is sure: Not next year nor any other year could the voters make a more popular choice than the one for *Make Room For Daddy* as the best situation comedy. It's about time somebody who hands out awards paid some attention to this show. The only thing wrong was that **Danny Thomas** and **Jean Hagen** and **Sherry Jackson** and little **Rusty Hamer** couldn't each get an Emmy. The next-to-the-best award, for us anyway, was the one to **George Gobel's** writers, who got the salute they deserve for keeping the Gobel show on top practically every week. Those boys work, and work hard, for that thirty minutes of hilarity on Saturday night. George, by the way, couldn't stay to make a speech. He was due at another shindig right away. That's why he picked up his Emmy first—and then ran! Another well-deserved one was **Robert Cummings'**; it's about time somebody handed him a statuette, too. This has been a good year for Bob—a new TV show that's going well, some top dramatic spots, a brand new baby girl *and* an Emmy . . . **Art Carney** is doing so well these days that he has set up an office with a full-time helper just to sort his mail and keep track of his interviews. Even has his own official office stationery . . . **Audrey Meadows,** Art's co-worker on the Gleason show (and co-Emmy winner), just may fool everyone by getting married soon. The possible groom-to-be is not in show business. He's a well-to-do businessman in Washington. Audrey has been spending a lot of time commuting between New York and the capital, and this is supposed to be It. Did you know, by the way, that Gleason almost didn't hire Audrey because he thought she was too pretty for the role of Alice? She had to wash her face and screw up her hair before he thought she could look like Ralph Cramden's wife . . . Don't be surprised if **Milton Berle** and his ace writer **Goodman Ace** come to the parting of the ways. Ace, you know, is the man who devised Uncle Miltie's new format and made him stop wearing women's clothes and throwing pies. You've probably noticed that Milton has been sneaking in some of those old routines lately. If he's happy with the old slapstick, he and Ace just won't be able to work as a team. Incidentally, Berle is going to copy Gleason in one way if he has anything to say about it. He, too, wants to own a show (as Gleason will own the Dorsey Brothers show in the fall). Why? That same old TV reason: money. There Berle is, the man with one of the most publicized long-term contracts in broadcasting history, but a man who needs to own a property as well as earn a salary. The way things stand now, he could leave very little to his wife, Ruthie; with a production to call his own, he could rest assured she'd always be taken care of . . . **Max Liebman,** too, wants more than an astronomical salary. Everyone is singing those capital-gains blues! . . . Her friends are astounded at **Kim Stanley's** acting in the hit, *Bus Stop.* They've known she is a fine actress, but they didn't dream she could play such an unrepressed part as she does now. No two people could be further apart than Kim herself—a shy, sometimes speechless, girl—and her *Bus Stop* character—a honky-tonk singer with a loud voice and a shady past. Just playing the part may have helped Kim come out of her cocoon, incidentally; when she had to appear on a TV show as herself, she was tongue-tied. Yet, when she went over to **Steve Allen's** *Tonight* right after opening in *Bus Stop,* she managed to chat and smile and ad lib with the greatest of ease—a real switch from the time she almost burst into tears. For those of you who saw her re-enact a scene from the play, by the way, here's a tip: It was toned down from the stage version for TV. This is often true. Sometimes the scenes you see, say on *Toast Of The Town,* are word for word like the Broadway scenes. But there are words that can be used on Broadway that are never uttered on TV! . . . That so-called romance between **Gloria Vanderbilt** and **Frank Sinatra** never amounted to anything. The only reason they even met was that Sinatra blew into New York from the west coast suddenly and needed a date. He called an actors' agent he knew, and she said one of her clients was free that night. It was Gloria. It's hard to imagine two such people on a blind date, but that's exactly what it was! Gloria, incidentally, apparently goes into all her projects with vim and vigor. People who visited her home when she was living with her husband, **Leopold Stokowski,** are still surprised that she ever left him. They say she was the very picture of a dutiful wife. She even, you know, insisted that her name be spelled Glorya Stokowska—the way it would have been done in her husband's native country . . . **Marlon Brando** is not planning any TV work, unfortunately, but he has many surprises up his sleeve for movie-goers. Don't think that his *Guys And Dolls* role is an "off-beat" thing and that then he'll return to his "tough guy" roles. He fully intends to play the biggest variety of roles he can find . . . **Joan Caulfield,** for all her lightheartedness in her role as Liz Cooper on *My Favorite Husband,* is a person who urgently needs company all the time. Joan just doesn't like to be alone.

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I never had a doll

(*Continued from page 51*) savage. I endured this world by developing a bitter hatred of it, which I made no effort to conceal, and by retreating to a dream world of my own.

One blistering afternoon I was hanging around on the sidewalk watching a group of boys lazily playing catch in the street. I heard a kind of hissing sound and there was a dirty-faced brat shaking her finger at me. "She's a orphan!" she yelled. The kids ringed around me, a stealthy, menacing, yelling mob, jumping up and down and chanting: "Yas, yah, yah! Orphant, orphant, orphant!" I gritted my teeth, salt stinging my eyes. I stared them down as long as I could keep the tears from spilling. I hid for the rest of the afternoon in the darkest hallway I could find.

On Sunday afternoons, sometimes, Millie would take me to a movie. Pearl White serials, *The Perils Of Pauline, The Exploits Of Elaine,* were my passion.

From these sessions with dazzling adventure in hot and stuffy neighborhood theatres, I emerged, no longer Ruby Stevens, the orphan drab and desolate, but the counterpart of my idol.

In all my life, in all the parts I've played, I have never forgotten Pearl White. I'm bedeviled by the urgency, whenever one of my pictures has any kind of a stunt scene, not to have a double. True, the double is hired and gets her check but *I* have to ride over that cliff or under that waterfall or run through that burning building or scream through that train wreck—all in the best tradition of my intrepid Pearl.

The Reverend William Carter, Pastor of the little Dutch Reformed Church in Flatbush, always smiled at me whenever I walked by, and one day, he spoke to me. He asked me if I'd ever been baptized. I told him no, and he looked so sorrowful that I asked him to baptize me. I've always kept the New Testament Reverend Carter gave to me on my twelfth birthday.

Whenever Millie took me backstage for a Saturday matinee at whatever theatre she was working, I stood in the wings, promising myself, passionately, that I would, someday, be a great dancer—another Isadora Duncan!

When I was thirteen, I got a job as a clerk for the telephone company and got myself fired almost as soon as I was hired. An irate subscriber confronted me with a mistake in her bill. Where I came from—somebody yelled at you, you yelled back louder. I was out of my job in nothing flat.

I trudged from one place to another, in answer to every likely ad in the help-wanted columns and finally landed in the pattern department of Condé Nast.

One day a lady came to me for instructions in cutting some expensive material to the pattern I'd sold her. With the superb authority of utter stupidity, I gave her explicit directions. The lady trustingly followed them.

The management struck me from the payroll. This time, I bounced happily down the stairs. Now I knew where I was going. Show business. That was *my* business! As for trying to be anything but a dancer, I'd had it.

Confidence and the example of an indomitable serial queen are ripe assets in a teenster. I was fifteen—a statistic to be denied. I went winging my way in and out of casting offices, my hair plastered in "dips," mouth painted, eyes heavily, unskilfully outlined, my lashes loaded with mascara. I'm sure the man who hired line dancers for the Strand Roof knew how young and green I was, but he hired me. I was a hoofer!

In my sole compatibility with the neighborhood kids, I had danced for "hat money"—small change tossed by passers-by. The ruthlessness I'd developed as a part of my survival equipment, because my fists were as important as my feet in getting my share of the tossed coins, was priceless.

When the Strand Roof closed, I shuttled from one chorus job to another. I loved going through the battered stage doors. I loved the scramble for places before curtain time; the music, the excitement, the color. I even loved the hazards. I didn't panic when I was broke between jobs, and like the rest of us hoofers, acted filthy rich when I had any salary coming in.

Between jobs, we all shared one precious resource. That was Billy LaHiff, our father confessor; Mr. LaHiff, my Good Samaritan. He owned The Tavern on 48th Street and a heart as big as a circus tent. He never refused a meal to a hungry chorine nor to an out-of-work actor. And he had no memory at all for what you owed him if your luck was slow.

Mae Clarke, Wanda Mansfield and I shared a cold-water, walk-up room. We were short on cash and tall on dreams in our "Three Musketeer" relationship. If one got a job we all ate; if we were all "at liberty" we shared our lack of resources just as thoroughly. We laughed a lot and kept worry a stranger.

One night Billy LaHiff collared me and said, "Ruby, I think I can get you a job. Willard Mack's casting—looking for a chorus girl. Come meet him."

Willard Mack! A top "legit" producer, actor, playwright, director. I was not awed. Legit had little to do with my beloved branch of show business.

Mr. LaHiff said, "Name's Ruby Stevens, Bill. Helluva little hoofer—sweet pair o' gams, too." Mr. Mack said, after giving me a sharp-eyed inspection, that, yes, I could have the chorine bit in *The Noose.* "There are three of us hoofers, Mr. Mack," I said. "I don't accept any job except it's one for all of us."

Wrinkles of amusement splashed the corners of his eyes. "All right, Ruby," he said, "bring your friends."

The tryout of *The Noose* in Philadelphia was as dreary as a wake. It was a turkey. Mr. Mack went to work again. He rewrote, re-cast and rehearsed, rehearsed, rehearsed. When he changed the story, he became possessed of the conviction that Ruby Stevens could be trained into an actress! I was never so shocked in my whole life. I felt like Pearl White, in a real big peril. But by now, I kept my mouth shut when Mr. Mack gave any orders.

Day and night he drilled, drilled, drilled me to play one of the most poignant dramatic roles he ever wrote. After a week made up of days and nights of endless work, work, work, it was again curtain time for *The Noose.* In Pittsburgh.

When the curtain fell on that second

Vincent Lopez, the bandleader, recalls the time he discovered little Betty Hutton in Detroit. "After she joined my band, I took her to breakfast. She ordered steak. She had lunch and ordered steak. At dinner she had steak again. And at a midnight party she ate steak again. Finally I asked her how she could eat steak four times a day. She explained, "I've never had steak in my life. And I promised myself that when I ever got it, I'd stuff myself!" —*Paul Denis*

---

performance everyone was ecstatic. Except me. I was just lightheaded—from no sleep and gallons and gallons of coffee and skipped meals. But, taking my first bow, I was lighthearted. If the applause was to be trusted, I hadn't let Mr. Mack down.

We tried out for three more weeks on the road. Then we went to New York for pre-Broadway rehearsals at the Belasco. We were all in the green room when Mr. Mack arrived. He walked over to me and said, "Ruby Stevens is no name for a star." He glanced around the room. The walls were lined with framed programs. One read, "Jane Stanwyck in *Barbara Fritchie*." Mr. Mack turned, held out his hand, "Hello, Barbara Stanwyck," he said.

That's what became of Ruby Stevens, who was going to be a dancer.

NOTHING WAS THE SAME after that. Mr. Mack introduced me to a world I entered resistlessly only because this great and kind man had staked his reputation on my performance. I lived, ate, slept, dreamed the part I had to play. Most of the time I was too tired to breathe.

I did get a wire off to my sisters in Brooklyn telling them I had an important part and that there would be tickets for them at the box office opening night. *The Noose* was a hit. I was besprinkled with the lavish excitement of a Broadway first night. Everyone else had friends and family galore backstage after the performance. Mr. Mack introduced me to lots of people but I kept watching for my sisters. Finally, when the crowd was all gone and only the eerie work lights were left on the stage, I gave up, took my make-up off and got to a telephone booth.

Well, they'd been at the theatre all right. They'd had fine seats, right down in front; they looked through the program, didn't see my name and when I didn't come on in the first act, they decided there was a mistake somewhere and went home.

I had forgotten to tell them I was Barbara Stanwyck.

The Noose ran for nearly a year on Broadway. Mr. Mack continued to coach me—to teach me what acting was all about. It was a lonely, concentrated, consecrated life. He made me learn a new play every week. He drilled me as carefully in each week's role as though I were going to open in it on Broadway. No one ever had so great a gift from so great a master. Willard Mack was theatre. Acting was his religion. It became mine.

I still missed Wanda and Mae, remembering our zany laughter whether we were in or out of jobs. In the midst of being a successful dramatic star on Broadway, I'd wonder, when I had any time at all to do anything except study the endless scripts Mr. Mack assigned me, what would have happened to Ruby Stevens if Billy LaHiff hadn't decided to get her a job.

She was a kid who never had been a child, really. Now she didn't exist at all.

One night Oscar Levant brought a friend to my dressingroom. Loving show business, I worshiped at the shrine of talent. I'd seen Frank Fay in his incomparable performances time and again at the Palace Theatre. He had, also, indisputably irresistible personal charm.

I met him. I loved him, I married him. I came with him to California.

I lacked the social ease which those who have always been welcome wherever they go wear as gracefully and casually as a model wears a mink coat, and our life was a series of glamorous parties where I sat in the corner attracting no more attention than the furniture. Listening to all the bright, easy, sophisticated conversation, watching Frank sprinkle his magic over everything, watching the women glow under the spell of his charm,



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by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY
(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

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watching Frank, gay and happy and unaware of me until going-home-time.

I polished the chip on my shoulder. I pasted a smile on my face. I hated everything but the hours I had with Frank alone. As these grew fewer I grew more silent. If I kept very quiet I could hear all the lovely, happy chatter of my dream-world people.

True, I was in Hollywood as Mrs. Fay, but as nothing in my background had fitted me to fill the endless hours of Mr. Fay's absence from the hearthside, I thought I ought to put Mr. Mack's teachings to practical use. I got an agent.

I made test after test—nine of them, by actual count. Each and all were deplorably unproductive.

One day a young director—his name was Frank Capra—sent for me. "I think you'd be great for this part. I'd like to make a test," he said. Bitterness overwhelmed me. Poker-faced, I walked to the door.

"No, thanks," I said, holding tight to the doorknob, hoping my trembling didn't show. "I've had some." I started out.

"Take it easy, Barbara," Capra spoke, real quiet. I stopped. I looked back.

Capra was grinning. He said, "Report for wardrobe, nine o'clock Monday. Our picture is *Ladies Of Leisure*. I've got faith in it—I've got faith in you, too."

That faith and *Ladies Of Leisure* changed my life in Hollywood. It also established Capra as a director of the first magnitude. Now I was a girl named Stanwyck—who had a hit picture. That's the nicest friend a girl can have in Hollywood.

Just as my marriage to Frank Fay was inevitable, so, I guess, was our parting after seven years. We were divorced in 1936.

Once again, I knew the world was alien and unfriendly and I didn't want to know any different. The chip on my shoulder held my shoulders straight and my chin up and my eyes were curtained so that no one would know I didn't believe in anything in the world.

Marian and Zeppo Marx refused to be snubbed by my indifference. Hepped on the idea of establishing a horse breeding business in the Valley, they urged me to join them. I found myself co-owner of Marwyck Ranch, as incongruous a bit of self-casting as I've ever heard of!

They built their house on one hill—I built mine on one adjoining. I built the swimming pool, they the tennis court—both of which we shared. The stables spread across the land beneath our houses. When all the building was done I had no interest in any of it. I sat in my house on that hilltop looking through eyes clouded with the bitterness inside me, across the acres which were half mine. I knew it was a far cry from the Brooklyn tenements. I knew there was beauty in my home. There was no beauty in me. I was still a bitter child cowering in a dark hallway.

ZEPPO AND MARIAN persisted in saying they wanted me to meet a man whose name, I gathered, was Artique. They insisted I'd like him. Finally, I gave in and said I'd go to dinner with them at the Trocadero.

A young man who was the latest motion picture box-office rage, was sitting at our table. I was introduced to Robert Taylor.

We made polite conversation, while I wondered what had happened to my "date." Then I confided, "I was supposed to meet a Mr. Artique here tonight."

Taylor's blue eyes twinkled like crazy; he grinned that famous grin, and gave with the warmest chuckle I ever heard. He murmured, "R.T., Ma'am, R.T. That's the one you were to meet, and—*I* am he!"

It was okay with me. Marian and Zeppo were right. I did like Robert Taylor.

For the next three years, R.T., my friend, held an absorbing place in my thoughts and absorbed most of my time. We were not, we protested publicly and to each other, in love; we simply and frankly enjoyed being together.

Bob had to go to England to make *A Yank At Oxford*. When he returned, the old, good-companion relationship, the camaraderie that had been so rewarding, just wasn't there any more. We were possessed of an awareness of each other that made mere friendship impossible.

On May 13, 1939, we drove to San Diego with Zeppo and Marian and Ida Koverman and we were married by a Justice of the Peace at one minute after midnight. The Little People made pretty music in my secret world.

No sooner was the dream house we built a long-awaited reality, than Navy Lieutenant Robert Taylor left for duty.

The loneliness of waiting for the lieutenant's return was not like any other loneliness because I shared it as a member of an enormous family which stretched across the world. It was a family made up only of women—and men too old or too young to leave us. In this loneliness no wife was really alone; millions of wives endured the living in a state of suspense—of suspended animation—thinking life would resume, at the war's end, exactly as it was before. Eventually, it was over. Eventually, our men came home—those who could come home, I mean.

Soon after Bob's return he got his own plane and flew all over the country on fishing and hunting expeditions. One long location trip after another took him away, too. To England, Italy, Utah, New Mexico—we were weeks apart after years apart. Ten days before Christmas of the year 1950, we called Helen Ferguson and told her to prepare our divorce announcement for the papers.

I bought a new house, sold our house, and every stick of its furniture. Wandering through those empty rooms a wracking bitterness held me.

I started down the stairs. A sort of blackness enveloped me.

When I opened my eyes, Helen was leaning over me and the doctor was there. I said, "I've lost my husband." As though that explained everything. I expected her to comfort me. But, her face stern, she said, "What makes you so proud of that? It's a very commonplace accomplishment."

I could have killed her.

I turned my head away. I wouldn't look at her. She leaned close and said, in the softest whisper, "You're the daughter I never had." Helen has a mother-heart; only her lack of years disqualified her. I didn't move or hear her leave. My world was filled with what she had whispered.

I'd been called "daughter."

I wish I could say that from that moment I began to let all the kindnesses friends held out to me reach me. It would be a lie. I didn't get rid of my bitterness. I went to parties dressed in my finest, and I talked with crackling bitterness—and too much. And I laughed a lot.

Then Nancy Sinatra planned a surprise party for my birthday. When I saw all the smiling, loving faces in her living room, I resented the invasion of my misery. But I made myself very gay.

I didn't want to open the presents piled high at the end of the room. But they made me. So I exclaimed over all the generous and extravagant gifts and everyone smiled, rewarded, and I felt like a worm in a spotlight. I came to Helen's gift. It was not extravagant. It was something she had written—something lettered on parchment, and it was in a little silver frame. It had a title, "A Prayer For Missy."

Even before I finished reading it the dam inside me broke.

And now the tears were sweet and cleansing and I heard, with my heart, the tinkling sounds of the joy of my Little

People. It was no strain to hear them, because there was no sound at all in Nancy Sinatra's lovely room. It was filled with the waiting, understanding silence of people who loved me.

Part of the miracle was that I wasn't embarrassed because I was crying.

In those tears, the death of my bitterness began. This was the start of my journey away from my childhood.

Next day, I showed "A Prayer For Missy" to Nana, (that's what we call Helen's mother). She smiled and I smiled and there was a glow about everything.

We were in Nana's room. She was surrounded by dolls of all styles and sizes and piles of paper and she was wrapping each doll very carefully. I knew the dolls had belonged to her granddaughter.

"Nana," I accused her, "aren't you a little old to be playing with dolls?"

"I'm just loving them a little as I put them away." She looked at me and said, "Never be 'too old' for anything, Bobbie."

It is said of Nana by all who love her, that she talks in Braille, but we've learned she has a special way of telling us what she knows it is time for us to hear. Nana never bludgeons us with her wisdom. She offers it with a bright unexpectedness; with a soft delicacy.

So I was quiet, thinking. I watched her tender inspection of each doll before she hid it in the paper. Then she looked up and asked, "Didn't you ever have a doll?"

"No," I said.

"Ah," said Nana. She looked again at the doll in her hands. Her face was sober.

"Well, it *does* take a lot longer to grow up without a doll." That's what Nana said.

Then she grinned at me, and we shared another secret. A peaceful secret.

That was three years ago.

Before I knew better, one of my proudest boasts was that I always prayed only for others. I still pray for others. But in all humility, I now pray for myself, too. And I know He listens. Nana taught me because her years are so many and her heart so young and trusting—not to be afraid to grow up. Nana's example brought me to restored believing, to faith, to daily prayer; to gratefulness for the blessings I have had—and which I truly love to share. I have had so many of them. I've given a lot of lip-service to God, but now I know how to properly thank Him.

When bitterness goes, there's plenty of room for a lot of nice things. Like—really wanting Bob and Ursula Taylor to be happy in their whole future together; like appreciating the things I receive, whether they are just exactly what I've asked for or not; like waking up in the morning knowing I've good hard work ahead of me at the studio, and friendly folk to help to do it; like laughing because I'm happy and not laughing *at* something or someone as a cover-up for disappointment and turmoil within me; like filling the hours I spend alone with hope instead of distrust; and like praying with confidence instead of being afraid to pray at all.

Last Christmas Helen gave me a doll. Tied to its hand was a card which said, "I belong to Ruby Stevens."

I laughed and laughed until I cried! I'm a big girl now! **END**

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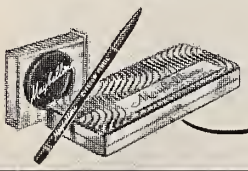


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things are looking up

(*Continued from page 35*) "After the first week," Nora swore, "he flew the coop." Nora sued for back alimony. Simultaneously, second wife Joanne Dru got a bench warrant for Haymes' arrest. Joanne claimed he owed $5,000 in child-support payments.

As soon as Dick and Rita arrived in Hollywood in February, Haymes amazed everyone by voluntarily walking into Judge Doyle's court. He promised to pay all charges in arrears.

A few weeks later he did. Full-bearded and natty, he strode into the office of Nora's attorney, S. S. Hahn. He handed Hahn a check for $7000. For a minute Hahn couldn't believe it, but the check cleared the bank.

"This check," Hahn announced, "not only takes care of back alimony payments but stops once and for all the payments of $100 a week Haymes promised my client."

People were curious about where Dick Haymes was getting the money to square all his debts. Rita, of course, is tremendously happy, but she denies having given him one penny. She herself has little money until her own corporation, Beckworth Productions, can obtain an accounting of moneys due her.

The answer lies in the Crystal Bay Corporation. This corporation was founded by Dick and Rita to produce films for United Artists.

Several weeks ago United Artists advanced Crystal Bay Corporation $100,000. It did not advance the money to Haymes, since the Government could have attached $45,000 of it for Haymes' back income taxes. The money went directly to the corporation. As an official of the corporation, Haymes is empowered to disburse such funds as he sees fit.

The man who extricated Rita and Dick from their financial quagmire is Bartley Crum, the same brilliant attorney who finally negotiated a child-support settlement with Rita's third husband, Aly Khan.

"As a result of this settlement," Rita said recently, "I plan to take Yasmin (her five-year-old daughter by the Moslem prince) to Europe some time this summer, probably when my picture is finished. Her grandfather has been terribly anxious to see her."

The Aga Khan, who is near death in France at this writing, has wanted desperately to see Yasmin for the last three years, but Rita steadfastly refused until a definite support agreement was drawn up.

At five, Yasmin is a bright-eyed little pixie, open-hearted, cute and talkative.

Luck may smile on Rita again. Her older daughter, Rebecca, is the child of Orson Welles. It is said that Welles, in financial difficulty, has been unable to support Rebecca. But recently Welles was offered $25,000 per week to appear in Las Vegas. If he does Rita will undoubtedly receive a wad of money for Becky's support.

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP for Rita. But what counts most to her is that in Dick Haymes she has finally found the great love of her life.

Dick has said over and over again, "What Rita has gone through for me—it's just impossible to talk about it. When things looked blackest, when I was being backed into one corner after another, it was her courage that saw me through. I give you my word we're man and wife forever."

Rita is not nearly so eloquent as Dick, but how loudly her behavior speaks!

Just look back at what this glamorous beauty has gone through. She married Haymes in a circus-like wedding staged in Las Vegas. Deputy sheriffs and a special nurse watched her two children as she was interviewed by approximately 200 reporters and cameramen.

A threat of deportation hung over Haymes. He was also flat broke. Following the highly publicized wedding, however, Haymes received $150,000 in night-club offers.

He accepted a few, and Rita, temporarily abandoning her own career, stayed at his side. Her children remained in Connecticut.

You know what happened. Wherever Haymes entertained his salary was attached. His former wives threatened to throw him into jail. While Rita and Dick were staying at the Roney Plaza in Miami, Rita was charged with neglecting her children and Rebecca and Yasmin were held in court "custody."

At the same time, she was suspended by her studio and Haymes was in danger of being bounced out of the country. There was constant bickering on the Aly Khan financial settlement.

A lesser woman would have retired to a sanitarium with a full-fledged nervous breakdown. Not Rita. Under no circumstances would she give up her husband. She loved him too much, no matter how much bad publicity, aggravation and heartache he had caused.

Rita Hayworth knows one thing for sure. The whole Haymes deportation confusion never would have occurred if Dick hadn't fallen uncontrollably in love with her.

Jayne Meadows' and Steve Allen's big Park Avenue apartment had been Betty Furness' home and it has two and a half baths. Steve explains, "For the first time in my life, I can take two and a half baths when I feel like it."

—Paul Denis

In May, 1953, Haymes flew to Hawaii, ostensibly to sing at The Royal Hawaiian Hotel, but in truth to be near Rita who was then on location with *Miss Sadie Thompson.*

When Dick returned to Los Angeles three weeks later, he was told that his trip to Hawaii—for whatever purpose—had made him a deportable alien.

HAYMES WAS BORN in Buenos Aires, Argentina, September 13, 1918. His father was an English cattle rancher, his mother an American concert singer. He was brought to the United States when he was three months old. When he was twenty, he left the country and then came back under the quota system as an alien.

After he had volunteered for induction in World War II and had been turned down for "bad eyes and high blood pressure," he made the mistake of requesting a deferment on the grounds that he was a citizen of a neutral nation, Argentina.

When Argentina entered the war, Dick voluntarily voided the deferment. He was classified 1 A, and ordered to report for induction in Los Angeles. Here he was examined and again declared unfit for military service, again because of his eyes and his blood pressure. But this time, Dick's draft board began to receive letters from one of Haymes' enemies, claiming that Dick had been taking benzedrine tablets several days before his physical in order to induce high blood pressure.

Whereupon the Army ordered the crooner to Governor's Island in New York Bay for another physical. This time he was carefully watched for three days and re-examined periodically. The results were

the same: bad eyes and high blood pressure.

Rita Hayworth knew all this before she married Dick. He told her everything—his hectic past, his legal and financial troubles. She offered to help with money. Dick wouldn't hear of it. He went to her attorney. "I love this girl so much," he said, "that I never want her to have the slightest trouble because of me. I want you to draw up some agreement which says that what money she has will never go to me and what debts I've incurred will never be held against her."

Bartley Crum drew up such an agreement and Haymes signed it. Today he can truthfully say, "My family is living on borrowed money, and I've never touched a penny of my wife's funds."

Last summer when things looked darkest and headlines boldest, the Haymeses, at Rita's urging, withdrew to Crystal Bay, Nevada. Rita had "waited out" her divorce from Aly Khan in this quiet little summer resort town. And she loved it.

WHILE THE NEWSPAPERS concentrated on Ava Gardner who lived a few hundred yards away, establishing Nevada residence requirements to drop Frank Sinatra, Rita and Dick, along with Yasmin and Becky and Brutus—Brutus is Haymes' boxer—moved into the Nevada cottage which is today their legal home.

Rita hired a Mexican woman, Louisa, to do the cleaning and the cooking, and announced that come Hades or high water, this simple two-bedroom cottage located on a small dirt road would be their hideaway, their escape from process servers and reporters and busybodies, for the next two years.

Although Rita has tried to live the life of a hermit this last year, to save her strength and marshal her forces, she has had to make certain concessions.

She was perfectly content to paint, to refurnish the cottage, to restore old furniture. She was blissfully happy without newspapers, magazines and telegrams from her agents. And so was Haymes. They dressed in blue jeans, never went out, were hardly ever seen except by the caretaker in the neighborhood. Their unlisted telephone seldom rang except when they were called by their respective attorneys.

But there were Rita's children, Becky and Yasmin, and Dick's children, Junior and Helen. There were visits from Dick's mother and Bartley Crum and Aly Khan's lawyer.

When Dick's mother came to Crystal Bay several months ago, Rita agreed to let her take Yasmin and Becky into nearby Reno. The children were recognized instantly.

Last fall, Becky, bright as a button, was enrolled in the school at King's Beach while Yasmin, too young at five to go to school, stayed home with Dick and Rita. When snow came early, Dick and Rita went skiing and Dick worked on his book, reportedly his autobiography to be published later this year.

While the Haymeses avoided society, their lawyers were hard at work, trying to make order of their clients' tangled affairs.

First on the agenda was the support settlement with Aly Kahn. Rita said she was perfectly agreeable to Yasmin's being brought up in the Moslem faith. She wanted the little girl to visit her father and grandfather in Europe, but first she must have definite assurance that the child would be returned to her. And there was the matter of financial support for Yasmin.

It took half a dozen trips across the Atlantic and months of legal haggling but last year Bartley Crum negotiated a deal. The result? There will always be plenty of money for Yasmin's rearing and she

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will be allowed to visit her father every summer from now on.

Next then was the problem of settling the fight between Rita and Columbia Pictures. Crum worked that one out, too, and helped to make the United Artists arrangement with the Crystal Bay Corporation. Then he announced, "Rita Hayworth is returning to Columbia Pictures. Dick Haymes is to become a screen writer and producer."

Crum did not say that Haymes was becoming a writer and producer at Columbia Studios although many newsmen misinterpreted the statement. It is no secret in Hollywood that Columbia and Haymes don't see eye to eye. But Rita's days at Columbia are rapidly drawing to an end. Then she embarks on the dangerous but soul-satisfying voyage of independent production.

With Dick beside her, Rita feels that everything will turn out to be good and golden and glorious. For almost a year she and her husband lived together twenty-four hours a day. In that mountain cottage on the shores of Lake Tahoe they enjoyed companionship and intimacy that few other couples have ever been destined to know.

For Rita that was, at last, marital fulfillment. All her previous marriages were to men who traveled widely, who had diverse interests, who left her alone for long periods of time.

With Dick it has been different. It has been the two of them and the children. It has been a time of peace and tranquillity and adjustment.

Now that Rita is back at work, there will be the usual items hinting at divorce and disagreements. These are inevitable for stars in the spotlight.

But after what Rita and Dick have been through these last two years, the rest of the way looks easy. **END**

audrey on the run

(*Continued from page 52*) amused by the frustrated efforts to get pictures of her. She often turned to glance at the press cars following her, grinned broadly and resumed her conversation.

From Nathan's apartment, Audrey and Mel hurried to *La Crémaillère* restaurant for dinner with New York *Herald-Tribune* columnist Art Buchwald. It was the only private interview Audrey gave—a fact the French press naturally resented, accusing her of favoritism.

While Mel gulped down a dozen oysters, half a chicken and a platter of *crêpes suzettes,* Audrey, who claims she stays thin by "eating a little and working a lot," played with a bowl of consommé, a slice of salmon and a dish of ice cream. Photographers were not admitted.

The next day Audrey attended a private showing of *Sabrina,* with French dialogue dubbed in, made a radio broadcast and appeared at the press conference, which disclosed nothing more exciting than the fact that she "hopes one day to have a family." She denied the rumors that she was pregnant. The rumors continued steadily, however, and she has, as steadily, denied them.

While the press was busy in the Ritz salons below, one enterprising American photographer mounted to Audrey's rooms, hoping for shots of her return from the conference. Ferrer was there. He was furious at such audacity and called the manager, who seemed to be prepared to throw out the photographer by force. It was mentioned that this might occasion extremely unfavorable publicity for his hotel in the American press. He calmed down. But permission was not given.

That evening Audrey and Mel dined with Ray Ventura, who produced *Monte Carlo Baby,* the film Audrey was making when she was picked to play Gigi. They went to Berkeley's, a restaurant on the Rond-Point, whose policy is cooperation with the press. But not this evening.

At Berkeley's, Audrey asked the chef if she could make the *crêpes suzettes.* He willingly obliged. The photographers wrung their hands when they learned what ideal pictures they had missed. Audrey told Ventura that she had decided not to accept a role in his *Bonjour Tristesse.* "I don't want to play it because the lead is not a sympathetic character."

Wednesday she and Mel entertained *Gigi* director Raymond Rauleau at their hotel for cocktails. Around seven-thirty P.M. Rouleau informed lensmen waiting in the lobby that there was no reason for them to hang around—the Ferrers were eating in their rooms. The chauffeur of the Cadillac told reporters that he wouldn't be needed that evening, so he was going to put the car away. He drove away—to a back entrance of the Ritz.

The skeptical reporters followed the Cadillac. And saw Audrey and Mel racing to it from a side service entrance.

Just at that moment a Buick convertible coming from the opposite end of the street stopped dead. From it leaped Jean Pierre Aumont, who had recognized Audrey and Mel. He left his car parked in the center of the street, tying up traffic on both lanes, while they chatted. Photographers tried to snap them, but Audrey withdrew into the shadows of the car.

Once, she allowed a photograph—to *Paris-Match,* the French equivalent of *Life.* It was taken at the apartment of the late Colette, at the urging of Colette's husband, who was a personal friend of the photographer. Actually, it was this need to use personal contacts and cops-and-robbers techniques to out-maneuver Audrey that aroused real anger.

BUT AT THE Dutch Embassy an incident occurred which became a minor scandal. Three guards had been assigned the task of keeping everyone away while Audrey was there. This ban included Dutch citizens, who were forbidden to enter the grounds of their own Embassy, because Audrey Hepburn was lunching there. The affair is even now being discussed in important circles in The Hague.

The French press, for whom the chase became more a matter of principle than anything else, ended by giving Audrey very little space. "I guess she took her part as a princess in *Roman Holiday* seriously." "She ought to take a few hints from a *real* princess—Margaret!"

Some people are saying that the *grand amour* is more on her side than his. She signs letters, "Audrey Ferrer," and is always grabbing people to say, "Have you met my husband?" Mel responds with what seems to be an embarrassed air.

The projected filming of *Ondine,* with Mel and Audrey co-starring, has been canceled. But there will no doubt be others. Ferrer did tell friends in Paris, "I don't think it would be a good idea for us to play together too often. I'll accept only those roles for which I'm ideally suited." But there probably will be a goodly number of those.

At this time, the French press can think of some roles for which both Mel and Audrey would be ideally suited. They would occur in films in which the dialogue reads frequently, "They went that-a-way!" **END**

mitchum's way

(*Continued from page 49*) Tab Hunter, who said in tones of pure hero-worship, "You have to work with him to know. Walking from the parking lot to the set he would learn whole scenes—and give a performance you could never forget."

Or like Stanley Kramer, who was deafened but undaunted by the wails of anguish from the reading public when he cast Mitch in the role of Lucas Marsh in *Not As A Stranger*. Wrote Kramer, less in self-defense than pride, "We knew the instant we laid down the script after the first reading that Mitchum was Lucas Marsh. We consider Bob's crinkly-eyed loping through a decade of bad pictures not the faintest indication of his talent as an actor . . . there is no reason why a dedicated idealist has to look or talk like an underfed Shelley. Mitchum has the power, the sex, the violence and—above all—the brains to be Lucas Marsh."

IT GOES WITHOUT saying that Robert Mitchum had not sought the controversial role, though he might well have been the only star in Hollywood who didn't covet it. When he was approached, never having read the book, he said, "I'll read the script, and if I think I can do anything for the picture, okay. But I'll tell you this: after I've read it, if I think Monty Clift or Brando would be better for you, I'm ready to say so."

This being the acting plum of the year, one of the men sitting in on the conference was understandably confused. "What gives with this guy?" he appealed to Stanley Kramer. "It sounds to me like he doesn't *want* to make the picture."

"No," answered the smiling Kramer. "He's just being honest and you can't ask for more than that."

As it happened, things didn't work out that way; Robert never laid eyes on the script before the deal was closed. He was on location while the final shooting script was being prepared, and when he got back he found Kramer in a bind for time. He needed an immediate yea or nay, because two other top stars were holding themselves in readiness to slip into the role if Mitch should turn it down.

The momentous decision took about this long: Mitchum asked, "Do *you* think I'm right for it?"

"Yes, Bob, I do," said Kramer.

That was all. Without even knowing what the role would demand of him, Mitch said, "I'll do it." A pretty big decision to leave to someone else, but he was serene and untroubled in mind. "I knew I could trust Stanley's judgment," he commented later. "Who knows more about making pictures?"

THE CRITICS who like to characterize Mitchum as an irresponsible slob who merely happens to affect women the way uranium affects a Geiger counter would have had a tough time recognizing him during this production. Working for a man he respects on a picture he believed in, Bob was a model of decorum. Granted that he, Frank Sinatra and Broderick Crawford present an explosive array of potential mischief, Robert was too busy riding herd on his supercharged pals to get into any trouble on his own.

There was the sentimental moment when they decided that buddies should not be separated ever, by anything, whereupon Brod calmly kicked the door off the dressing room in which they sat. The other doors soon followed—but Mitch was there to exercise restraint before the walls came tumbling down.

And there is the story that Frank himself has told all over town. "I went to a party one night, and the next morning I woke up in my dressing room at the studio. An icebag was on my head, pads were on my eyes—all the work of Mother Mitchum, who was hovering anxiously over me. After he got me some coffee, he went over to the set and stalled through a couple of scenes until old Snodgrass was ready to work." To this day The Voice is known as Snodgrass to the big guy, who goes under the unlikely name of Mother.

As insurance against the loss of his good intentions, it seemed advisable that someone should also ride herd on Mitch, a chore courageously undertaken by Olivia de-Havilland.

"You read in the columns about the time she slapped a can of beer out of my hand?" Bob shook his head, obviously tickled. "I never did find out what she's got against beer.

"We were shooting out at the airport for a couple of days, and during the breaks all the guys would go to this joint to have a beer. Except me. Olivia would grab me by the arm and say, 'Now you stay here! I won't have you wasting yourself, swilling that filthy stuff!'

"One day I was having a beer with my lunch when she walked in. She looked to see what was in the paper cup, flirted around with it, and then—flick—over it went!

"I asked her, 'Are you satisfied now?' She said yes, so I said fine and got myself another beer. They reported it as an incident in the columns, missing the whole point: Olivia was laughing so hard she could barely talk the whole time."

THAT WAS WHAT was missing from the then-current Robert Mitchum story—the incidents. He had been working hard, making in quick succession, *Track Of The Cat, Night Of The Hunter* and *Not As A Stranger* without incidentally making any headlines for misconduct. Not even a traffic ticket for burning up the roads in his hot little Jaguar. Mitch was beginning to look like the peace-loving guy his friends have always claimed him to be.

One such, Jane Russell, said, "All people see is Robert making a shambles out of some place because somebody gave him an accidental nudge. What they don't know or care enough to think about is that he has already been shoved across the room without opening his mouth before that last little nudge causes him to blow up."

People do anticipate the blow-ups, though, and they were not disappointed when John Wayne flew up to the San Francisco Bay area to replace Mitchum as the star of *Blood Alley*. The reasons given were numerous. It was said that Mitch carried his rough-housing too far when he dunked a crew member in the icy drink—which would be an incredibly childish thing to do. It was said that he created disharmony within the company—but those who work with Bob swear by him as well as at him. True, in Canada he once belted an inquisitive bear over the snout with a short-handled spade, but technically the bear was part of the scenery rather than the company. And it was said that Director William Wellman found him fractious and unmanageable, which has an odd ring. Mr. Wellman isn't called Wild Bill for nothing.

"A great story," commented Mitch laconically, "except that none of it ever happened." True to form, he was completely disinterested in telling his side of the rhubarb. But Mitch never fights it; he couldn't care less for the sound of his own voice saying, "I wuz robbed!"

APROPOS OF *Blood Alley*, what actually happened could be the story of Mitchum's life: he told the truth to a man who

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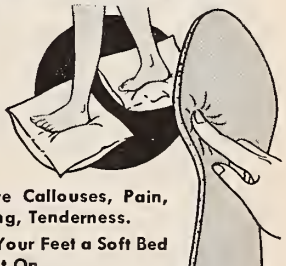
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laughed when he should have been listening. Mitch's is not a simple personality, to say the least, and he is shatteringly direct in his efforts to remain as uncomplicated as possible. On this occasion, a party, he was approached by a gentleman who wanted to make a film deal, and this was not the kind of man with whom Robert deals. If he had been evasive, suggesting that they discuss it over lunch at some nebulous time, the man would inevitably have called to set the date. So, in forthright Mitchumese he said instead, "Look, I'm not interested in a picture deal with you. I don't like you. I heard about you before I met you, and you're even worse than anything I heard." This is not to imply that it is the right way and it certainly isn't the tactful way, but telling the unvarnished truth is Mitch's way.

The film executive thought he was kidding, as people all too often do. With a nervous giggle he said, "Bob, you *are* a character!" and moved on to greet some other people. A few minutes later he was back, making the same pitch about a deal, and Robert, who thought he had made himself clear the first time, became irritated. He coupled a few words unsuited to these pages with the opinion that the gentleman was no less than the village idiot and stalked away.

What happened next? "What happened," was the dry contribution of Bob's alter ago, Reva Fredericks, "is that Robert's 'village idiot' figures rather prominently in the future of Batjac Productions. He went home and thought about it for a few days, and the next thing we knew, Robert was out of *Blood Alley*."

"Well, Duke Wayne and Bob Fellows couldn't afford to keep me in the cast once he started turning the screws," Mitch said reasonably. "After all, their pictures have to be released by someone, so these guys can't go around antagonizing important people for the sake of a principle. They couldn't let me make the picture, and if they had fired me without cause, I'd have sued for a million bucks. Robert Mitchum had to be made to look like a naughty boy." There was the familiar, artistic shrug. "Duke and Bob? Sure they're still friends of mine—why fight City Hall?" Now that it was over and done, there was no animosity in him. Only a mild, amused contempt for the man who would take out his malice in such a petty, underhand way.

THEY WERE AT lunch, Mitch, Reva and a friend. Reva Fredericks is Robert's secretary, a lively, cool-eyed girl endowed with more than her share of brains, who would just as leave be shot as to see her name in a story about the boss. She is also his friend, advisor and chief brow-beater, and at the time she was giving a working demonstration of what happens when you tell people the truth and they don't believe you. And Mitch was enjoying her frustration to the utmost.

Reva's problem was a waiter of the sort who relies on his talent as a comedian to cover up for extraordinarily poor service. The entire time she attempted to order, he was offering feeble jokes to Robert, so that she had to repeat herself several times. She told him to bring Mitch a large salad and some Melba toast; he brought a side order of salad and no toast and asked what Mr. Mitchum would like to have for lunch. He forgot to bring the basket of hot rolls, it escaped him that coffee had been ordered with the meal. When he did get around to bringing it twenty minutes later, it was stone cold.

"You," Reva addressed him, "are an inefficient moron." That fractured him.

Next time around, she tried again. "I've got news for you, you bumbling idiot. I'm going to sign the check for this meal, and if you think you're going to get a nickel tip, you're crazy."

That made her almost as funny as he was, and he laughed fit to bust.

The service didn't improve, though, and finally Reva said, "Look, go away. Tell the *maitre de* I want to see him—and *don't* come back."

"Sure, sure, Miss Fredericks, you bet, first thing," he chortled, trying to chuck her under the chin.

She shook her head in desperation. "He thinks I'm kidding. I tell him exactly how it is and he thinks it's a big joke."

The entire time she belabored the waiter, Mitch grinned from ear to ear. "Did she learn this from you, Bob?" he was asked.

"No," he said, "but it's her defense against me. Any time I start acting up, she clobbers me, too."

"Before the smoke had cleared away on the *Blood Alley* situation, Robert had fired me fourteen times and I had quit fifteen times." Which nonsense probably ceased only because they ran out of harsh truths to hurl at each other.

MITCHUM YAWNED and stretched hugely. "Man, I'm tired! You know how I spend my life? Reading scripts. I've got one more picture commitment, a western for Sam Goldwyn, Jr., and that will be a hundred and seven I've made. When that's done, I'm gonna blow. Dorothy and I are going to get on a slow freighter for Spain, Portugal—around there. Spend four months, maybe. Sheldon Reynolds talked to me about making a picture there that would only take ten weeks. I may do that.

"But mostly, I just want to loaf. I've got a friend, a writer named Jim Phillips, who lives down in the Canary Islands." The sleepy eyes glinted with mischief. "Now, there is a bright boy. He liked it so much down there that he wanted to stay, but he couldn't find a place to live. All the houses are on the banana plantations, and of course the owners live in them. Jim looked the situation over and found that the house he liked best of all belonged to a beautiful, twenty-two-year-old contessa. Since he couldn't rent the place, he married the girl.

"That's for me. I'm gonna go down there and visit old Jim and just *lie* there under a banana tree."

HE ROSE TO his not inconsiderable height, suddenly turning serious. "Now I've got to go. I'm going over to Beverly Hills to buy Dorothy a present."

"You think you'll make it this time?" Reva asked sympathetically.

"I'm going to try," he answered, looking grim. Then his awful secret came out: Mitch has demophobia. The guy who can call a studio head the village idiot without turning a hair is petrified by the perfectly ordinary people on the streets and in the shops. Not because they stare at him, though he doesn't like that any more than any one else. Not because he's so easily recognizable that shopkeepers pull out their higher price tags immediately—that's human nature, and Robert would be the last one to quarrel with nature.

"I don't know what it is; I can't define it," he said slowly, "but I've been that way all my life. I get the feeling that I can't breathe. Sometimes when I have something to buy, I drive around in circles, trying to make myself park—and then I light out for the hills."

"I'll buy it for you, Robert," Reva offered.

"Nope," Mitch answered as he jackknifed his long legs into the Jaguar. "I've got to get over this some time, and today may be the day."

He didn't say goodbye or even wave when he roared off. But then, he never does. **END**

it's murder, man

(*Continued from page 55*) group of howling girls could make a dent in his aplomb like those butterflies in his stomach.

In the first place, he had completely forgotten the last act he had done before a live audience. It had been at The Sands in Las Vegas, and when it was over, Van had blotted it out of his mind. He'd been a hit, all right. But the praise and the applause and the not inconsiderable money and his wife Evie's pride in his success couldn't make up for the terror that gripped him before every performance. He was actually physically ill when he thought of going on. But everyone raved and for a while there, he almost thought he had it licked. But when that two weeks were over and the Chicago stint over, he realized what a terrific strain doing the act had been. Better the bobby-soxers. You wouldn't catch him letting himself in for butterflies again.

BUT NOW HE HAD TO. So he called the writers who had done his last show, and started over. Evie found some of his scores in the basement. The show began to shape up. And all the while he kept thinking that this would be even tougher than the other, that there would be Hollywood people there this time, his friends, his neighbors, fellow-actors. It had been terrible to think of flopping in front of strangers, but what if he fell down here?

He sought out Frank Sinatra, hoping to get some words of advice from the veteran of personal appearances. "What about make-up?" he worried.

"No make-up," said Frankie. Well, that was something learned.

On the day of the show Van couldn't eat. He couldn't pace the floor. He couldn't stay in bed. He went out into the yard to get some sun on his face. He had become so pale the freckles were standing out on his face like ink-spots. He spent an hour lying on his back facing the sun, but when he looked at his watch he had been there only ten minutes. By evening he was in such a state of nerves that when he went up to take a cold shower, the first drop of water that hit him nearly bowled him over. On the way to the show he looked like a man going to the electric chair.

An odd Jersey character crashed the stage door at Minsky's in Newark last night, and roared: "Hey, is Horseface Louie here?" . . . One of the chorus girls bellowed back at him: "Horseface Louie who?"

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

Mind you, going on stage had not always been such a nightmare. There had been a time when an opening night was the moment Johnson lived for, hoped for—and frequently went hungry for.

HE WAS BORN ON Ayrault Street, Newport, on August 25, 1916, and he still had a Swedish accent in his songs when he was ten years old. There were lots of songs. He sang while he mowed lawns, while he learned the rudiments of plumbing from his father, Charles Johnson, and he sang while he swept out the beach cabañas at the gold-plated resorts of Newport. Quite inevitably he was told he should go on the stage, and just as inevitably he was "discovered" at frequent intervals. Being a serious youth, for all his vocal exuberance, he took his advisors seriously, and since this is a success story, it naturally led to a period in which when he had worked up to starvation wages he was at peak.

It was then that he discovered that while it was fine to have others discover you, it might be more practical if one discovered oneself. So Van discovered Van. With that he was off.

Said the dynamic Billy Rose, looking over one of his multitudinous casts at the Texas Centennial in Dallas, "Give me ten more like that redhead in the chorus, and we can let the other thousand go."

Work. Not just ordinary work, but what is known in his trade as beating your brains out. He worked with a group called Eight Men of Manhattan and a gal named Mary Martin, and Mary Martin said, "Come on, kid, you're going great."

He sang as the eighth man of Manhattan, when he sang, until his six feet, two inches of brawn was reduced to six feet, two inches of bone, and even the bones were getting on the emaciated side. By 1937, when he had reached the mature age of twenty-one, he had the relatively secure berth of a chorus boy in *New Faces of 1937*, and it was so good that it has continued to be up-dated. The latest new face of major excitement has been Eartha Kitt.

So he was discovered all over again, and of course this led to a big part in the chorus of a Broadway play—a real good one, incidentally—called *Pal Joey*. Opening night held no particular terror for him then. He even had a few lines to speak, and when he sang, it wasn't that he crowded the chorus, but the rest of them might as well have gone home. Being a hep town, Hollywood called him and assigned him to a role in a thing called *Murder In The Bighouse*.

Today Van could do what his part required, but at the time it was like asking a Boy Scout to take over for Al Capone. Months after the picture was completed and Van was back on his accustomed diet of frankfurters, one for breakfast, one for lunch and one for dinner, another hard worker called Lucille Ball, whom he had danced past along the way, said, "Hey, I know where you can be useful."

That was the one that did it. Lucille's suggestion led to a part in *The War Against Mrs. Hadley*. Van knocked it off in fine style, and he was in. In for what?

JUST FAME, FORTUNE, success and a hole in the head. The hole in the head is the only accident in the story. One day early in March, 1943, being the movie fan he is and always will be, he was on his way to a Katherine Hepburn movie. In the car with him were his best friends, Keenan and Evie Wynn, not to be lightly dismissed from his story. The other car appeared out of nowhere, and the resulting crack-up has been considerably garbled. Here from Van himself, is what happened:

"Honest, it was the war that saved me. Show business had taught me to save for a rainy day, so for months I had been donating blood to the Red Cross, figuring that with my low draft number, I'd be needing it back any day now. All told, I guess I had parted with about two gallons, and my body was getting well-adjusted to the drain by the time of the accident. When my coupe turned over, Evie and Keenan went out the side, but I went over the windshield, taking along the rear-view mirror with my forehead as I went. It wasn't a happy deal, and it took all the blood I had donated to get me back into the world again, and even then I might not have made it if my body hadn't been prepared to deal with a loss of blood. Talk about casting your bread upon the waters!"

Van spent three months in the hospital, bone and skin from his arm being used to patch the shattered bone and skin of his forehead. As far as his draft board

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was concerned his head injury and weakened arm put him out of the war. But he did a lot of thinking, and anybody who saw him as *G.I. Joe* and again in his unforgettable *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* knows that if he couldn't go to war himself, he did a masterful job of bringing it home to the rest who couldn't go.

By that time the cries of the bobby-soxers were loud in the land, and they wanted Van. They demanded him with shrill screams, with 50,000 letters a month.

Not even Frankie Sinatra got the personal hounding that was Van's lot—and still is to no small extent. Frankie was a voice on the air and on records, and until he made a personal appearance in a town, he could walk a few blocks in reasonable security. Van, in the smallest town with a movie theatre, was better known than the boy next door, with the non-saving grace of being and appearing as much like himself onscreen as off.

As for the privacy of a home, it was routine for Van to be awakened at all hours, along with the neighbors for a block around, by bobby-soxers chanting, "We want Van," usually to the accompaniment of handsful of gravel pinging on his windows. Small wonder he sought the sanctuary of a hotel and a secret room number.

Van, who had been a kid not long before, and had had his idols—though not so violently—understood and accepted it good-naturedly. What was harder to understand was that the bobby-soxers were allowed to grow up, but he wasn't. Even back in 1947, by which time his original fans had grown up, met their real-life heroes, and were wheeling baby buggies, a scream of indignation went up at the notion that he would desert them to get married himself. He who had been raised by his grandmother from the age of four, and bached it with his father from the age of ten, and lived alone all his professional life, was not permitted the joys and comforts of matrimony which his fans were shouldering the instant the right mate came along. That was unreasonable.

His long-time friends, the Wynns, had come to a parting of the ways, and what had been friendship between Van and Evie now materialized into something much more substantial. In a ceremony in Juarez, Mexico, they became Mr. and Mrs. Van Johnson, and the long-time friendship—now between Keenan and the Johnsons—has continued uninterrupted to this day.

So on January 25, 1947, Van took on not only a wife, but a couple of charming sons. Almost a year later, on January 6, their daughter Schuyler Van Johnson was born. There was no revolution. The bobby-soxers quickly adjusted to the shock and moved right back in, augmented by their older sisters who could appreciate a movie star with three kids.

In fact, so vast was the adolescent and mature sweep to Van that psychologists were compelled to make scientific note of it. They found in his popularity a healthy trend. The "kid next door" had moved into the top spot as "the national lover." Pointing out that heretofore female acceptance of screen lovers had tended toward the romantic, dashing types like Rudolph Valentino, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, they saw in Van's grin, freckles, and unkempt hair a turn toward "the realistic acceptance of men as they are."

WHAT MORE COULD a movie star ask? Not only was he accepted by his millions of fans, but he had the approval of science!

Well, for one thing, he could ask for something that might be, maybe, a little bit important? Being an entertainer, Van has a high regard for entertainment as such, but so do Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney and the other dramatic actors. How about moving into that league? They provide entertainment, but they provide much more. It was that "much more" that Van wanted.

That was when he left the comfortable fold of MGM, where he had become something of an institution, and went out into the cold world of the free lance. Shortly thereafter Stanley Kramer, remembering Van's vivid portrayal of Ted Lawson in *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, suggested that he play Maryk in *The Caine Mutiny*.

It was a tough part, filled with mental and physical violence, and it was to be played without the make-up that concealed the scars on his forehead. Opposite him would be the master tough guy, Humphrey Bogart, from whom no one ever steals a dramatic moment. So big was the challenge that as Van says, "It scared me to death," but it was what he was after, and he knew that if he failed on that one, it would be back to the light entertainment for him for keeps. He passed the first of the tests of professional maturity he had set up for himself.

But the second test was the agonizing one. Las Vegas nightclubs were hiring the top talent in the land, each club vying with the other to hit a peak of lavish entertainment never seen before in show business. The entertainer who could perform there, and survive the intense competition, could perform anywhere. With the help of his musical friends, Van got together an act that was part song, part patter, part dancing and all Van Johnson. He wowed 'em. He took the act to Chicago, and he wowed 'em there. But the price was tremendous.

"The critics were kind, and the people were just wonderful, but every night was opening night for me. I couldn't get used to it. Every night I'd sit in my dressing room in complete agony, drenched in cold sweat, and dreading the moment I had to go on. Other performers kept telling me that the 'opening night jitters' would go away, but instead they got worse. When I finished the Chicago run, I was so worn out that I knew I could never face an audience from the stage again."

The memory of his pre-show torment haunted him until it became something of an obsession. He even turned down good stage roles because of his fear.

In pictures he was an entirely new man. He returned to MGM to star in the tender, sensitive *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, and then he went to London to make *The End Of The Affair*. Both required the utmost in acting ability, and the latter, with its deeply serious religious theme, will long be remembered. But the stage had somehow become impossible for him.

So actually, except on a superficial level, he hadn't passed his second test. He hadn't entirely become the new Van Johnson who was to replace the old. In a way he had given up. Well, so what?

So Charlie Morrison got sick. What do you do when fate hands you something like that, shoves you back against a wall you've given up beating your head against and says, "Try again; you've got a thick skull." Obviously, you get out the Band Aids and bang away.

And so, on the big night, in a state of semi-shock. Van headed for Mocambo.

"I remember," he said afterwards, "climbing the stairs to my dressing room, and that's all."

BUT THAT IS NOT what the vast audience remembers. They saw this redhead come out and put on a forty-minute show the likes of which they had never seen before. When it was over they hollered, they whistled, they bellowed for more.

Van listened in dazed disbelief. He had no more. His act had included everything in his repertoire, and it had exhausted the last bit of starch in him. But still the frantic din continued. And it got to him, deep inside. His grin came back. His freckles lost their prominence as some of the color returned to his face. He got up, and there was a bounce in his step. He didn't have anything more, but he could give them more of the same.

He did the part called "The Old Actor's Dream," and there was not a sound from the house as he sang the lines, "But nothing ever ends, as long as you have friends." He sang it like he meant it. The audience knew that he meant it. Charlie Morrison, hearing the tape recording of the show, knew the meaning of it.

But something did end that night. Mentally, that was the evening Van Johnson really handed in his crown as King of the Bobby-soxers. Once his fan mail had reached 50,000 letters a month and his freckled face had decorated the covers of eleven national magazines. Once there had been so much attention, so much sound and fury, that one Van Johnson had been buried under it. This can happen. There are more painful ways of getting lost than under a few million dollars, but there are few things nicer than being found. At Mocambo Hollywood had discovered Van Johnson once more, and he liked it fine.

Another thing that ended was Van's fear. This time he had really passed his second test. Not that he will be returning to the stage immediately. First he goes to New York to star in *Miracle In The Rain* for Warners. Then to the Salzburg Music Festival in Austria, where he will play in *Rosalinda*. That will occupy his summer.

And daily, scripts and offers come in. Parts for the new Van Johnson. Parts for the Johnson who sang at Mocambo,

"Here I am, back where I started,
Back where I belong.
I never thought at my old age,
I'd ever want to go back on the stage—
But here I am, back where I started—
Started with a song."

And discovered, somewhat to his surprise, that he meant that, too! **END**

ROCK HUDSON

With malice toward some and charity toward most, Rock takes this occasion to pass judgment on just a few things.



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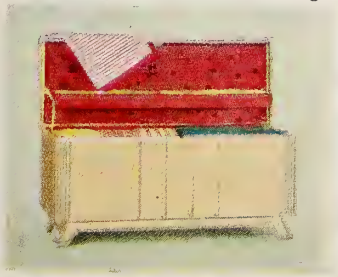
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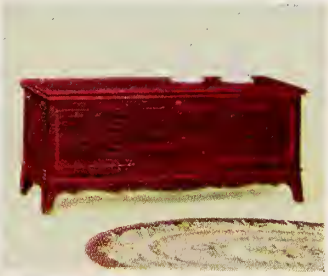
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and
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why Eddie walked out on Debbie

see page 42

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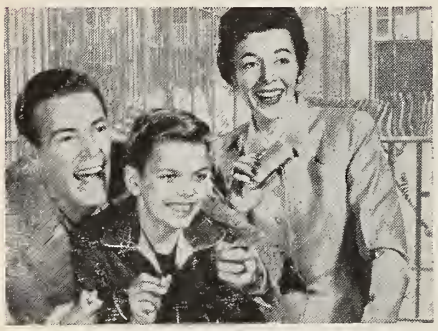


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modern screen

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TV TALK

Carl Reiner prepares to direct . . . Godfrey skidding? . . . James Dean shifts style

Wally Cox and his wife Marilyn are apartment-hunting. What with all of Wally's stuff —bis carpenter's tools, his metal lathe and all the rest of his equipment for his many projects—his old place is just too small. They're both getting pretty tired of eating out all the time, and Marilyn just can't get up the steam to cook very much in their tiny kitchen. It's one of tbose Pullman jobs that opens out right into the living room, and it's just not much fun to cook in. If you're a fan of *Mr. Peepers,* by the way, don't be too sad about the news that the show probably will not return in the fall. (You shouldn't be too surprised either; don't forget, we've told you that three years is often quoted by TV bosses as being the expected life span of a show.) If Wally's advisers are smart—and they are—and if our guess is right—and we'll bet on it—he will be doing a great variety of stuff that will surprise his fans who think of him only as the Jefferson Junior High science teacher. He has been playing that part so long that some people have forgotten that he spent years being a monologist in nightclubs—and one of the funniest ones in the business. He could make a fortune by just getting a few new routines to add to his old ones—and not getting anywhere near a television camera. But Wally likes TV, so you can expect to see him, doing monologues and acting, on a lot of programs. Knowing that *Peepers* was not too long for this world, he started this last season doing more guesting on other shows—acquitting himself beautifully in all cases. Wally was being careful to see that everyone didn't think he was Mr. Peepers, period. That's why he likes to guest on panel shows and chat with **Steve Allen** on *Tonight.* It's just possible that he may make as big a splash next year as he did when he first became *Peepers* . . . **Carl Reiner** is a man with an eye on the future, too. **Howard Morris,** his fellow second banana on the Sid Caesar show, is perfectly satisfied to hitch his career wagon to Sid's star and not do anything but work for Sid, but not Carl. He is a careful man, and he didn't even move his family out of their four-room Bronx apartment until recently—although he had been earning good money for years on *Show Of Shows.* Now that he has a new $35,000 home in Westchester, he intends to keep it, too. So Carl is preparing himself to be a director—just in case something sbould happen to bis job on the Caesar show. He may even direct a variety sbow this summer . . . Not many people are aware of **Susan Strassberg's** background, although many TV and movie fans are beginning to be aware of Susan. (She played Juliet on the Kraft sbow, and is cast as **John Kerr's** girl friend in his first movie, *The Cobweb.*) And Susan's father, Lee, is the teacher at Actor's Studio and has taught such prominent thespians as Eva Maria Saint (wbo swears by Mr. Strassberg), James Dean, Julie Harris, Jo Van Fleet, Karl Malden—you name 'em, he's taught 'em. Susan surely bas a head start on other young actresses! . . . Don't, incidentally, believe the printed rumor that **James Dean** acts all the same way all the time. He was *not* the same person in the play *See The Jaguar* that he was in Broadway's *The Immoralist;* and neither of those performances was similar to his magnificent job in *East Of Eden.* One thing he undoubtedly has in common with Marlon Brando is that be can act—which means his performance changes with each part . . . Everyone seems to know about **Liberace's** famous piano-shaped swimming pool, and everyone has (*Continued on page* 6)



Imogene Coco, husbond Robert Burton (now seriously ill) ot "East of Eden" preem.

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tv talk (*Continued from page 4*)



Sammy Davis, Jr. and Red Buttons strike Red's familior "ho ho" pose while attending preem.

taken it for granted that his is the only one. It's not. Guess who built one years ago, in Palm Springs, when Palm Springs was just beginning to attract Hollywood stars as a vacation spot! None other than **Frank Sinatra!** . . . Nearly everything you read about **Sonja Henie** mentions her many magnificent diamonds, but she also creates quite a stir with her clothes. Her most eye-filling number: a skin-tight, floor-length evening dress completely covered with bright blue sequins, with a skirt split as high as a skirt can be split. Nobody who's seen that outfit knows whether Sonja is wearing her diamonds with it or not! . . . 'Tis said that the relationship between **Paul Newman** and **Robert Montgomery** is not too close. Although Montgomery, who staged *The Desperate Hours,* gave Paul his first big break on Broadway, the two of them had entirely different opinions on how the part of the gang leader should be played. Montgomery won, and two or three days before the show opened on Broadway, Paul had to change his characterization entirely. He is *not* happy . . . **Kaye Ballard** has moved from her little Greenwich Village apartment—but not to a fancy east side one, even though she is now an established hit at the fancy east side supper clubs. Her new place is in the Village, too—and not on one of the "better streets." It does boast an elevator, but it's a freight elevator, not a passenger one. And it does have a view, from a small balcony off the living room. Another advantage over her old place is the fact that the bedroom is separate from the living room. But in spite of the elevator, the view and the extra room, it is still an unassuming place. The kitchen—although it consists of a spanking new sink, refrigerator and stove—is in the front hall. And, even with the wood-burning fireplace going full blast and New York City spread out below the terrace, it is just as unassuming as any place a star ever lived in . . . With **Arthur Godfrey's** shows skidding down the rating lists, someone had to go; and, knowing Godfrey, we weren't surprised when it turned out to be not one but six singers and three writers. And, no matter what people say about *how* Arthur fired them, they have to admit that his shows needed a change of cast. You just can't keep on with the same show and the same people year after year—not and stay on top of the rating heap. The puzzle, of course, is why those six were fired rather than any of the others. One good guess: **Haleloke** had been a Godfrey regular for a long, long time; and neither she nor the **Mariners** ever got the fan mail that some of the others did. As for **Marion Marlowe,** well, maybe Godfrey never has gotten over being mad about her engagement to **Larry Puck.** He certainly didn't fire her for lack of talent; he has said that she was the only one with a really good voice. We wonder, however, if Godfrey can ever get back up in popularity where he once was. But he's sparing no one trying.

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modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



Pier is better and Vic has her back!

IN THIS SECTION

Good News
Grace goes to Las Vegas
Wedding in France
Jack Webb at work
I nominate Carol Ohmart



It's springtime in Hollywood with new babies, new marriages



Christopher Edward Wilding posed for his first photo with Liz and Mike. Liz has completely recovered from her illness after his birth and is going down to Texas for Giant. *Mike will join her with the children.*



Janet Leigh took her attractive mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morrison, out to dinner. They didn't seem to be worried about Janet, but a lot of other people are; she has been losing a lot of weight again.



Rosemarie Bowe and Robert Stack are constantly together these days, and of course everyone is saying it's a big romance. They do make a handsome couple and they seem to have a lot of fun together.



We're beginning to see Kim Novak with Kerwin Matthews, the boy who was to play Joseph in Joseph And His Brethren. *But Kim is really very serious with Mack Krim—talking marriage in fact.*

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

RITA HAYWORTH IS DOMINATED completely by the men she loves. There is no longer any doubt in anyone's mind about that. It started with husband No. 1, Ed Judson, then Orson Welles, No. 2, Aly Khan and now Dick Haymes.

A very telling scene took place at the home of Jerry Wald, production executive of Columbia, just two days before Rita announced she would not appear in *Joseph And His Brethren* because the picture was too long in getting started.

Wald had invited Rita to his home to go over the script of the $4,000,000 picture. When she arrived, she was not alone. Dick Haymes was with her.

Slightly irritated, Mr. Wald explained to Dick that this was a business meeting involving only Miss Hayworth. Would he please leave until they had completed their talk?

Haymes said, "I have no intention of leaving. Any business involving my wife is *my* business!"

Apparently unsatisfied with the way the picture was moving and perhaps with the script, Dick advised Rita to ankle the entire production.

What is this girl, a truly *big* star, doing to her career?

I'LL NEVER BELIEVE Susan Hayward ever meant to take her own life, no matter what is written officially on the police blotter about "attempted suicide." I can only believe that distraught and beside herself over troubles with Jess Barker, she took too many sleeping pills trying to gain peace of mind before shooting her new picture, *I'll Cry*

and a whole spray of budding new romances



Corinne Calvet and Jeffrey Stone had more trouble just getting married! Portugal refused them a license because Corinne's visa wasn't in order. But they finally made it in the U. S. Consulate in Tangiers.



Jeff Hunter has been dating pretty little Peggy King, the girl who sings on George Gobel's show—and looks and sounds so much like Judy Garland. Jeff seems happier now than he's seemed since his divorce.



This may be your first look at Joan Collins, but you can bet it won't be your last. She's becoming just as much of a hit here as she was in England, and Land Of The Pharaohs *should make her a big star.*

Tomorrow, about Lillian Roth.

I've had many shocks in my years of reporting, but when I was told that Susan was in the hospital from an overdose of sleeping pills, my heart almost stopped.

Susan, the redhaired youngster, went out on a personal appearance tour with me in 1939 along with Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan when they were all just promising young actors. She was the gayest and happiest girl in the whole company.

"I'll be a big star, Ma," she used to tell me happily.

But success and marriage failed to bring happiness to Susan. Only in her twin sons and in the closeness of her devoted mother has she found strength to carry on her fight with Jess.

I sincerely believe that her high courage failed only that fateful night when the police found her unconscious on the floor of her home.

Knowing Susan as I do, I can only believe this was a tragic accident in her attempt to find much-needed sleep.

A LETTER ABOUT DEBBIE AND ED-die comes from a highly incensed Beatrice Farraday of London who writes:

"I couldn't be angrier after reading a clipping forwarded to me from a friend in New York about the way a London critic panned Eddie Fisher while he was appearing at the Palladium here. You see, at this time, our London newspapers were on strike.

"But this self-appointed reviewer sent a story to the American papers which presents a truly false impression of wonderful Eddie Fisher who completely delighted all of us, including our beautiful Queen and the Duke.

"This person wrote that Eddie 'has lost all his humility' (shades of Arthur Godfrey!) and that he 'prodded' the audience with jibes when they didn't applaud him. Didn't *applaud!* We tore the house down every time he concluded a number. I *know*. I was in the audience opening night and later.

"I also waited backstage for Eddie to come out of the theatre with his pretty fiancée, Debbie Reynolds, and they were so wonderful to the fans, signing autographs and even chatting about their marriage plans.

"I would certainly appreciate it if you can print my letter in detail so the American fans will know that we London fans are just as crazy about Eddie and Debbie as they are. Thank you." Thank you, Beatrice.

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Grace Kelly helped to make the evening I received my Variety

I'M ON MY SOAPBOX to say I want to hear no more about Grace Kelly's being cold, aloof and lacking in a sense of humor.

Grace is responsible for one of the nicest things that ever happened to me, or perhaps I should say she made a memorable evening in my life an even brighter occasion.

The Variety Club of Las Vegas, Tent 39, (an international group of show people devoted to charities for children) were honoring me at a dinner and presenting me with an "Award of Appreciation."

One of the boys got the bright idea that it would be very nice if Grace, who won the Academy Award, and who was vacationing in Las Vegas with the Cary Grants, made the presentation.

"Oh, I doubt if she can do it," I said. "She and the Grants are here only until Sunday night and the dinner isn't until Monday."

But my friend decided to ask Grace anyway. "Oh, I'll be delighted to stay over," said the "chilly" Miss Kelly. "I know what a wonderful thrill it is to win an award and I'm so happy for Louella."

Not only did Grace stay over, but so did the Grants. And I've never seen anyone laugh harder than Miss Kelly at the great show Las Vegas entertainers put on for us. And she was a perfect doll, posing patiently for all the photographers, who posed us for what seemed like a hundred different shots.

But Grace really won my heart when she went into near hysterics after we had returned to our table and Betsy (Mrs. Cary) Grant failed to hear her name called as the master of ceremonies introduced her and applauded long and loud for *herself!*

With tears running down her face and actually rocking with laughter at her girl friend, Grace said, "I've never had so much fun in my life!"

And I've seldom had anyone so charming make such a delightful gesture to me, Grace.



Grace was staying at the Hotel Sahara, and gave more autographs than I could count to all the fans who clustered around her. Even on windy days, she looked smart and lovely.



Practically every star working at a Las Vegas hotel took the spotlight to entertain at the Variety Club Presentation Dinner. It was a great honor for me—and a wonderful show.

WEDDING IN FRANCE!

Olivia de Havilland married French journalist Pierre Galante in a tiny French village after a two-year romance.



Olivia wore a grey flannel suit in Dior's A-line style and a white oval toque with a veil.



Kissing the bride at the end is not a French custom—but Pierre did it anyway.

Club Award an unforgettable occasion



Cary and Betsy Grant were her constant companions. Ray Bolger came by to say hello and take photos.



Those print pedalpushers looked cute on Grace, who has exquisite taste in sportswear. She spent much of her time near the pool—but never went in the water.



I was more than thrilled with the "Award of Appreciation." Grace stayed on in Vegas just to present it.



So many of my favorite people were there. Jimmy McHugh, Joe E. Lewis behind him, and Sonja Henie over to the right. It was one of the happiest evenings of my life.



At the banquet afterwards she spoke twice. "Women," she said, "always want the last word."



A band from Orleans serenoded them, to the delight of Livvy's little boy, Benjamin Goodrich.



Then they had an Italian honeymoon. Livvy, I'm told, cried for happiness at the wedding.



DONALD O'CONNOR SEEMS TO BE A Lost Cause. Girls, I guess you're just going to have to give up on him as a matrimonial catch. He told me, "I doubt if I'll ever marry again. The chance for success is so slim in show business. Meanwhile, there are all the pretty little girls to take to dinner and go dancing with."

Don told me this after I had called him to check on whether or not he had actually given pretty Gloria Noble a big ring.

"Yep," Don said, "I did. She's a nice girl and I like her. It's a friendship ring. That's all."

"You sound cynical, Don," I put in.

"Not cynical," he denied. "Just getting older and wiser."

Ha!

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Every year agent Ray Stark and his Fran throw a big party attended by the Who's Who of Hollywood, but this year's was the biggest and best yet.

The garden of their big Holmby Hills estate was completely covered by the largest tent I've ever seen, the whole place abloom with gorgeous roses and plants, and each table set around the large dance floor adorned with the most beautiful spring flowers.

And the lovely gowns the girls wore made this truly a dreamboat setting.

First guests I ran into were Dorothy and Bob Mitchum, Dorothy looking so pretty in white. And surprise! surprise! Old man Mitchum was groomed to the teeth in a new dinner jacket, shiny dance pumps, a clean shave, the works!

"We're off soon on a trip to Europe," Dorothy said happily. "If we waited for a good time to go we'd never make it because one good script after another is offered to Bob —and he's a weak man for a strong story. But you promised me, didn't you?" Mrs. M. asked her spic 'n' span spouse.

"I promised," Bob agreed, "and we're going."

When I first glimpsed Jennifer Jones I didn't recognize her. For one thing, she doesn't attend many parties ("This is my first in ages," she whispered) and then she is much plumper than I remembered. Her gown was of red lace and she wore her hair in a long bun on the nape of her neck.

Jennifer and David Selznick sat with the Joseph Cottens most of the evening.

Our hostess, who is the daughter of the late, great Fannie Brice, was stunning in a green, sequinned gown, and the beautiful diamond and pearl necklace which had belonged to her mother.

Green, I noted as the evening wore on, seemed to be the most popular color of the evening. Both Zsa Zsa and her sister Eva were in green, very appropriate for Zsa Zsa, as it turned out.

When her boy friend, Porfirio Rubirosa, walked in late and was obviously sulking with Zsa Zsa, making no effort to speak to her, I asked what was the matter.

"Jealous!" she laughed. "Just terribly jealous."

Here are the first shots of Jack Webb, hard at work on his greatest never seen anything like Jack in action—he works like ten people



The whole cast—including the kids—like Jack very much. He's a perfectionist, and will spend hours getting a detail just right, but he's patient and fun to work with.



Jack was so happy to get Ella Fitzgerald for his movie. She's not only a great singer but a wonderful person. The whole picture is about jazzmen with lots of famous names in it.



Singer Peggy Lee is in it, too. Jack has wanted to make this picture for ten years and as soon as Dragnet's *success made it possible for him to choose his own films, he started.*

movie, *Pete Kelly's Blues.* I've —and loves every minute of it!



He has personal charge of everything concerned with the production—including photography.



Teddy Buckner and Matty Matlock were amazed at how much he knew about jazz



Jack is pretty tired at day's end, so Dorothy went to Mexico while he finished shooting



I nominate for stardom: CAROL OHMART

■ You'll understand the "Oh" in beautiful Carol Ohmart's name when she makes her screen debut in the top femme role in Paramount's *Too Late, My Love.*

It's not often that I am present, actually on the set, to watch the birth of a brand new star, but I was visiting my good friend, director Mike Curtiz, on the set when he was putting Carol through one of the most dramatic moments I've ever seen. And, believe me, she is *good!*

Ever since she was one year old, the grey-eyed brunette Carol has been winning beauty contests. Entered in a Salt Lake City contest for the "most beautiful and healthy baby" in her native town, Carol won hands down and her picture appeared in all the papers and most of the newsreels.

But she had many discouraging moments between the perambulator and her new Paramount contract. She nearly starved to death trying to support herself between modeling jobs.

As long as she lives, Carol will be grateful to her vocal coach, Ruth Cleary, and to Carmel Myers, former star turned agent, for helping her when the going was very rough.

Her brief marriage to radio writer Ken Grayson was annulled in March, 1951.

Carol's most important Broadway role was in *Kismet* just before she came to Hollywood.

Right now she is living in an apartment in Westwood with her mother and her good friend, Anne Francis.



the letter box

"I want Sue and Alan Ladd to know that their fans love them none the less because they had a battle, parted briefly and made up. My husband and I, both ardent fans, had parted—and when we heard that the Ladds were together again, he called and said, 'If Alan and Sue can try again, why can't we?' And we did!" writes ELVIRA, FROM MILWAUKEE.

LORETTA JAHNKE, BROOKLYN, resents my saying that Russ Tamblyn isn't as handsome as Tony Curtis or Rock Hudson. "He's better looking," she insists. "He looks more like a typical American date than any other young actor in Hollywood."

BLANCO RAMIREZ, FROM SEVILLE, SPAIN, sends a suggestion to Hollywood producers which he says will make more money in Spain than any other movie coming up. "Just co-star Bing Crosby and Leslie Caron in a musical!" *Good idea, Blanco, but bad news for you: Bing's making* Anything Goes *with another French ballerina, Jeanmaire.*

MRS. ALMEDA MC MILLAN, PERU, KANSAS, says, "For years I've been waiting to see an item in your *Good News* department or a feature story in MODERN SCREEN about that fine actor, Dan Duryea. So far, *nothing!" Are you listening, Chuck Saxon?*

"I'm disgusted with the Academy Awards," says CHARLEEN WILSON OF MEMPHIS. "My favorite picture of '54, *A Star Is Born*, got nothing!" *You aren't the only fan complaining about this, Charleen. I've had many similar complaints from fans who loved Judy's picture.*

INEZ BOHN, W. COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, sends a challenge: "Give the three most important causes for all the disillusioning divorces in Hollywood." *I take your dare, Inez, and in the order named. I believe 1. lack of religious ties, 2. lack of discipline of oneself, 3. lack of good common sense!*

MUFFY, SAN DIEGO, gives me another tough one: "I dare you to print a list of women stars who are under thirty years of age!" *Not on your life, Muffy. Not on your life!*

"Well, you have on the right color for jealousy," I couldn't help cracking. I don't know whether she was amused or not.

Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman arrived very late as Jeanne worked on her new picture, *The Second Greatest Sex*, way past party time.

But the latest and most surprising guest to arrive was Aly Khan. He had planed in at midnight and had come directly to the home of the Starks, his hosts during his entire visit.

WHAT A CHANGE IN GENE TIERNEY! This girl who was formerly so gay, slipped quietly into Hollywood to make *The Left Hand Of God* and slipped out just as quietly when it was finished without seeing a single old friend!

Can it be that Gene is really shattered over the ending of her romance with Aly Khan? Something has hit this girl very hard and very deep.

Gene didn't even call her former close, close friend Peggy McNaulty, who was her companion on that much publicized trip to Mexico where she kept her last romantic rendezvous with the irresistible Aly.

RANDOM NOTES ON HOLLYWOOD Bob Wagner is a disappointed boy about his career. Feels he isn't moving fast enough. It has been eight months between his last picture and his new one, *Girl On The Red Velvet Swing.*

Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell were really brokenhearted after Jeff lost their expected baby. She kept the secret to herself for three sad weeks because she didn't want to worry Aldo, who was working on location in Honolulu.

Anne Baxter is *not* the pride and joy of the Universal-International lot.

Once again, Janet Leigh is too painfully thin, this time suffering from mysterious pains in her face.

I believe in my heart that Mario Lanza will not find peace of mind until he turns back to his religion and his God instead of making his voice his God.

I just couldn't help sending Judy Garland the following wire: I BET GRACE KELLY WOULD GLADLY SWAP HER OSCAR FOR YOUR LITTLE JOE.

Wait until you see wonderful Shirley Jones in *Oklahoma!* And never in his life has Gordon MacRae looked and sung like this.

We ain't gonna be seein' Ingrid Bergman in *Anastasia* because Ingrid won't make it in Hollywood and Darryl Zanuck won't make it in Rome.

THE KIRK DOUGLASES had one of the nicest parties of the season in the beautiful penthouse at Romanoff's. This probably is Anne Douglas' last social activity before she has her baby.

Barbara Rush, who recently obtained her freedom from Jeff Hunter, came with handsome Richard Gully, eligible bachelor who is much sought after for parties.

Although just days before the party Edmund Purdom and his wife Tita had promised a judge to sincerely try to patch up their marriage over a period of ninety days, Purdom came with Linda Christian—as usual.

Aly Khan, who was in Hollywood to see his and Rita Hayworth's daughter, Princess Yasmin, brought Jacqueline Beers, pretty starlet who lives at the Studio Club.

Just before time to sit down to dinner, Zsa Zsa Gabor telephoned Mrs. Douglas in tears to say she had had such a fight with Porfirio Rubirosa that she wasn't up to attending the party. Rubirosa planed out for Paris and the marriage, as of today, is definitely off.

Romanoff's penthouse lends itself beautifully to parties, and the lilacs and roses were a lovely combination on the pink tablecloths. A three-piece musical group played the tunes from Freddie Brisson's *Damn Yankee*, another feather in Freddie's cap as a producer of successful musicals on Broadway. Rosalind Russell, of course, was there to applaud.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

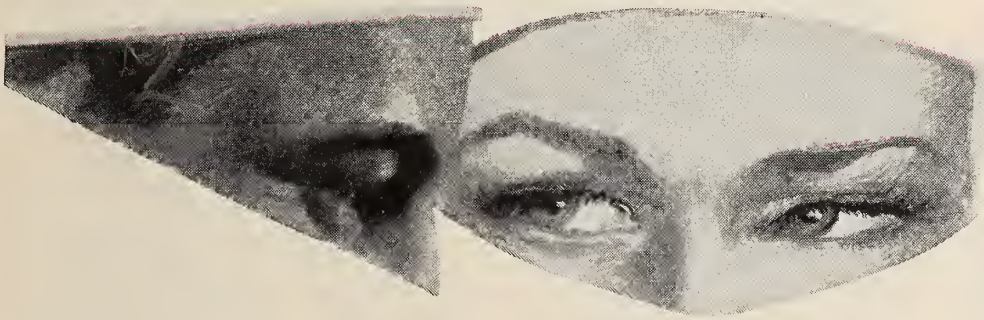


Doris Day made all her London fans jealous by posing with a hunk of ice cream cake to prove she can eat anything without showing it!



Gary Cooper is certainly living dangerously these days. He took a helicopter from Amsterdam to Rotterdam without blinking an eye!

Seldom has
the screen captured
such passion and
emotion...fierce
human hungers that
probe deep into
the very heart
of life itself!





stands alone!
first as a book...
now as a
motion picture!



Olivia
de HAVILLAND



Robert
MITCHUM



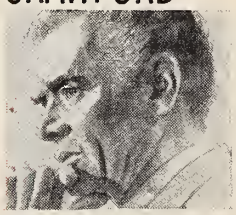
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SINATRA



Gloria
GRAHAME



Broderick
CRAWFORD



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NOT AS A STRANGER

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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Unhappy in his marriage, intense young doctor Mitchum falls for pretty widow Gloria Grahame.



Pal Frank Sinatra finds Mitchum brilliant but not sensitive, too involved with his profession.



Mitchum's wife Olivia de Havilland longs for a family, but Mitchum wants her to remain a nurse.

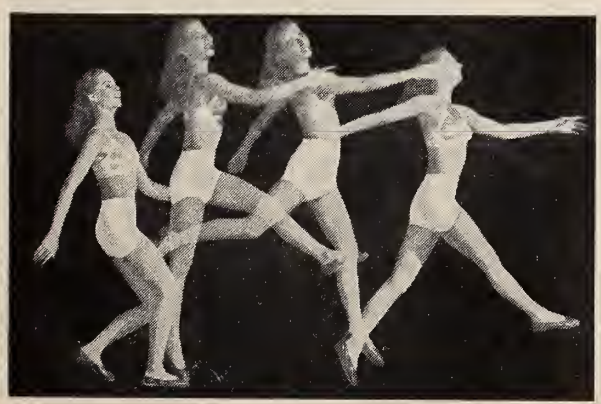
Picture of the Month: NOT AS A STRANGER

■ Still a best seller on the newsstands, *Not As A Stranger,* becomes a powerful film in the hands of producer-director Stanley Kramer. It's the story of a young doctor (Robert Mitchum) whose drunken father blows Mitchum's small inheritance on liquor. Mitchum, who's dying to be a doctor and will go to any lengths to achieve that aim, thinks it's perfectly okay to marry nurse Olivia de Havilland for her neat little bank account. She adores him. Mitchum isn't a bad guy. As a student he's brilliant and as a doctor he's inspired. But as a man, it seems that someone put a stone where his heart is. He starts practicing in a small town where Doctor Charles Bickford—a great if unknown practitioner—trains him; and Gloria Grahame, a rich widow, toys with him and Olivia de Havilland tries everything in her power to make him happy. But she can't reach him. There are many dramatic scenes which capture the heroic aspects of the medical profession: there is an endearing performance by Frank Sinatra, who is Mitchum's buddy at school and is instrumental in slitting the ice-pack he's been living in. Henry Morgan and Broderick Crawford give fine characterizations in smaller parts. It's a movie that will move you extremely, even though it seemed to me that Olivia de Havilland was just too pretty for the part.—U.A.

The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

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starring



GLENN FORD
ELEANOR PARKER



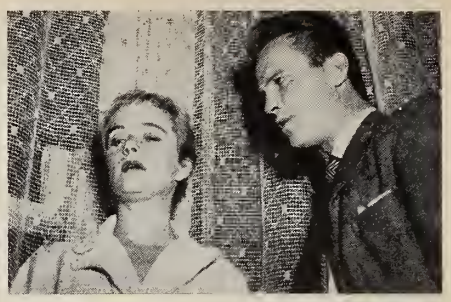
with ROGER MOORE · CECIL KELLAWAY
Written by WILLIAM LUDWIG and SONYA LEVIEN
Based On Her Life Story by MARJORIE LAWRENCE · Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR · Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS · AN M-G-M PICTURE

★

"Picture of the Month! One of the screen's great movies!"
—LOUELLA PARSONS

"A wonderful love story!"
—HEDDA HOPPER

"A great picture!"
—SHEILAH GRAHAM



KISS ME DEADLY The people who get sore about what certain comic books are doing to our young had better lock their kids in the closet when this movie shows up—and stay in there with 'em. Never have I seen such a collection of brutal, sadistic, sick and revolting characters. And when a Government man (representing our Government, I presume) turns on a private eye and sneers, "Let him go to hell," well, then I've had it. Mike Hammer (Ralph Meeker) picks up a desperate girl on the road; then they're picked up by a faceless mob who tortures her, sends them both over a cliff. Mike lives, figures this girl was mixed up in something big, and for about an hour and a half there is nothing but senseless murders and acts of violence. Finally, Mike's part-time girl friend asks, what's it all for? She should ask! (With Cloris Leachman, Gaby Rodgers, Paul Stewart, Albert Dekker)—U.A.



A PRIZE OF GOLD Richard Widmark is just another happy-go-lucky G.I. in present-day Germany when he runs across Mai Zetterling, who is more than beautiful; she's got a mission—a whole schoolful of war orphans whom she wishes to transplant to Brazil. But to obtain the wherewithal she must withstand the passionate embraces of a fat, rich German who is very jealous. Widmark figures the least he can do for his love is steal some of the pure gold that has lately been found in an old canal and is being flown to London. Since he is not a crook by nature he gets a little nervous about the whole thing, especially when the going gets rough and the plane he has highjacked with the aid of a pro (Nigel Patrick) catches fire, and a few of his former friends are getting very hot inside. Widmark comes through, however, but as you might expect, not without a few permanent scars on his soul.—Technicolor, Col.

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT!

You've got another chance to see six great films now in re-release. Run, don't walk to your local theatres playing these super-specials.

CAMILLE There will never be another Garbo, and this was one of her best—the story of a tragic Paris courtesan and her loves—with Robert Taylor.

THE INFORMER Victor McLaglen's Academy Award best as the Irish underground stool pigeon who sold out his gang. A classic suspense chiller.

GOING MY WAY with Oscar winners Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as the two famous priests. Remember Bing singing "Would You Like to Swing On a Star?"

THE WIZARD OF OZ Judy Garland in her top role, with Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, and a host of stars as the famous citizens of the land "Over The Rainbow."

WUTHERING HEIGHTS Did you hear the haunting cry "Heathcliff, Heathcliff" before it became a byword? Merle Oberon was calling Laurence Olivier in this all-time honored film.

I REMEMBER MAMA This is the original, the story on which the familiar TV series was based. And it's still the greatest—with Irene Dunne and Barbara Bel Geddes.



BEDEVILLED Steve Forrest arrives in Paris to study for the priesthood, but that beautiful man just isn't sure he's spiritual enough. And when Anne Baxter crosses his path, nay, hops right into his taxicab, in a red net gown gleaming with sequins, he is soon put to the test. Anne is somewhat hysterical, seems she just witnessed the murder of her boy friend and if she doesn't skip town in two seconds she will be carried out in a box. All the time she is acting like an innocent victim, but believe you me, this nightclub singer doesn't know where her next passport is coming from. Well, Forrest's good looks are exceeded only by his compassion and he practically gets himself killed chasing after this girl so that he can save her. Meanwhile, Father Victor Francen and student Robert Christopher wonder if their boy chose the wrong vocation. He didn't, no sir.—CinemaScope, MGM

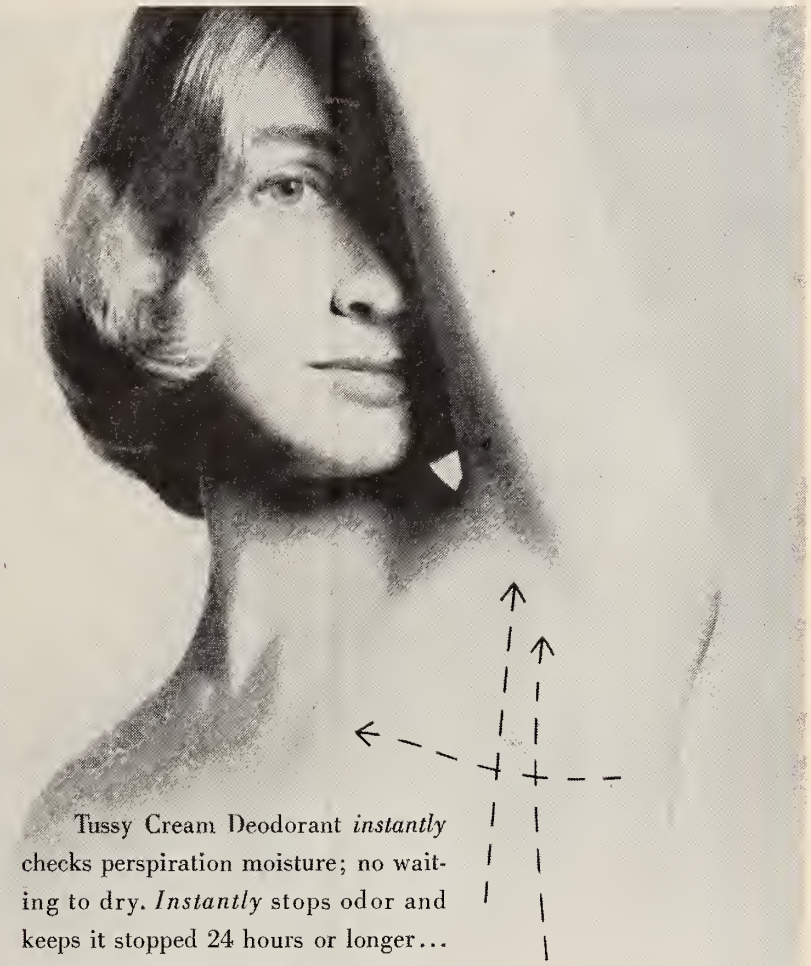


FOXFIRE Jeff Chandler is half Apache, but in this late day he doesn't go around whooping it up. Fact is, every time somebody reminds him of his illustrious ancestry he's like to take a flying leap into a cement mixer. Rich paleface Jane Russell comes out to Arizona for a spell (Jeff's an engineer there in the mines) and before Geronimo can turn in his grave she's Mrs. C. They're in love, all right, but he can't believe it. Thinks Jane's carrying on with Doctor Dan Duryea, who's usually too drunk to carry more than a light headache. Jeff wants to find a gold mine for Jane; she keeps telling him she don't need no gold, she's loaded. But a man has his pride. Wife has her pride, too. She doesn't mind she married half an Apache, but she just burns when the minute she wants to talk about Life he clams up like a cigar-store Indian. And when Jane burns, watch out! With Mara Corday.—Technicolor, U.I.



VIOLENT SATURDAY It's just a nice small town where nothing much happens—except that young copper scion Richard Egan is a drunkard, his wife Margaret Hayes is a playgirl, librarian Sylvia Sydney is an incipient purse-snatcher, bank officer Tommy Noonan is a Peeping Tom confining his activities to the activities of nurse Virginia Leith, and nurse Virginia Leith would steal a husband (Richard Egan) if she could. Well, anyway there's mine foreman Victor Mature, a real family man whose son (Billy Chapin) botly defends him against charges of not being a war hero. Into this placidity come bigtime operators Stephen McNally, J. Carrol Naish and Lee Marvin lugging plans to rob the bank, which plans they set into action with deadly efficiency. But I tell you—they never get a chance to count that money!—CinemaScope, 20th-Fox.

How you can stop odor, check moisture, with Tussy ... the instant Deodorant



Tussy Cream Deodorant *instantly* checks perspiration moisture; no waiting to dry. *Instantly* stops odor and keeps it stopped 24 hours or longer... even through the hottest day!

Follow arrows for daintiness plus. Tussy Cream Deodorant is a cosmetic, made with face cream . . . so you *use* it like a beauty cream.

Blend it into the skin, moving finger tips up, then out to the sides.

It smooths and beautifies, and vanishes into your skin.

You can't become immune to its effects. Day after day, year after year, Tussy Cream Deodorant protects you against offending, when you use it daily. Safe for normal skin or any fabric. $1.



When you travel, always carry a Tussy Stick Deodorant. So easy to use anytime, anywhere. Only $1.



prices plus tax

Jane's got Jeff

...living every passionate page of Anya Seton's Best Seller!



Universal-International presents

JANE RUSSELL
JEFF CHANDLER

FOXFIRE

COLOR BY *Technicolor*

CO-STARRING
DAN DURYEA

WITH MARA CORDAY · BARTON MacLANE · FRIEDA INESCORT

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY · Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS · Produced by AARON ROSENBERG



AN ANNAPOLIS STORY Diana Lynn has a problem which would lead most other girls to bigamy. That is, she has just about given all her heart to Midshipman Kevin McCarthy—a leader if ever there was one—who racks up A's in all his courses at Annapolis without hardly trying, when she meets John Derek (Kevin's brother) who nearly flunks all his courses at Annapolis without hardly trying, but is a whiz on the football field and in the swimming pool and wherever there hangs a piece of athletic equipment. So what's she gonna do? While she's thinking everything through, the boys won't talk to each other. To make up for the prolonged silence there is a good deal of interesting footage about naval training. And the boys *do* break down to save each other's lives when, a. John falls out of a helicopter at sea and, b. Kevin blacks out in his plane above Korea. It's a nice story.—Technicolor, Allied Artists



THIS ISLAND EARTH Here is science fiction to top all science fiction, and if you don't like it you're just a square and will probably be an earthman all your life. Rex Reason is a brilliant nuclear scientist who thinks he's working on very secret stuff till someone sends him a mysterious do-it-yourself kit and, following enclosed instructions, he builds a monstrous machine which looks like a television set. But did you ever see a television set with an atomic ray gun inside? Well, Jeff Morrow appears on the screen and invites Rex to come to *his* abode, wherever that is, and he will see things to make his eyes pop. And I am not talking about Faith Domergue, but about the other magnificent scenery that Universal-International has dreamed up to represent outer space and a planet so far away it's out of our cosmos entirely. Of course, there's a reason Morrow extends his invitation to Reason, and it's dangerous!—Technicolor, U.I.



STRANGE LADY IN TOWN All Greer Garson wants to do is practice medicine, but those old-fashioned folk in Boston don't want her to practice on *them*. So off she trots to Santa Fe territory where her younger brother, Cameron Mitchell, is stealing cattle from the U. S. Government (in whose Army he's a lieutenant) and cheating at poker. Then there's Dana Andrews practicing medicine, breeding horses and rearing a teen-age daughter (Lois Smith)—and if you thought the folks in Boston were old-fashioned, wait till you get a load of him! Woman's place is in the h-o-m-e he keeps spelling out to Greer, who meanwhile is curing all the patients he has spent years cultivating. Greer keeps handing out pills with one hand and slapping Dana's face with the other, and before you know it they're in love, too—with Cameron. But Cameron is headed headlong for hell.—CinemaScope, Warners





THE PRODIGAL Wait till you dig Lana in those bugle beads! She is a real-life goddess for whom young men willingly dive into a pit of fire. And when Edmund Purdom spots her he says goodbye Poppa (Walter Hampden) farewell Ruth (Audrey Dalton) hail Samarra (that's Lana) I'm your slave. Trouble is, he is. Louis Calhern who runs Damascus with a mercenary hand, doesn't like the independent spirit of this young Hebrew. With the help of Lana and a wealthy landowner (Francis L. Sullivan) he soon divests same of all his worldly goods. Purdom is thrown into a dungeon (stinging from the whiplash of Neville Brand) and there he has time to repent his sins. return to the Lord whom he has forsaken and plot his escape. He acts dead, gets himself thrown to the vultures, rises in savage wrath to destroy Louis and his followers. The tragedy is, Lana loved him all the while but she just couldn't stop being a goddess. Of course, Purdom then goes home to eat the fatted calf. It's beautifully done, sets are superb. —CinemaScope, MGM

THE PURPLE MASK It's 1803 in Paris and danged if Tony Curtis don't turn up in pink satin pants. But don't let that outfit fool you. He is the highly admired, greatly feared Purple Mask who keeps snatching away the heads of the nobility just before they're about to roll under the guillotine (it's that Napoleon working overtime at this exotic contraption). Napoleon calls on the one man extant (Dan O'Herlihy) who is wily enough to trap the Purple Mask. But not so wily as a fox, which is how wily Tony is. Even other members of the aristocracy furiously plotting in the underground against Napoleon take Tony for a charming fop; they even ask him to masquerade as the Purple Mask so that the *real* one will be free to save the Duc de Chateaulatour (Paul Cavanaugh) who is even now halfway up the steps of the guillotine. Need I say more about the fantastic exploits of this boy, who *naturellement* wins the heart of the Duc's daughter, Colleen Miller. It's plenty of fun. With Gene Barry, Angela Lansbury. —CinemaScope, U.I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME *(MGM):* Doris Day stars as Ruth Etting, the showgirl who wanted success at any price. James Cagney and Cameron Mitchell are among the men she meets on her way up. Off-beat musical.

END OF THE AFFAIR *(Col.):* Hollywood's version of Grahame Greene's beautiful story of a love affair between a man and a married woman. Deborah Kerr is the woman torn between love and her desire for redemption, Van Johnson her lover.

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE *(MGM):* Glenn Ford plays the young teacher assigned to the "garbage can" of city schools, with the most violent youngsters you ever saw as his students. With Anne Francis, Louis Calhern.

A MAN CALLED PETER *(20th-Fox):* This is Fox' tribute to Peter Marshall, the young Scotch immigrant who became Chaplain of the Senate. The movie includes many of Marshall's exciting and very modern sermons, delivered by Richard Todd. With Jean Peters.

EAST OF EDEN *(Warners):* One of the best films ever made in Hollywood, this is a violently dramatic tale of a boy (James Dean) who longs for love. Richard Davalos, Jo Van Fleet, Raymond Massey give excellent performances as his family, Julie Harris is splendid as the girl who understands him. Dean is nothing short of marvelous. Don't miss this latest Elia Kazan production.

MARTY *(U.A.):* Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair turn this simple story into a beautiful little movie. Adapted from the TV play, it tells of the love between two ordinary people leading ordinary lives. There's comedy as well as tenderness.

THE GLASS SLIPPER *(MGM):* Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding do a charming job in MGM's idea of the Cinderella tradition. Not as good as *Lili*, but fun.





...any time of the month

Dive right in. Splash around to your heart's content. You can go swimming —*even on "those days"*—when you're wearing Tampax.

Remember!—Tampax was invented by a doctor! He realized that if "time-of-the-month" was handled by *internal absorption*, women could indulge in normal activities without any of the chafing, irritation and other discomforts associated with external pads. So far as swimming is concerned, Tampax is not only invisible when properly inserted . . . it doesn't absorb any water! Users even wear Tampax in their bathtubs with complete security and comfort.

However, if you spend the Summer in a hammock, Tampax would still be a blessing. It prevents odor from forming by preventing exposure to the air. It's easy to dispose of, even with the unruly plumbing that sometimes exists at vacation resorts. (Both the Tampax and the applicator flush away.) And it's by far the daintiest kind of protection . . . why, your hands needn't even touch the Tampax during insertion or removal.

Make *this* the Summer you'll enjoy from first to last. Get your supply of Tampax at any drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse; economy size gives more than an average Summer's supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that before Cecil B. De Mille gave Yvonne de Carlo a job in *The Ten Commandments* he asked her to avoid headline romances for two years? —M.L., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Bob Hope's home is so tastefully done, I'd like to know who decorated it for him. —B.K., Boston, Mass.

A. *Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Carmel, California.*

Q. Can you tell me why Marlon Brando's picture, *The Wild One,* was banned in England? —V.F., New York, N. Y.

A. *It was considered too cruel.*

Q. I understand that Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean and Tony Curtis all play the bongo drums. Who plays best?
—H.J., Fall River, Mass.

A. *Brando, according to musicians.*

Q. Janet Leigh has been losing weight rapidly for months. Is it true that she's suffering from an unnamed illness?
—R.D., Portland, Ore.

A. *Doctors claim she's overworked, needs a lengthy vacation.*

Q. I've been told that actor Robert Newton's third wife, Natalie Newhouse Newton, was a drug addict who died of a drug overdose. True or false?
—B.L.S., London

A. *True.*

Q. What is Jimmy Dean's salary?

A. *$1200 per week.*

Q. Is Aly Khan the other man in the Rhonda Fleming split-up?
—N.H., Deming, N. M.

A. *No.*

Q. Can you name Frank Sinatra's close friends? —F.I., Newark, N. J.

A. *His manager Hank Sanicola.*

Q. Is it true that Humphrey Bogart's savings are tied up in oil and uranium investments? —F.H., Miami, Fla.

A. *They are tied up in banks, in cash.*

Q. If Ray Milland's real name is Reginald Truscott-Jones, why do his friends call him Jack?
—K.G., Kansas City, Cal.

A. *Milland once called himself Jack Millane.*

Q. What is Judy Garland's next picture? Or has she definitely retired from the screen? —C.K., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Judy is not retiring, has no picture scheduled, is planning stage appearances in several cities.*

Q. Can you tell who really discovered Kim Novak and how much money she earns? —C.N., Urbana, Ill.

A. *Kim was discovered by agent Wilt Melnick; her current salary is $200 per week.*

Q. Why do the rumors persist that all is not well with the Lana Turner - Lex Barker marriage?
—P.K.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *There have been quarrels.*

Q. After getting a divorce what made the Jeff Chandlers reconcile?
—S.T.,
New York, N. Y.

A. *Their children.*


ANITA EKBERG

Q. They are saying that Anita Ekberg, who is under personal contract to John Wayne, has a much better build than Marilyn Monroe. Can this be possible?
—H.T., Helena, Mont.

A. *Miss Ekberg is not under personal contract to Wayne. She is under contract to Batjac Productions, a Wayne company. She is taller and more bosomy than Monroe.*

Q. Is the Bing Crosby-Kathryn Grant romance on the level?
—B.L., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Yes.*



Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Bewitching" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this new "Sunrise" hairdo.

Only softly feminine hairstyles here

because these hairdos were made with Bobbi, the special pin-curl permanent—never tight, never fussy

These pictures show—better than we can tell—the softly feminine curls and waves you get with a Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. A Bobbi is specially designed to look soft and natural from the very first day.

A Bobbi gives your hair the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves are exactly where you want them. And they stay there week after week after week. Just put your hair in pin-curls. Apply Bobbi's Special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later, rinse with water. Let dry, brush out...that's all.

If you love softly feminine hairdos, then Bobbi is the pin-curl permanent for you.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. **Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois.**



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Rosebud" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobbi pins. $1.50 plus tax.



Soft, Natural right from the start...that's the "Sea Breeze" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.



Both of Mrs. Louis Sturtevant's hands were soaked in detergents. Only the right hand was treated with Jergens Lotion. Compare the two! ***This photograph is unretouched.***

Exciting Proof: Jergens Lotion stops "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Your hardworking hands can be beautiful hands. If you're having the old, familiar trouble with everyday detergents (rough, red hands), listen to this!

Under supervision, 447 women soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand. Left hands were untreated.

In 3 or 4 days untreated hands were roughened and reddened. The Jergens Lotion hands were soft, smooth and lovely.

Of all the lotions tested this way, not *one* proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. In addition, Jergens was *never* sticky or greasy.

Jergens Lotion has been steadily perfected for 50 years. You'll find it's just as good for wind and weather chapping as for "Detergent Hands," and it takes just seconds to use.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today. Notice how much heavier and creamier it is – with a delightful new fragrance. And still only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



*NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.*

Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***

WHY, SUSAN, WHY?

On the surface, everything looked so bright. The grueling courtroom scenes were over, the glare of publicity on the sordid details of Susan's fights with Jess had been turned off. In so far as such battles are ever won, Susan was the victor. She had custody of her twin sons, and she was devoting herself to them. Socially, her life was full. She dated a lot, with an especial interest in Jeff Chandler, an old friend from her Brooklyn days. Career-wise, her life was even fuller—almost overflowing. She was completing *Soldier Of Fortune* opposite Clark Gable. She was in rehearsal for the role she had wanted above all others, that of Lillian Roth in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. Emotionally, she seemed happier than she had been in years; from a moody, withdrawn girl she had become a sociable, cheerful one.

And then the police found her on her living room floor, with two sleeping pill bottles empty beside her.

Why, Susan, why?

The strange thing is that the reason—or the reasons—should be so apparent.

The divorce was over—but not the fighting. There was no more publicity, but the battles continued. "Miss Hayward," her physician said, "has been despondent for some time because of marital problems." Only hours before she swallowed the sedatives, Susan had had a violent telephone battle with Jess—and that was only the most recent argument. Jess was permitted to see the boys every Wednesday and on alternate week ends. Every time he picked them up there were scenes. "Because the servants wouldn't talk to me and neither would Susan, and this was not good for the children," he explained. It wasn't good for Susan either, who preferred not to discuss the tortured relationship with her ex-husband. Yet Jess, when he heard of her suicide attempt, broke down, crying, "Oh, my God, I love her." Then he sent her a telegram, "I'm coming home as fast as I can. Love, Daddy." and flew to her bedside. Perhaps he does love her. But can his presence help her now?

Her social life was full—but her only serious date was Jeff Chandler. He must have been a great help to her, remembering, as (*Continued on page 69*)



EVERYWHERE THAT AVA GOES...

She's one of the world's most beautiful, exciting—and startling women. Where she is, reporters swarm. After all, if Ava comes, can trouble be far behind?

BY KEVIN BURKE



Above: the only known picture of Ava with the Earl of Granville was taken in London, where his influence keeps the romance quiet. But in Pakistan (below) Ava was mobbed by newsmen and fans though Paul Mills and Stewart Granger tried to protect her.



■ Wherever Ava Gardner goes—and Ava goes everywhere—there's sure to be a collection of admiring men. And in each collection one turns out to be strangely important.

In Madrid it was bullfighter Luis Dominguin. In Asia there was Ram Gopal, the Indian dancer. In England before Ava left for Pakistan she suddenly appeared in the company of the Earl of Granville, a desirable bachelor of Princess Margaret's set. Characteristically, Miss Gardner is not discreet about her personal life. And often her escorts are delighted to be recognized as such, some of them clearly basking in the limelight that Ava cannot escape.

But Ava's friendship with Lord Granville has been top secret. It was soft-pedaled into obscurity by the British press and Ava herself tossed a concealing cloak of mystery about it.

The Earl is a distinguished young (mid-thirties) bachelor, member of one of England's first families, related to the Queen Mother.

He escorted Ava to the première of *The Colditz Story* (he has escorted her on many other occasions), but he beat a hasty retreat when he saw the cameramen descend upon the star. Result: there are many pictures of Ava at the première, but none of her with Lord Granville. Yet they were there together.

When queried about the pleasure he takes in her company, Lord Granville is very polite, adroitly uncommunicative, and manages to convey, without once losing his temper or his courteous Old World manner, that it's all none of anybody's business. British photographers, seeing them together, would never violate the Earl's protests and take a picture of them. It just isn't done.

Now that Ava's back in London from Pakistan, will she continue to see Lord Granville? Will he risk the notoriety associated with Ava's escorts?

No matter how much a man likes a woman who is a movie star as important as Ava is, he must find the crowds very trying indeed. Because there's not only a group of admiring gentlemen wherever Ava goes, there's likely to be an unruly admiring mob, as well. In her well-publicized travels, these uninhibited fans have been making headlines. And Ava seems (*Continued on page 87*)



we say:

BING WILL WED!

by **WILLIAM BARBOUR**



This photo, never seen before, was taken at Bing's ranch, where Kathryn Grant visited him last fall—proof of the length of their secret romance!



Look at those photographers come—first time they've seen us together.



And the columnists moving in . . . let's face the music and dance.



Howdy, haven't seen you in ages. Who, us? Oh, we've been around . . .



Questions, questions, they all ask questions. Well, what can you do?

MODERN SCREEN STICKS ITS NECK OUT WITH THE YEAR'S MOST SURPRISING PREDICTION.

■ There is no one in Hollywood more deserving of a little happiness than Bing Crosby.

It now looks as if Bing has found that happiness, found it in the form of a lovely, vibrant starlet, Kathryn Grant. Rumor says that he is going to confirm that happiness by marrying Kathryn—and even goes so far as to predict that it will be in July. Maybe that's the date, maybe it isn't. But MODERN SCREEN's information says that Bing *will* marry—within the next two years. And more than likely, more than maybe, the girl will be Kathryn Grant. Here are the facts.

Kathryn was Bing's date at the Academy Awards—and has been dating him secretly for more than a year. She has seen him at his ranch in Elko, Nevado, at his desert retreat in Palm Springs, at various secluded places in Hollywood. Possibly because she is only twenty-one, thirty years younger than Bing, they have preferred to keep the entire romance to themselves. Then Bing marched jauntily into the Academy Awards with Kathryn on his arm. The lid was off.

"Who's the girl with Crosby? . . . I thought he was supposed to take Grace Kelly . . . Where did Bing find that cutie? . . . Gosh, she's young!"

The interest is completely understandable when you realize that ever since Dixie Crosby's death, Hollywood has been wondering about and discussing the possibility of Bing's remarriage.

Following the Academy (*Continued on page* 74)





NO TANTRUMS

NO "DAHLINGS"

NO CLEAVAGE

Can Grace teach Hollywood some manners?

BY MARVA PETERSON

■ Alone, single-handed and quite unintentionally, a bright new screen star is changing the tastes of Hollywood.

By the quiet force of her ladylike personality, Grace Kelly, for the moment, at least, has stolen the spotlight from Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner and others of a sexy stripe.

Grace has caused the pendulum of popularity to swing away from the pin-up girls. She has set a new standard of beauty and manner that everyone in the movie capital suddenly wants to acquire.

Overnight, producers have stopped searching for busty beauties. They're trying instead to find girls with the "Grace Kelly quality."

Fashion experts find themselves promoting styles that de-emphasize the bosom and the tight skirt. They're designing clothes that look more pretty than provocative. Following the Grace Kelly trend, the starlets are making the change from the sultry look to the well-scrubbed look. Their tousled, careless, Italian hairstyles are giving way to soft, loose hairdos. And as a badge of success the cashmere sweater is replacing the mink stole.

And not the least of the causes is the popularity of a lovely young actress from Philadelphia.

How has Grace Kelly been able to inspire such an about-face?

Those who study Hollywood trends maintain that the town has long been ready for a change. The swing toward genteel charm, they say, really started with Deborah Kerr and Audrey Hepburn. It was Grace Kelly's phenomenal success, however, combined with her genuine refinement, that really wrought the mild revolution.

Grace, of course, is totally unaware of her pace-setting. "I'm merely being myself," she says. By being herself, she has brought a whole new set of values to the Hollywood scene.

One of the wardrobe girls at Paramount who has worked with Grace on four pictures, says, "She's so nice she doesn't seem like a star. By that I mean that she's undemanding. Most movie actresses get so accustomed to having things done for them—their hair combed, a chair reserved, a wrap delivered—that they expect people to jump at their slightest (*Continued on page 88*)



To meet New Jersey's Governor Meyner, she wore conservative satin outfit, long gloves.



With Oleg Cassini, still her steady date, she was not embarrassed to appear in same coat, dress, gloves.



And for the Academy Awards, biggest night of her life, she wore the same, much-photographed clothes.

Fess Parker:

THE LIVIN' IMAGE OF DAVY



Fess has been riding since grammor schaol, when he stroddled work horses on his grondfather's farm. The freedom to room at will out of daors is still his big love, all discipline still his pet hote.



He coaks far himself in his tiny one-raom oportment, but will be maving inta a new house, soan. He steady-dotes, would like to morry, but not until "it'll be for keeps, ond a big fomily, Lard willing."

WITH THE GUTS, THE LOVES, THE RAMBUNCTIOUS, FIGHTING SPIRIT OF DAVY CROCKETT, FESS PARKER

■ During his thirty-odd years around Hollywood Walt Disney has collected such a flock of prizes that when Bob Hope handed him his last two Oscars at the recent Academy Awards, he had to stifle a yawn. But it's beginning to look as if the biggest prize Walt ever captured is a tree-tall, trap-lipped, steely-eyed Texan named Fess Elisha Parker.

"Big" is a moderate word for Fess. Physically, he rears six feet, five inches from his number fourteen boots to his wild mane of brown hair, with 210 pounds of lean, lively muscle in between. In personality, Fess seems to combine the virility of Gary Cooper, the rocky force of John Wayne, the gentleness of Jimmy Stewart and the quiet dignity of Gregory Peck—with the homespun saltiness of Will Rogers thrown in for good measure.

But even more heroic than Fess Parker's physique or manner is the living legend this amazing young giant has forged in a few short months. Since last December, when Fess first loomed on TV's *Disneyland* clad in buckskins and a coontail cap, an estimated 52,000,000 Americans have refused to accept him as a Hollywood actor at all. To them, he's the reincarnation of the b'ar killing, Indian fighting frontier hero, Davy Crockett.

When Fess traveled to the national capital a few weeks ago to hand out National Rifle Association trophies, newspapers announced, "Davy Crockett Comes Back to Washington"—just as if the backwoods congressman of 100-plus years ago had actually risen from his martyr's grave. (*Cont'd on page 78*)



LIKE THE REAL DAVY BEFORE HIM.

HAS INVADED HOLLYWOOD—AND IS LIVING UP A LEGEND ALL HIS OWN! ■ BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



FESS WENT TO WASHINGTON IN BUCKSKINS, TOTING A GUN—AND WAS GREETED—AND TREATED—AS IF HE WERE CROCKETT HIMSELF.

More pictures on the following pages



Fomily olbum shows Fess' first picture, token with Uncle Lester Allen, Grondmother Mory Ann Allen.



At o very eorly oge, Fess showed interest in women —even older ones. By this time his mother, over his fother's protests, wos oddressing her son os "Junior."



Almost os soon os he could sit, Fess could sit o horse, though he stuck mostly to gentle ones like Uncle Lester's old cow pony, Rosabel.

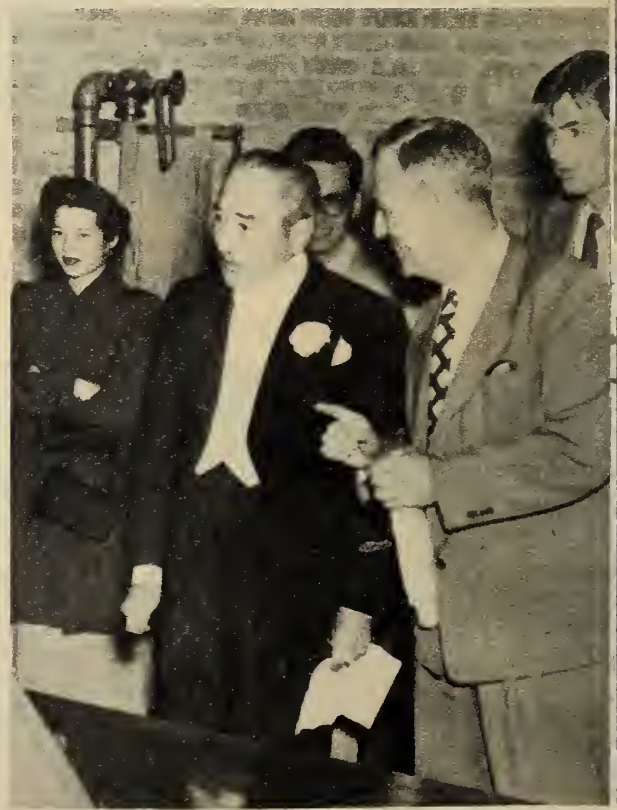
Like Davy, he came from pioneer stock and rode a horse before he was three but—



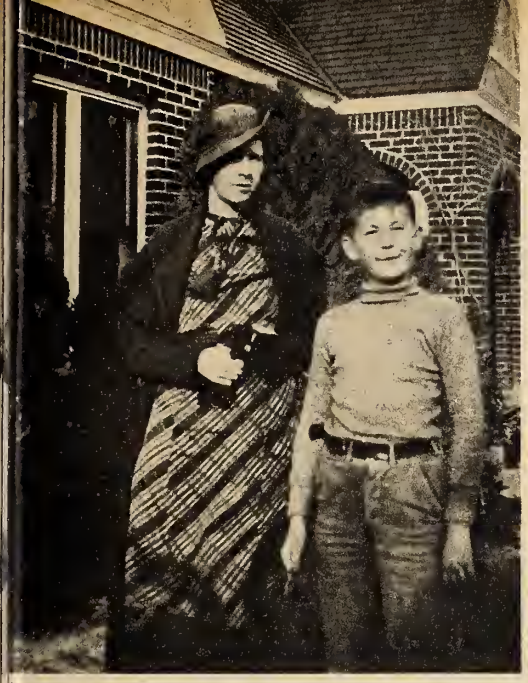
▲ Ploying end for Son Angelo High, Fess (six feet toll ot fourteen) mode one mojor, memoroble goof, tockling the right mon ot the wrong time.

▼ Fess' first project ofter graduotion in 1942 wos to buy o Model T; his second to find o pretty girl to ride in it. Joy Flint obliged—and others.



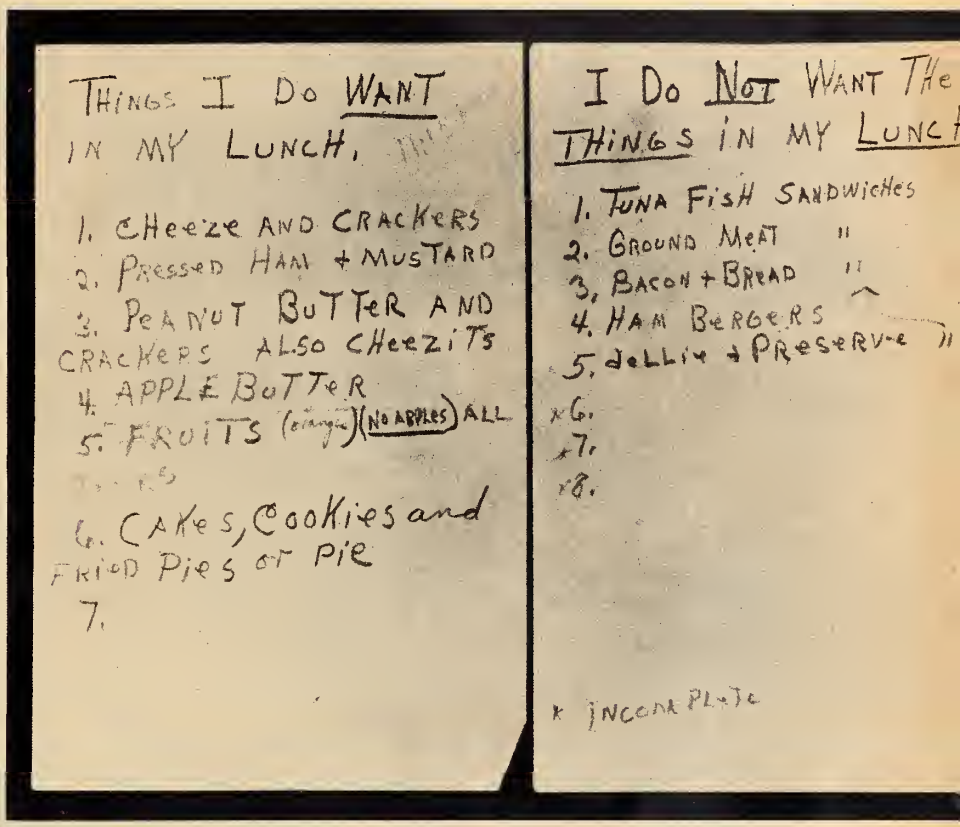


At Texos University Fess met Adolphe Menjou, who chonged his life by odvising the six-foot, five-inch Business Administrotion student to come to Hollywood for o crock ot westerns.



At eleven Fess wos "not really bad, but just ornery." His mother posed with him between trips to the principal's office at Austin Grammar School.

Although he rebelled early against any sort of discipline, broke rules just because they were rules, Fess brooked no nonsense from others, especially where food was concerned. The only creature who stood up to him successfully was his equally stubborn donkey.



graduated to a Model T.



A fraternity boy, sorority sweetheart and campus athlete, Fess took up woter skiing in his senior year at Texos U—oided by company like Prisilla Kern.



A graduate student—this time in theatre—at U.S.C., he found time for formols and co-eds, but left school before getting his Master's Degree.



Too tall for Annapolis or the Naval Air Corps, Fess went into boot comp ot San Diego, ended up on a mine sweeper.

At sixteen Lana was too sexy
for comfort, at twenty too troubled
for happiness. But—being Lana—

SHE'D DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN



"ONE OF THE BEST THINGS ABOUT LEX AND ME— WE HAVE FUN."

"I even get out mornings—sometimes."

"Independence can be a mixed blessing."



"We have disagreements—
but we don't sulk."



"Sometimes I get to play
the little woman for Lex!"

"Our best daydream
is more children."



by Ida Zeitlin

■ Time: X years ago. Place: A soda fountain near Hollywood High School. Girl: A delectable redhead with a wolf-whistle figure. Name: Julia Jean. Enter Billy Wilkerson, messenger of fate.

Dissolve to Now. The Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel. A delectable honey blonde with a wolf-whistle figure, named Lana. Enter reporter with question.

Lana looked back at Julia Jean. Her face, sparkling a moment ago above the butter-yellow twin sweaters, turned thoughtful. But decision came promptly. "The answer is yes. I believe too strongly in kismet not to feel it was planned for me this way. Why else was I sitting there that day? Why else did Billy Wilkerson walk in? If I had married John Smith and gone to live in Podunk, how can I tell whether I'd have liked it or not? I never tried it. I *like* the movie business. It's not the sky-blue heaven kids build up in their dreams, including myself at sixteen. You get special rewards, and you get special headaches, not to mention heartaches. But given the chance and with my eyes wide open, the answer is yes, I'd do it all over again."

Headaches, heartaches and all, she's still the golden girl, alive with that indefinable magic which hoisted her to the top and kept her there for over ten years. "Heaven knows," she went on, "that I wasn't an actress, to begin with. I've tried to learn. I've always tried to do the best job in my power. But I'm not the kind to chase after glory and Oscars, and I'm not one who'll perish-if-she-can't-act. For me, the biggest reward is financial security. You have to be honest. Where else could this happen to you? Only if you married a prince, and that's for fairy tales. The work is hard; don't let anyone tell you different. There are times when you're so beat up, body and nerves, that something (*Continued on page 82*)

MARLON IS WILLING



BUT IS HE READY?



Basically Marlon has not changed much. He still loves art, music, travel, his work, his freedom and, of course, his cat.

■ "I love Josie," Marlon Brando said, "and we're going to get married sometime this summer. It's going to be for keeps and that's all I want to say about it."

This declaration, forceful and positive, was made a few weeks ago on the set of *Guys And Dolls*, when Marlon was asked, "Is it true that you and your fiancée have changed your minds about marriage?"

The question had been prompted by the persistent Hollywood rumor that Brando and Josanne Mariani-Berenger, the twenty-one-year-old stepdaughter of a French fisherman, would never get married.

Despite Brando's protests, this rumor still thrives. It is founded, as usual, on Marlon's unique behavior. All through the preparation and filming of *Guys And Dolls*, for example, he dated many of the cutest girls in movieland.

One of them confided, "He surely didn't act love smitten to me. I asked him if it were true—you know, that he was tying the knot—and he just gave me that big, broad grin of his as if to say, 'Are you kidding?' "

Another of Marlon's recent dates claims, "This boy acts on impulse. He himself doesn't know what he's going to do next. When I was with him he never mentioned his fiancée once. He was wondering how his singing voice would sound in the picture. I don't know. Maybe he was just being gallant."

Steadfastly and fiercely Marlon refuses to discuss his love life. But his charm, his animal magnetism, his talent, his unpredictable and nonconforming ways have appealed to many women: Shelley Winters, Susan Cabot, Rita Moreno, Jean Peters, Joan Collins, Francesca Scaffa, Movita Castaneda—the list goes on and on.

How many of these beauties would have married Marlon is anyone's guess.

The prevailing opinion at one time was that only Movita was strong and tolerant and understanding (*Continued on page* 62)



To marry or not to marry: that is just one of the questions. Marlon says he'll wed Josanne—but why has he been dating other women? What kind of husband and father will he make?

BY RICHARD MOORE



Although unrecognized by police at Academy Awards (he almost didn't get in!) Marlon faces a very public marriage.



Their first date was heralded in every column, the news that they were "engaged to be engaged" hit the front pages, and their official engagement was covered like a Coronation. Debbie and Eddie have been the most publicized pair of lovers in a decade. But the marriage plans were veiled in mystery. Why the secrecy? What forced postponement after postponement? Here, for the first time, MODERN SCREEN brings you the real story of of the June Wedding that didn't happen.

An open letter to Debbie and Eddie

Dear Debbie and Eddie:

This was to have been the time for congratulations and great joy. It didn't come out that way. A lot of people are saying I Told You So. Not us. We believed in you both from the start and we still do. We have been watching the plans alter, rumors grow, statements change with growing sadness.

This wasn't the way it had to be—it should have been the month of happy endings. Well, you won't be a June bride, Debbie, but you can have your happy ending. All you both have to do is take a deep breath and try to remember the simple clarity of your plans for the future—not as other people have pictured it, but the way you wanted it to be.

Get us—adding even more advice when what you want most right now is to be left alone. But if you'll bear with us for just a little while, we promise not to muddy the water any further. When you fell in love you became the kind of human interest story editors cry for. Some 20 years ago a couple of American kids were born, miles apart. Any connection between fame and you two youngsters of the depression age would have sounded like a pipe-dream. Yet you found fame and more than fame—you became an entire nation's dream of love come true. We have no wish to probe or rush in where angels fear to tread. We have fully shared the floods of good will and affection poured at your feet. But, as we said, for months now we have been observing the danger signs—perhaps watching them a bit more carefully than you have done. And our very real affection for you makes us point them out.

We could never understand, for example, all the mystery about your wedding day. You said from the start that it would be in June, and picked the 17th for its sentimental significance. Then suddenly you didn't know and couldn't, or wouldn't, tell. And from England rumors came sifting through that you planned to marry there, avoiding the fuss and feathers. Yet fuss and feathers were exactly what Debbie wanted—the bridal procession, the music, the flowers, the works. All that takes time and planning. The date should be set as early—not as late—as possible. Under the circumstances, can you blame us for wondering why a boy and girl, deeply in love, officially betrothed, should for so long refuse to name their wedding day?

You've been unhappy over publicity that you say was without taste. Forgive us for asking whether some

(*Continued on page* 69)



The Way it all started

Millions of friends, Debbie's and Eddie's, followed every step of their romance from the start. Was it just too hot not to cool down?

WHEN TWO KIDS FALL IN LOVE, MOTHERS ARE THE FIRST TO SEE THE LITTLE THINGS, THE SECRETS IN THEIR EYES.



by Debbie's Mom

■ Debbie always wanted to be a June bride. By the way, if I switch between Debbie and Franny, don't let me confuse you. As you may have read elsewhere, she was christened Mary Frances, and to us she's Franny. Also to herself, to her close friends and to the man she's marrying. My daughter likes the habits of home. When she comes over that hill and into the valley where we live, her movie name stays behind. She won't even let the neighborhood kids use it. If they yell, "Hi, Debbie!" she'll stop them. "*What* did you call me?" And I'll hear some youngster chirp, "I mean, 'Hi, Fran!'"

By either name she wanted to be a June bride. Until last year, it was just every girl's vision of an event in the unforseeable future—the bridesmaids and flowers, the candles and music, and herself drifting down the aisle in misty white toward some wonderful guy whose face was a blank. Well, he's real now and so is the traditional wedding she dreamed of. As far as Eddie is concerned, I don't think most men care much one way or the other. Whatever Franny wanted was great with him. When they were planning the trip for his (*Continued on page* 66)



by Eddie's Mom

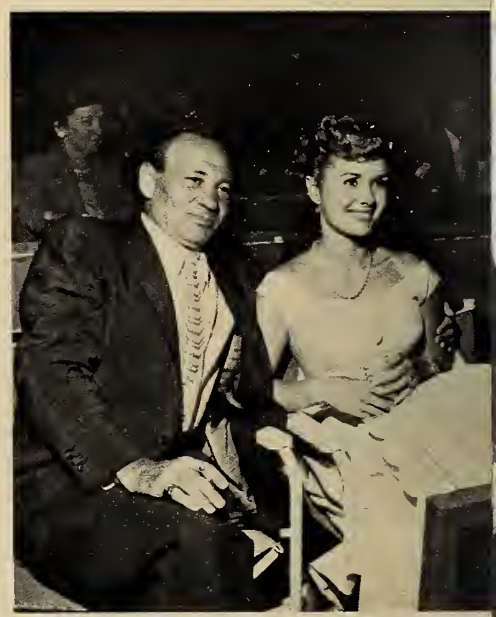
■ My Sonny Boy (that's what I always call Eddie) taught me once not to believe any rumors unless I heard from him that they were true. So last summer when people started coming up to me and saying they'd seen by the newspapers that Sonny was getting very romantically interested in a certain Miss Debbie Reynolds of Hollywood, I just shrugged and brushed them off with remarks like "That's nice, isn't it?" or "Very interesting, I'm sure!" or "It's healthy for young fellows to go out with girls, I hear!"

Then I got the phone call. Sonny was in California at the time. He used to call me about twice a week when he was away, and always he would kid and tease me and make me laugh. But this time—I could tell right away—this time he was feeling serious about something.

"What's the matter?" I asked him. "You got a stomach ache from all those oranges or something?"

"No, Mama," he said. "Don't worry, I've been eating good." Then, all of a sudden, that smile of his came traveling 3000 miles across country. I could see it in the next words he said. "I've met a girl, Mama," he told me. "I've met a girl—and she's really something!"

I asked him," "Is it this Debbie Reynolds everybody in Philadelphia has been telling me about these last (*Continued on page* 59)



Back in Hollywood, Debbie met Eddie's real father. Eddie had met the Reynolds family on his first date with Debbie, was liked by them from the start.



First storm warning—Debbie couldn't tell MGM designer Helen Rose what time of day she'd set for the wedding. Later even the date itself was changed.



Chaperoned by Louella Parsons, Jimmy McHugh, Debbie joined Eddie in Las Vegas. "We're not engaged," Eddie said. "I don't know if Debbie wants me."



Debbie did. She flew east to met Eddie's family, spent time in their Philadelphia home. Left to right are Eddie's sisters, Janet, Eileen (the youngest one of Debbie's bridesmaids), Nettie and Miriam. Seated are his stepfather, Max Stupp, and his mother, Kate.



The much-rumored engagement was announced at the huge party given by Eddie and Ida Cantor, who had discovered and befriended Eddie F. in his borscht-circuit days. The party gave Debbie a chance to display her seven-carat ring to hundreds of friends.



Then came the separations: Debbie in Hollywood, Eddie in New York. He gave her a puppy to keep her company; there were phone calls and flights east and west.



In April Debbie was busy packing for her trip to England with Eddie; equally busy denying that she was already married.



London loved the lovers, packed the Palladium to hear Eddie and see Debbie. But Eddie's "mystery voice" (D.R.) record flopped. Did that hurt Eddie?



Back in New York, they were met by Eddie's mother—then came news of a tiff and Debbie went to California alone. They've stayed apart. For reasons, turn page.

THE JUNE WEDDING THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN

Debbie could tell you why

Doubts began to sift through the golden clouds early this year. While everybody was busy speculating whether or not Debbie and Eddie were secretly married—or if not already married, on the verge of elopement—Debbie was slowly taking a whole new look at the picture. That she loved Eddie, she hadn't a doubt. She'd told her mother and father that the night Eddie had proposed. She'd told the world the next day and you would have thought the smog would vanish from Southern California forever, she was so happy. That was last summer. But by this spring she began to wonder slowly, hurt: "Does Eddie love me?" Or rather, did Eddie love her enough to stand up to the army of friends, managers, self-appointed advisers and bystanders and announce that he and his girl were going to make their own decisions about their own future? The indications were that Eddie was not going to stand up. They had set the wedding for June 17, a sentimental anniversary of their first date. They had picked the place for the re-

Eddie could tell you why

How could any boy show his girl how much he loved her more than Eddie Fisher did? Long before he actually met Debbie, Eddie told reporters she was his dream girl. When he did meet her, sparks began to fly and kept flying from that day forward. He began commuting to the coast with the regularity of a guy catching his nightly local. He even moved his entire TV crew to Hollywood for extended periods. When he sang a love song, he sang to Debbie. When he spoke of the weather, there was Debbie in his eyes. Did the publicity men make too much of it? How could you blame them? Two of the most famous and beloved youngsters in the world had fallen in love and the world wanted to know everything about it. First, they announced that they were "engaged to be engaged." It was front page stuff across the country. When Eddie Cantor gave them a party to make the official engagement announcement, every wire service and photo agency was on hand to cover the event. If they had gotten married right away, it would have gone

ception, Hollywood's Ambassador Hotel. Then they were to take a three-month honeymoon tour of Europe. "I've always dreamed of going to Paris and Italy," Debbie had told a friend. "And now to be able to go with Eddie, as a bride!" She went to the bosses at MGM, arranged her shooting schedule to give her the time off. She went to Helen Rose, the studio's top designer, and asked her if she would design her wedding dress and trousseau. Helen said she'd be only too happy to. Debbie's mom said she would personally make the trousseau. But in March the golden clouds began to fade. Eddie's people told him he would have to do some pre-recording work through the end of June. This cancelled out the 17th as the wedding day, but Debbie gladly postponed it to June 30. "She was going to be married in June if it killed her," a good friend has said. "This was her wish, her fondest wish." Then they left for London—Eddie's Palladium date—accompanied by Mrs. Reynolds. When they got back to New York in late April, things blew sky-high. Eddie's people told him that he'd have to forget about broadcasting his future TV shows from New York or *Hollywood. Eddie's new schedule called for traveling around from city to city playing a TV version of one-night stands. Debbie thought of the dream house in Hollywood she and Eddie had spent all those hours planning. No, she said, she didn't like the idea at all. Eddie didn't like it, either—but Eddie said nothing. Then they told him he might have to postpone his wedding to July or even later. Eddie gulped—but still he said nothing. Debbie left New York for Hollywood, while the gossip lines buzzed at maximum voltage. "What's happened to the wedding," everybody asked. Debbie answered simply. As far as she was concerned, she said, the wedding was still on. There were no changes in her plans, she said. The words all sounded all right but the usually-bubbly Debbie looked near tears when she said them—and the way it looked to all the insiders was that Eddie had walked out.*

down in the books as one of history's brightest love affairs. But they didn't get married right away. Eddie sent wonderful gifts—a little poodle, a fiery red convertible. And the publicity mills kept right on churning out the hearts and flowers. Is it any wonder that Eddie's people began to consider the effect all this was having on his career? Eddie's record of "I'm Always Hearing Wedding Bells" and "A Boy Chases A Girl" was the first Fisher disc to miss being a top seller. They blamed it on bad timing—it was released within two weeks of Eddie's "Near To You." But the doubts were still there. How were his fans taking the prospect of Eddie the husband, settled down to married life in Beverly Hills? They decided Eddie should get around the country more, meet the people. There would be plenty of time later on for settling down. The wedding? It had waited this long—it could wait a little longer. But the orders to move Eddie's business headquarters to Los Angeles were permanently cancelled. The July and August vacation he had scheduled was cancelled. Eddie was absolutely bewildered by the sudden turn of events. When a radio interviewer asked him what the plans were, Eddie paused to search for words—paused so long that the interviewer finally said "take your time—we're on the air for an hour and a half more." Finally Eddie said "I want to keep my private life to myself." His manager, Milton Blackstone, answered similar questions with "I don't discuss Fisher's personal life." The most publicized romance since the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had suddenly become a private affair. It was reported that Eddie was upset because Debbie had accepted a club date in Las Vegas only weeks before the June wedding date. But Eddie refused to comment on his own inability to get to Hollywood for the wedding day. "We still love each other," he told friends, "but I don't think this is the time to get married." He glanced at his manager before continuing. "I don't know when—I just don't know when."

HOW TO KEEP GLAMOR ALIVE

Mitzi Gaynor's miracle diet required self-control—and the assistance of Jack Bean, now her husband, who stuck to it with her.



Terry Moore keeps down to 100 pounds by living at a furious pace, dieting briefly every six months under doctor's care.

→ Four times a mother, **Jeanne Crain** keeps her figure without fuss, diets when necessary as sensibly as she lives. Exercise is a big help, too; she gets it at a gym.



NINE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN TELL JUST HOW THEY GOT—AND STAY—THAT WAY. **BY SALLY SIMMS**

■ There is only one thing a movie actress guards more jealously than her reputation. That's her figure.

In Hollywood, as in any community, losing one's reputation can be ruinous. But losing one's figure is professional suicide. The movies have been harshly criticized from time to time, for putting too much emphasis on beautiful bodies. The cult of slimness has been attacked as the first step toward tuberculosis. But the American public likes slender stars. Even the beauteous Gina Lollobrigida and exquisite Jean Simmons found that they had to trim off weight to please audiences on this side of the Atlantic.

American men are particularly vocal about the shape and size of the women they admire. They say Venus de Milo is too plump. They like streamlined fashions, lissome girls and sylph-like screen beauties. In the final count it's for some man that every woman takes the trouble to be extra beautiful.

Doctors agree that it's far healthier to be thin than to be fat. Being overweight is a strain on the heart and lungs and hard on the blood pressure. A heavy person ages faster. Psychologically, obesity is a handicap. And danger of illness from inadequate food can (*Continued on page 51*)



Debra Paget measures her figure by the fit of her clothes; when they stretch, she shrinks. She does it the lazy way, via professional massage and steam baths, as well as by regular swims, bike-riding.

more pictures on next page

HOW TO KEEP GLAMOR ALIVE

FOR EVERY FIGURE THERE'S A DIFFERENT SECRET OF SUCCESS. ONE



New star **Anita Ekberg** insists on hiking, even in Hollywood where there's no place to walk. She doesn't do onything special for her figure except to feed it with Swedish food, treat it to a lot of outdoor activity, including swimming.



Esther Williams attributes her excellent figure as much to Ben os athletics. Falling for Ben made her lose her oppetite entirely; marriage to him keeps her slim in hope of compliments.



Elaine Stewart relies on doncing. She frankly doesn't like sports, considers herself more the indoor type. Doncing she loves. "It makes you groceful, but not muscular—ond it's fun."

be avoided by taking supplementary vitamins and minerals under a doctor's care.

Hollywood stars know all this, so they watch their figures with the same interest that they eye their bank balances. The gain of two or three pounds is a matter of vital concern because a star looks about ten pounds heavier on the screen than she does in person. Even girls with the most perfect measurements give some thought to keeping their curves in balance.

Some of the best kept figures in Hollywood are pictured on these pages. Each has her own tricks for keeping thin. Many of these beauty secrets are being revealed for the first time to MODERN SCREEN readers.

According to Esther Williams the simplest way to get thin and stay thin is to fall in love and have it requited. Esther says that she always had a swimmer's figure of no hips and long legs but she also had an athlete's appetite. She loves to eat Mexican food, cream cheese and caviar, sirloin tidbits in a rich sauce and such gourmet snacks. To counterbalance her regular lunches and dinners she practically had to swim all day. That is, until she met Ben. A certain evening (*Continued on page 64*)

Anne Francis is just plain lucky. She doesn't like what isn't good for her—desserts, for example—and she's mad for milk. Besides, she's led an active life since the age of three.



Liz Taylor had weight trouble once—but never again. Though she loves lazy living, she works so hard when making films that she "hasn't time to be fat," doesn't need to diet.





Miss Saint regrets...

BUT SHE'S NOT LEAVING HOME AND HUSBAND FOR HOLLYWOOD. SO SORRY.

Friend to Mr. Brando and wife to Mr. Hayden, Eva Marie is the one actress on record who has no use for fame!

BY JAY ROLLA

■ On the non-historic occasion when Marlon Brando was introduced to Eva Marie Saint for the first time, he very rapidly made up his mind what he thought of her. "Prudish," he said, "and stuck-up." Eva Marie didn't know this at the time, but if she had, it would hardly have disturbed her. Marlon had made quite a strong first impression, too. According to Eva Marie, putting delicately what was then the general conclusion, Mr. Brando was "kind of a slob."

The meeting took place at the Actors Studio, where both were studying under the direction of Elia Kazan. Saint and sinner attended numerous classes together, but all they had in common was acting and their admiration for Kazan.

Some time later, they had *On The Waterfront* in common, too. Having become co-workers, they gradually also became friends. They lunched together, chatted idly, discussed their roles thoroughly. Before the picture was concluded, Eva had reversed her opinion. Marlon, she said, was "a sensitive human being as well as a great actor." Brando's opinion of his co-star had altered just as much. They even compared notes on their first impressions of each other, and laughed at them.

But despite the amount of time they spent together, despite their immensely tender, immensely realistic love scenes, despite their obvious enjoyment of each other's company, no one printed, hinted or even thought of a romance between the two.

The reason for this amazing reticence was not the reformation of Mr. Brando, who, by behaving more conservatively these days, has lost none of his appeal for women. The reason was not even Eva Marie's innocent, girlish aura. It was simply that no one, not even a gossip columnist, could conceive of Eva's ever looking at Another Man. She has one of her own; his name is Jeffrey Hayden; he is six feet tall, dark and handsome; he is a television director; and he is probably the best-loved husband ever to belong to an actress.

It might be said, however, that Jeffrey's gain is Hollywood's loss.

Eva Marie Saint is a fine actress and a beautiful young woman. She has an Academy Award for her first effort in moving pictures, and a slew of invitations from various studios to come out and try for another. But Mrs. Hayden politely declines. She isn't leaving home—not for no one nor nothing. (*Continued on page 89*)


1.


2.


3.


4.

1. Three days before her baby was born, Eva went to Academy Awards dinner with Jeffrey.

2. Like Red Buttons and Maureen Stapleton, Eva Marie is well known for television work.

3. Eva and Jeff, like many theatre people, have a small apartment in Greenwich Village.

4. Sad dog posted on door by Jeffrey means that he didn't like Eva's show that day.



SURE, I'M SENSITIVE . . .

WHY FRANKIE CAN'T STOP SLUGGING

When you're born an underdog and fight your way to the top you can't relax and forget the past, you never believe you're safe.

by LANCE ELLIOT

■ The kid was skin and bones. He was lying half on the sidewalk and half in the gutter. Blood trickled from one nostril and a corner of his small, thin mouth. One eye was beginning to puff.

That's how the three big kids had left him after they beat him up.

But the kid with the blood on his face just lay there breathing hard; afraid to move because he was hurting. His bony chest rose and fell. Inside his head a ten-year-old brain was trying to figure it out.

Minutes ago there had only been thoughts of candy, running, jumping, dogs, God and watching out for automobiles. No one had warned him to watch out for big kids.

Now there was nothing but the thoughts of pain streaking through his body. Not at all like the little hurts when his mother kissed his finger. But awful, frightening, new hurts in his mouth, his eye and his nose.

And between the hurts he was trying to remember what had happened.



I DON'T LIKE BEING KIDDED AND I'LL STICK UP FOR MY FRIENDS ALL THE WAY!

The three big kids had been his friends until they learned his name was Francis. For some reason he couldn't understand, that made them laugh at him. And they called him, "Francy, Nancy, silken pantsy!" and said he was a sissy.

Again for some reason he couldn't understand, he ground his teeth and struck the nearest big kid with his fists.

The next thing he knew he was being punched and pummeled, frightened and hurt by the crack of six fists hitting his head and body. After they had beaten him they had run off and left him half in the gutter.

All this, the kid thought, as he looked at the blood on the back of his hand, because his name was Francis. Francis Albert Sinatra.

It has been a long time, twenty-seven years, since the kid from Hoboken, New Jersey, suffered that spontaneous slugging at the hands of a trio of small-fry muscle men.

But Francis Albert Sinatra has not forgotten. He never will. And he'll still hand out a faceful of knuckles to any man foolish enough to risk the "Francy, Nancy" business.

Yet Sinatra has said that he doesn't want to hit anybody. "I learned one very important lesson from those Hoboken hassles when I was a kid. If you take a poke at somebody—somebody will slug back."

A boyhood chum of Sinatra, however, claims that Frank will always be quick to settle things, "if you'll step outside."

"One thing you never did with Francis Albert unless you knew him well, and that was kid him. Boy, was he sensitive! I can remember when he was about sixteen or seventeen.

"He wasn't tall, but he didn't look short, either. There was a kind of slightness about him.

"He had high, pointed cheekbones, like an Indian. And he was tough. Not wise-guy tough, but that surprising kind of steel-wire toughness some men have.

"But the incongruous thing about him was his eyes. Big, wide, long-lashed and cool blue. They trapped you. The girls loved him.

"His father taught him how to box pretty well. Frank never picked a fight and he didn't carry a chip on his shoulder, but—well, let me put it this way—it was awful easy to start a battle with him. He was a born battler.

"He was most sensitive about being small and skinny. He wanted to be a big, tall man awful bad.

"But I remember once somebody needled him about his singing. He was always singing. Anyhow, somebody said he sang like a girl. Then whop! Frank and the guy are clouting each other around a fire hydrant.

"When I read that Frank has conked somebody, it's no news to me."

These and other stories told about Sinatra, by his friends and enemies, make one point on the singer-actor very clear.

He has (*Continued on page 71*)

HE WAS THE WAR'S BIGGEST HERO—BUT THE ARMY'S LITTLEST G.I. WHAT DID HE DO? MOSTLY, HE LAUGHED.



To older son Terry, Audie is a strict father, but fun—always making with the jokes.

Memoirs of a SMALL TEXAN

BY JANE WILKIE

■ Audie Murphy is a very funny young fellow. People don't ordinarily think of him as amusing, probably because his incredible bravery during the second World War stands uppermost in their minds and they regard him with a kind of grim awe. Growing to know him, however, is a delightful experience, for Audie's humor is quiet and gentle and particularly tickling because it is so unexpected.

To anyone who has read his book, *To Hell And Back,* the fact should come as no surprise, for all through the story the tautness of battle in the front lines is relieved by the singular humor of the American G.I. The banter of Audie's buddies is unique in that it is not, like that in most war books, obscene. His outfit was no different from any other, but Audie chose to record only the conversation that struck him funny. The humor in the book is Audie's own humor, and it is therefore typical that the reader, drawn with the story into fierce and bloody battle, should suddenly surprise himself by laughing out loud at a chance remark of one of the soldiers.

It is the same way when you talk with Audie himself. He can be telling you of a collision he had with a truck the other day and you find yourself most concerned with the state of the fenders involved, and then Audie suddenly launches a sneak attack on your funnybone by drawling, "There we were, the (*Continued on page 85*)





MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE

Slip into one of these sleek and trim sun-sets for relaxation or relief from summer's heat! Barbara Rush, soon to be seen in U.-I.'s *Captain Lightfoot,* selects two Lovable sun-sets, wears them with jewelry for leisurely but glamorous home wear. *Left,* a cotton twill sun-set—the halter with contrasting piping and new wide-apart straps (cushioned undercup wiring for strapless wear). Matching cuffed little-boy shorts with zippered back, two deep pockets. White with red or navy trim; red or navy with white trim. About $3. *Right,* a poplin sun-set—the top with gay contrasting cuff that can be lifted or lowered (padded undercups, cushioned undercup wiring). Matching little-boy shorts with zippered back, side pockets. Tangerine with tangerine plaid, turquoise with turquoise plaid; pink or white with pink check, black with black check. About $4. Halters, A and B cups only. Shorts, 10 to 16. Both sun-sets by Lovable.

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■ Be in style and in form all summer long with the new Playtex *High Style* Bra and the new Playtex *High Style* Panty-Brief Girdle. Wear these Paris-inspired designs under all your summer finery and under all your play fashions. Wear the girdle under your swimsuits while splashing through the waves, too! The bra is made of the finest embroidered combed cotton, sheerest nylon mesh and batiste elastic. It combines the Paris uplift, which gently molds and lifts the bosom as nature intended with an upstretch elastic diaphragm band and elastic back for freedom of movement. Nylon mesh separates the cups sharply and controls invisibly under deep necklines. Adjustable straps. White only. A, B and C cups. About $3. The panty-brief girdle with Paris lines is made of baby-smooth, slimming latex with soft fabric lining that fits like a second skin. It features a low-cut back and perforations to let you breathe in ease. No stays, bones or seams. Dries in seconds. White only. Sold according to measurements. About $5.

PLAYTEX BRAS AND GIRDLES ARE AVAILABLE AT MACY'S, NEW YORK AND ALL OTHER LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES.

(*Continued from page 44*) few weeks?"

Sonny said it was. Then he said: "I love her, Mama. I plan to marry her."

At that point my heart, like they say, jumped with joy—all over the living room and into the foyer and up and down the stairs and out of every window in the house. *My Sonny Boy—getting married—All my wishes, all the blessings, come true.* But I tried to keep my voice calm. Somehow I managed. "Well, Sonny," I said, very serious. "If you think this is the right girl for you, then I *know* she is." Then the calmness started to give way a little, and I said: "I wish I could meet her, Sonny."

"You will, Mama," he said. "Just as soon as possible, you will."

After we hung up, I went into the kitchen. My fifteen-year-old daughter, Eileen, was sitting having lunch. I told her what Sonny had said. I was a little sorry I'd told her the news while she was eating, she got so excited. When I saw that it was no use trying to get her back to her lunch, that she and her sandwich had terminated being friends, I said to her, "Eileen, do you know what she looks like, this Debbie Reynolds?"

Eileen, of course, couldn't realize how her mother could be so ignorant of such matters. "Mama," she asked me, "don't you ever look through any of the magazines I bring home?"

I informed her no.

"Honest to pickles," Eileen said, shocked. She rushed out of the room and came back carrying about ten magazines. She went through one of them, frantic. Then she stopped on a page and pointed. "This, Mama," she said, "is Debbie Reynolds!"

That was the first time I ever really saw Debbie—that pretty, smiling face of hers. I liked it very much. I thought of some excuse to send Eileen out. Then I picked up the magazine and I said, "Hello."

With Sonny's schedule so busy and with me having a big house to run and other children to take care of and everything, it was a few months before I finally got to meet the next Mrs. Fisher.

Once, around Thanksgiving time, there was a phone call from Sonny and he put Debbie on to talk to me. I think she was as nervous about it as I was. "Hi," I heard this soft little voice say. "This is Debbie, Mom . . . I've heard so much about you . . . Eddie has such a lovely place out here in California. . . . He's so anxious for you to come and see it."

I forget exactly what *I* said that afternoon. But I remember thinking to myself, "The voice I like. Now I want to get to know the girl behind the voice!"

The getting-to-know came a few weeks later in New York City. Sonny was up there making records and doing his television show. He phoned me one night and said Debbie was flying in from Hollywood with her mother. He told me I was to be sure to be at Idlewild Airport out in Long Island, New York, early the next morning to meet them.

I and my daughter, Janet (Janet is married and her full name is Mrs. Janet Wernovski) were at the airport about fifteen minutes early. Sonny was already there. We're usually a pretty gabby group when we get together. But that morning everybody was so quiet, a person would have thought we were on our way to one of those yogi conventions or something.

Finally, the plane was announced. Sonny let out with a very nice, not-too-loud "Yippee!" and I knew that at least one of us had our voice back and would be able to do the honors.

As soon as we got to the plane and



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through all the photographers and reporters, as soon as the door of the plane opened, a very little young lady with the face and the eyes and the smile of a happy angel stepped out and took one look at Sonny and came rushing down the steps into his arms and then turned to me and hugged me and said, "Hi, Mom!" Then, all of a sudden, what nervousness I'd had was gone and I knew that this Debbie was really a treasure, someone who appealed to me and appealed to the part of the heart a mother keeps reserved for the girl her son has chosen as his wife.

I knew it even more later that morning when Sonny, Janet, Debbie and Debbie's lovely mother and I were sitting in the living room of Debbie's hotel suite. The shouting from the airport and the hotel lobby was all over by this time and the five of us sat around now, enjoying a cup of tea and some fruit and cookies the management had sent up to the suite.

Sonny and Debbie took turns doing most of the talking at first.

Then, while Sonny was in the middle of telling some funny story, Debbie winked at me, tiptoed to a corner of the room and whispered for me to come on over.

IT WAS OUR FIRST personal talk together. It began with Debbie telling me how much she loved Sonny. And there were two things she told me about her love that I'll never forget.

One was when she said, "You know, Mom. It's strange in a way, me and Eddie getting married. Because a year ago if anyone had told me I was going to marry an entertainer, a fellow in the same business I'm in, I'd have told him he was crazy. You see, Mom, the only people I really knew before Eddie were kids I'd gone to high school with. These were the people I liked best, the people I felt the most comfortable and relaxed with. And then—then I met your Eddie, Mom, and something inside of me said 'love'—for the first time in my life—and things began to change."

The other thing Debbie said to me was: "I'm in love with Eddie for a lot of different reasons, Mom. But one of the reasons I love him most is— Well, let me put it this way. My family are plain, honest, *little* people—and I'm one of them. And your Eddie hasn't forgotten that he was one of the little people once, too, Mom. He hasn't forgotten."

I couldn't help kissing Debbie when she said this. And after I kissed her—after we were officially mother and daughter-in-law-to-be—Debbie led me over to a sofa, put her hands on mine and asked me to tell her some things about Sonny that she might have to know as his wife—"the kind of little things about him that only you could know," she said to me.

"Well," I said, thinking back. "Well, first of all," I said, "I knew that Sonny has one very strong habit. He likes to sleep late on Sunday mornings. And then, after he wakes up, he likes to sit in bed sipping a glass of pineapple juice and reading the papers. Sometimes this sipping and reading lasts so long, it's almost Monday morning before he finally gets out of bed," I told Debbie, remembering lots of Sunday mornings lots and lots of years ago.

Then I told about Sonny and the Jewish songs he likes to sit back and sing sometimes. "You're not a Jewish girl, Debbie," I said, "and you probably never heard these songs. But they're very beautiful, and every once in a while Sonny's liable to break out into singing them, just like that. I, personally, I love when he does this because it always seems that he's paying a tribute to my mother." I told Debbie how I'd had seven children in all, how Sonny was the fourth to come along, how by the time he was born, my hands were so busy with the others that my mother would come to the house practically every day and say, "Kate, I'm going to help you out by taking one of the children home with me for the day," how then she would rush right over to where Sonny Boy, her favorite, was playing, pick him up and take him with her. "I remember that night," I told Debbie. "Sonny was about three years old then. My mother brought him back home that night and we put him to bed and then my mother took hold of my arm and said, all excited: 'Kate, this afternoon I had him on my lap for a nap. I started to sing the *Auf Dem Pripichek* to him. I thought the little rascal was falling asleep while I was singing. His eyes were closed and his little forehead was all wrinkled up. And then, when I finished singing, all of a sudden, he opened those eyes of his and looked up at me and he began to sing back to me. The whole song he sang back to me! And Kate, such a voice on the boy. Like a little cantor he sang—only better!"

Debbie laughed when I told her this. Then she said: "Now, Mom. Now something very important. Eddie is always talking about a favorite dish of his you make for him when he comes home to visit you."

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"The lima beans?" I said surprised.

"The lima beans," Debbie said.

The recipe, like I explained to Debbie, is very simple.

While she was writing it down, she told me that she had asked Sonny once why I called him that—Sonny—and not Eddie. "He told me that was a story *you'd* have to tell me, Mom," Debbie said.

"Well, Debbie," I told her, "it all happened a little while after he was born. And what a birth that was! I'd gotten to the hospital at about midnight and it just so happened that there had been eleven other babies born in the hospital that day—and all of them had been girls. Well, Dr. Maser, very tired after a hard day, came up to me and said, 'I understand that you and your husband would like a boy this time around.' I said that was right. 'Well,' Dr. Maser said, 'I tell you what I'm going to do, Mrs. Fisher. If you have this baby of yours before eight o'clock this morning, and I can get home and have some breakfast, then I'll guarantee you a boy!' And so, at a quarter to eight in the morning, sure enough, I had the baby—a boy. Dr. Maser came in to tell me the news, then went home for his breakfast. And then the nurse came in with my son. She put him in my arms and while I was looking at him for that first time, the nurse looked down at him, too, and she began to sing. The song was 'Sonny Boy,' which was very popular at the time. She sang it so beautifully, she made me cry. And after she left with my baby, I found myself singing it—'Sonny Boy, Sonny Boy'—over and over again. And ever since then, Debbie, that's what I've called your Eddie. It doesn't seem as if I'm talking about him if I call him anything else."

When I'd finished telling the story, Debbie put her hands over mine and she said: "Mom, 'Sonny Boy' has suddenly become my favorite song, the most beautiful song ever written."

I think there were a couple of tears in her eyes when she said it.

THAT AFTERNOON, the five of us—Sonny, Debbie, Janet, Mrs. Reynolds and I—went out to lunch together at one of those delicious New York restaurants. And then began three of the most wonderful days I've ever spent.

I spent a lot of the time together with Mrs. Reynolds, sightseeing around New York, shopping for little things in the Fifth Avenue stores, having nice quiet lunches and cups of tea, and talking, always talking, about our two children and how happy we were for them.

We got to be good friends, Mrs. Reynolds and I. I liked her from the beginning. And I liked her especially when at one point she said to me, "Our two children, Kate. I don't care what they do after they're married, or how they do it. All I care about is that they're both as happy as they deserve to be."

I liked Mrs. Reynolds, too, when she said to me that one of the things she liked most about my Sonny was that he was so honest, so straightforward. I couldn't help telling her how right she was, how the finest thing about Sonny is that he *is* straight—that he doesn't like to tell a lie and doesn't like it when anybody tries to lie to him.

"He was the same at home when he was a little boy," I told her. "I remember how he would tell the truth about anything he'd done wrong, no matter how severe the punishment I gave him might be. And when there was punishment, did Sonny ever cry? Well, maybe once in a while he let out a tear or two.

"But, really," I told Mrs. Reynolds, thinking back, "the only time in my life I think I ever saw Sonny cry was nine years ago, when he was seventeen. It was after he'd opened at the Copacabana here in New York and played there a few weeks, after he'd decided to get an apartment and wait for the offers to start pouring in. Well, no offers ever came. And with no offers, there was no money. And after I don't know how many months of spending all day going from producer's office to producer's office and living off nothing but crackers and milk and a pastrami sandwich, when he was lucky, Sonny came back to Philadelphia.

"I'll never forget. It was about ten o'clock that morning when he came in. I remember, because I'd just begun my dusting. He walked in and said, 'Hello, Mama,' and I turned around, so surprised that he was home.

"Of course, I knew something was wrong, but I didn't say anything about it. All I said, instead, was: 'You must be hungry, Sonny Boy. You're getting so skinny-looking. You want something to eat?'

"Sonny shook his head and walked over to the couch. And as soon as he got on the couch, he buried his head in one of the pillows and he began to cry. So hard he cried that morning that I thought my heart was going to break. I walked over to where he was sitting. This time, I *did* ask him what was wrong.

" 'I'm all through as a singer, Mama,' he said. 'I've tried. I've tried so hard. But nothing's happening and I have the feeling that I'm through—all washed up.'

"I let him cry a little more. Then I turned his head towards me and I said: 'Sonny, you remember when you were a little boy? How once you said to me: *Mama, when I get big I want to be a singer. And if I can't be a singer, then I might as well become a street cleaner?*

" 'Well, Sonny,' I said to him now, 'what are you planning on doing after you finish crying? Going down to the Board of Sanitation to apply for a job?'

"Sonny couldn't help laughing a little bit when I said this. He took hold of my hand and I knew that I'd won the first round. But now, I knew even more, I had to win the whole fight.

"So I said to him something that had been in the back of my mind for a long time, something I was pretty sure he'd forgotten. I said: 'Sonny, you remember when you were at the Copacabana? How there was a man there, an agent, who said he liked you and who told you to call him any time you needed a job?'

"Sonny nodded. He tried to think of the name. For a few minutes, he tried to think. And then he remembered it. 'Milton Blackstone,' he said. He began to get all excited. 'That's right, Mama. Milton Blackstone. He's the one who said he liked me. He's the one who—'

"I tugged Sonny's arm. 'Hey,' I said to him, happy. 'Before you go through the roof, why don't you get up and phone this Mr. Blackstone and tell him you'd like a job?'

"The rest, like they say, is history. Sonny jumped up from the couch, went to the phone, called Mr. Blackstone—who, by the way, is Sonny's agent now, and who'll be best man at the wedding—and got an appointment to go up to Grossinger's, the big resort in the Catskills, for a tryout. Sonny got the job after only one song. And then, one night a few weeks later, Eddie Cantor was up there, heard Sonny sing, signed him up for a tour he was making and then, then everything started to work out all right."

The day after I had this talk with Mrs. Reynolds, the wonderful trip to New York ended and Debbie and her mother flew back to California and Janet and I came back to Philadelphia—and to my baby daughter, Eileen, of course, who had to hear all about every detail of the visit a couple of thousand times.

It was the same thing all over again a few weeks later, after I flew back from Hollywood and the engagement party Eddie Cantor and his Ida had given for Sonny Boy and Debbie—telling Eileen about the beautiful ring Debbie had got, about all the movie and television stars who were there at the party, about how Debbie had rushed up to me the minute she saw me and told me that she'd tried my recipe and how surprised Sonny had been and how much he'd enjoyed it and how they now referred to the dish as *Lima Beans à la Sonny Boy.*

"And," I told Eileen—saving this bit of news for the end, "and Debbie asked me to ask you if you'd like to be a bridesmaid at the wedding next June."

Eileen was so flustered, she couldn't talk. I took advantage of this rare occasion by adding: "Debbie told me she'd like to have you very much, that one of the big designers at her studio was going to design all the gowns, that if your answer was yes you should go phone right away and let her know."

Finally, Eileen was able to talk and move again. And as she rushed to the telephone she shouted, "Oh, Mama. Debbie's so terrific. So *terrific!*"

Well, "terrific" is a youngster's word I don't use very often. But I could certainly agree with my Eileen there.

Debbie *is* terrific—and I'd like her to know that I'm glad she is the girl my son has chosen for his wife, that deep from my heart comes a wish that she and my Sonny Boy may be blessed forever and ever. **END**

A-TISKET, A-TASKET



At the London première of The Robe *I was in the foyer of the cinema, looking for my ticket. Not having found it in my pocket, I began to look around on the crowded floor. While doing so I bumped into a tall gentleman who was also looking around on the floor.*

"I can't find my ticket," I said to him as he stooped down.

"Nor can I," he answered laughingly. Someone called out, "I have them, Vic," and as the man stood up I saw that he was Victor Mature.

As Victor Mature left the foyer, I found my ticket. I waved it at him when he turned and looked across at me and he gave me a great big smile before he went inside.

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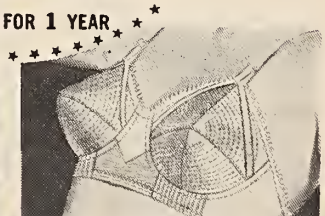
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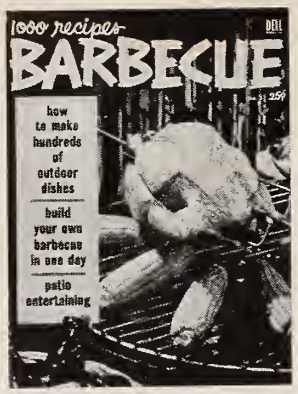
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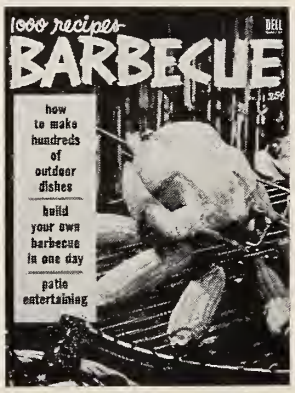


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A Dell magazine

marlon is willing

(*Continued from page 40*) enough to put up with his unconventional behavior. But he has seen little of Movita for a long time now.

IF MARLON is to be taken at his word, the only girl who counts is Josanne, the petite, dark-haired, fiery French-Corsican he met two Februaries ago in New York.

Perhaps Marlon's frequent dating these last few months (when he was in Hollywood and Josanne was in New York) may have been a prospective bridegroom's last fling. So putting that aside, what sort of husband will Marlon Brando make?

According to many marriage counselors, most actors make extremely poor husbands. They are vain, self-centered and egocentric. The record bears this out. Most of Hollywood's established leading men have been divorced at least once.

Will Marlon Brando be an exception?

Will he be kind, considerate, tractable, responsible and understanding?

Will he make a good father?

Will he permit Josie to have the acting career she reportedly wants so much?

If you ask Marlon any of these questions, he will flip his lid. He will accuse you of being "gaggingly distasteful," and he will walk away. "My private life is a very personal thing," he has always maintained, "and I have no tolerance of people who attempt to pry into it."

Many of his friends and colleagues, however, think they know the answers to these questions. In private they are saying that the chances for a successful Brando-Bergener marriage are very slim.

One actress who has played opposite Brando on the stage in New York said, "Marlon is too eccentric, too unsettled, too restless to make a good husband. Life with him will be exciting, but Josanne will have to live it on his terms. He has known freedom so long—unbridled, unconventional freedom—that no woman is going to train him. And it will be especially difficult for a young French girl who has been in this country only a few years."

An actor buddy of Marlon's feels much the same way. "Marlon," he points out, "is not what I'd call ideal husband material. Josanne is going to have her hands full, because Marlon is so attractive to women. If Josanne is at all human she's going to get jealous. The girl who marries an actor needs a sense of humor, a will of iron and the patience of a saint. I don't know whether or not Josanne has those qualities."

But a well-known motion-picture director who admires Brando's talent says, "Marlon is blessed with tremendous power of concentration. If he wants the marriage to succeed, it will. He is unusually intelligent, sensitive and adaptable. What is even more important, he has changed. He's not a kid any more, satisfying every whim he has. He's a man of accomplishment who recognizes his responsibility to society."

THAT MARLON BRANDO has changed radically in the last two years even he will admit.

"Sure," he says, "my behavior has been adolescent in the past. But I've never been a wrong guy. I went around in T-shirts and blue jeans, and because of that some of the writers labeled me a slob. But I've grown up. Things are different.

"I've rented a house. I own a tuxedo. I wear gabardine suits. I live like a normal human being. I'm doing my best to live down that slob tag.

"I've reversed my views on a lot of subjects. I used to feel that Hollywood producers weren't being artistic enough, that they were just a bunch of money-grabbing hucksters. Now I realize that they have a financial responsibility, that a picture has to make money."

In line with this, Brando has formed his own film production company, Pennypacker Productions.

"The truth is that up until a while ago I regarded acting not as my career, but as a way of making a living. I really didn't know what I wanted to do. Eventually, a man's got to channel his energy into something, and for me it's acting.

"I want to be a versatile, well-rounded actor. That's why I like the Sky Masterson role in *Guys And Dolls*. Heretofore I've always played heavy, lugubrious roles. This one gives me variety. It's light, and the light side is something I've neglected.

"Up until this picture," Brando continued, "I did most of my singing in bathtubs. I've got a voice that sounds like the mating call of a young yak. I guess it stinks. Maybe by the time the picture is finished it will be better. Part of an actor's trade is to be light and entertaining. Not serious all the time. Maybe an actor is a poet for a moment, then a roustabout. I want to be able to mix it up. I'm tired of 'screamer parts.'"

THIS IS THE Marlon Brando of 1955 talking. He is calm, polite, outgoing. He smiles when he tells you about his singing lessons. His eyes light up when you discuss his father—"my pop"—who still invests the Brando earnings in land and cattle. He's happy as he describes playing the drums with bongo expert Jack Constanza. Apparently, he is at peace with the world.

What a contrast to the sullen, moody, vitriolic Brando of, say, 1953!

Victor Borge, visiting the Country Antiques Show, said, "I like everything Early American but the mornings."

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

Who is responsible for the change, the change that may well make him a far better husband than anyone imagines?

Some say it is Josanne who has quieted him down, who has stilled the inner turmoil. Others attribute it to time and maturity, some to psychiatry. But the truth is that Marlon Brando's reformation, if such it is, should be dated from March 3, 1954, the day his mother passed away.

Those who knew Mrs. Dorothy Brando will tell you, "She was a wonderful woman, a talented amateur actress and a mother who imbued in her three children great self-reliance."

Marlon, or "Bud," as his family calls him, was her only son, and she seemed to recognize very early in his life that he was a spirited and intense child, imaginative and almost too sensitive.

Most of Marlon's youth was lived in Evanston and Libertyville, Illinois. The family occupied a remodeled farmhouse, and in Marlon's words, "I had a happy life as a kid."

The family was fairly well-to-do. Marlon's two sisters, Fran and Jocelyn, indulged him and his mother showed him great love.

He attended the Lincoln grade school in Evanston and spent four years at Libertyville High. "When I came out," Marlon says ironically, "I was still a sophomore." His father then enrolled him in Shattuck Military Academy at Faribault, Minnesota.

He was well-liked and respected by his fellow students. True, he was mischievous and later expelled, but not before the student body had written a letter of protest to the headmaster.

As a boy, Marlon Brando loved nature. He owned guns, for example, but he never could shoot any living creature. Today when he's on location, he will flop on a lawn, pull out a blade of grass, chew on it and just study the sky and landscape.

He is completely unlike the Stanley Kowalski character most people imagine him to resemble. In the words of one relative, "He has much of his mother's warmth and love and spirit."

In Marlon's Laurel Canyon home a portrait of his mother hangs over the mantel. On the opposite side of the room, in the far corner, there is an easy chair and a hassock, and to the left of these, Marlon's collection of records and a portion of his library.

Sitting in his favorite easy chair, reading or listening to records, Brando will stop from time to time and gaze at the portrait of his mother. This seems to give him a feeling of serenity.

Before she died last March in Pasadena, Mrs. Brando's whole family was at her hospital bedside. To Marlon, who was then fighting with Twentieth Century-Fox (he had turned down *The Egyptian* and the studio was suing him) she said, "Bud, I want you to promise me that you'll try and get along with people. You must love people." Marlon nodded.

Two days later, Mrs. Brando died. After the funeral Marlon returned to New York. He asked his agents to sign a peace treaty with Twentieth-Century. One of the terms of the treaty called for him to make *Désirée*.

Brando agreed. He came to Hollywood with Josanne, rented Lucille Ryman's house in Benedict Canyon, and starred in the picture. He hated doing it. Today he refers to it as "a serious retrogression and the most shaming experience of my life." But at the time of actual production, he gave the project his fullest cooperation. He never balked, never complained, never stalled.

As one publicity man recalls, "He behaved as if he were in love with the whole human race. He not only showered every attention on Josanne, who used to come on the set each day, but to Jean Simmons and Merle Oberon he was the most considerate actor I've ever seen. He was always getting them chairs, bringing them coffee. He was everything we've been told he wasn't—a thoughtful, well-bred gentleman."

Despite all the tales of his rough, crude behavior toward women, none of which happens to approximate the truth, the fact is that Marlon has always been solicitous of young women.

Take his relationship with Jessica Tandy who played the role of Blanche Du Bois opposite him in *Streetcar*. Jessica says, "He was kind, exuberant, thoughtful and very helpful. He has a delightful sense of humor which many people misinterpret."

One night, Marlon asked Jessica if he might drive her home after the show. He had just bought a new "jalopy." Jessica said, "I'd be delighted." When Marlon escorted her to the street curb, she discovered that the "jalopy" was a red motorcycle. Fortunately for her, a policeman was standing beside the motorcycle writing out a traffic ticket. Jessica caught a cab home. Marlon no longer owns a motorcycle.

When Brando was making *On The Waterfront* with Eva Marie Saint, he took her out to lunch each day, had conferences with her, saw her as much as possible. Eva is extremely happily married to Jeff Hayden, a young TV director, and the only reason Brando showed her so much attention was that he wanted to understand her personality. If he's going to play a love scene opposite an actress, he finds this sort of relationship necessary and helpful.

Karl Malden, who knows Marlon well, says, "When he gets married, I believe it will be for keeps. I've seen him date a lot of girls, and while many of them haven't had beauty, all of them have had either brains or talent. Marlon is a pretty good judge of character. He usually knows what he's doing."

As a father, Brando should be absolutely marvelous. His way with children is instinctively right. They seem to sense the love he generates for them.

The Maldens, for example, have two girls, Mila, seven, and Karla, two. When Marlon visits them, he plays ghost with Mila by wrapping himself in a white sheet and helping her to scare her parents. Karla, he just takes up in his arms and fondles.

So certain conclusions can be reached about Brando, the husband-to-be.

He will be a good provider. His salary for *Guys And Dolls* is $200,000, and the earnings from his previous pictures have been wisely invested. He is only thirty-one years old, and by the time he's forty his Pennypacker Productions should have netted him a million or two. Moreover, he has no extravagant tastes. Josanne will be able to have pretty nearly anything she wants, but she is accustomed to very little by American women's standards.

Marriage certainly will not curb Brando's love of travel. He hates restrictions or compulsions of any sort. He wants very much to go to the Far East. In fact, he wants to cover the entire globe. His intellectual curiosity is boundless. He probably will try his hand at writing.

Because he is older than Josanne, more talented, better known and more experienced he probably will be more than titular head of his household. Strong attempts to domesticate Marlon will end in divorce or separation. Marriage is not going to change his basic character, and basically he is a free soul.

The keeping-up-with-the-Joneses is repulsive to him, and Marlon will have no truck with it. Much of life's trivia leaves him cold. He is not likely to become a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

He will always keep himself in good physical shape, and he and Josanne will undoubtedly commute between New York and Hollywood and have homes in both cities. Once children arrive, however, it is questionable whether Marlon would want them brought up in the heart of Manhattan where he currently keeps an apartment. He and his family may settle down on his midwestern cattle ranch.

In marrying Marlon Brando, Josanne Mariani is facing a great challenge. Whether this girl, at twenty-one, can meet and take it in stride, only time will tell. It has been said that French women have outstanding wifely talents. Josanne will certainly need hers. Marlon is no easy one to handle. Hardly any genius is. **END**

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how to keep glamor alive

(*Continued from page 51*) in 1946 when Ben Gage came into Esther's life the problem of weight departed.

"What writers say about being in love and losing your appetite is true," says Esther. "When I fell head over heels for Ben I lost all interest in food. In fact, I could hardly swallow until after he proposed. The extra padding melted away and I've had no trouble keeping around 125 pounds ever since.

"Nine years later, I do enjoy eating," adds Esther, "but it's so nice to see his look of admiration when I put on a slinky dress that I don't mind keeping trim just to please him. And that goes for those other two boys of mine, who give an appreciative whistle for their mom now and again."

Of course, if you haven't a six-footer with wavy brown hair and the disposition of a St. Bernard in your home, there is always Esther's other figure molder. She swims a mile and a half every day, rain or shine, winter or summer.

DEBRA PAGET's yardstick for her curving figure is clothes. She has one of the largest custom-made wardrobes of all the glamour queens. She spends a small fortune on everything she wears from nightgowns to pedal-pushers. Each sweater, skirt or formal is fitted exactly to her contours. If anything is a fraction of an inch too tight, if a zipper is tough to close, Debra knows she must pare off a pound or two.

She does her reducing the lazy way. She goes to a gym and takes exercises, has massages and steam baths. She even has a steam cabinet at home. Most of the time it is a catch-all for wet bathing suits and her little sister's toys, but whenever Debra is determined to fit into a size eight sheath dress she goes on a slimming rampage. She takes steam baths at home, visits the gym regularly, and swims in her heated pool regardless of how chilly the weather may be. She soon fits the dress to a T.

A LITTLE OVER a year ago Mitzi Gaynor had a frightful time with her weight. It was the sort of thing that happens to a lot of girls. Her appendix was removed and practically overnight she developed a ravenous apptite. She was hungry six times a day and ate twice too many meals. Food combined with the post-operative inactivity filled her out like a boxer out of training.

"I've seen this happen to other people when they undergo a major operation," says Mitizi, the voice of experience. "It happens to girls who go away to school for the first time. It happens to some girls with their first babies.

"The doctor explained it to me this way," says Mitizi. "Your routine slows down and your meals become regular and all of a sudden you're gaining weight like crazy."

Mitzi's weight problem was complicated by the fact that she has dancer's muscles. All of the added avoirdupois turned to hard, knotty muscle tissue—not soft fat. When Mitzi reported back to the studio wardrobe before her next picture (several weeks before the start of every movie, wardrobe stills or shots are taken of the principal stars) she was shocked by the way she looked in front of the camera.

"Yipes!" gasped the irrepressible Mitzi. "I'm actually fat!"

Before the studio bosses had time to yell about her generous curves, Mitzi was off to see her family doctor about a diet. He gave her a complete check-up and then prescribed a low-calorie diet. He gave her a handy printed card showing caloric values. He told her to eat well but to stay within the limits of 1000 calories per day. He explained the importance of eating mineral and vitamin-rich foods and urged her to fill up on bulky foods that are low in calories but filling to the stomach so that she wouldn't feel hungry all the time.

"It wasn't easy," recalls Mitzi wryly. "At the time I called it the Big Starve, although actually I never felt hungry. It's just that the job of losing twenty pounds of firm muscle is no picnic. But I had help."

Mitzi was referring to her fiancé-turned-husband, Jack Bean, who went on the diet with her. They made a game of counting calories. They ate dinner at the same restaurant every night, where their favorite waiter, Peter Chassis, was in on the diet program. He helped to bolster Mitzi's will power whenever it slipped.

According to Mitzi, a strict, prolonged diet takes a lot of determination. Even when you're getting marvelous results it's an awful temptation to stop short of your goal. But once you hit your best weight, it's easy to maintain it by such healthful practices as eating a steamed vegetable dinner one night a week, drinking sugar-free beverages and, in general, keeping active.

For Mitzi Gaynor, activity is now a furious round of dance routines with Donald O'Connor for their Paramount picture, *Anything Goes.*

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, as every movie fan knows, was endowed at birth with beauty, talent, money, loving parents and good fortune. But even a fairy tale beginning can have its drawbacks. For one thing, Liz never learned to work at anything. She didn't have to cultivate her good looks. She acted in pictures because it was fun, not because she wanted a career. And for the first twenty years of her life she never gave her figure a thought. She didn't know the meaning of the word reduce.

Then she had her first baby, Michael Wilding, Jr. After the birth of her son she was on lay-off from MGM for six months. Liz is admittedly lazy. She likes to sleep late, eat a leisurely breakfast and loll around her house. Such a regime would put weight on an angel and it rounded out Elizabeth Taylor.

In the middle of her comfortable, carefree holiday from movie-making Liz was unexpectedly called in by Paramount to replace Vivien Leigh, who'd had a nervous collapse while making *Elephant Walk* in Ceylon. The only prerequisite for Liz to get the part was that she must slim down to Vivien Leigh's size so that she would fit the partly completed wardrobe. This meant a quick dropping of fifteen pounds. Everybody—her agent, the director, her husband—was dubious. But not Liz.

"I'll lose weight as soon as I go back to work," she predicted. "Just you wait and see."

She was right. For Liz Taylor, at least, the best figure restorer is hard work.

"When you have to get up early, eat a quick breakfast and drive to the studio before seven A.M.," explains Liz, "you haven't time to be fat. At the studio it's hurry to make-up, run to wardrobe and onto the sound stage. Lunch is short. Hurry back for the afternoon shooting. At six I rush home to see the children before they're put to bed. In the evening I'm too tired to want much dinner so I eat lightly and fall asleep early. This schedule is repeated each day and the pounds just disappear."

Liz learned her lesson with Mike, Jr., and with this last baby she gained only nine pounds. Right after his birth by Caesarean section she started negotiating for a role in Warner Brothers' *Giant.* Six weeks after the arrival of her baby, she reported to the studio looking like a dream walking. There's no question. Work and babies agree with lovely Liz.

JEANNE CRAIN is another star who hasn't let motherhood change her figure. It's a matter of pride with Jeannie to have a baby and then slip into one of her most form-fitting gowns within a couple of months. This accomplishment, which she has managed four times already, never fails to amaze her husband or arouse the envy of her women friends.

The secret of Jeanne's streamlined form is quiet determination. She never moans or groans over having to watch her weight. She never calls attention to herself by announcing that she ought to lose five pounds, as so many girls talk—but never act. When she wants to reduce a little she silently and systematically eats only high protein meals. If she thinks that she and Paul, her husband, are going to too many parties and eating too much rich food, she simply drops into Terry Hunt's reducing salon and takes massage and exercises to offset the delicious meals.

Jeanne Crain keeps the matter of weight

HERE ARE THE MEASUREMENTS OF THE NINE STARS WHO TELL HOW TO KEEP GLAMOR ALIVE!

ESTHER WILLIAMS

height	5'7"
weight	123
bust	36"
waist	26"
hips	36"

DEBRA PAGET

height	5'2"
weight	100
bust	34½"
waist	21"
hips	35"

MITZI GAYNOR

height	5'6"
weight	115
bust	36"
waist	21½"
hips	36"

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

height	5'4½"
weight	108
bust	36½"
waist	21"
hips	36"

JEANNE CRAIN

height	5'5"
weight	105
bust	36"
waist	23"
hips	35"

ANNE FRANCIS

height	5'7½"
weight	120
bust	36½"
waist	24½"
hips	36"

TERRY MOORE

height	5'2"
weight	100
bust	35½"
waist	23"
hips	36"

ANITA EKBERG

height	5'7"
weight	132
bust	39"
waist	22"
hips	37"

ELAINE STEWART

height	5'6"
weight	118
bust	35"
waist	24"
hips	35½"

You can have measurements like these with the proper care and exercise.

under control by balancing parties with exercises and babies with a sensible diet. Obviously it's a successful plan.

ANNE FRANCIS is one of the lucky ones. She doesn't like fattening foods. Desserts don't appeal to her. Fried foods and rich sauces make her sick and she rarely drinks anything stronger than milk. Her eye-catching figure is simply a result of no temptation.

In addition, Anne has always had the advantage of being a very busy actress. She was three years old when she started modeling in New York. As a mere youngster she had her own TV program. Right down to today when she's making *The Scarlet Coat* at Metro, Anne Francis has been too active to put on even one excess pound or inch.

PAEANS HAVE been printed to Terry Moore's delicate figure—with photographs to illustrate. Nobody but Terry would dare suggest that something could be done to improve it. But Terry is a perfectionist who takes all kinds of lessons to improve her talents as an actress. Normally she keeps at an optimum weight of 100 pounds, not by dieting but by living at her own furious pace. But about every six months Terry decides she'd look better if she lost five or ten pounds. Her mother protests these periodic spells of self-improvement but Mother's words fall on deaf ears.

"I feel better when I'm thin," says Terry, in line with what the medical profession preaches. "And I love it when my clothes feel a little bit loose."

Terry's recommendation for losing those few crucial pounds is to first consult your doctor or school nurse. They will check your heart, lungs and blood to determine your general health and they will tell you how many pounds it's safe for you to lose. After the examination a doctor can usually tell you what caloric count you can safely consume and still shed weight.

Once you get your own calorie budget, you just keep a running total of how much you eat in any given meal and make sure to use up all your necessary calories. Terry wholeheartedly endorses the Metropolitan Life Insurance booklet, *Overweight And Underweight*, as a marvelous guide to losing a small amount sensibly. You can get this pamphlet by writing to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

"Then," adds Terry, "it always helps to have the cooperation of your family because so much of dieting depends on how foods are cooked. For instance, fried or scrambled eggs have twice as many calories as boiled ones. Broiled fish and meats are less fattening than the same food fried. Lemon juice and herb seasoning is less fattening than salt.

"When I go on my semi-annual fast," says Terry with a smile, "the rest of the family diets, too. After a couple of weeks we all feel better for being a few pounds lighter."

ANITA EKBERG, the former Miss Sweden, who is currently working in *Artists And Models* with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, is the cause of the extra dining crowds of studio visitors to this Paramount set. She has a figure that moves even blasé actors and hardened studio crewmen to open admiration.

"There must be something about that cold climate that produces sensational women," commented one cameraman the other day.

"Actually," says Anita in her charming accent, "I don't do anything special to keep my figure. I swim. I cook Swedish foods and I walk."

At home in Sweden, Anita loved to hike

Says the girl without "deodorant doubt"



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in the rain or walk through the woods. She is one of nine children and all her brothers and sisters are tall, Viking types who love the out-of-doors. In Westwood Village where she now lives in a small garden apartment, Anita has difficulty finding good paths for hiking. She walks over the UCLA campus and some of the hilly roads in neighboring Bel Air but there is too much traffic, she complains. For a while she owned a dog so that she would have an excuse for walking, but she gave him away because city living seemed to be too hard on him, too. Now she strikes out alone, much to the surprise of her neighbors (hardly anyone walks in Hollywood) and much to the delight of the men she meets en route.

ELAINE STEWART first came into public prominence when she appeared on a flight of stairs in the MGM picture, *The Bad And The Beautiful.* She has been walking for beauty's sake ever since. She says that the only thing she does to maintain her best measurements is exercise and her only forms of exercise are walking and dancing.

Elaine loves to walk and window-shop at night along Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills. "I walk too easily and so far that I sometimes exhaust my dates," jokes Elaine.

Rather than wear out her escorts, Elaine has taken to dancing lately. "I never was much good at sports in school," she says, "and once I started modeling in New York I didn't have time to take up tennis or golf or any of the other social sports. If you can't play well, games aren't fun or much exercise, so when I hit upon the dance idea I took to it like a colt to pasture.

"Dancing—all kinds of dancing from ballet to ballroom—is wonderful for your body. It makes you graceful but not muscular. It keeps you slimmed down and at the same time you're having so much fun."

And that's Elaine Stewart's tip to those who want to have a good figure. What could be more pleasant?

Whereas each of the beauties has found the system that suits her best, they are all figure-perfect because they work at being beautiful, so can you.

END



A bullet sang through her sleeve

ON THAT DARK DAY at Antietam, when Blue and Gray fought to a bloody standstill, a bullet sang through her sleeve and killed the wounded soldier she was caring for.

And later, at Fredericksburg, where the dying lay frozen to the ground, a shell fragment tore her clothing but could not frighten her from working while the battle still raged on.

It is not surprising that after the war, this slender determined woman founded the American Red Cross almost single-handed. For Clara Barton had become an artist at meeting grim disaster.

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by debbie's mom

(*Continued from page 44*) Palladium engagement, I made a suggestion. "Why don't you get married now? Then you wouldn't need me tagging along as chaperone."

Fran knew I was more than half kidding. I guess Eddie did too, but he played it straight. "What, and spoil that June wedding? Uh-uh. You're hooked!"

It was a pleasant hook and I didn't struggle. Their only real problem was the date. We thought it was all set when something came up in Eddie's contract about doing a certain number of live shows, so it looked as though they couldn't get away when they planned. Both absolutely refused to mix work and honeymoon, both insisted on waiting till they'd be free to take a boat and travel through Europe together. At the same time, they wanted the wedding in June—always provided June would be long enough. At one point I offered Eddie another of my bright ideas. "Why don't you make it a year from June?" And I thought I was about to get pitched into the pool. Because of all the necessary preparations, I must say the uncertainty bothered me a bit. But not those two. Not so you could notice it, anyway. "It'll work out," they kept saying, and of course it did. Faith will move mountains.

WHEN DAUGHTERS MARRY, mothers tend to look back. I'm no exception. I see the toddler, the schoolchild, the tomboy teen-ager. I see a peppy little girl who had moods like the rest of us, and a temper she learned to control. In the early days, you had no trouble telling when Franny was mad, because she'd explode. Nowadays you have no trouble because she goes quiet. Whenever she goes quiet, I know something's wrong, major or minor. As a minor instance, she dislikes anyone's being late. She thinks it's rude. But to make her deep-down angry, just let her feel that either she or someone she likes is being used. Imposition is a form of injustice, and she can't stand it.

Our method of rearing children was never rigid; we sort of made up the rules as we went along. But one thing my husband and I decided from the start. When they asked a question, no matter how young or old they were, they'd get an answer—and an honest one. We believed in preparing them for the world they'd live in. We felt that, with self-reliance, they could manage the rest. As early as possible, we encouraged them to make their own decisions. If they made the wrong one, they suffered. If we suffered too, that was our own headache and we kept it to ourselves. The important thing was, they learned through experience. Not that we shoved them out. Not that we didn't give them advice. But we asked for advice too. We never held with the notion that, because you're a parent, you're suddenly all-wise. On the contrary. As an adult, you're likely to lose sight of your own youth and take a one-sided view. My big interest outside the home lay in scouting—and still does. When you work with a crosscut of temperaments, you soon find that younger people can correct your perspective. When a problem had me buffaloed, I'd consult Franny quicker than anyone else except my husband. She's a smart little gal with a level head on her shoulders, and she's helped me with many a problem.

SHE WAS ALSO the ringtail leader of orneriness. Any prank afoot, I knew where to put the blame for starting it—on Franny and her friends, Jeanette and Diane. I figured this was the natural growing-up process, and so long as nothing happened to hurt anyone, it never bothered me. I remember just one incident involving Franny that I didn't like a little bit. At school the history teacher they loved was dismissed, which got the kids all steamed up. Since they couldn't take any constructive steps, they put their heads together and hatched a little plot—the main point being to vent their wrath on the new teacher and make her life miserable. Ten of my Girl Scouts were in the class, and tensions finally reached such a head that the principal called me in, explained the situation and asked if I could help. That was once when I spoke my mind without let or hindrance and really sobered the youngsters down. Fran went to the teacher of her own accord and apologized. I didn't make a big deal of it then and I don't now. I'm just glad she went.

Both our children loved sports, and that was the beginning and the end of what they agreed on. When Bill played baseball, the coach had a special pass made up for Franny, and not out of favoritism. He simply wanted her there, rooting for the team, because noise they could always use, and my daughter made noise enough.

But she confined her enthusiasm for boys to the athletic field. Bill, who was two years older, thought she was completely

square and she thought he was completely nuts to run around with girls when he could have been improving his game. This divergence made life interesting. Through Bill's marriage, we gained a lovely new daughter and grandchild. As for Franny, there was always a gang around and, without giving it much thought, we hoped in her own good time she'd find someone. Some parents plan on these things. Our attitude was, let nature take its course.

I think her indifference to boys stemmed from dislike of what she called mush-and-slush. As a family, we're close but not the least bit demonstrative. The warmth is there and we know it and we feel no need to make a show of it. We express ourselves more through banter than endearment. My husband, for instance, is a railroad man. There's a word railroad men use among themselves—I don't even know what it means. All I know is, if my husband really likes some man, he'll call him Hoss, and from him it's a term of complete affection. He has other funny little names. He'll look at Franny and say, "You're a big palooka." That's the same as saying "I love you," which he couldn't say. Just as he couldn't tell her that he's proud of her. One day a friend of his let the cat out of the bag that his whole locker is plastered with pictures of her, and I couldn't help teasing him. "How did you find that out?" he growled, looking like a man who has been caught with his hand in the till.

Our boy is the same way. Not long ago, after working like a son-of-a-gun, he passed a very stiff course in electronics. Franny brought him home a watch as a graduation present. For once—I suppose every rule has its exception—she came right out with the way she felt. "Gee, I'm so proud of you, Bill." He went all red and squirmy, muttered something like, "I still don't know what I'm doing," and tried to pretend the whole thing hadn't happened. Brought up in this kind of atmosphere, you can understand why Franny didn't care much about casual hand-holding. In fact, I shouldn't wonder if that's what first drew her to Eddie, who is very shy and reserved. He doesn't gush, either.

ALL THROUGH SCHOOL she had no intention of being anything but a gym teacher. She couldn't think of a more ideal profession than one that combined earning power with sports. Then came the Queen of Burbank contest, with its prize of a six-month contract at Warners. Like lots of the other kids, she entered strictly for the sake of a blouse offered to every comer, win, lose or draw. She had picked up this pantomime stuff on her own. It amused the gang and she thought it might get her by. And here's where Mother stepped in, unaware of consequences. Because when the night came, she didn't want to go. I made her. I figured she'd enjoy the fun and, what you start, it's your job to follow through. Sometimes, when things get real frantic, I wish I'd kept my mouth shut. But those moments pass.

Well, the impossible happened. They picked her winner, and for the first time in her life I beheld my daughter with nothing to say. She was shocked speechless and stayed that way for the rest of the evening. Needless to add, it finally wore off. How did we feel? Tickled, of course, as any parents would be, which didn't prevent us from thinking secretly that the judges had lost their minds. But under all that ran a deep disturbance about the contract. You must remember that to us Hollywood represented an unknown world, strange and rather frightening. My family were Free Methodists. As children we weren't allowed to attend shows and the habit persisted, though we never forbade our own kids to go. Still, that was a little different from bearding the lion in his den, as it were. We were simple folk and all we knew about studios was what we read in the papers, which can sound pretty awful.

On the other hand, we trusted Franny's judgment. The studio offered her opportunities we'd never be able to afford—like singing and dancing lessons. We had no right, just arbitrarily, to put our parental feet down. Instead, we all three talked it over and left it up to her as to whether she'd like to try it or not. Her reaction was highly practical. "What can I lose? It'll be a change from working at the five-and-dime this summer."

I've got to admit that, in spite of our surface calmness, Dad and I still had a few tremors. Without telling Fran, we decided to march ourselves over to Warner Brothers and take a look at these so-called horrible people. They couldn't have been nicer. And right now I'd like to state for the record that in all these years I've yet to meet my first heel. It's true you run across some you admire less than others, but that applies in every walk of life, and in every walk of life it averages out. Completely reassured, we signed what we thought was a six-months contract, which was fine with Franny for the summer. By the time September rolled round, she'd had it. What started as a lark wound up as a nuisance. She wanted to go back to school. That's when I threw in all my ignorance, demanded out and learned the truth about options. They picked hers up and she had no choice but to stick. It made her pretty miserable for a while.

MGM snapped her out of it. Instead of letting her idle, they put her to work and convinced her she might have something to offer in the entertainment field. Their faith sparked her own and she tackled the job with a will. I'm not going to rehash the ins and outs of her career. Suffice it to say, she adjusted to the new life without giving up the old. Hollywood is supposed to change people. It changed Franny's name to Debbie, it changed her line of work, it changed her income bracket. I can't see that it has changed the girl or her values.

TAKE THE SINGLE question of where she lives. I suppose a hundred interviewers popped that question and she never failed to be taken aback by it. At first she was inclined to get mad, until she realized that no offense was intended. Even her dad and I talked to her seriously about renting an apartment—especially after she hit that eighteen-year mark. Our place is small. Any resemblance between it and glamour doesn't exist. Besides, the valley is a long way from MGM. But we never discussed it more than the once, seeing how strongly she felt on the subject. Glamour could go jump in the lake. She'd rather travel twice the distance than live by herself. This was her home and she wasn't about to leave it till she left it to marry. Her decision rather pleased us than otherwise, but if she'd decided differently, nobody's feelings would have been hurt. She coaxed her dad into letting her put in a pool and enlarge her wardrobe space. Apart from that, it's the same house we moved into.

Boys were just a necessary evil until Edwin Jack came along. I think she was a little more taken with R. J. Wagner than any of the rest of them, but that was more like a crush on the high school football captain. So far as really caring about fellows, no. When she had a preem, it was always the same story, with a kind of moan. "I've got to ask a guy; who'm I going to ask?" Once she roped her brother into taking her, but never a second time. Two or three times she asked her dad, who went as a favor to her. Once they double-dated with Lori Nelson and *her* father, which made it a little easier on both men.

It was Mr. Pasternak who introduced

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Eddie to Fran. Actually they'd met four years ago for a fast minute or two. She was doing the Capitol Theatre in Washington with Carleton Carpenter and went to the Walter Reed Hospital to entertain the soldiers. Eddie Fisher was there and I shouldn't wonder if he made more of an impression on me than on my daughter—he looked about sixteen, skinny as a reed, and I remember wondering what that little old boy was doing in uniform.

But their real introduction came through Mr. Pasternak on the studio set. Next thing I knew, Eddie was calling from New York, wanting a date with Fran for June 17. He never said a word about its being his opening night at the Cocoanut Grove and she had no idea till she glanced at *Variety* one morning and her eyes popped. "Mom, look!" By now it was dawning on Fran that she'd have to have a new dress and the whole works. Which presented no problem, since I make most of her clothes. I whipped up a red lace outfit for the occasion and off she went.

AFTER THE GROVE engagement, Eddie was through for the season and spent most of his two-months vacation around here. I remember the first party Fran invited him to. It was a big party—some movie people, some not. She never has kept her friends in separate compartments. Her Hollywood pals fit right in with the rest and, all together, they make up what's known as the gang. That night everyone knew everyone else except Edwin Jack. He was sort of the newcomer—which, if he'd been a different kind of fellow, might have led to awkwardness. But the informality seemed to be right down his alley. He simply joined in as one of the bunch; they accepted him without any fuss or to-do, and that was that.

From then on, their dates couldn't have been more average. They'd play records, dance, swim, fix hamburgers, go to parties—whatever the gang was doing. Sitting around, they'd take a notion to see a show. Bill and his wife went along, and I'd baby-sit. Once a crowd of them drove up to Arrowhead for the water-skiing. When they got in that evening, Eddie was all of a glow.

"What are you looking so pleased about?" I asked him.

"I didn't fall down," he grinned.

He's just beginning to discover his athletic skill, and it never ceases to amaze him. As a kid, the only thing he played was sandlot baseball. Now, with all his work and about 40,000 benefits, he still doesn't have time for too much of the fun. Last summer, for instance, was his first try at golf and he's already shooting a good game. Franny says he has natural rhythm and coordination. "He won't give Gene Kelly any competition," she admits, "but with practice he'll make a wonderful dancer."

During those months Eddie seemed to feel at home here. He fell in with our way of living as if he belonged. Once he told me he loved this neighborhood because nobody paid any attention to him. It's the kind of neighborhood you'd find in any small town. We've seen joy and trouble together, we've watched each other's children grow up, we're friends for life. I'll tell you who did get excited and that was the kids, but not for the reasons you'd imagine. You know how kids are about cars nowadays. Well, Eddie would pull up in the Thunderbird yelling, "Who wants a ride?" and they'd all tumble in. That's why he rated with them. Not because he's big on TV or records, not even because of the Thunderbird. But he was like a kid himself, getting a boot out of the thrill he gave them, and the youngsters could feel that.

To my husband, he's been Hoss for a long time. I think it may have started with chess. That's my husband's game, and he'd rather play it than eat. There aren't too many chess fans around, so when one of the neighborhood boys got interested, Dad taught him and they'd go at it almost every night. Sometimes Eddie would watch. "Ever play?" asked Dad.

"I used to—in a vague kind of way."

As a rule, Eddie doesn't care much for games on account of you have to sit in one spot too long, so I was surprised to walk in one evening and find them both bent over the board, Eddie just as absorbed as Dad. They played quite a bit after that. I may say there's nothing vague about my husband's game, yet the time came when Eddie finally beat him, which thrilled Ray pea-green. Later, I accused him of letting Eddie win. He's the quietest spoken of men but that brought out a roar. "Don't you believe it! I wouldn't let anyone beat me playing a chess game, not the President himself. That Hoss won fair and square."

I DON'T KNOW JUST when Franny fell in love and wouldn't say if I did. One thing I don't believe in is prying into the children's business. If they want to tell, they tell. If not, I don't ask. I have secrets and keep them. I think they're entitled to theirs. We talked about it, yes, but she never said, "Mom, this is it." She didn't have to. When she started talking negative, that's when I realized how serious it was. People naturally remarked about their going together—especially in this industry where you can't date the same boy twice before bingo, it's romance! Up to then she'd gone blithely along letting rumors just slide off her back. All of a sudden she began to take the trouble to deny them. "Don't be ridiculous!" she'd say. Or, "I wish they'd quit trying to marry me off. I'm happy the way I am." As if she were trying to argue herself into something. Which didn't sound like Franny and kind of opened my eyes.

I think everyone else knew she was in love before she knew it herself. There was a certain look about her that just hadn't been there before. I noticed it, of course, but I didn't realize that lots of others were noticing it, too, until a friend of ours over at the studio mentioned it. "Is it that obvious?" I asked.

"Short of hanging a sign around her neck," he laughed, "it couldn't be more so."

While nothing had been settled between them at the time, the fact that she wanted to go back east last winter seemed pretty conclusive. I have this much to say for the kids. They've tried their level best to do things the way they'd be doing them if they were Mary Frances and Edwin Jack, and nobody had ever heard of them. When a boy and girl get really interested, their natural thought is to introduce the families. We'd had every chance to make Eddie's acquaintance and we'd met his father here. Eddie expected to be able to bring his mother out, but couldn't. So the main objective was to meet her, which made the trip well worth while, for she's one of the loveliest women it's my pleasure to know. As for all the hullaballoo, that wasn't the children's idea. Being public figures, I guess it just couldn't be helped. The limelight has its disadvantages. For instance, their first date was on June 17. On the Fourth of July one of the columns had them married in Las Vegas, which gives you a rough idea of what it's been like, more or less, ever since. In view of all that, I think they've conducted themselves beautifully. I'd have lost my temper. I've *done* it—behind closed doors.

But don't get me wrong. I appreciate everything that has come to Franny through her career, and that certainly includes the warmhearted interest of the fans. Still, I think you'll agree with me that when a girl marries, there are some details she'd like to keep to herself. I've heard her explain her attitude more than once. "We have to do what seems right to us. We realize it's a terrific honor to be given so much attention and we feel very flattered. But in plain, common courtesy, there are certain things you don't do before a wedding, like having pictures taken in your wedding dress, and that's the place where I'm going to draw the line. I can see both sides. I'll just have to try to find that little path down the middle that's fair to both, and hope everyone will understand."

ONE THING THEY'RE sure of. They'll live in California. Eddie loves the sun and the wide-open country. Last time he walked in, he said, "Oh boy, am I glad to be here!" Of course they will have to spend lots of time in New York because of his record business. And Franny'll have to work out her pictures to be with him. But these are really minor problems.

To wind up, I'd like to answer three questions that people ask most. The first two go together. What was your biggest pre-wedding thrill and your biggest headache? The headache's easy—where to put all the beautiful wedding gifts. But we managed, we managed.

The thrill is a little harder, since there've been so many. But I guess what topped them all was getting a few stitches in on the wedding dress Helen Rose designed. I told them I didn't care what they let me do, as long as I had a pinky in the pie, and they indulged me.

The third question concerns Eddie and the nice things he's done for me. He has done lots of nice things. He does them the way Franny does them—for no occasion, just for the fun of it—then sits back and grins when you're surprised, or more likely, scrams. But it's not the material gifts that count, it's what the person is. The nicest thing he has ever done for me is he's a nice guy.

The rest of the story belongs to them. Our Franny's grown up. The toddler, the schoolchild, the teen-ager—they're all gone now to make way for the bride. We always hoped that in her own good time she'd find her man. She has found him and we're happy. **END**

I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF HARRY



A couple of years ago I visited MGM Studios. I was startled to hear a voice asking, "Aren't you the girl I used to dance with years ago at the Casino Gardens Ballroom?" Turning, I exclaimed, "Harry! How are you and what are you doing here?" He replied modestly that he worked in a picture now and then.

Later I bought a movie magazine, thinking perhaps I'd find something about Harry in it. Imagine my amazement when I discovered that my friend Harry was Howard Keel! And I had asked him what he was doing in a motion picture studio!

Mrs. Lois Nylander
Venice, California

why, susan, why?

(*Continued from page 27*) he would, the girl she had been before Hollywood brought her success and heartbreak. He must have been someone to lean on when things got rough. He must have been many things to Susan. A short time ago Jeff and his wife called off the divorce. No doubt Susan rejoiced for him, glad to see him reunited with Marge and his beloved daughters. But without Jeff there was loneliness again, terrible and empty—most awful because it was familiar.

She was one of the highest paid and most respected stars in Hollywood. When she refused to leave her sons to go to Hong Kong for *Soldier Of Fortune* (she had another legal battle with Jess over taking the boys) the studio arranged for her scenes to be shot in Hollywood. When she wanted *I'll Cry Tomorrow* desperately enough to fight for it, the studio bought it for her. But it was Susan who paid the real price. She had to start rehearsals for it while finishing the shooting of *Soldier*. She hurried from set to set, from role to role, with seeming calm, with great determination—but, finally, with utter exhaustion. So tired was she that the shooting of *I'll Cry* had to be postponed a month —Miss Hayward needed more rehearsal. As worn emotionally as she was physically, Susan had to feel that keenly. And then came the final blow.

The director and the writer of *I'll Cry Tomorrow* decided that they didn't want her at all. She was wrong for it, they said, wrong for the role of Lillian Roth, the girl who had been brought to the point of suicide—survived, and rebuilt a wrecked life. They wanted someone else to play the part.

Of course, the role was not actually taken away from Susan. Instead, both director and writer were replaced. But Susan had been struggling to do her best in two vastly demanding parts, trying to maintain a reasonable outlook on a life gone awry. To say that she was hurt would be the understatement of the year. Her whole world seemed to be crumbling away.

And she was too tired, finally, to try to hold it together.

It was her mother, Edith Marriner, who called the police. Susan had phoned, hysterical, to say that she would be "taken care of" and her mother grew alarmed. Her mother has always been there for Susan when she needed her. Susan has loyal and close friends in Hollywood; they will be there to help her also. And she will need them. But most of all she will need strength within herself to do what Lillian Roth did—to survive tragedy and learn to live again. **END**

letter to debbie and eddie

(*Continued from page 43*) of the whoop-de-do isn't self-created. We're thinking now of your invitation lists, so endless that it looked at one point as if the Hollywood Bowl couldn't hold all your guests. Certainly we sympathize with Debbie's normal desire for a traditional ceremony. But why on the grand scale? It doesn't sound like either of you—Eddie with his diffidence, Debbie whose values remained so untarnished that she preferred the warmth of her parents' modest home to the trappings of glamour. Were you afraid of offending people? Your friends would have understood, and the rest don't matter. The day, with its grace and loveliness, belongs to you, and to your nearest and dearest. We have a feeling that the

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DEBBIE AND EDDIE IN LONDON

■ Chaos and confusion marked the beginning of Debbie and Eddie's trip to London for his two weeks' engagement at the Palladium Theatre. The date of arrival had been changed a dozen times and until the last minute no one was quite sure whether or not Debbie and her mother would come with him.

These two handsome youngsters, whose romance has thrilled the English young people as much as their American cousins, landed in London on the last Sunday in March. They were greeted by the cheers and sighs (with the English accent they both love so much) of thousands of Reynolds-Fisher fans. The London newspapers were on strike during all their two weeks' stay, but the reporters turned out for their first press conference at the Savoy Hotel.

Only Coca-Cola was served. Debbie and Eddie were charming, eyes twinkling as they smiled at everyone and at each other. Debbie looked fifteen in her simple brown-jacketed dress and Eddie looked like a well-dressed schoolboy. They talked frankly and happily about their romance. And they made a big hit.

Eddie had been having a bit of bad luck with his records. Although they are steady sellers in England, they never have achieved anything like their success in America.

With Eddie's engagement to Debbie, the jinx seemed to have been broken. He had a hit to welcome him to England. His "Wedding Bells" had become the top-selling record in England.

Debbie had a part in Eddie's run at the Palladium. It was a minor part, perhaps, for an MGM star, but it was the sensation of Eddie's act. Debbie's was the mystery voice in "A Man Chases A Girl" and after her phrase-echoing she made a brief appearance on-stage with Eddie. The audiences loved it when Debbie, pert and pretty, stepped from the wings for a bow and a kiss from Eddie.

Eddie played to a full house at every performance. The absence of press notices had no effect on the box-office receipts.

Debbie was constantly at Eddie's side. She spent long, dull hours in his dressing room between shows, waiting patiently while he rested or looked over new songs, talked to agents, song pluggers and the assorted cogs of the music business.

Eddie had been in London before, but Debbie was a joyous tourist. Together they "did" the sights, scorning taxis to sit on the top decks of the red busses. They visited the Tower of London, Parliament, Westminster Abbey. For a few minutes they sat on the old bench opposite the Abbey where for centuries the lovers of London have exchanged silent vows.

They hired a car and went off to look at the countryside. They saw Eton, Windsor Castle and, much to Debbie's delight, they were able to see many English provincial houses. It's her favorite style and she hopes to have an English-looking home of her own someday.

Debbie doesn't have much in her hope chest. As she says, "I haven't had a chance to have any showers yet." She has a set of silver, some porcelain she bought in Japan, a bit of linen. Because Debbie wears such a small size and always has to have her clothes altered, she even by-passed an invitation from the Queen's dressmaker to see her collection. She bought only a cashmere sweater and scarf for Eddie ("It gets cold in the theatre."), a scarf for Eddie's pianist, Harry Akst, and small gifts for friends back home.

Eddie's schedule left little time for shopping, but he bought Debbie's birthday presents in London. He gave her an exquisite evening bag and white airplane luggage.

Her birthday, April 1, the first Eddie has shared, gave him a chance for one of those surprises he loves to spring on her. This was a small party, complete with birthday cakes at London's Embassy Club.

They had most of their meals in Eddie's dressing room, sandwiches and hot tea, with doors opening and closing, people shouting, phones ringing, and strangers strolling in and out.

Mrs. Reynolds, always urged by Eddie to accompany them on their nocturnal excursions, usually went home and to an early bed. It's no secret that Eddie and his future mother-in-law adore each other. Mrs. Reynolds never let her presence become annoying or obtrusive. She was there, and it was proper that she should be. But as Debbie said, "My mother understands us because she's so young herself."

At one point Mrs. Reynolds finally became exasperated by the hectic pace and by the presence of so many people. She took Debbie and Eddie aside and said, "Now go off, both of you, alone! Go to a movie, or anywhere you can hold hands in private."

They did. They went to see *A Man Called Peter*; they sat in the balcony and held hands. It was one of the few moments they had to themselves.

When Eddie's work was finished, they went to Paris for a day, to Portugal for three, back to London to meet the Queen and then to New York. Neither Debbie nor her mother had been in Europe before, so they had an extra thrill. Although Eddie worked most of the time, Debbie's real reason for going to England was to be with her fiancé. So the trip was a great success, any way she looked at it.

industry is taking over, we think that's a pity, we hope it doesn't foreshadow what's to come. Only don't get sore at the papers for splurging on it. The bigger the wedding, the bigger the headlines. And we're not sure that headlines are the best send offs for newlyweds.

Debbie, we know you pack more good sense to the pound than many an oldster. You have needed it all to come to terms with Eddie's world of music-making. You've learned it's a frantic world, alive with frantic characters, and that some of its ways are devious beyond the knowledge of a girl so honest and direct. By comparison, Hollywood is a quiet little hick town. Well, you have been saying, if Eddie can get along with it, so can I. But you have watched it operate with growing dismay. You have seen him pulled and pushed and torn between professional loyalties and his private life. What to do?

The answer, of course, is one for you and Eddie to find. We can only tell you, how many friends, anonymous millions there are—all hoping that you will find an answer that brings you back together, to the love that is so much more important than all the picayune obstacles that have been in your path. There has to be a way.

At the moment, things look terribly grim. Debbie, you may even have thought of giving up your own career to make your marriage work. At first you brushed off the problems of twin careers like so much meringue. You'd live in California, arrange your picture schedule so that you could always accompany Eddie to New York for his recording dates. Eddie in turn would transfer his base of operations to Hollywood and broadcast from there. If it wasn't an entirely practical scheme, at least it had the virtue of optimism. But the picture has changed and it seems that double careers may require double homes—Debbie in Hollywood and Eddie on the road, broadcasting from city to whistle stop. There's little optimistic about that. It seems like the crushing blow.

But that roadblock reading DANGER—MAN AND WOMAN WORKING—they've found routes around it before. Look back, if you will, to Ben Lyon and Beebe Daniels whose romance in the 20's paralleled your own. They haven't stopped working all these years, and their marriage is still one of the brightest in all of show business. Don't let this one spectre destroy your chance for happiness together.

Unlike many others, we're profoundly unconcerned by the fact that you're of different creeds. For us, that question dissolved once and for all when Debbie raised clear eyes to Hedda Hopper and said: "So what's the problem? We both believe in God." Our spirit lifted, Debbie, to your quiet, beautiful response that cut through man-made shadows to the substance of faith. If you want to know what we thought, we thought, "Amen. If only the world could go and do likewise."

Maybe we're out of line, trying to hand you wonderful kids any kind of advice. In our fond hopes to see you back on the track, maybe we've taken too much on ourselves. If so, don't hold an error of judgement against us. Our heart's on your side. Everytime we hear Eddie sing "I Need A Girl," we feel a sense of rightness that he, with the mournful look in his dark eyes, should have found a happy ending with his beloved. And when we look at Debbie, the sparkling child who seems born for happiness, we rejoice that she should fulfill her bright destiny. To both of you, we say with all our love and respect—don't let it all fall into bitter memories. It's worth more than that. We know you love each other, we know it was really meant to be. Give it another chance.

THE EDITORS

why frankie can't stop slugging

(*Continued from page 55*) been a victim of violent self-assertion since he was ten. He hates to be laughed at. He wants to be important. Only comedians like to be laughed at and they get paid for it.

But Sinatra's reaction to intended or unintended ridicule has, until lately, been violent.

If you told Bing Crosby he sang like a girl, he'd laugh and say, "What's her name?" Perry Como would yawn or sing "Kokomo." Say it to Sinatra? Pow! Right in the kisser.

For to Frank Sinatra, ridicule in any form is a low blow.

"Some guys just naturally have leaky mouths. I just won't stand being insulted or hearing my friends insulted," he says.

It's regrettable that Sinatra regards anything he doesn't like as either ridicule or insult. It was this attitude toward ridicule which started Sinatra's long war with the nation's press.

It began when Frank, at twenty-three, became a sensation in the entertainment world overnight.

Just as suddenly, for reasons he still does not understand, a whole nation of adults and their newspapers joined in loud laughter at his talent.

He was young and he was confused. They made fun of everything he did. His clothes, his voice, the way he held a microphone, his shape—anything about him was a hook on which to hang a big yock.

And to confuse things more, his fame grew. The more they laughed the more money he made. This should have been a cue to Frank. But it wasn't.

One acquaintance described the impact of Frank's success this way:

"Frank finally got what he had been dreaming of for months. A solo appearance at New York's famous Paramount Theatre. He walked out to the center of the stage, lit his own fuse and exploded. Only the men were left standing. Liberace never had it so good.

"In a few short months Sinatra became the national dream lover, whose voice quivered the hearts of a million women. He was the minstrel in the moonlight, the troubadour of tenderness.

"He was all things to all women. The sweet, wonderful end, the answer to every fanciful yearning that glowed in the secret heart of the American female.

"At the same time something was happening to Frank. He wouldn't be human if it hadn't. Women worshiped him. He liked that. Such a desire exists in all men.

"But the average guy rarely gets that desire completely satisfied, even after he marries. If he does, he gets it with big muscles, a handsome face or a deep voice. Sinatra had none of these things. Yet he made it. Man, he made it!

"So what did Frank think? Kismet! He felt that everything he did was right, no matter how wrong it seemed. He developed the unhappy habit of burning up at anyone or anything that contradicted or criticized him. Why argue with destiny? And he had a point. When a man earns nearly two million dollars in one year, as he did in 1944, how can you tell him he's wrong?"

But the American press didn't care how much Sinatra made. It proceeded to tell him he was a sissy. It had a field day making fun of his bow tie and the bobby-sox cult. They described him as a "straw-shaped phenomenon who has captured the hearts of young girls with a hot glissando." Nightclub comedians made jokes about him, some of them in pretty poor taste. Columnists, hungry for exclusives, pounced on the merest crumb of rumor and made a big loaf out of nothing.

Sinatra must have thought back to his tenth year. The big kids were calling him sissy again and making fun of him.

So Frank gnashed his teeth in a new way and struck back with words. A stinging indictment of "reporters and newspapers and the lies they've printed about me."

UNFORTUNATELY, SINATRA'S charge was interpreted as a condemnation of the entire journalistic profession.

It was no different from before, as far as Frank was concerned. The big kids, this time in the shape of American journalism, struck back again.

The first blow returned came in the shape of the widely circulated and sarcastically written stories about Sinatra's deferment from the World War II draft on the basis of a punctured ear drum.

The stories only enraged Sinatra. The actual deferment had hurt him deeply. It was the first time in his life Sinatra had been told officially that he wasn't a perfect man. And you can't slug a doctor for telling you the truth.

Nancy Sinatra has revealed a poignant incident which shows the heartbreaking bitterness Frank felt at being found physically unfit to wear a soldier's uniform.

It was during the war. A reporter interviewing Frank told him of a War Bond auction in the east.

"They got a bid of $300 for one of your old bow ties, Frank. But then they auctioned off a corporal's tie and got $3000. What do you think of that, Frank?"

Frank looked at the reporter for a moment with all the agony a man can know at such a moment. And he knew the reporter was giving him the needle.

Then Frank said, "Only three thousand? A corporal's tie should have gotten ten, at least."

What the reporter deliberately neglected to tell Frank was that the person who paid $3000 for the corporal's tie was a friend of the soldier and was planning to spend that much in War Bonds anyway.

This possibility never entered Frank's mind. He's too emotional. Some say he suffers from a persecution complex, and, they add, with good reason.

Sinatra, claim his friends, wants to be important. Not just to himself or those close to him. But to everybody. He wants to be important enough so people will think there is a deep or clever or natural reason for anything he might do.

A publicity agent, well known for his own infinite show of energy, has this to say about Frank:

"You can't imagine the near-hysterical drive that works up inside Sinatra when he gets hot on something. And the amazing side of it is that it doesn't show. He looks calm, but all the time it's building, deep down in him.

"Then wham! The morning newspaper carries an account of how Frank clobbered some wise guy in a nightclub. That's because if you kid Frank the wrong way you insult his importance. This he cannot bear."

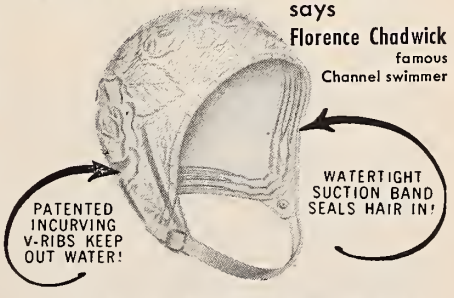
SINATRA'S HUNGER to be top man is also held to be the reason for his split with Ava Gardner.

It started, according to the Hollywood tipsters, with his first big row with Ava during a week at Palm Springs shortly after their marriage.

Frank had driven to Hollywood for a recording session. During his absence, Lana Turner dropped in for female chit-chat with the new Mrs. Sinatra. The conversation got around to ex-husbands, of which both Lana and Ava have a couple



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As friends of Linda Christian should know: a gift is a gift is a gift—alas.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

■ Hollywood has been asking lately, "What has Linda Christian got?"

Well, she's got custody of $132,500 worth of jewels, for one thing. Lots of people think she ought to give them back. Mr. Robert Schlesinger does.

Mr. Schlesinger, thirty-six, playboy of a wealthy Milwaukee family, was so taken with Linda that he gave her an Imperial jade ring for her birthday November 13. Then he gave her a platinum bracelet set with emeralds and diamonds—and valued at $35,000. A few days later he sent Linda a diamond ring valued at $44,500. Then a diamond necklace valued at $53,000.

In partial payment for these bagatelles, Mr. Schlesinger made out a $100,000 check. It bounced. New York's fashionable jewelry store. Van Cleef & Arpels, filed a claim and delivery action against Linda for the return of the jewels. At the same time, Schlesinger confessed to Linda that he had been prematurely generous. Would she be a sweet girl and give the trinkets back? His family in Milwaukee was really awfully mad.

Linda's answer: "I told his family lawyer in Milwaukee it was a gift and I was keeping it as a gift. A gift was a gift, I said. I said his family had the means to help him."

A few weeks ago, Linda swept into Superior Court in Los Angeles and won the right to retain possession of her treasure, at least temporarily.

"Mr. Schlesinger always knew," she explained, "and understood that even though I was separated from my husband (Tyrone Power), I was married and had no intention of entering into any romantic engagements of any kind. He knew that and understood it. I was never alone with him at any time. We were always accompanied by friends or family. These gifts were given expressly as a matter of friendship and only in that spirit were they accepted."

Linda is not sensationally beautiful. She is not a full-fledged celebrity. She is not a talented actress.

She is, however, charming, intelligent, carefree, humorous, widely-traveled, experienced in the ways of love and endowed with the kind of figure men stare at twice. That—and the baubles—is what she has got.

Sinatra, returning earlier than expected, came in and overheard himself being compared to men like Artie Shaw, Mickey Rooney and a few other one-time loves.

Allegedly, that's how the fight started. The insiders say Sinatra has never forgiven Ava for this blow to his importance.

IN ANOTHER WAY, however, Sinatra's unswerving faith in his own importance instigated a maneuver which Hollywood won't ever forget. Frank was in Africa when he heard about the Maggio role in *From Here To Eternity*. He had read the book and knew that the character died from a beating at the hands of a bullying Army sergeant.

Sinatra decided that no one knew better than he what it was to be laughed at and beaten up. He flew 7,000 miles to test for the part and won an Academy Award for his trouble.

But not even Hollywood realized how much that Maggio role meant to Sinatra.

In 1946 Frank's popularity as a singer had begun to slip. And in 1947 Sinatra woke up one morning to find that the bottom had dropped out of the heart market.

The bobby-soxers who made him had grown up. The "Oh, Frankie!" era was over. The old delighted squeal at the hot glissando disappeared. To the former teenagers Sinatra was no more than a pressed rose in their scrapbooks.

His records gathered dust on music-store shelves. The critics said his voice was gone and that he had lost his touch for picking the right songs.

His long, spat-studded marriage to Nancy finally foundered on the rocks of a noisy divorce.

Old friends deserted him, this the truest sign of all.

His radio show folded. His television show raised its head weakly and died very young.

SINATRA, HOWEVER, claims that he didn't slide at all. He was just too busy wooing and winning, "the most beautiful woman in the world," Ava Gardner.

"And I had the toughest competition in the world—a brave bullfighter."

But Sinatra hadn't been married to Ava more than a few hours when the old slug-'em-and-leave-'em impulse reared itself again.

Annoyed by one of the hundreds of photographers shooting the wedding pictures, Sinatra threatened to punch the cameraman on an even-money bet. Pure temper.

Other stars who dislike being photographed usually grin and bear it. Not Frank. Pow! Right in front of the bride.

Sinatra apparently doesn't realize (or just doesn't care) that newspapermen are a rigidly clannish group. They are very much aware of the bad apples in their barrel. But they bristle collectively when one of their own is attacked, even one they know has a bad core. It's the way things are.

To make his press relations worse, Sinatra has repeatedly asserted that his private life is nobody's business.

A Los Angeles judge, however, in sentencing an actor arrested for drunken driving, gave sound advice to all entertainers when he pointed out:

"Your career does not belong to you. It is held in trust for you by the public. Every dollar put down at the box office by a theatre-goer is his investment in you.

"Your behavior on *and* off the screen is important to the movie fan. Everything you have, your high income, your cars, your security, comes from him. Don't ever forget it."

Why can't Sinatra stop slugging? The answer comes easy when you know his past. For, like the man said, "Frank's a born battler." And there are other reasons.

Will Sinatra ever change?

"No," say the Hollywood oracles, "he will not."

But maybe they're wrong.

FRANK SINATRA today is the sum and substance of thirty-seven mixed up years. Tough years, easy years. Lean, fat, fabulous. Years of happiness, years of misery. Years of hope, joy, heartaches and headaches. His half-lived life has been crammed with every known human emotion.

Today he is high on the heap. The radio and television interests that deserted him a few years ago would pay staggering sums for his services, good or bad. He refuses.

His friends came back, but he has dropped *them* this time.

His separation from Ava and the resulting loss of importance as the man in her life has shaken his outlook on love.

Now his romantic inclinations seem to be, to the public at least, casual. Most of the women he has been dating are assorted personalities and considerably younger than Sinatra. Actress Mona Freeman, society's Gloria Stokowski, singer Peggy Connolly, model-actress Anita Ekberg, all very beautiful.

Professionally, he has committed his talents to work which can keep him busy for the next five years. He can pick his studio, pick his part, pick his price. Who says he's not important?

His records now gather royalties instead of dust. Sinatra's on top again and he knows it. But this time, avows the kid from Hoboken, things are going to be different.

"Eventually," says Sinatra, "I want to produce and direct. Nobody's interested in the private lives of producers and directors."

Sources close to the actor-singer say Frank is passing through a phase which may be another step toward a well-deserved maturity.

It will be slow, they say. He is still unreliable, still a possible "no-show" on a movie set; still slugging it out with the press or anyone else who tags him with anything reminiscent of the "Francy" bit.

He still yelps in fits of schoolboy petulance over real or fancied insult in print or in person. Sinatra is still incredibly sensitive, unbelievably concerned with wanting people to like him.

YET, THE INSIDERS point out, there are signs. Not too easy to see, but they are there.

He has become calmer and is beginning to think longer before he acts. He is showing serious concern over the effects of his actions on the lives of his three children, especially young Nancy, now poised on the threshold of adolescence.

Though he still disappoints friends, business acquaintances and fellow workers, his repentance is now flavored lightly with sincerity instead of the artificial regret of the old days.

But don't forget this about Sinatra—or any other Hollywood movie star. He is a man exposed to the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity. That set of circumstances would be tough on a saint.

So stands Sinatra today. Moody, but mellowing. Still young at heart. With half his life ahead of him he is slowing down to study the signposts. There is no road map to the next half of his life. The decision is his. The screams of the bobby-soxers are weird echoes of the past. He feels that he has at last escaped from the brass jungle and the sounds of a thousand minor keys that will never quite die down.

There is no Nancy to guide him. No Ava to please him.

Francis Albert Sinatra must go it alone. That's why he can't stop slugging. **END**

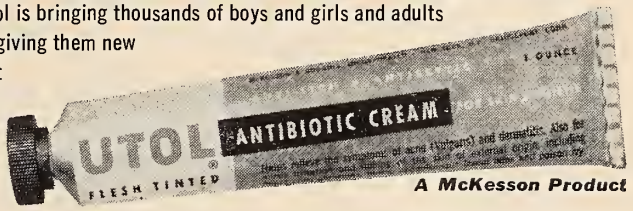
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we say bing will wed

(*Continued from page 31*) Awards presentation, Crosby drove his young date to Romanoff's restaurant. Kathryn Grant was seated at producer Bill Perlberg's table. Newsmen gathered at once.

"Are you and Bing engaged?" one asked.

Kathryn's brown eyes lit up. "He's just a friend."

"There's a rumor, Miss Grant, that you are really the girl friend of Bing's youngest boy, Lindsay."

Kathryn shook her head. "I'm much too old for him."

Presently Crosby, the elder, was located. "What's with you and the slick chick?"

Bing shrugged. "Nice kid. Real nice kid."

Bing never discusses any of the girls in his life. If questioned closely he will acknowledge an acquaintance, as he did in the case of Margot James, a secretary in his brother's office, and as he did in the case of Mona Freeman, the attractive actress. But beyond mere acknowledgment Bing rarely goes. On the subject of his emotions, he is a quiet one.

On the subject of Kathryn Grant, "She's a real nice kid I met at the studio." Nothing more. Nothing about Kathryn's visit to his cattle ranch last September, their time together in Palm Springs and at his Rancho Mirage house.

Kathryn, too, is diplomatically silent.

What does a girl of twenty-one see in a man of fifty-one? What makes them want to be together?

AT PARAMOUNT, where Kathryn made her debut under her real name, Kathryn Grandstaff, they say, "Bing has always been young in heart. He's athletic by nature. Maybe the kidney operation he had a little while back has slowed him up a bit, but not much. He loves pop music, loves the outdoors, loves all the things young people go in for. No wonder he's attracted to Kathryn. She's as bright as a penny, and as a matter of fact, she's much older than her years.

"Another important point is that she's determined to get ahead on her own. She never has once used her friendship with Bing to advance her career. And she could have done so very easily.

"For example, when we told her we were dropping her from the contract list, she could have asked Bing to intervene. After all, he *is* a big shot around here. She never opened her mouth. After we let her go she had tough sledding for a while, but eventually Columbia picked her up and put her in several pictures. One of the latest is *Cell 2455, Death Row*. Another is *Tight Spot*.

"Kathryn is an admirable girl, fine character, good background. Lively but discreet. Peppy but polite. That's the kind of girl Bing goes for. The age gap doesn't mean a thing."

Take the average, young, ambitious actress. If she dated Bing Crosby for a year, the gossip columns would be full of it. But Kathryn has steadfastly avoided this publicity until recently.

In Phenix City, Alabama, where she went on location for *Phenix City* a day after the Academy Awards, she was referred to by reporters as "Bing Crosby's girl friend." When she accidentally tumbled into a river, the headlines announced, "Bing's girl friend falls!" Then she was interviewed and said she liked Hollywood very much, the papers said, "Bing's sweetie goes for Hollywood."

This sort of publicity nettles Kathryn. She doesn't mind being referred to as Bing's girl friend—that's flattering. What she does mind is the stress that is being laid on their relationship. Kathryn doesn't want that friendship to be her sole claim to fame in Hollywood.

EVER SINCE SHE was a child she has wanted to become a famous screen star. Her sights have always been set much higher than being merely the girl friend of a screen star.

Kathryn Grandstaff was born in West Columbia, a small town outside of Houston, Texas, on November 25, 1933. When she was three she won her first beauty contest in Corpus Christi. She was elected "Splash Day Princess."

"From that point on," says one of her friends, "she was an incurable ham." She took part in all the school plays, all the beauty contests, attended dancing school and dramatics classes. Her aunt used to drive her seventeen miles each day for dancing lessons, and her dad, a county politician named Emery Grandstaff, encouraged her acting ambitions.

When Kathryn was fifteen and a junior at Robstown High, she won a three-week visit to Mexico City as "Miss Buccaneer Navy." A year later she was chosen the Texas Rodeo Queen at the Houston Stock Show. This time she won a 1950 Ford convertible, the car she uses today.

Two of the beauty judges at the Houston Stock Show were Roy Rogers and his manager, Art Rush. Art told Kathryn to call him if she ever came to Hollywood. "I might be able to arrange a screen test."

One of the most frustrating conversations in theatrical history is recorded by *Theatre Arts* magazine: A subscriber dialed "Information" for the magazine's number. "Sorreee," drawled the lady, "but there is nobody listed by the name of 'Theodore Arts'." "It's not a person; it's a publication," insisted the subscriber. "I want '*Theatre Arts*'." The operator's voice rose a few decibels. "I told you," she repeated, "we have no listing for 'Theodore Arts'." "Confound it," hollered the subscriber, "the word is Theatre: T-H-E-A-T-R-E." "That," said the operator with crushing finality, "is not the way to spell Theodore!"

Bennett Cerf in
The Saturday Review Of Literature

"Why don't I come out now?" Kathryn asked. "The sooner the better."

"You're only sixteen," Rush pointed out. "You haven't even finished your schooling. You've got plenty of time."

Kathryn was impatient, but her folks talked her into continuing her education. She enrolled at the University of Texas and not only chalked up good grades in her studies but, with her pretty face and excellent figure (38-22-35), again ran off with most of the beauty contests. She was "The Golden Girl" of the Texas Baseball League, "Miss Pecan" of 1951, "Queen of the Texas Lions."

In 1952, when she won second place in the Miss Texas Contest, Bob O'Donnell, one of the owners of the largest theatre chain in Texas, suggested that she make her Hollywood try.

ART RUSH, true to his word, took Kathryn to Paramount. Two days later she was screen-tested for the ingénue lead in *Forever Female* with Bill Holden. She didn't get the role. But Paramount was interested in the five-foot, four-inch, beauty, and signed her. These are the words of a talent executive, "She has personality, sex appeal and a certain winning quality. She's the kind of girl people like to like."

One great advantage a beauty-contest winner has is poise. From the very beginning, Kathryn demonstrated that quality. She never was frightened—or if she was, she hid it beautifully.

Soon she was given small parts in *Casanova's Big Night, Living It Up, Arrowhead* and *Rear Window*. She not only worked like the proverbial beaver, she continued her education. She took courses at the Los Angeles branch of the University of California, where she had her first full-fledged romance. His name is Al Lynch, and he's now in the armed forces. She also became the correspondent for twenty Texas newspapers, writing a column called "Texas Gal in Hollywood."

Naturally, the Hollywood Don Juans began to move in. Without antagonizing the gentlemen, Kathryn outmaneuvered them. This feat calls for skill and tact, such tact, for example, that one morning an actor in describing Kathryn, explained to his buddy, "You know, this girl doesn't drink, doesn't smoke and doesn't smooch. Still, I like her."

KATHRYN MET Bing Crosby while he was rehearsing his role in *White Christmas*. She had seen him on the lot, of course, but on this particular day in December he was riding his bike to Sound Stage Eleven. He spotted Kathryn with some visitors and waved.

"Hi, Tex," he greeted.

"Hi," Kathryn called back.

Bing stopped and got off his bike. Kathryn introduced him to Mrs. Mary Banks, the mother of her roommate. "Aunt Mary" and Kathryn, despite the difference in their ages, had attended the University of Texas together. Bing was at his most charming and Kathryn was most appreciative. But there was no love-at-first-sight. Neither Bing nor Kathryn are love-at-first-sight people. They each take knowing.

Bing, at this point, was just about over his mourning period. He began to go around with Mona Freeman, then Margot James, then Kathryn. The columnists found out about the first two girls, but about Kathryn there was hardly a word.

One person who knew the score was Kathryn's close friend, Marilyn Banks, an assistant in the Paramount wardrobe department. But Marilyn has always refused to discuss her roommate's friendship.

She and Kathryn are old friends from Austin and share an apartment in the Valli Sahara, a modern apartment building a stone's throw from Universal Studios.

Marilyn's fifteen-year-old brother, Gil, worked on Bing's ranch last summer, and when the season was over, his mother, accompanied by Kathryn, drove up to Nevada to get him. Kathryn and Bing spent the Labor Day week end together, chaperoned, of course. The incident was well known in nearby Elko, but it was not mentioned in the metropolitan papers.

A few weeks later when Bing and Kathryn drove down to Palm Springs, they again succeeded in avoiding reporters.

BING TOOK KATHRYN to a party at Bill Perlberg's home, one of the show places of Palm Springs, and several of the guests remarked that they never had seen Bing so happy.

One guest who has known Crosby for years, was asked if there were any possibility of a Crosby-Grant marriage.

"Frankly," she said, "I don't know. Certainly, he seems to be fond of her. And she's really a very well-bred girl. But Bing is no fool. He's a sensible man who doesn't believe in kidding himself.

"He's fifty-one years old. Kathryn is twenty-one, as old as his son Gary. Marriages like that very rarely work out.

"Also there's a religious difference. Bing never has been ultra-devout. But

he always has been a practicing Catholic. Kathryn is Methodist.

"My own opinion is that Bing has always wanted at least one daughter. Most fathers do. I think there's a father-and-daughter relationship between them. Of course I could be wrong. They say that true love doesn't care about age, and certainly Bing is young looking and young acting. But my opinion is that he isn't getting married for some years. Not until he straightens out those boys of his. When the twins, Phil and Dennis, come out of the service, Bing wants to see them securely set on the ranch. Gary's doing all right in show business. But Linny hasn't made up his mind yet as to what he wants."

IT IS THE GENERAL Hollywood impression that Kathryn is not ready for marriage just now either.

One of her associates at Columbia Studios said, "Given the choice of marriage or career at this moment, Kathy would choose career. No matter who asked her.

"This girl is loaded with driving ambition. She wants to become a great actress, not an ordinary housewife. I can't tell you how much this kid loves to work. It's her whole life. We've used her in several of our *Screen Gems* television productions. She's a glutton for work.

"To give you a small idea. She not only works in pictures and television, but she goes overseas to entertain the troops. That's how she spent last Christmas—traveling all over Europe. She has been to Korea. And in addition, she is studying right here at the studio with Mrs. Bartlett, our educational adviser, on several university correspondence courses. She insists upon getting her degree from the University of Texas. She is also a Chi Omega sorority sister. She swims, rides, keeps in touch with hundreds of friends. I'm telling you, she's a little whirlwind.

"They tell me there's a big thing going on between her and Bing Crosby. Maybe there is. Personally I don't see how she could find the time."

EVERY YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, talented girl—and Kathryn is all three—finds time for love when the right man comes along.

Whether or not Crosby is Kathryn's Mr. Right only she knows, and won't tell.

A reporter who found her on location for *Phenix City*—was told, "After I finish this picture I'm going home to West Columbia. Then I go back to Hollywood, and after that the studio is sending me out on a publicity tour."

"That's very interesting," the reporter said. "But how about you and Bing?"

"It certainly is nice of you to ask me about him," Kathryn conceded, "rather than make up things. But any story on the subject will have to come from him. All I can say is that I was terribly excited to be attending my first Academy Awards affair. The evening was made even more exciting by Mr. Crosby's presence."

Bing (who recently signed a contract with Paramount for one picture a year) concedes that, "I might very well marry again if the right girl came along. But then again, who would want me?"

Everything considered, the question could more aptly be, "Who wouldn't?" It doesn't seem likely that Kathryn Grant wouldn't.

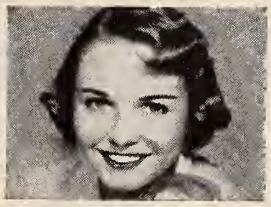
Is Kathryn the girl Bing wants? All the signs point to it, and, except possibly for her youth, the intelligent, attractive, brown-eyed actress seems to have all the qualifications of a Wife To Mister Crosby. At the moment, Bing isn't revealing his plans. But MODERN SCREEN is predicting that in all probability, Bing will marry Kathryn. In all certainty, Bing will marry—and soon.

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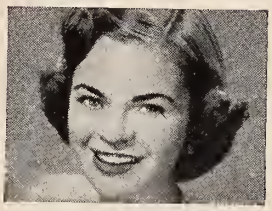
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Right from the beginning the fates —not to mention the folks—were against it.



MY FIRST LOVE
by Kim Novak

■ Let's call him Hal, because that's close enough. And let's say that he had all of the physical qualities I still find attractive in a man. He was tall, which made an immediate hit with me; one of the reasons I was shy was that I was taller than the other girls in my class at William Penn in West Chicago. He was dark, he was handsome.

I had an awful time getting together with Hal, because there was this other boy, George, who liked me. Now, there was an odd one. He knew I didn't like him, but that didn't seem to matter. So, being the richest boy in our neighborhood, he was always buying Hal off.

Poor George and everyone else lost out the night Hal's mother invited some of the kids from the class over for a sweet-corn party. There wasn't anything even George could do about that; he couldn't very well buy off Hal's mother. So we Found Each Other. He was there, I was there, and Fate must have been present, too, because love burst into bloom over the corncobs. Pretty soon the whole school knew we were in love, including the faculty, which was just wonderful. Even when my grades started dropping because I couldn't think of anything but Hal, they were still for us. The rest of the class was seated alphabetically, but Hal got to sit in front of me because he was so smart and could help me with my studies. Just so he didn't give me the answers on tests. We stayed after school to work on my math and writing.

I guess it wouldn't be much of a story if we lived happily ever after, so we didn't. What happened was that my mother and father went away for a week and left me in the charge of my grandparents, who lived in the apartment above ours. The first night they were gone, Hal walked me home from a show and kissed me goodnight.

Unfortunately, my grandfather saw us. He let out a bellow that scared us both out of our wits; poor Hal took off as fast as he could run, and I slunk into our apartment, practically cowering. When Grandfather stomped upstairs, I remembered that if you put your ear to the ventilator in the bedroom closet, you could hear everything that was said upstairs, so I rushed in there to hear what he would tell my grandmother. Plenty. He was so mad he was actually crying; he told her I was a wicked, sinful girl, and Grandmother tsk-tsked and cluck-clucked.

Naturally, I was in disgrace the rest of the week, forbidden to go anywhere after school, getting nothing at home except shocked, reproachful looks until I felt that I really had done something terrible. I was in an agony of guilt by the time my parents came back. Of course, the first thing Grandfather did was to call my mother upstairs—and back I went into the closet, ear to the ventilator. He began to say all those terrible things I was again, and my mother asked, "But what did she *do?*"

When he told her, Mother laughed so long that I was really confused.

The end was in sight. Mother didn't think a good night kiss was terrible, but she did decide that Hal and I were too serious for kids our age, so she said that we would have to go to different schools after we finished elementary school. Hal's mother was offended because I hadn't come to a birthday party

she gave him during my week of disgrace—she didn't know why—so she forbade him to go with me anymore.

It was all so sweet and sad. Our teachers still let us stay after school to work on my grades, but that was the only time we had together. When we graduated, they paired us off on Commencement night, and we walked up hand in hand to accept our diplomas, knowing in our hearts that something beautiful was ending. I didn't even go to the dance afterward; I couldn't stand it, and later I heard that Hal didn't go, either.

Sure enough, I went to another high school that fall, which meant that I didn't see Hal for months. Not until summer. Right now I couldn't say why, but it seemed terribly important to be there the night that the carnival opened that summer, and I went with a girl friend. Almost the first person I saw was Hal; then I knew why I had had to come, and I told him, "I knew you'd be here."

He didn't have to say anything. He had known I would be there, too. That was the only time we saw each other for the next three years; we had a rendezvous those few nights the carnival was in town every summer. Because ours was such a young, pure love, it just wouldn't have occurred to us to sneak around and meet other places—but nobody had said we couldn't go to the carnival.

The third summer I had to tell Hal that I thought I was in love with another boy. To tell the truth, I wasn't at all sure I was when I saw Hal again, but I *had* started going with this other boy and didn't want him to hear it from anyone else. That was a bittersweet moment I'll never forget: the gaudy lights of the carnival, the blare of the calliope, the noisy, pushing crowd—and Hal and I absolutely alone in the middle of it all, saying goodbye. We could never be together as we wanted: our families were against it, even our ways of life were not the same. So I said I thought I was in love with someone else, and Hal said he understood. I think he really did.

I never saw him again. Maybe he went back to the carnival and waited for me the next year; maybe he had outgrown it by then. But Hal was my first love, and I'm no different from any other woman in the world. If I fell in love ninety-nine other times, I would still remember that one clearest of all.

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I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
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7. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
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I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
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10. The number of stories and features devoted to Debbie's and Eddie's romance and marriage was: ☐ too much ☐ just right ☐ too little

11. I READ: ☐ all of THE GLAMOUR STORY ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE EVA MARIE SAINT:
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I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:
☐ more than any other male star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE AUDIE MURPHY:
☐ more than any other male star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

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b. _____ MALE
c. _____ MALE
d. _____ FEMALE
e. _____ FEMALE
f. _____ FEMALE

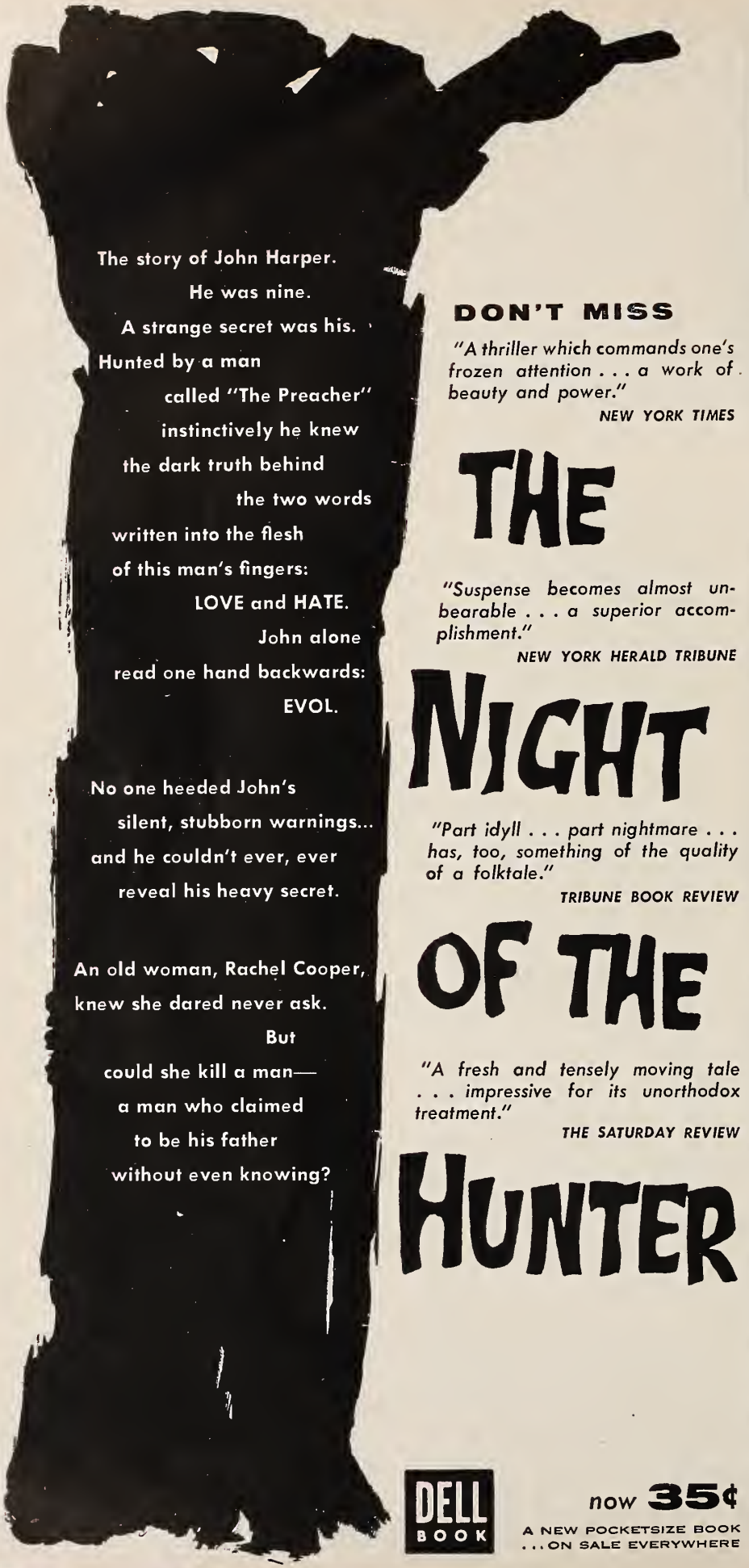
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fess parker

(*Continued from page 34*) Before that, when Fess faded out of *Davy Crockett At The Alamo,* swinging his powderless Old Betsy to the bloody end, something like national mourning set in across the land. Fifteen thousand tearful protests a week threatened to set Walt Disney's Burbank studios afloat. In Cincinnati three thousand stunned boys donned black crepe armbands and signed a mass petition begging, "Don't let Davy die at the Alamo!" Other sentimental letters edged in black revealed that Mom, Dad and especially Sister Sue had been making Junior move over when Fess stalked heroically onto the TV screen. The pressure finally mounted so high that Davy's epic trio is getting its second *Disneyland* airing at this moment. And soon a version in technicolor hits the movie theatres, titled *Davy Crockett, King Of The Wild Frontier* —a line from the stirring "Ballad Of Davy Crockett," now topping the *Hit Parade.*

WHILE LIBRARIES scrape their shelves for more Crockett lore, stores stock theirs with Davy picture books, playthings, sheet music and records. Nine versions of the "Ballad"—including one by Fess—sell out as fast as they're pressed. In the backwoods, raccoons scamper for their lives lest they turn into hats.

Like Davy, Fess Parker is a freedom-loving, rainbow-chasing adventurer who finally adopted Davy's own motto—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" The going has not always been easy. In fact, not long before Walt Disney accidentally spotted him, Fess was bunking with a Texas buddy in a basement cubbyhole under a kitchen, and ducking leaky drips every time the dishes upstairs were washed. He was keeping his colossal body alive on peanut butter, crackers and milk, moving stoves at a dollar an hour to pay for that and some nights sorting ladies' lingerie in a Hollywood department store. He had $100 left when Walt moseyed into a projection room to catch another actor, just as Fess' brief bit flashed on in a picture called *Them.*

"Who's that?" gasped Disney, and when nobody could tell him, answered himself. "Why, it's Davy Crockett!" Walt couldn't have been more right, as events have certainly proved. Fess Parker's long term contract at Disney's is the first Walt ever handed a live actor. MGM, Twentieth Century-Fox, in fact almost every studio in town begs for this rugged sensation—but the answer is no. Fess has his work cut out for him at Disney's. *The Legends of Davy Crockett* are already in the works for TV and *Children Of The Covered Wagon* comes up after that, with movies to follow.

But the mantle of freedom still sits on his wide shoulders as it did on Davy Crockett's. "I'm still in a state of shock," he grins gratefully. "It's great to get a break at last and the money sure comes in handy. But I guess the best thing that's happened to me is that at last I'm able to make life meet me on my own terms." That's what Fess has been trying to do—with ups and downs—all his young life. So did Davy Crockett until the day he died at Texas' historic shrine. Fess Parker was born not far away, in Fort Worth, August 16, 1927, and he grew up in San Angelo, which is even closer.

Like Davy, too, Fess comes from fighting, foraging Anglo-Saxon pioneers. The Parkers struck west from Tennessee, Davy Crockett's own home state, to clear raw prairie in Comanche County, Texas. His great grandfather fought in the Civil War —"on the right side, of course—the South" —Fess boasts, and afterward made his

living sawing out coffins. His grandfather couldn't read or write until he got married. His mother's line, the Allens, came from Arkansas, the state Davy's partner, Jim Bowie, called home. And there's Cherokee blood in the Lightfoots, another family branch.

Fess will reveal that his unique name really means "Proud" in archaic English, and he can quote an Elizabethan line to prove it: "The lass looked fess and fine in her new gown." The ancient tag is his dad's name too, and it crops out way back in the family tree. Fess balked like a steer when they talked about changing it. "I'm Fess Parker and Fess Parker I'll always be, no matter what happens to me." Which declaration could serve for his consistent creed as well.

WITH THIS BOLD heritage, Fess E. Parker, Jr., was a conspicuous young maverick even in a state that's loaded with those. Rules and regulations bounced off the brown-haired, barrel-chested boy from the start. "Guess I was what you'd call a problem kid," he drawls now, "not *really* bad, but just ornery. Didn't mean to be," allows Fess, "but—well—the way I saw things wasn't always the way other people did, especially teachers." As a result, Fess was always beating a path to the principal's office at Steven F. Austin Grammar School. His status as an "erratic" student was further complicated by girls and books.

Fess confesses to being an awkward but ardent Romeo from first grade on, when he flipped for a dainty little brunette named Evelyn Tyler. He can still name all his early sweethearts, forerunners of a pretty parade. Ask him why he's never tied a marriage knot and he ruffles his rebellious thatch, "Guess I've got a restless heel," hazards Fess. "I generally move along—or I get moved."

Books were less fickle, both ways. The minute Fess learned to read he devoured three or four volumes a day, always about heroes of the West. "Shucks," he says now, "It's not hard for me to play Davy Crockett. I've been doing that all my life—Jim Bowie, Sam Houston, Steve Austin, too. And you could add Jim Bridger, Daniel Boone and a few others. Those fellows weren't just book heroes to me—they were my best friends."

As things turned out, this vivid hero worship was lucky for Fess. But back then when the teacher asked a question, "Well—I just wasn't there," grins Fess. "I was exploring the Yellowstone with John Colter or shooting the Grand Canyon rapids with Major Powell."

Each summer when Fess got sprung from "this den of miseree," as he used to chant fervently, he had a chance to translate his adventuring dreams into action. He'd go up to his Grandpa Parker's farm in Comanche County and sometimes to his Grandma Allen's in Erath County.

Fess still invests Comanche County with the pearly glow of Paradise. His dad owns a 250-acre stretch right next to his grandpa's old place now and when Fess got a few bucks together making *Battle Cry* just before he turned into Davy Crockett, he plunked it down on 150 acres of his own where he aims to settle in his old age. "It's got sweet spring water and sandy loam," he purrs deep, "and a little ole stone house with a tin roof. There's a hill in the middle. Someday I'll build me a big house on that hill. You can look all up and down Onion Valley and watch the cows graze on those wild scallions. Gives 'em a mighty strong breath, sometimes," concedes Fess, "but I never minded that a bit."

The only thing good-natured Fess Parker ever minded, to be frank, was people telling him what to do—and of course that situation rolled around regularly every September. He wasn't fractious exactly—it was just those rules. Whatever he tried, it seemed, there'd be discipline somewhere along the line and that's where Fess invariably balked—just like the most beloved pet of his boyhood, a one-eyed, cantankerous donkey named Jenny. Fess spotted her one day on a farm outside of town and just had to have her. His dad made the deal and Fess said he'd ride Jenny back. It was five miles and along about sundown he had to holler for a tow-truck. He staked Jenny out on a vacant lot and climbed aboard for a battle of wills. "I guess you'd call it a draw," grins Fess. "She wouldn't move and neither would I. Somebody stole her one night and that's a pure mystery. I never could figure how they got her goin'! But I loved that stubborn donkey better than anything. Maybe that's symbolic."

It was hard to move Fess Parker, too, when he wasn't so inclined. As a result he admits he goofed a lot of his opportunities to shine around San Angelo High. For instance, he tooted hot trumpet and aimed at the solo spot in the school band. But the director insisted on regular practice sessions, so instead of working his way up he worked his way out. Then he got the lead in the big high school play, but he saw no good reason why he should give his all to art and turn in his homework, too. The day it opened Fess showed on the flunk list, got canceled, and his deadly rival played opposite Fess' dream girl, Nancy Cransford.

In his senior year his dad wangled him a principal appointment to Annapolis. In the face of Parker's chronically insurgent record that would seem like asking for trouble. But Annapolis was his dad's dream and, curiously enough, became Fess' too. So he was pretty rocked when they rejected him because he was six feet, four then and overweight for the Naval Academy. "After that, to tell the truth," says Fess, "I never was real sure what I wanted to do—until I hit this town of Hollywood." For the next eight years he rambled in and out of four separate colleges as well as a three-year hitch in the service, trying to find out.

HIS FIRST TRY, Texas A & M, didn't take. Summer after graduation, Fess worked on a roofing gang at Concho Field Air Base, saved up $600 and traipsed up to College Station where most of his San Angelo High pals headed. He took liberal arts, his card said, but really A & M is a cow college, and a tough one. Fess liked both agriculture and animal husbandry—free style on his grandpa's ranch—but as a rigid science—well, it was the old story. At the end of the first semester he came up with a perfect report card—five "F's."

"Mister Parker," inquired his English professor, Mr. Kidd, shortly afterward, "I'm curious. Why do you come to class?"

"I s'pose because I'm s'posed to," answered Fess innocently.

"Well, if I were you I wouldn't bother," advised the prof. "You were dropped from school five days ago."

"And do you know," drawls Fess, "that Mister Kidd wasn't kidding." He left A & M with few regrets, though. "Eight thousand men on that campus," Fess explains. "And no women. Imagine!"

Next stop was Hardin-Simmons College in Abilene and, with feminine scenery and more liberal arts, Fess did better. But that was 1943 and able-bodied young Texans figured winning the war was a Lone Star State affair. Fess traveled up to Dallas with six friends volunteering to be Naval Air Corps pilots. All eventu-

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ally were—except Fess Parker. "Too tall," they told him again. These rejections finally handed Fess a slight complex about his height. "I wish photographers would stop asking me to walk through doorways," he complains mildly today.

The G.I.'s Navy had no objections to able young giants, however. In fact, during his three years in the Navy Fess Parker's astronomical stature came in handy more than once, starting at boot camp in San Diego. Being tallest they put him in command of a sixty-man color guard of six-footers. He strutted out and snapped them through the manual of arms each afternoon while the bugles played. After that wherever they routed Seaman Parker—aviation radio school at Millington, Tennessee, general detail in New Orleans, Camp Pendleton, California, for Marine combat training or San Francisco's Tanforan Race Track for overseas staging, he was usually squad leader, because he towered over everyone else.

It was at those California bases that Fess Parker first discovered Hollywood, although the discovery was strictly unilateral. A friend he had met on a train, named Jack Walsh, had been to prep school with Jim Jordan, Fibber McGee and Molly's son. Through Jim, Jack and Fess got a close look at the studios, met stars and even bagged dates with movie cuties. With that personalized treatment it's no wonder the Hollywood bug started boring into the tall Texas sailor's noggin. One Easter week end, he and Jack were hitchhiking back to San Francisco when Walter Huston and his wife Nan gave them a lift as far as Bakersfield. He answered their questions and they asked him to visit them at their ranch next time he was down.

"You know," Fess told Jack as they trudged on north, "I like these Hollywood people. They're real friendly, and they seem to do all right with ranches and things. I reckon I'm going to be a movie actor myself someday."

"Get conscious, Tex," his buddy trimmed his sails. "You're too damned big and too damned stupid!"

Fess never got a chance to accept Walter Huston's invitation because before he knew it he was cruising around the Philippines aboard *YMS 334*, a 132-foot, shallow-draft sweeper, popping Japanese mines. The action was noisy and exciting for a while but it soon got boring.

Fess had absorbed all the regulation book life he could handle. The war was over and he had enough points to get home. But Navy red tape was mighty slow looping out to the *YMS 334*, and Seaman Parker began to worry how long he'd last without blowing his top right into the brig. So he ground his noodle and came up with a gimmick: The reason, Fess figured, that the Navy didn't like tall sailors was because ship overheads were so low—six feet, and he was five inches over. To get around he had to bend like a bobby-pin. Next time they put in to the Islands for mail he reported to the orthopedic officer. "Got a mighty sore back," Fess groaned, "and my neck's about broke." He bent over like Rip Van Winkle. It was a convincing performance. It sent him to a series of Naval hospitals. They discharged him finally at Lido Beach, Long Island, in April 1946, telling him, "You never should have been in the Navy in the first place—you're just too big."

Fess headed for Texas instead of Hollywood. He wasn't crazy enough to tackle that town with nothing more than a wild idea—and he had plenty of no money. On the other hand, he had his G.I. Bill to finance school and his folks had moved up to Abilene, where his mother, Mackie, could keep him in spoonbread and Mexican strawberries (red beans). That spelled Hardin-Simmons again for him. He salvaged three courses out of the pre-war wreckage and aimed his credits at speech and dramatics, with some football planned on the side. He owned a $40 Model-T Ford, found a pretty girl to woo and started his college career all over.

One afternoon, chugging the Model T and the best girl home from a movie, Fess got his plans cut to pieces along with his face. A belligerent motorist who may have been drinking bumped him savagely off the street, then gunned around hurling an epithet no Texan can take. Fess took out after him, walked up his driveway and started to remonstrate. Next thing he knew a knife bit into his neck and gouged across his cheek. Luckily the blade missed his jugular vein by a whisker, and broke on his rugged jaw. He could have been killed.



LITTLE BOY DAMP

As Dorothy Lamour, Debra Paget and a few others associated with a publicity tour approached the bandstand where they were to appear, a small boy of three or four, sitting on the steps, refused to let them by. Showing no disapproval, in spite of a heavy rain, Miss Lamour picked the child up and carried him to the platform, where she had her picture taken with him.

Marcela Gravel
Lewiston, Maine

Spouting blood, Fess landed in the hospital. He was there ten days. Twenty veins had been severed and they pumped him with transfusions. Today there's a deep hole back of his left ear and scar zigzags like lightning under his beard.

That injury cooked any thought of college athletics, and the puzzling aftermath spurred a change in Fess' curriculum. Because at the Grand Jury investigation, it developed that the half-murdered victim had no legal complaint against his stabber. English common law still said a man could defend himself with anything handy on his own property. "All of a sudden I got very interested in the law," says Fess. "I figured I'd better to survive in this world."

The inspiration steered Fess to the University of Texas Law School at Austin. After a whirlwind start he ran into a course in contracts and flunked it flat. Fess always has been allergic to anything binding. There were other distractions besides knotty studies. The best girl at Hardin-Simmons followed him to Austin with marriage on her mind. He pledged Pi Kappa Alpha and they give pledges a rough time. To ease the pressure of his private life Fess switched again—this time to Business Administration. But he found that dull and collected four more "I's." No wonder he refers to his college career as "checkered." He hopped all over the board before getting his plain B.A. in 1950, which he still regards as a minor miracle.

Still, Fess Parker looks back with pleasant memories on his protracted stay at Texas University. He enjoyed campus life at the fraternity house, got elected Sweetheart of Alpha Chi Omega, played Mars in a Greek God campus show, played basketball and pecked out provocative pieces of philosophy for the school paper. Through these, one professor, Dr. Arthur Colman, took a liking to him. When movie star Adolphe Menjou came through Austin narrating *Peter And The Wolf* with the San Antonio Symphony, Dr. Colman delegated Fess to take him around. Fess surprised himself by answering yes to Menjou's question: "Would you like to work in western pictures?"

"He gave me some good advice," remembers Fess. "Graduate first!" But Menjou also promised to introduce Fess to his agent if and when he arrived in Hollywood. Fess suspects that's what kicked him through to his sheepskin. A month after he got it he was in Hollywood to claim the bounty.

Fess' first awkward pass at a picture career didn't quite set the Boulevard ablaze. Menjou made good his word and introduced him to agent Bert Allenberg. "It's a thousand to one you'll ever get anywhere," he said. "You're too big, you're too green and that Texas accent is too thick. But don't let me discourage you." Fess heard essentially the same opinion wherever he poked, although talent scouts sent him over to drama coach Natasha Lytess of Fox Studio. He ultimately succeeded in getting into her office, and, as he entered a sexy blonde swished out—Marilyn Monroe. But Monroe's Svengali punctured the head of steam. "I wouldn't dare try to teach you anything," she sighed. "You're so—er—elemental that I'd just ruin whatever you have—whatever that is."

It took Fess several more foravs from Texas to Hollywood in the Model T before he figured a way to stick and find out. "I'm mighty resourceful," he claims, "when it comes to pursuing my interests." He had a year coming on his G.I. Bill, so he went after his Master's degree in William DeMille's School Of The Theatre at U.S.C., figuring that if the movie dream winked out he could always teach. Fess completed his classwork for the M.A., but he never got around to writing his thesis, because that spring he heard they were after big men to play sailors in the road company of *Mister Roberts*. He was just an extra but three months in San Francisco and Los Angeles gave him the professional feel—also an idea when the job ended.

Fess picked twenty of Hollywood's top agencies out of the phone book and spent a few dimes. "This is Fess Parker," he proclaimed importantly. "I've just closed at the Biltmore with Henry Fonda in *Mister Roberts*. I might consider some Hollywood picture offers—that is, *if* I decide to stay."

"You know," grins Fess, "that never failed once. They all said, 'Come right out.'" There was usually a big letdown when he did, but finally the Wynn Rocamora agency took him on and Fess was in business at last. A mighty precarious business for a long time, to be sure, because even for experienced glamour boys Hollywood is a hard nut to crack,

and Fess looked and acted like Panhandle Pete. "But there comes a time when a man has to make a stand—like Davy Crockett—and I figured this was mine," says Fess. That's when he holed up with an old Texas U. pal, John Rice, in the leaky basement apartment, hefted stoves and sorted pink panties to buy his peanut butter and milk.

Fess finally got inside a studio as a sharecropper in *Untamed Frontier* at U-I, speaking three short lines. That led to a bumpkin role in *No Room For The Groom.* Then he snagged a short spot as a Confederate sergeant with Gary Cooper in *Springfield Rifle.*

"Major," he growled, "I had you in my sights, suh. Don't know why I didn't shoot you!" Coop was so impressed by his own gooseflesh that he toyed with signing Fess on a personal contract. But nothing happened, so Fess went on with his bits—usually Texans in action movies like *Thunder Over The Plains, Island In The Sky, Them* and *Battle Cry,* in which he had a fair part. Television helped with bits in *Dragnet, Death Valley Days, City Detective, My Little Margie* and others.

"Trouble acting? Why, no," drawls Fess. "I took to this stuff like a duck to water. It's just gettin' the idea and bein' yourself." Pretty soon he was solvent enough to trade his Model-T in on a convertible, move out of the leaky basement to plush Peyton Hall with two other pals, and buy a $175 guitar. But his odd name still drew blank stares around Hollywood until Disney spotted him in the atomic thriller about ten-foot red ants with their irradiated genes gone haywire. "First time I ever was up against any actors taller than I was. Maybe that's what caught Mr. Disney's attention."

Anyway, Fess couldn't have been more surprised or delighted. He first learned the good news dropping by his agent's one Friday after a *My Little Margie* job, where he'd played Lennie Krunchmeyer, an All-American dumbbell. Fess hustled right out to the Disney studio, signed that day. "How soon can you leave for location in North Carolina?" Walt asked him.

"I'd say in about twenty minutes," replied Fess. "Soon's I throw my stuff in the back of the car and park it."

Except for a new TV set, Fess Parker could make the same promise today. He's still traveling light, literally and figuratively. But the airiness hasn't crept to his stubborn head.

RIGHT NOW HE'S camping in a tiny one-room apartment with a midget refrigerator, toaster, electric mixer and pull-down-bed over which his toes dangle. For pure comfort's sake, Fess is acquiring a rustic-modern house up off Benedict Canyon. "That is," he qualifies, "if I can dig up the $6000 down payment." The house, by the way, has heat in the floor which intrigues Fess mightily. "Heat rises," he explains. "All my life my head's been hot and my feet cold!"

Up in the canyon, too, it's woodsy, birdsy and squirrelly as he likes it, with some pals living across the gulch who, with Fess, make up "The Whippoorwill Rising And Walking Club." Fess is an early riser who likes "the fresh, wet, optimistic smell of morning," as he puts it poetically. In fact, most of his habits and tastes are old-fashioned and plain. When he steps out of character he's in trouble.

Last winter, for instance, Fess let a Hollywood friend tout him onto a skiing week end in the mountains. He went for $30 worth of snow clothes and a pair of runners. First take-off, Fess smashed the skis, split his new pants, wrenched his back and sprained his ankle. It cost him $250 in doctors' bills.

He has had a look inside the Sunset Strip nightclubs but each time fled fast. "Oh, I like to caper around," Fess allows, "but those places are just too uncomfortable. A man can't breathe." Since he's in the spotlight his Disney advisers have talked Fess into some made-to-measure suits to replace the skimpy numbers off racks that made him look like Ichabod Crane. That was fine with Fess. "But," he puzzled, "how do you go about it?" He got his first tuxedo to take in television's recent Emmy awards. Actually, at this point, all Fess really needs is his fringed buckskins and his coonskin Kelly.

Like most bachelors, Fess forages for his meals wherever he happens to be, or cooks up a savory mess himself at home. On festive occasions, however, he favors farm kitchen Texas fare—beef roasts, corn pone, hominy, hot biscuits and such, but for some reason he hates chicken. He doesn't smoke and you wouldn't call Fess a drinking man—although he does like his beer, and one week end at the beach with four other huskies consumed $92 worth. Fess likes to get his eight to ten hours of sleep but he'll cheat sometimes to sit up all night reading (he still loves heroes and folklore) or strumming his guitar to work out a ditty, of which he has composed six. Right now he is cooking up another Davy Crockett ballad with Buddy Ebsen.

Fess still drives his "Stude-Ferrari" as he calls his '51 Studebaker. He'd like a real sports car if he could afford it and could cram himself inside one. He still goes Sundays to the Church of Christ, to which he was converted from Methodism one night by a friend's convincing theosophical arguments. And he still sticks with his one and only Hollywood girl, Marcella Rinehart, a singer he met at Peyton Hall, "exchanging poolside philosophy." Marcy is a pretty, dainty brunette and while it's steady Fess claims it's not serious. "But when I do get hitched," he swears, "it'll be for keeps and a big family, Lord willing."

FESS IS TALKING truly when he says, "Right now they've got me jumpin' sideways." He hasn't had time to sort out what's happened to him, or draw an accurate bead on what lies ahead. He has been hustling off on personal appearance tours and posing as Davy Crockett so steadily that he hasn't had a respectable haircut in about ten months now. He favors a crew cut but it looks like he'll never get one again. As for his studio plans, Fess is understandably all out for anything Walt Disney tells him to do. He has only one worry. "I just hope," he says soberly, "that I can measure up to all this hero worship with the kids. I'd sure hate to do something reckless now and disillusion them."

At this point that seems practically impossible. On the Hollywood frontier Fess Parker is king right now and the king can do no wrong. But there's a personal reason, too, why Fess yearns to measure up to the stature fate has thrust upon him. He figures he still carries the banner of the Lone Star State.

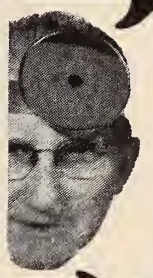
"I love you, California," he says, "but I guess I'll always be a Texan. That's where my roots are and where I'll go back some day. I want the home folks to be proud of me. Out here it's like the poem, *Farewell,* that old Davy himself wrote away back yonder—'in the land of the stranger I rise or I fall . . .'

"I took a long time risin'," allows Fess Parker, "and I'm not aimin' to fall now."

It doesn't seem likely. Not for a man, who, like Davy Crockett, seems to be destined to live out a hero's legend in his own lifetime.

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there's another side of the coin

Think you know Monroe? You don't even know what she looks like!

■ Now that Marilyn Monroe has settled down in the densely populated east, it has been observed more and more that there are really *two* Marilyn Monroes.

On one side of the golden MM coin, there is the familiar mint—the most famous face and figure in America. The other side is the private Monroe.

These are the reports from the areas Marilyn has visited most while in and around New York City. The first site is the Waldorf Towers, where Marilyn has taken up residence. The second spot is the Actors Studio in Manhattan, where many less glamorous if not harder-working actors and actresses attend classes. Marylin is among them at the famous school-workshop.

The third place is Weston, Connecticut, where Marilyn visits frequently as house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Greene. He's the photographer who is vice-president of Marilyn's own production company. While Marilyn lived there, incidentally, she used as a bedroom half of Milton's photographic studio. It was divided down the middle with a large canvas curtain, and Marilyn's room was a temporary makeshift that included a plain double bed, a canvas back chair and a dressing table.

The first Monroe, and the easiest to spot, is the glamour girl the public knows. She is carefully made up, and her hairdo takes hours to set. She is dressed in clothes of the MM stamp—low-cut gowns or attractive sweaters and tight skirts. This Monroe walks with the awareness of making a public appearance. Every gesture is well-calculated and deliberate, even the eyelash flutter.

In this version, Marilyn's speech has the intonation of a naive, questioning child unlike her schoolmates, who use their voices with more vigor and versatility because of their Broadway, radio and television backgrounds.

The second Monroe is a casual, everyday Marilyn who leaves off her make-up, wears slacks and turtle-neck sweaters and sometimes covers her tousled hair with a bandana. Her speech becomes more matter of fact.

Women who have caught a glimpse of this second Monroe have admired her clear, beautiful complexion ("like a doll's").

This Monroe was at a Connecticut party where one of the other guests told his wife: "You remember what I told you about women wearing slacks? That those who shouldn't, do? And those who can, don't? Well, there's a gal in slacks in the corner there who never should wear pants!"

The gal, of course, was Marilyn Monroe.

There was the time last April when Marilyn made her television appearance on *Person To Person*. The CBS crew was setting up the cameras. They had seen no one from the household when Milton Greene and a girl came in. They had been out riding a small motorcycle.

"When are we going to see Marilyn?" some of the men asked Greene.

Greene's companion was Marilyn. Most of the crew had thought she was Greene's wife. It was only later that they saw Amy Greene, the brunette beauty who won a screen test after the television visit to her home.

This was the Monroe with the Greenes when their car was held up by a crowd in Manhattan. "What's the trouble?" they asked. A man said, "They're expecting Marilyn Monroe!" They were expecting the wrong one!

she'd do it all over again

(*Continued from page 39*) inside you screams, 'I can't go on.' But I never heard a waitress say it was any fun to stand on her feet all day, just to make ends meet. I can afford a beautiful home and the help to run it. I can afford to travel. I can afford to build for Cheryl and the future, instead of living from check to check. Neither Lex nor I wants to rely on motion pictures alone. We have four oil wells, all pumping like mad. He has pulled off a couple of other good deals. Without pictures, we never would have had the money to put into them. So I'm eternally grateful. Because now, after a good many years, I can afford the luxury of *not* working. You know what happened the other night?"

The other night Lex said, "We're having dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Soandso."

"Who?"

"This man is very important to my business."

"But what have *I* got to do with it?"

"You just go along and be charming."

"That's all?"

"That's all."

She was charming at dinner that night and next day on the golf course. The deal went through. "You think I helped?" asked Lana.

"Of course you helped," said Lex, and found her clinging to him in helpless mirth. "What's so funny?"

"After all these years, *me* being the little woman. It slays me, but I love it. And I'm laughing so as not to cry."

AS AGAINST THE big pay-off, the big beef is lack of privacy, a common complaint, to which Lana contributes her mite, though without much hope. "It makes any marriage more difficult. I don't care whose it is. The spies, the eyes, the windows, are always on you. They tell you you're news; whatever you do makes headlines. Granted. But whatever you don't do makes them too. Even before I married Lex, they broke out the glad tidings that it couldn't last. Even when everything is going great, somebody writes, 'What's wrong in the Barker household?' The way some people play it, they can't wait for you to lose."

Not long ago they attended a dinner party at the Ed Gardners'. Lana, with a sick headache, wanted to beg off. Lex, who doesn't much care about going out, felt like going that night. "We'll leave early," he promised. Her headache seemed better, so they went. But the sight of food, the din of talk and laughter brought it on again, and she asked to be excused. Mrs. Gardner took her upstairs to lie down. Temples throbbing, she wanted only to slip out of her clothes and into her own bed. Unwilling to create a disturbance in the dining room, she left messages for Lex and her hostess and went home, which was just around the block. Next morning she opened the paper to discover that she had walked out after a big brawl with her husband. Silently, she handed him the sheet. "Well," he observed, "I see they're going down the list. They've worked on Tony and Janet, given the Grangers the business, now it's time for Lana and Lex again. Forget it."

She understood the wisdom of his advice. "If you feel good, you brush it off. If not you start your day on the wrong foot. *You* know the truth, so that's not what bothers you. Just that you're sitting ducks for anyone who feels like taking a potshot. All we ask is a fair shake."

ON THE CREDIT SIDE, glamour is supposed to rate high. According to Lana, it's a much abused word. "Webster calls it

false magic, and I think he's got something there. Apart from the dictionary, I'm not sure I know *what* it means. Pretty clothes? Jewelry? New cars? All very nice, but only the goop on top. Under the goop, you'll find plenty of miserable people. If it means being the center of attention, yes, that's exciting at first when you're not used to it, but it palls pretty quickly and it leaves you pretty empty. I look back to my party days, and they mean nothing. I look back to Europe and Acapulco with Lex, and they're full of good memories."

In Europe they shied away from public places, stopped at little pensions, set off each morning with a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, some cheese and a newspaper to cut the cheese on, and drove all day through the sun-drenched countryside. In Acapulco they rented a house for three weeks. No hotels with the routine of pretending unconsciousness of heads that turn and eyes that stare. Taking towels and magazines, a beach umbrella, a portable ice box stuffed with their favorite Mexican dish of raw fish marinated in lime, they'd sit on the beach until six, go home to shower, change, dine by themselves and read.

"That's glamour?" asks Lana. "Then fifty million Americans are just as glamorous."

ON THE DEBIT SIDE, there has been romantic failure. While resenting pokes from the press, she thinks too straight to charge them with her own blunders. A likable trait in the Turner gal has been her acceptance of responsibility, her tight-lipped refusal to spread the blame even to her partners in failure. Nor does she flinch from facts. "I'm not proud of having been married four times. I'd like to say yes, this is my one and only, but you can't erase the past. I've made an awful lot of mistakes. I'm not so stupid that they haven't taught me something. And I'm not so smart that I think I know all the answers."

At sixteen she began to earn her living. Ten years ago she got into the big money. For marriage, she considers this a hazard —not only in Hollywood, but in modern life generally. "I can see it both ways. On the one hand, I love my independence. It's hard not to, once you're accustomed to it. On the other hand, it can be a woman's worst enemy. When she leans on a man for her very existence, necessity keeps them together. When things don't always go right, they're more likely to learn patience. But let her be self-supporting, and it's too easy to say, 'Here are your walking papers. See you around.' The minute an altercation comes up, she can zing him over the head with her independence and hurt him so deeply. There've been times in my life when I always had the quick comeback. Well, I was wrong, but that doesn't change the picture. Only I know now that adjustment is a continual process, not something you can polish off in a year and relax.

"Let's face it, I'm no Miss Meek, and my husband has a firm mind of his own. But neither of us holds grudges and we don't sulk. When it's over, it's over. What's more, he makes the decisions round our house. Big and small. If he wants to go out, we go out. If not, we stay home. Sometimes I think *I'm* doing all the adjusting. But I swallow the comebacks. I wait till the lights are low and the music's on and the fire's going and the mood is soft. Then I take up whatever is bothering me. It's a good technique. Gets you a lot further."

Whatever hurts she has inflicted, equal, if not deeper hurts have been inflicted on her. She never has discussed them; she won't discuss them now. But she went abroad resolved to think things through, leaving Hollywood gladly not because she felt the solution lay in Europe, but hoping that distance might lend perspective to her problems. The solution, she came to realize, lay within herself. It was up to her to find some new way of life, since the old way certainly hadn't made her happy. All the Barker publicity notwithstanding, she spent much of her time alone, exploring whys and wherefores. What did she want? Simple. What everyone wanted. A measure of inward peace. Where had she looked for it? In crowds, crying, "If I have to stay in tonight, I'll go crazy," deluding herself that maybe tonight she would meet the miracle-worker who would bring her peace. What had she found? Razzle-dazzle and disenchantment.

LANA IS NO INTROVERT who can dissect, stage by stage, an altered outlook. "I took time to meditate. I discovered that quietness gave me strength. The merry-go-round which I used to think meant so much to me ran down, and I realized I'd been chasing a brass ring. It was like a slow awakening to different values. I can't honestly say that Lex did it for me. No person can change another's attitude that much. You've got to do your own growing. But it helped to find someone who could meet me on the same ground —and someone *I* could meet. If I had still been a scatterbrain, we'd have had a couple of dates, I'd have said thanks a lot and that would have been it. As it turned out, we were both sick of the tinsel. Only I didn't know how to explain to Lex what went on in me, and he wasn't glib either. We're both short on fancy words. So it was a long-drawn-out process, getting acquainted with the other's personalites and ways of thinking. We're *still* getting acquainted. That's what I mean by adjusting every day. But on the basic things—home, kids and future," she crossed her fingers, "we're like this."

Their life together is quiet. They entertain at home with small dinner parties for friends like the Mike Wildings, the Ben Gages, the Cubby Broccolis. Occasionally they'll be seen at a big wingding, but Lex loathes them and Lana has had her fill. He's an outdoors guy, an early riser and a devotee of golf. She's a golfer too, though less ardent. When he's not working, he'll still be up at some unearthly hour for a day on the links. Averse to breakfasting without his wife, he'll drag her out of bed, moaning, protesting, dead to the world until she has had her second cup of coffee, by which time she can almost understand what he's saying. Sometimes she'll trot along and, once out under the morning sky, enjoys it. More often, bed seems pleasanter and she crawls back in. Whether they've spent the day apart or together, they're home by six. If Lex had his way, that's when they would eat. If Lana had her way, they'd eat at nine. Splitting the difference, they eat at seven-thirty. The girl who used to streak like a moth for the bright lights settles down in relief to a placid evening at home. They watch TV, listen to records or just sit and gab—over memories of the past and plans for the future—sometimes until four in the morning.

Straightforward about her feelings, she dislikes goo. Sentimental anecdotes embarrass her. "We're not kids, it sounds silly," she demurs, and this hesitation seems oddly touching. But with her native good humor, she gives in.

There's the horn bit. Neither ever leaves the other without honking three times, which means "I love you." Should Lex forget, Lana's day would be ruined. Once she was mad about something.

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Cheerily the horn tooted its three blasts. "I'll *bet* you do," she retorted to the empty room, which piece of absurdity promptly gave her the giggles.

Another time, leaving late for work, it was she who forgot. A message waited at the studio. "I don't know what it is, but please call Mr. Barker right away. He sounded terribly upset."

Heart pounding, she dialed. Who was suddenly sick? Cheryl? Her mother? Not Lex himself, hale and hearty just twenty minutes ago. "What's wrong?" she quavered, as he came on the phone.

"You didn't honk I love you." Like a six-year-old abandoned by his mother.

She wanted to shake him like a six-year-old, too, for scaring her half to death. Instead, she picked up a brush and clunked it against the receiver three times. "Okay?"

"Well, it's not as loud as the horn, but I guess I'll survive."

Their talisman is a tiny ceramic donkey named Baby, acquired for his outstanding personality. Wandering around Capri, they discovered him on a knick-knack table. Unkempt, bedraggled, looking as though he'd worked overtime all his life, his face was still split in a wide and seraphic grin. Baby goes everywhere with them, and for a specific reason. Sometimes you can't quite say, "Yes, I was a stinker." Sometimes you're dying to say it and it sticks in your throat. Baby's the mediator for whichever one has lost his temper. Lana has found him smiling from the bottom of her coffee cup, Lex in the toe of a shoe. Baby can say, "I'm sorry," with ease and grace, always glad to help them over the hump.

THEIR DAYDREAMS include more children, if possible. Lana is a natural with kids, blending humor, warmth and authority. Linn and Zan, who've just spent six months with the Barkers, call her Bunny. Cheryl calls Lex "Po," her own abbreviation of Pop. She and Linn are best friends, visiting back and forth, taking turns to stay overnight with each other.

Many tears have been shed for the offspring of Hollywood stars, and you take your pick of two popular views. One, they're ruined by overindulgence. Two they're ruined by neglect, shunted into the care of strangers, allowed to see mama long enough night and morning to peck her on the cheek. Both views are extreme. Neither happens to be true of Cheryl Crane. "I can't speak," says Lana, "for anyone but myself. For myself, I'm a working mother, so I couldn't spend all my days with Cheryl. But *my* mother had to work too, and couldn't spend her days with me. Nor afford the care I gave Cheryl. Yes, she has had nurses and governesses, but always under my close supervision. Mine was the final word, and we all knew it. I don't think she has suffered from my being in the movie business. I think her childhood has been happier than mine."

Which is understatement. An engaging and well-adjusted youngster, Cheryl is the product of her mother's very definite ideas on child-rearing. She attends a parochial school, and for two sound reasons. Lana respects the values taught by the sisters. And she wants her daughter, to make friends with kids on all economic levels. At Cheryl's school, it's character that counts, not how many Cadillacs your father owns. "I don't like snobs," says Lana briefly.

She is consistent about discipline. In return for her allowance, Cheryl has certain chores to perform—like hanging up her clothes, making her bed, caring for her bird and dog. If she slips up, she hears about it from Mother. Nearing twelve, she's too old to be spanked, but young enough to be crushed by no TV or no ice-skating next Saturday. And even though it hurts her worse, Lana makes it stick. "Unless you keep your word for good or ill, why should they trust you?"

She has reached an age where they have fun doing things together, as with the riding lessons. Last Christmas Mrs. Turner gave them their first mother-daughter outfits. Two-piece numbers in pale blue, blouse, sweater, identical belts, little full skirts with lots of petticoats. Thus arrayed, they went shopping in Beverly. Since they both love to window-shop, Lana noticed nothing odd until Cheryl lingered before the hardware store, which she had never before honored with a passing glance. Only then did it dawn on her mother that the child was studying in each windowpane the reflection of two figures, dressed exactly alike, and getting a big bang out of it. Pretending absorption in nuts and bolts, Lana watched the look on her daughter's face and got a big bang out of that.

AS HER FLEDGLING begins to edge out of the nest, she is seized by the usual maternal qualms, which she squelches—with an assist from Lex. Cheryl was all steamed up over a projected camping week end with her Girl Scout troop. Lana conjured up visions of fearful perils, like snakes. Lex said: "If she can't do what the rest of 'em do, why let her belong at all?" She saw his point. She had seen it before he made it, but needed bolstering. Feeling heroic, she piled twelve little girls into the station wagon, drove them to the camp site, spent the week end with her heart in her mouth and drove back to collect them. Not till she glimpsed Cheryl all in one piece, did she breathe freely again.

But what-the-rest-of-them-do isn't her yardstick. Right now she's getting the lipstick routine. "Lipstick?" she gasps, not nearly so shocked as she pretends. "Why, you're not even twelve yet."

"Well, when? When I'm thirteen?"

"No. Maybe fifteen."

"Oh, *Mom*-my!!" on a long wail. "All the other girls—"

"You're not all the other girls."

"All the other mothers—"

"I'm not all the other mothers and, honey, let me tell you something. There aren't any tricks you can think of to pull that I haven't pulled myself, and not too long ago. So why don't you just float with the tide?" To this dialogue, Mrs. Turner listens with interest. "What are *you* humming about?" demands Lana.

Which gives Cheryl fresh fodder. "I bet Grandma let *you*."

"I don't want to hear any more about it," says Lana in the tone that means no kidding, and with a final "Oh, *Mommy!*" Cheryl subsides. For the time being.

Having grown up with it, Mommy's position in Hollywood cuts little ice with her except as it is reflected among her associates. When she was smaller, she enjoyed visiting the set. Now, deep in her own interests, she couldn't care less. Only once, a couple of years ago, did a small cloud develop. She came home from school, obviously down in the dumps. "What's wrong," asked Lana.

"Nothing, Mommy." But at length she allowed the truth to be coaxed out. "The kids had been teasing her. "They kept saying Lana Turner's your mother. She's a movie star."

"Well, honey, you've known that right along. It's a job, that's all. No different from Mary's mother, only she works in a department store." But the small face refused to brighten and, with sudden insight, Lana detected the difference. For the first time Cheryl was seeing her through the eyes of others—a glamour queen high on her throne, set apart from the rest of the world, maybe even from herself. She gathered the child up. "Don't you believe it. You're my baby and I'm your mother. Lana Turner's got nothing to do with *us*." Which was all her troubled daughter wanted to hear.

Now she's discovering that to be Lana Turner's daughter carries distinct advantages. Cheryl is in the sixth grade. The sixth graders idolize the eighth graders. If an eighth grader says hello to you, you float. Well, they've done more than say hello to Cheryl. One of her classmates brought a picture of Lana and tacked it to the wall. This made her feel rather self-conscious until recess time, when an eighth grader approached respectfully. "If it's all right with you girls, we'd like to borrow that picture of Cheryl's mother and hang it in our room for an hour."

Choking with pride, she spilled out the tale at home. "Eighth graders! *Imagine*, Mommy! Aren't you *thrilled?!*" And don't think Mommy wasn't.

LANA HAS BEEN PUBLICIZED from the spectacular angle, which makes news. What doesn't make news is, she's got a brain in her head—and not only in dealing with youngsters. Put on any symphony and she'll tell you its name, its composer, who's playing, who's conducting. Always a hungry reader, she's more so now. *The Prophet* may not be your cup of tea, but it's hers and it lies on her bedside table. Books on every form of religion fascinate her, not with the notion of changing her own faith, but to understand what others believe and why. Knowing all this, you're not surprised when she tells you:

"I've got four more years under contract to MGM. Then I'm just going to do other things unless some story comes along that I can't bear not to do. There's so much to learn that I haven't time to learn while I'm working, and when a picture's finished, I'm too tired to care. I want to try painting again, which I started once and gave up. I'd like to know more about music. I'd like to study languages. The world's so small nowadays. It's stupid to go abroad, expecting everyone else to speak your language without returning the courtesy. If a story never comes along, okay. I'll have that much more time to learn and learn and learn."

She speaks unpretentiously, with the quietness that carries conviction. One lesson she has learned well—the folly of wasting regrets on the past. Looking back at the inexperienced girl of years ago, she knows she'd follow the same road again and, through her mistakes, come up with the same answer. It's the past on which you build your future. She has no quarrel with life. She thinks it's been good to her. She'll go on living with her head up. **END**

TEACHER'S PET



While Vic Damone was stationed in San Antonio he sang in Harlandale High. He sang a song to teachers under thirty. In the crowd, however, was a sad looking teacher, definitely over thirty. Vic noticed her and called her up to the stage. He sang "September Song" to her and then said, "I bet I could kiss you." He did, and the crowd went wild, especially we girls.

Betty Nava
San Antonio, Texas

memoirs of a small texan

(*Continued from page 56*) truck driver and I, eyeball to eyeball."

He is most amusing when he kids himself, reminiscing about the funnier side of his days in uniform.

The uniform itself, of course, was a worthy subject. When Audie arrived at Camp Wolters in Texas, he was five feet, five inches, weighed 112 pounds even after dinner, was seventeen and looked twelve. They issued him the uniform and when he put it on, both his hands and his feet were invisible. Khaki seemed to flood all over him. From within the folds of it, he remarked to the supply sergeant that he thought the outfit might be too big for him.

"You'll grow into it," growled the sergeant, giving the standard Army reply. Private Murphy, however, was smaller than most, and found it necessary to have six inches chopped off the arms and legs.

It took him longer about the shoes. He wore a size eight and had been issued a size ten, and his feet wallowed around inside. As Audie puts it, "I could do an about-face and take two steps without moving off the ground." But Murphy wasn't one to gripe. He had wanted to be a soldier more than anything in the whole world, and now there was a real war going and he intended to get into it. Furthermore, he was eating three meals a day, a heretofore unknown pleasure, and he allowed as how the Army was being real good to him. Already he was farther from home than he'd ever been, and he figured if he kept his mouth shut and did as he was told, he might get even closer to real action.

So for a while, he remained content to rattle around in the shoes. Then, a week later, came a thirty-mile hike to a spot known as Baker's Hollow. The weary troops were knee-deep in sand burrs, which meant that Murphy was up to his waist in them. When he got back to camp and pulled off the shoes and found his feet were bleeding he finally got the nerve to ask for the smaller pair.

That was a day he would gladly have collapsed by the wayside, but he didn't dare because he had already blacked out once. It had happened on a day that promised to hit 110 degrees, and in the morning the new soldiers had been lined up to receive their shots from a weary medic. Audie himself was soon to have a temperature of 105, but as he stood waiting he thought only of the two enormous men preceding him in the line. They were huge and hairy, and Audie hoped they would faint, because if they did, he wouldn't feel so bad about doing it himself. Already he looked, and felt, as if he needed a blood transfusion. "But the doctor had a lot of trouble finding a muscle," says Audie. "I didn't have much meat on me, and the needle kept ricocheting off the bone." The two big men walked off under their own steam, so Audie gritted his teeth and did the same. In another hour he was on the field doing close-order drill and this, plus the combination of sun and fever, stretched Murph flat on his face.

That was when Sergeant Black first noticed he had a lamb in his fold. The sergeant was one of those robust characters who lived up to his rank—an ex-fighter with a voice like a pile driver.

He was the first of many hundreds of uniformed men who would not believe Audie was old enough to be in the Army. As a matter of fact, he wasn't. A bare seventeen, Murphy had feared the war might be over before he turned the legitimate soldiering age of eighteen, and so he had mapped out his campaign. He was delighted to learn that his birth certificate was unavailable, having burned to a crisp some years before along with the county courthouse. This opened the way for fake documents and Audie happily secured the proper forms and went to call on the old doctor who had delivered him seventeen years ago.

"Would you fill this out for me?" Audie wanted to know.

The white-haired doctor smiled at Audie over his spectacles. "Want to get in the fight, eh, son?" He scratched his head, trying to recall the dim years. "Now, let's see, when *were* you born?"

"1924," lied Audie pleasantly.

THE INK WAS BARELY dry before Murphy streaked into a Marine recruiting office. The sergeant in charge looked unbelievingly at the small scarecrow who stood before him. "Now look, kid," he said. "The Marines build men, sure. But we got to have something to start with!"

His Irish temper boiling, Audie consulted the Navy, whose local representative said practically the same thing the Marine sergeant had said. Audie was frantic, certain the war would be over any day. He went to the Air Force, knowing his education was insufficient, but hoping by some miracle he could slide in. After all, he wasn't going to be humiliated by joining the Infantry—the Infantry would take *any*body. There was no miracle at the Air Force. Audie's aptitude tests were high, but he had quit school to help his mother with the brood at home. And so it was that Murphy, fuming, landed in the Infantry at Camp Wolters. He tried transferring to the Paratroopers (not heavy enough) and a glider outfit (no soap). And he spent much thought in ways and means to get himself out of the Infantry.

In the interim, the Infantry was trying to get rid of *him*. Sgt. Black, running an experienced eye over the inert form stretched out on the drill field that day, decided this bit of humanity was not for soldiering. And after Audie was discharged from the hospital, the sergeant made a suggestion.

"Baby," he said, using the nickname that made Audie wince, "you're not for this war stuff. I'm making arrangements to send you to cook and baker school."

"*What!*" yelled Audie. "I don't want to be a cook! I want to get into action!"

"Look, I'm doin' you a favor," said the sergeant.

"I don't want any favors! Just keep your nose out of it and we'll get along great."

He looked like the prototype of every mama's boy ever seen in a movie—the baby-faced character who folds at the first sign of danger and yells for his mother—and it seemed that every other man in the Army was dedicating himself to get Private Murphy sent to a nice, safe place.

"Besides which," says Audie, "they figured I'd foul up the whole platoon."

That was why, on the hike to and from Baker's Hollow, the small Murphy kept telling himself to stay conscious. The threat of cook and baker school hung before his glazed eyes like a well-honed axe. By this time he was an addict of the Infantry; he had absorbed the *esprit de corps* and would sooner have been shot than transferred. He made it that day and he kept on making it, but it took some doing.

AUDIE WAS ALREADY a crack shot, but the only gun he had ever fired was his own .22 rifle, a lightweight weapon to which the Murphy family had often owed its dinner. The first gun the Army handed him was an '03 G.I. rifle and when Audie took it his knees buckled under its weight. The first time he fired it, the kickback gave him a bloody nose. And ensuing days found him on the drill field, performing rifle calisthenics by jerking the

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'03 to the north, south, east and west, and wondering why he didn't collapse.

"Our country was in a hurry in those days," says Audie. "And I had the determination, but not the physical equipment."

By the time he was transferred to Fort Meade in Maryland he was gaining weight rapidly; also considerable strength. At Meade he got the best score in the entire battalion on the Browning Automatic Rifle which is heavier than the '03.

Still, he was a little guy, and the nickname "Baby" stuck to him like flypaper. He hated it, and his only consolation was that they never found out that the L in the middle of his name stands for Leon. They didn't call him Tex, because at Fort Meade nobody knew he was from Texas. "I hate blabbermouth Texans," says Audie, "and besides, they wouldn't have believed it. I wasn't big enough to be from Texas."

While he was at Fort Meade he got a seven-day pass and went to New York with a buddy. Audie figured New York was real fine and gawked at the tall buildings like the country boy he was. When he ran out of money, he simply went to a shooting gallery and fattened his wallet by fifty dollars. His sharpshooter medals, of which he was immensely proud, dribbled all over his chest and eventually caused him much embarrassment. Wherever he went, passersby laughed at him, certain he was a Boy Scout dressed up in his father's uniform.

Back at camp, kind-hearted officers continued standing on their heads in an effort to keep little Murphy out of the line of fire. Cook and baker school no longer threatened, but now they had ideas about keeping him at Ft. Meade as a permanent member of the cadre. And for all their efforts they got nothing but screams of anguish from Audie, who was steaming to get into battle.

IT WAS AT FORT MEADE that he first gave an inkling he had the makings of a soldier. One day he drew prison guard detail and was instructed to escort two prisoners to the quartermaster for new shoes. Both were great hulking men, one up for murder, the other for rape. Audie tackled his job fully aware of the Army legend that says if a man allows a prisoner to escape he will serve the remainder of the term himself. Adhering to rules, he herded them in stony silence, following them like a small shadow, until suddenly they tried to split up on him. Audie flipped off the safety of his gun, and the click had a menacing sound. One of them turned to look down at him, sneering. "What would you do if we tried to get away?"

Audie eyed him coolly. "I'd shoot you," he said matter-of-factly. "Both of you."

Later, he told his captain about it. "What would you really have done?" asked the officer.

"I told you," drawled Audie. "I'd of killed 'em. I don't cotton to spending the rest of my life in jail for something two other guys did. Besides, I want to see action."

He finally shoved off, bound for North Africa, and on the ship's arrival in Casablanca Murph committed his only act of insubordination. Except that he didn't consider it as such to his beloved Army, the Army that had fed him so much food that in thirteen weeks of basic training he had gained twenty-five pounds. He thought of it, gleefully, as an act of defiance to the Navy, that branch of the service to which he had once yearned to belong. After three weeks at sea, the Navy took care of docking operations and took off, *en masse*, to enjoy Casablanca. They left Murph, as acting sergeant, in charge of both the ship and a bunch of furious men. So Audie locked up the ship, removed himself and his fellow soldiers, all but a couple of guards, to also enjoy Casablanca.

North Africa proved to be a tough training ground. The German force was falling apart, and instead of action Audie was put through rigorous training, an ordeal which he is sure now saved his life. Among amphibious exercises and a lot of etcetera was the infliction of living on as few calories as possible. For this toughening-up process the Army chose marmalade, and for days on end the men had nothing to eat but marmalade and more marmalade. "That orange kind," says Audie with an expression of revulsion on his face, "with the awful peelings." He never has eaten it since.

It was in North Africa that Audie's pals learned he meant it when he said he didn't drink. The fact amazed them all, particularly when they learned he was a Texan.

"You mean there's somebody from Texas who doesn't drink?"

"I just don't like the taste of it," said Audie.

Marlon Brando began as a student in a drama class taught by Stella Adler. Yesterday Miss Adler was asked if young James Dean, star of "East of Eden," ever had been one of her pupils, too. "Frankly, I don't know," Miss Adler said. "In my classes the students are either 'John' or 'Darling.' We remember them by talent, not by name."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

They weren't content until they had him down some homemade red wine, homemade, that is, by a barefoot native. Dutifully, Audie got down half of the dose in his canteen cup, turned green and then grey, and made it back to camp only by crawling on all fours. Murphy puts wine in the category with orange marmalade.

FROM NORTH AFRICA his outfit landed on Sicily, then Salerno, then the Anzio beachhead, then northward to Rome. After that came the landing on the southern beaches of France, the march to the north, the final, stiff and awful resistance in Germany itself. And through it all, despite his newly acquired toughness, Audie was eternally mistaken for a recruit just out of high school. His helmet refused to fit his head, slipping down over his eyebrows. "All they could see was eyeballs and G.I. shoes," grins Audie. They pleaded with him, in and out of battle, to adjust the lining, and Audie only replied, "I can see you guys, and that's all that counts."

He occasionally settled the problem by removing his helmet entirely, sometimes even under fire, an act which gave other soldiers the jitters. Once, on the Anzio beachhead, a colonel noticed the bareheaded Murphy and handed him his own. And Audie still laughs when he remembers the lieutenant who began giving him orders and stopped cold when he spotted the silver eagle on Murphy's helmet.

Eventually, Audie did achieve rank while in the lines. He was a lieutenant by the time he was wounded and lay on a litter three days before they could get him to a field hospital. Sick as he was, raging with fever, he heard the medics who were carrying him. "This kid must have somebody else's dog tags," a voice said. "According to them, he's a lieutenant."

"He ain't no looie," said another. "This joker's not over fifteen." And so they put him in the enlisted men's ward.

Before the war was over, there were some who knew that Audie Murphy was like no baby they'd ever seen. That was the day his buddy was killed. Murphy's reaction to that got him a Congressional Medal of Honor.

But the battle with his baby face lasted all through the war. Toward the end, when the army was taking older men, new officers in their thirties would report to Audie's outfit. "We're looking for the old man," they'd say and Audie, restraining a grin, would tell them, "I'm the old man."

"*You?*" they'd say in amazement, and Audie says now they looked disgusted at what the Army was coming to.

Once, he went to a replacement depot for a new carbine. It was six o'clock in the evening and he was due to leave for the front again the next morning at four. Audie's raincoat covered evidence of his rank. The sergeant at his desk behind the small window grunted at Audie's entrance.

"We're closed. We close at six."

"You join some damn union or something?" inquired Murph. "I want a carbine."

"You don't say," said the sergeant. "Carbines are only for first three-graders and officers. And I'm closing up."

"Give me a carbine," said Audie coolly.

"I suppose you're going to tell me you're some damned first sergeant."

"I'm not telling you anything," said Audie. "Just give me a carbine."

The sergeant's face grew purple with rage and his fist shot through the small aperture, connecting with Audie's eye. Then he stumbled out to where Audie stood and as he shot through the door Audie clobbered him. The sergeant fell, striking his head against a shovel, which inflicted a cut in his forehead.

"Now," said the irate lieutenant, "are you going to give me a carbine, or would you rather bleed to death?"

And the sergeant, soft from his long regime in the rear echelons, croaked as loud as he could, "Hey, Joe, get this guy a carbine—quick!"

"And so," says Audie now, "I went back to the front with my carbine and my black eye."

IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN many times, and it is true, that Audie Murphy has an uncommon and becoming modesty about his extraordinary valor in the war. He was lauded far and wide as the most decorated soldier in the American Army, long before he knew it himself. In his own words: "I had no idea I had any more medals than any other guy. I didn't even know what I got for what. I was too busy to think about it. I remember when I went back to Fort Sam after the war, the town had a big blow-out, with a parade and flags and banners and the whole works. I didn't know anything about it—I guess everybody figured somebody else had told me. Anyway, I went to the hotel and had dinner in my room and hit the sack. And there was this crowd, and a general to introduce me, and the general stood up and talked about how proud everybody ought to be of this native son of Texas. I hear he got all the way to the end, where he said, 'And now it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Lieutenant Murphy!' And nothing happened. I was blocks away, sound asleep. Boy, did I get chewed up for that!"

Even a year ago, Audie found it impossible to discuss any phase of the war. Making the movie *To Hell And Back* was rough on him. Many of the scenes brought back his nightmares. But it also seemed to serve as a sort of therapy, for by now he can bring himself to talk about it. And it is good to watch him, now five feet ten of solid muscle, the Irish grin lighting his still youthful face, speaking easily of that.

The only subject that makes him freeze is any reference to his being a hero, particularly in reference to his two sons. Then Audie suddenly becomes restless and a disturbed look enters his eyes. "Them?" he says. "They're Roy Rogers fans." **END**

everywhere that ava goes

(*Continued from page 28*) to be more and more frightened by them.

Typical, was Ava's location trip to Pakistan to make MGM's *Bhowani Junction* with Stewart Granger.

THE GIANT DC6-B arrived at Karachi airport thirty minutes early.

Ava emerged first. She looked cool and crisp. She wore a handsome two-piece suit she had picked up in Rome and a two-strand choker necklace of pearls. She carried a fur stole.

But Granger, the great white hunter, looked green about the gills.

In a matter of seconds the aircraft was surrounded by Pakistan Government officials and swarms of movie fans.

Paul Mills, an MGM publicity man, got to Ava first. She threw her arms around him, and he kissed her.

"You look wonderful!" he said.

"Thank you, sweetie," Ava answered.

Then the party headed for the Immigration Room.

"How did you like it?" Mills asked Granger. Two days before, Granger had left Los Angeles aboard a Scandinavian Airlines flight which had taken him by the polar route to Copenhagen. Ava had gone up from London and caught the same plane in Copenhagen. They had flown half way around the world to Pakistan.

Granger, hot and uncomfortable even in his open-necked polo shirt, said frankly, "I was airsick the whole way while she"—and he nodded enviously toward Ava—"while she sipped claret or slept. I don't know how she does it!"

Once Ava and Granger stepped inside the VIP room at Customs (VIP stands for Very Important Persons) the Pakistan movie fans made a concerted rush toward them. The room suddenly became stifling.

"Won't you please give us a breath of fresh air?" Granger called out.

Ava began to turn white. The fans pressed closer, thrusting pens and autograph books under her face. The currency control man asked Ava how much money she was carrying. Ava said she was broke. Granger, however, pulled out a wallet bulging with Egyptian and American banknotes.

"Honey! You are rich!" Ava cooed. "Where did you get all that loot? I don't have a cent on me."

More fans swarmed into the already packed room. Ava wiped her brow as Granger began to fill out forms.

"I can't stay here any longer," Ava said. She looked faint. She slipped out into the ladies' room and presently it was announced that she had left for her hotel. She hadn't. She was just hiding until the crowd thinned out. But the crowd of Moslems refused to go away. They moved in on Granger. He autographed books, the evening newspapers, even banknotes.

"But this is money!!" he said to one fan. "Sure you don't want to spend it?"

"No," said the fan. "Just sign it."

From that point on the fans offered one-rupee notes, and Granger signed them.

The reporters began to complain about Ava's absence. "Why did she sneak away?" one asked. "It wasn't exactly polite," another told Paul Mills.

In a matter of three minutes, Mr. Mills produced Ava. "Just a very few questions," he suggested. "Miss Gardner will have a press conference at the Hotel Metropole on Tuesday."

"Isn't it very hot for you?" Ava was asked.

"It certainly is," she agreed.

"Then why don't you take off your jacket?" a reporter asked her.

Ava smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"Have you ever been to Pakistan or India before?"

"I've passed through twice but this is the first time I've been in Karachi."

"How long do you plan to stay in Pakistan, Miss Gardner?"

"About two months, I think."

"After you finish *Bhowani Junction*, what would you like to do here?"

Ava shook her head. "I'm sorry, no more. Please. I'm so tired I can't think. I just want to get to the hotel for a bath and a rest."

The reporters turned to Stewart Granger.

No, he said, he never had visited Pakistan before, although his father, an Army officer, had been "in these parts about twenty-five years ago."

He raised his faded brown Alpine hat. "A very good hat!" he announced. "See you all later." And with that the two stars were whisked away in a car to the Hotel Metropole.

HERE AGAIN hundreds of fans were waiting. As soon as Ava got to her room, the telephones began to ring. She called the manager and the phones were disconnected.

Newsmen learned the number of her room and made a dash for the door. Hotel porters tried to stop them, but one reporter made it. A sturdy waiter grabbed his arm.

"I'm sorry, sir," he asserted. "You can't go in there. The lady is in her tub."

Ava dined alone, took two sleeping tablets and went to bed. Downstairs, after shouting themselves hoarse, the fans began to ooze away. Then Stewart Granger and Paul Mills slipped out of the hotel by a side exit and toured the city at night.

The next day, Ava, dressed lightly and demurely in pink georgette, was ready for her press conference. To her great horror, mobs of fans burst into the hotel. These were not reporters and cameramen. These were movie-goers howling for more autographs, crying for another look at the Hollywood stars. Ava grew frightened.

A group of hefty policemen rushed to Ava's side and smuggled her out a back door and upstairs. The reporters screamed.

"Is this press conference to be abandoned?" one shouted. "Are we to be stalled indefinitely? We were told Miss Gardner would be available today."

Poor Paul Mills ran a handkerchief over his sweating brow. After a struggle that went on for thirty minutes it was assumed that Ava wanted to call the whole thing off; she just couldn't take it. Mills was able to arrange a press conference in a small room upstairs. Only holders of genuine press cards were admitted.

Inside the stuffy room, Ava, flanked by Granger, regained her composure. Someone set a little Pakistan girl next to her, and she smiled. Ava has always loved children.

As the reporters began their questions, Ava put her feet on the coffee table.

"Would you tell us the secret of your health?" a reporter asked. "How can you travel all over the world and still look so fresh? Mr. Granger here takes one long air trip and he gets deathly sick."

Ava grinned. "My hobby is sleeping. I sleep every chance I get. That's how I maintain myself. That's the secret of whatever good health I enjoy."

"You can say that again," Stewart Granger interjected. "She went to bed at midnight yesterday and got up at three this afternoon."

Granger was asked, "Why did you bring your gun with you on this trip? Do you need it for *Bhowani Junction?*"

"I'm extremely fond of big game hunting," Granger explained, while Ava looked

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at him, a wry little smile on her lips. "And I'm hoping someone will invite me to go shooting on my days off."

"Besides Stewart Granger," Pakistan newsmen asked Ava, "who is your favorite screen hero?"

"Wait a minute," Granger interrupted. "She hasn't played with me yet, brother. I've been frantically trying to get her for years."

"All of them have been very nice," Ava hedged. "Gregory Peck is a fine actor, and James Mason was just wonderful."

"Why were you chosen for *Bhowani Junction?*" That was the next question tossed at Ava and it stumped her.

"Well," she began. "I guess it was—well, frankly . . ."

Stewart Granger came to the damsel's rescue. "The picture needed a girl who would be rather plain," he explained. "We had to have Ava. She's a superb actress, so I came for her."

"Is there any chance that you and Frank Sinatra will reconcile?"

"Please, gentlemen," Paul Mills said.

"Very well then," continued the reporter. "What do you hear from Frank Sinatra these days?"

"Please, gentlemen," Paul Mills said.

"Are any of your ambitions unfulfilled?" Ava was asked. "Do you plan to get married again?"

"I still have time," Ava replied.

"Are you technically still married to Mr. Sinatra?"

"Please, gentlemen," Paul Mills said.

THE REPORTERS turned to Stewart Granger, hoping for a little more personal information. "Your favorite actress?"

Granger's reply came like a bullet. "Jean Simmons," he said. "She's my favorite everything. I'm sorry she's not with me."

"Would you say, Mr. Granger, she was a better star than you are?"

"No doubt about it," he answered.

Back to Ava the interrogators turned. "Your best picture, Miss Gardner?"

"I would say," Ava nodded, "*The Barefoot Contessa.*"

"Before we leave," a reporter asked, "I wonder if we might see the Contessa barefoot?"

Ava Gardner answered with a sweet, sultry smile but kept her shoes on. The press conference was over.

Ava was up at six A.M. next morning. She packed her bag and joined Granger in the ride to the airport. They were to catch a seven A.M. flight to Lahore in the interior where the location shooting for *Bhowani Junction* was to begin.

Ava was tired and nervous. Sleep was still in her eyes. "I'm glad we're leaving early," she said to Granger. "We'll get away from the crowds."

No such luck. As soon as Ava and her escort hit the airport, another mob, this one consisting largely of female fans, bore down on the VIP room.

Ava and Granger locked themselves inside, but not before a flock of ladies had forced themselves in.

They presented their autograph books at once.

"Please," Granger pleaded as Ava nervously began to puff a cigarette. "We need a few minutes to relax. Don't think I'm rude—but won't you please leave us alone?"

"You have no right," a Pakistani lady screeched, "to make such a request. This is Government property." Ava shook her head and sipped a cup of coffee. She lit another cigarette and sat on the bench as Granger warded off the persistent women.

Finally the flight to Lahore was announced. Ava and Granger breathed a sigh of relief, ran for the plane. END

can grace teach hollywood?

(*Continued from page 33*) desire. Not Grace Kelly. She never asks anyone to do anything she can do for herself.

OTHER KELLY COLLEAGUES report that she's unique in that she calls people Mr. or Miss until she's acquainted well enough to shift to a first-name basis. This is extremely rare in Hollywood where such terms of endearment as "darling," "honey" and "sweetie" are bandied about two minutes after introductions.

The men on the Paramount lot marvel at the fact that this year's Oscar winner seldom smokes and never swears.

"Sure, I've seen her get angry," one publicity man recalls, "but it's usually because some reporter is trying to put words in her mouth. You can tell when Grace is mad by the set of her lips. She boils inwardly and clams up so completely that the fresh reporter can't get any kind of a story out of her. And what's more, she doesn't care."

"Another significant facet of the Kelly personality," claims director Alfred Hitchcock, "is that Grace never tells risqué stories. Now that I think of it," Hitchcock adds, "I don't believe anyone ever considers telling her off-color jokes, either. Any more than you would tell one to Mrs. Eisenhower or Queen Elizabeth or any other real lady. This is not to say that she doesn't have a sharp sense of humor."

Cary Grant found that out when he starred with Grace in *To Catch A Thief.* Whenever the script called for serious, straight-laced acting, Grant would take mischievous pleasure in breaking Grace up with a gag. They'd get ready for a scene. Just as the cameras were prepared to roll, Grant would make a wisecrack, and Grace would break into uncontrollable laughter.

Prudence Wise, Grace's roommate, points out that nobody ever asks Kelly whether she sleeps in pajamas or a nightgown. "There is something about Grace," Prudence says, "that makes such questions forbidding or even a little silly."

BEING SUCH A PARAGON of virtue and such a pillar of propriety also has its drawbacks. Women, especially, just don't believe she can be as perfect and refined and upright as the men claim.

"That certainly was my own wife's reaction," says Wally Westmore, the famous movie make-up artist. "I raved about Grace so much after working with her that my wife thought I was nuts. Finally when I wanted to invite her and Prude home to dinner, my wife was agreeable but not excited. She had seen Grace on the screen and like lots of other people, thought she was lovely but cold.

"Meeting Grace in person changed her opinion completely. Grace is so natural and unaffected you can't help liking her. She doesn't project, as they say around Hollywood. She lets people warm up to her gradually. In fact, she doesn't talk much at all, but she surely is a flattering listener.

"If you're the one who's talking she politely pays attention. A lot of other actresses I know must be the center of attention or their eyes begin to wander toward a mirror. Not Grace. She never does or says something for the purely dramatic effect. She can converse intelligently about practically anything—travel, current events, sports—but there's never a hint of a snobbish manner about her.

"She's just herself and anyone who meets her falls in love with her—especially my wife."

Wally Westmore also likes to tell about Grace's thoughtfulness. When she went home to New York last winter after finishing her movie work, she sent him a Valentine's Day gift that knocked him for a loop. It was a case of assorted delicacies from S. S. Pierce, the well-known Boston grocery. She had personally selected all the New England specialties that Wally and his wife crave and somehow can't find in California.

Simultaneously, she sent gifts to everyone she knew at Paramount. Then she sat down and wrote Wally asking him for the address of Ann, his recently married daughter. Wally ignored the request because he figured that Ann and her Air Force husband would soon be transferred to another base. "Besides," he says, "I didn't want Grace to be bothered sending the kids a wedding gift."

When Grace Kelly arrived in Hollywood for the Academy Awards, she disembarked from the plane carrying a large white package. It was a wedding present for Ann Westmore.

"I had to go to New York to do my shopping," quipped Grace, grinning. "There aren't any stores in Los Angeles."

BUD FRAKER, Paramount's ace portrait photographer, believes that few of Grace's photos do her justice. "So much of her appeal," Fraker asserts, "lies in her charm and personality that I find difficulty in catching such elusive qualities. I have to make sure not to use anything but street make-up with Grace or she looks artificial. You can't use trick lighting or hokey poses with the girl. The secret of her personality is naturalness."

Bud smiles when he recalls that a year ago he practically had to beg magazine art editors to put Grace on their covers.

"The first magazine to give her a break," he grins, "was MODERN SCREEN. Since then she has made the cover of practically every magazine in the country. I've shot her in all her own clothes, all her movie clothes and still the requests snowball."

As she is about most things, Grace is relaxed in her portrait sittings. She arrives promptly, takes direction superbly, never fidgets in front of the camera.

"The only time she gives me any trouble," Fraker admits, "is when the proofs are ready. She kills all shots that show too much leg, too much cleavage or soulful, sexy eyes. They're not her cup of tea. I kid her and say, 'Grace, if all the actresses in town were as particular as you are I'd be out of the cheesecake business in the morning.' But with Grace Kelly, believe me, you don't need cheesecake. She's loaded with charm."

Edith Head, one of the great fashion designers, knows Grace well. She has a theory about the young actress. She believes that the youngest daughter of John Kelly was born with a fairy godmother to watch over her.

"I've traveled with Grace in this country and in Europe," Edith declares, "and I've never seen her in an awkward spot. She doesn't get runs in her stockings or colds in her head or misplace her pocketbook or lose tickets like the rest of us. Life's embarrassing moments seem to pass her by."

As a case in point Edith refers to the night of the Academy Awards. After the Oscars were presented; and the press boys were clamoring for pictures of Grace and Marlon Brando together, Grace who never had met Brando until that evening, moved obligingly nearer to the happy actor.

"How about kissing him?" a news pho-

tographer shouted.

A flicker of a smile played over Grace's patrician features. "Why doesn't he kiss me?" she answered sweetly. Brando did.

IN HER OWN WAY and according to her own standards, Grace handles the press, the local wolves and all threats to her way of life with polite but firm gentility.

As for Hollywood's established customs, she refuses to compromise. When she's working on the west coast she rents a furnished apartment and kitchenette with another working girl. She drives a rented Ford sedan and wears horn-rimmed glasses except when she's on camera. As a result, people don't recognize her, and she is rarely stopped for an autograph. Only at premières do the fans know who she is.

On such occasions Grace really stands out by virtue of being unostentatious. She wears very little make-up, and clothes of simple elegance.

In a society where so many women wear mink-lined chinchilla and oversize diamonds, Grace doesn't own a fur piece. She has a fabulous collection of silk, organdy, velvet and brocaded evening coats but no mink. Her customary jewelry consists of a single strand of pearls and perhaps a flower or a snip of ribbon in her hair.

This restrained fashion sense doesn't mean that Grace doesn't like clothes. Quite the contrary. On her last trip to Europe she traveled with three trunks and half a dozen suitcases. For the most part she buys very expensive suits and name-designer evening clothes. She chooses magnificent bags and shoes, and she has a weakness for gloves. The rest of her wardrobe consists of sports clothes, cottons and the casuals most girls of her age can afford.

GRACE STANDS OUT from other actresses in that she never commits an error in taste. For example, she never wears high heels with slacks. She was in Las Vegas recently with Cary and Betsy Grant, and she wore sports clothes, naturally, but always with flats.

Her cashmere sweaters fit easily, not like adhesive tape. And she prefers blue jeans, Bermuda shorts and tailored slacks to matador pants. Her blouses are made of crisp cotton, rather than clinging fabrics. She wears a hat, stockings and white gloves when she's invited out, and she always carries two clean handkerchiefs.

"When you look at Grace," Bing Crosby says, "she reminds you of a cool breath of fresh air."

That's exactly what Grace is bringing to Hollywood. **END**

miss saint regrets

(*Continued from page 53*) Jeffrey has worked on such shows as Max Liebman's NBC *Spectacular* and Fred Coe's *TV Playhouse*. His center of operations is New York. To accept a long-term contract from any studio, Eva would have to leave him for long periods of time. She would have to also leave her brand new baby boy, Darrell. Nothing Hollywood has to offer, even to a girl who loves her career, is worth the separation—nor the chance that absence might put a dent in their wonderful marriage.

Also, she doesn't much care for the prominent way of life.

"Once you make any kind of impression," she says, "you can be driven out of your mind. There are hundreds of people on you, wanting you to do one thing or another, none of them having anything to do with acting. It's difficult to hold your own, but you must if you want to stay happy and do the things that are important to you."

Of course, she has said, all that could change if Jeff were to switch from TV to movies. Then they would happily make the long trek west. Eva has no fears about two-career marriages. "It's wonderful being in the business together." She and Jeff share many interests, but one of the most important is learning everything there is about their profession.

By now they know each other so well that they need only look at one another to know how the other did at work that day. Jeff watches Eva's television performances on their set, and for every good job, he pastes a small star on the door of their apartment so that she knows his opinion before she enters.

"One day," Eva says, "I was in a terrible play. I knew it was a dog, and so did the director and everyone else. After it was over, I went home feeling tired and depressed. There on the door was pasted a small picture of the saddest dog you ever saw. That shook me out of my depression. I laughed until my sides hurt.

EVA AND JEFF met eight years ago at Radio City, in one of those network meeting places for actors. He was immediately attracted to her, but since he was only an assistant director at the time he thought he didn't have much of a chance. So he halfheartedly invited her down for coffee several times, hardly hoping that his invitation would be accepted.

Then one day, Jeff asked Eva to lunch. She accepted. She laughs when she recalls the incident. "I wasn't going to go out with him for just coffee," she says. "I wanted a complete lunch."

They were married October 27, 1951, and went to Mexico for their honeymoon. While they were there, Jeff directed Eva in the only drama they have ever done together. It was a short pantomime that Jeff filmed with his home movie camera. Called *The Dream*, the sequence had a story line of a peasant girl who dreams she is free from work and drudgery.

"Jeff's a stickler for realism, just like Kazan," Eva says. "He had me running around in my bare feet until they were cut up. I complained so much that he finally let me wear sandals. When I want to tease him, I call him Gadge, Junior." Kazan is nicknamed Gadge because of his fondness for gadgets.

The Haydens live in a three-room apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. They like the small-town atmosphere of the Village, its tree-lined streets and the good-neighbor attitude of the inhabitants. Even the shopkeepers treat Eva less like a star and more like a friend. She knows them well because she does her own shopping. She also is a fine cook. "Jeff likes to eat at home," she explains.

Many of Jeff's and Eva's friends live in the Village. Among them are many who also work in television, such as Arthur Penn, another *TV Playhouse* director, and Kim Swados, a set designer. But Jeff and Eva like to meet people who are not in their profession, and they have great opportunity to do so when they go skiing and boating.

In winter, they try to get away for a week or two of skiing in Canada.

In summer, they spend all of their spare time on their boat, *The Vignette*, a twenty-one-foot Chris-Craft powerboat moored at New Rochelle, New York.

The boat gave them their first sailing experience. They have had it three years.

"One Saturday night," Eva recalls, "we saw an ad in the next day's New York *Times*. We agreed to look at the boat the

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next morning. So early on a rainy, miserable Sunday morning, we dragged ourselves up to New Rochelle. But when we saw the boat, we didn't have to say anything. We both wanted it and we both knew it. We just shook hands and told the man we'd buy it."

It took them two summers to get used to the boat and to each other as sailors. They planned for a year before they tried their first big overnight trip out on Long Island Sound. But by the end of the second summer, when they saw a new couple bickering about running their boat, Eva and Jeff realized that they had become well adjusted.

"We saw the familiar pattern of quarreling and small fights," Eva says. "We thought to ourselves, 'That's us a year ago!' We pulled alongside and gave them a few words of reassurance, told them about ourselves and gave them a copy of *Getting The Most Out Of A Powerboat.*"

WHEN SHE MET Eva Marie Saint for the first time, Lillian Gish thought that the name was fictitious. The first lady of the screen, who pioneered with D. W. Griffith in the silents, later told a friend that she was furious that anyone could have wished such an improbable and harmful name on an actress.

"Why would someone want to handicap the girl like that?" Miss Gish asked. "How could she get good parts when she was so type cast? She looked so saintly—and then to have such a name!"

Then Miss Gish discovered two things.

First was the fact that Eva was so named because she was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Merle Saint (he's a B. F. Goodrich executive).

Second, Eva Marie Saint could act. In fact, Miss Gish thought so much of the youngster's ability that she called Eva, "one of the most talented young actresses in America." The tribute was all the more remarkable because at that time (1953) Eva had to her credit, aside from a long and rather undistinguished list of radio and television appearances, only a short part in Horton Foote's *The Trip To Bountiful,* first on television and later less than a month on Broadway. But since she was the star of both versions of the Foote play, Miss Gish had first-hand knowledge.

Those who are acquainted with the two actresses, however, see more than mere recognition of talent in Miss Gish's accolade. They say that in Eva there's much of the young Miss Gish, who took her work seriously in an era when much of Hollywood was wild and frivolous.

EVA, FOR INSTANCE, is tender to look at but tough-minded enough to get what she wants out of life. She, too, is serious about acting as an art and a career, and she seems to care little about the material rewards that come with success in the field. She frankly admits her birthdate, July 4, 1924. She thinks that some standard publicity stunts are "degrading to a person, and not for an actress."

Today she is an outgoing person, easy with people. It wasn't always that way. As a girl in Albany, New York, Eva was a shy child who drifted into acting mainly on the basis of good looks. She had no great desire to be an actress and even failed to get a part in her senior class play.

It was only at Bowling Green State University in Ohio that she turned to dramatics, under the influence of a wise and responsible teacher named Mr. Smith. She admits his influence in her life, but she also believes that "people influence you, but you don't change your basic course." Until that time, she had a vague idea that some day she might become a teacher.

At college, in spite of her shyness, she was one of the most popular girls on campus. She was voted queen of just about every school beauty contest. She enjoyed it, but popularity had its drawbacks.

"It's meaningless now," Eva says, looking back on those days. "Not that it was meaningful then. It's just that that kind of thing means too much in college. Getting along on beauty tends to spoil you. You expect it to be like that always. The worst part of it is that graduation day, which should have been the happiest day of my life, was terribly sad. I thought, 'All the fun is ending.' I didn't believe that life ever would be better than school."

Whenever Eva thinks back to those early days, she shakes her head with humorous amazement at her own naivete. After graduation, she went to New York carrying a letter of introduction to Dr. Frank Stanton of CBS from her dramatics teacher, who had known Stanton in their school days. She presented the letter at CBS, fully expecting a personal interview and audition by Dr. Stanton. It was weeks later that she discovered that Dr. Stanton was president of CBS and never auditioned anyone personally. "It's wonderful the things you expect when you're so naive," Eva now says.

"When I first came to New York, I wanted acting just about the way any person wants a job. But I didn't realize that there was so much to study. Now I know that acting is endless and that I'll be learning the rest of my life. I know now that when you're an actress, you and acting are one, and that you must grow as long as you live."

EVA ARRIVED at her first milestone of maturity eight years ago when, as the play *Mr. Roberts* went into rehearsal, she had her first big opportunity and her first big disappointment.

Mr. Roberts had only one feminine part, and Eva won it. But in the rehearsals it was decided that she looked entirely too innocent for the role. (She agrees with the judgment today.) So she was replaced by Jocelyn Brando, Marlon's sister, who could look the part of a young nurse who has been around.

The loss of the part almost crushed Eva. She cried bitterly and for days she didn't care whether she lived or died.

"I got over it," Eva says. "And then I got to thinking how unhealthy it was for a job to become a matter of life or death. I decided that I would adjust to my work so that would never happen again. I don't mean that acting is less important to me now. It's even more important. But it's not the whole world. If I had only the theatre, I'd feel confined."

Six years after the *Mr. Roberts* experience, Eva got her second chance on Broadway—in Foote's *The Trip To Bountiful.* And *Bountiful* proved the right word for it, for out of the play came *On The Waterfront.* Director Elia Kazan saw Eva in the play, and hired her to play opposite Marlon Brando.

To Eva, everything was wonderful about *On The Waterfront.* Long before she won her Oscar as best supporting actress of 1954, in her first and only picture, she said, "I suppose I'll never be that excited by any other movie." She liked taking the Hudson Tubes to work, about a ten-minute ride from her Greenwich Village apartment to Hoboken, where the picture was shot. She had the utmost admiration for Kazan. "I feel safe with him." And this time she got to know Brando.

ASK EVA ABOUT *On The Waterfront,* and she might tell you about the time she and Jeff were almost denied admission to the New York première. They thought arrangements had been made and when they showed up without tickets the doorman, who had not seen the picture or Eva before, refused to admit them. When they insisted, the doorman threatened to have them thrown out. Fortunately, the theatre manager came along, recognized Eva and straightened out everything.

Even the presentation of the Academy Awards, broadcast last March over NBC television, was a triumph for Eva.

In order to liven the proceedings, nominees were given the task of announcing the winners in other categories. Even though she was a nominee, Eva had the best possible excuse to bow out. She was momentarily expecting her first child. But she appeared as scheduled. She walked proudly and radiantly in a chic maternity dress across the NBC stage in New York City, and read her brief announcement.

In her second appearance of the night—this time to collect her own award for *Waterfront*—she bubbled with excitement, "I may have the baby right here!" Her radiance inspired Sidney Skolsky to burble himself, in an ecstatic column of second thoughts on the affair that, "Eva Marie Saint is a doll, a living doll."

Three days later on April 2, Eva did have the baby, at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City.

AS FOR THE FUTURE, Eva sees no conflict between family and career, even though her family will always come first. She expects to have more children—and also expects to continue her acting.

Hollywood is not entirely ruled out in Eva's thinking, but it will have to be on a one-picture basis if at all. She will stay in television, which she finds exciting. She has been working in TV since 1946, when she made her debut in a show called *Campus Hoopla.* That program was memorable because she wore a pink bathing suit. There were screams from the control room. Pink, at that early stage, didn't register on television.

Eva also would like to do many Broadway plays. "They're the best," she says.

Most of all, what lies ahead is a lot more of studying. Eva, as she has done for years, still attends classes at Actors Studio. "Acting is endless," she has said, "and I'll be learning the rest of my life." **END**

COUNTER ENCOUNTER



I believe it was 1946 when Van Johnson was on location at Coronado, California, making High Barbaree *off Point Loma. A friend and I attended a local theatre and stopped in a drugstore before going home. The fountain was closed and as we started to leave, who should walk in but Van Johnson, accompanied by three or four other men. He asked for a chocolate ice cream cone and when the girl gave it to him we asked why she wouldn't wait on us, as long as she had waited on him! He heard our conversation and came over to us and asked if we would like ice cream cones, too. My friend and I said, "Sure!" Mr. Johnson paid for them and as he was going our way, he and his friends walked us to our street car.*

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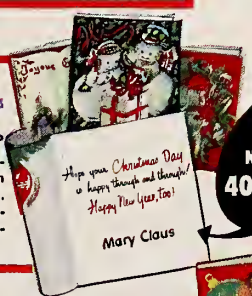
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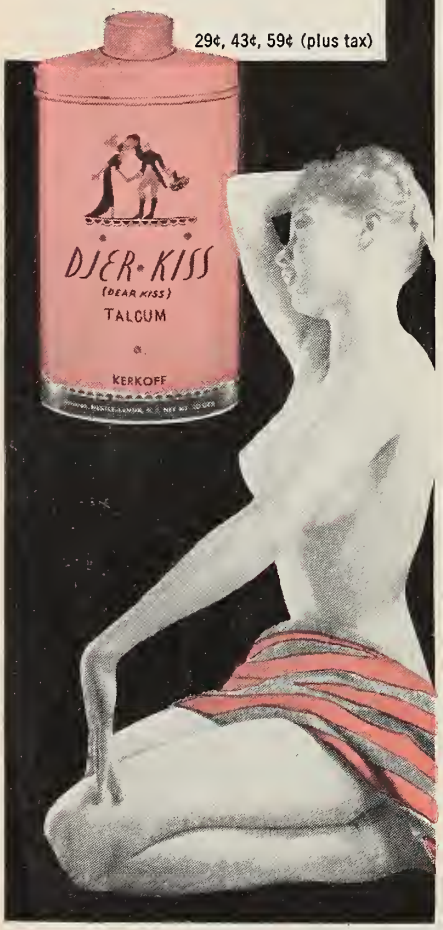
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Can you tell me how old Frances Dee was when she gave Joel McCrea another son this year?
—V.H., San Jose, Cal.

A. *She was forty-seven years old.*

Q. Who sang for Eleanor Parker in *Interrupted Melody?*
—R.L., Bloomington, Ind.

A. *Eileen Farrell.*

Q. Is the Gloria Grahame-Cy Howard marriage just about over? Isn't it stormy? —B.F., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *It's stormy.*

Q. Did Joan Crawford have anything to do with the removal of Brian Keith from *Queen Bee?*
—V.L., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Miss Crawford has the approval right on leading men in her films.*

Q. What is the relationship between Danny Kaye and Lauren Bacall?
—F.L., Palm Springs, Cal.

A. *Good friends.*

Q. Who or what broke up the Anne Francis-Bam Price marriage?
—H.F., Frankfort, Ky.

A. *Career differences and general incompatibility.*

Q. Now that Marlon Brando has learned how to sing and dance, is it true he's been offered $50,000 a week to appear in Las Vegas?
—B.D., Omaha, Neb.

A. *$25,000 a week.*

Q. Is Deborah Kerr washed up in Hollywood? —V.H., London, Eng.

A. *No, she is scheduled to play the female lead in* The King And I.

Q. Why are there hard feelings between Arlene Dahl and James Mason?
—C.L., Portland, Ore.

A. *No hard feelings. A professional altercation on a TV program caused the misunderstanding.*

Q. Is it true that Doris Day and Marlon Brando were both born at the same time? —N.N., New Haven, Conn.

A. *Yes, at 3 P.M., on April 3, 1924.*

Q. I've been told that Jimmy Stewart refused to make *Strategic Air Command* unless June Allyson played opposite him. Is this on the level?
—G.L., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *June was Stewart's first choice, but he would have played apposite some other actress if Miss Allyson had been unavailable.*

Q. Can you tell me whatever happened to Sonny Tufts? —Q.I., Bangor, Me.

A. *He played with Marilyn Monroe in* The Seven Year Itch.

Q. I understand that Tony Curtis is leaving Universal-International this fall. True or false?
—A.L., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Tentatively true.*

Q. Can you tell me something about the law suit filed against Columbia pictures by Mary Michalski? Who is she, anyway? —D.L., Boston, Mass.

A. *Mary Michalski is the real name of shimmy dancer Gilda Gray who claimed similarity between the leading character and herself in* Gilda, *starring Rita Hayworth.*

Q. I've been told that Frank Sinatra was originally scheduled to play the Marlon Brando part in *On the Waterfront.* Is this so?
—B.L., Hoboken, N. J.

A. *Sinatra says it is and has filed a $500,000 breach of contract suit against producer Sam Spiegel.*

Q. Who is richest: Humphrey Bogart, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart?
—V.L., Vincennes, Ind.

A. *Probably Stewart.*

Q. Isn't the Arlene Dahl-Fernando Lamas marriage going very quietly on the rocks? —B.L., Phoenix, Ariz.

A. *No, it is working out well.*

Q. Can you tell me how much money June Allyson received for making *The*

(Continued on page 85)

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August, 1955

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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*On the cover: Color portrait of Pier Angeli by MGM.
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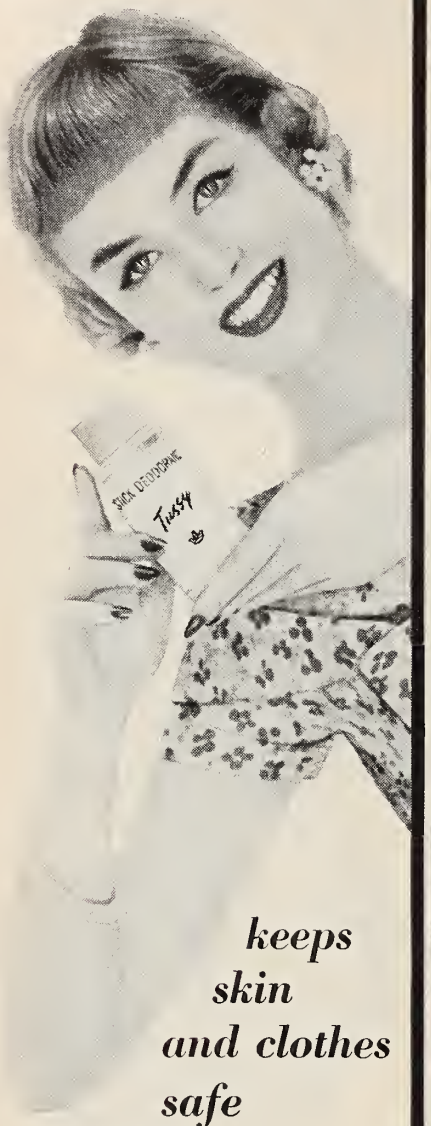
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The remarkable *non-acid* formula of Tussy Stick Deodorant stops odor instantly...*without* acid damage to underarms and fabrics!

It's neat-to-use! Cools hot underarms as it stops odor with wonder-working hexachlorophene! Yet, unlike other deodorants with acid-action, Tussy's amazing *non-acid* formula won't irritate normal skin! ***Keeps even*** the most delicate fabrics safe from acid-damage. ***$1*** *plus tax*



TUSSY
stick deodorant

BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD!



No matter what the reports from Cannes, don't try to tell Columbia Records that Doris Day is uncooperative. They threw a cocktail party for her when she stopped in New York on her way abroad, planning to record "I'll Never Stop Loving You," from *Love Me Or Leave Me.* (See Month's Best Movie Albums.) There are so many rumors about her being cold and stand-offish that they were afraid she wouldn't show up at all. At most, they hoped she'd arrive before all the guests left and spend half an hour or so, as many visiting stars do. But to everyone's delight she arrived at six o'clock—and they couldn't drag her away. Her son Terry came in briefly to be introduced around, Marty Melcher showed up to crack jokes with the press, and the only reason the party ended at all was that Columbia had rented the hotel suite for only a few hours and had to give it back! "It's a pity," Dodo said afterwards. "I was having a ball!"



When Buddy Kaye heard that *Not As A Stranger* was being filmed he promptly sat down, wrote a title song and sent it to United Artists —who promptly sent it back with a note saying that the song had already been written by Jimmy Van Heusen. Buddy asked around and learned that the lyrics weren't definitely set . . . just almost. So he requested one day's grace, took the score home and in twenty-four hours came up with a new set of words. This time he went straight to Sinatra and sang his version to The Voice—who grabbed it. Which (sometimes) is the way hits are born.



With his face, his band and his music stretched out all over the *Daddy Long Legs* CinemaScope screen, Ray Anthony has every reason to be the happiest bandleader in the country. But the thing that really tickles him is a happy coincidence. Not his much-talked-of resemblance to Cary Grant, but the fact that Glenn Miller once made a film for 20th-Fox—and Ray has always wanted to parallel Miller's career.

"Thirteen years ago," Anthony reminisced, "I played trumpet with Glenn Miller's Band in *Sun Valley Serenade.*

"I'll never forget it, either. I got with it during a take and exuberantly flipped my mute, like you do when you get hot. I didn't realize I had ruined the take, until they told me I was distracting attention from the stars—Sonja Henie and John Payne and Milton Berle—with my musical acrobatics. I learned the hard way you don't improvise either music or action for the screen the way you do on a bandstand.

"That's the toughest thing about picture-making. We pre-record our music. Then, in front of the camera, we have to play exactly what we've already recorded. No after-thoughts, no improvisations, not a single added hot lick or you don't synchronize!"

In *Daddy Long Legs,* Ray synchronizes on "Sluefoot," "Something's Got To Give," "Dream," and "Thunderbird." In private life he synchronizes very nicely with Mamie Van Doren. At this time he and Mamie are vacationing in Europe, and busily denying the marriage rumors that have flown around their heads ever since they started going steady. Not that we want to add fuel to the fire, but we wouldn't be at all surprised. . . .



The blackest Monday on record at CBS belongs to Peter Potter. It started out innocently enough, with Peter, as usual, spending the day picking out records for Juke Box Jury, the TV show on which four celebrities predict whether the new songs Pete plays will be hits or misses. His jury for the coming Saturday was nothing short of spectacular—Zsa Zsa Gabor, Tony Curtis, Billy Eckstine and Marilyn Maxwell. Mid-morning the phone rang and Pete found himself talking to Juror Zsa Zsa. The message was short, Hungarian and anything but sweet. "Pete, honee," said Zsa Zsa, "I stepped on my poodle, tripped and broke my knee. I cannot be on your show Saturday. Some other time, yes?"

"Yes," said Pete, and started phoning around. It was pretty short notice, but Constance Moore said she could make it, and Pete relaxed. Then the phone rang again. Billy Eckstine. He was most apologetic, but this engagement had come up in the *(Continued on page 70)*

Hi, Mister Roberts!





THE MOST-LOVED, MOST LAUGHED-WITH PLAY OF OUR DAY

"Mister Roberts"

IS ON THE SCREEN!



WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR

IT STARS HENRY FONDA THE ORIGINAL MISTER ROBERTS and JAMES CAGNEY AS THE CAPTAIN

WILLIAM POWELL AS DOC and JACK LEMMON AS ENSIGN PULVER

ALSO STARRING BETSY PALMER · WARD BOND · PHIL CAREY · SCREEN PLAY BY FRANK NUGENT AND JOSHUA LOGAN · PRODUCED BY LELAND HAYWARD

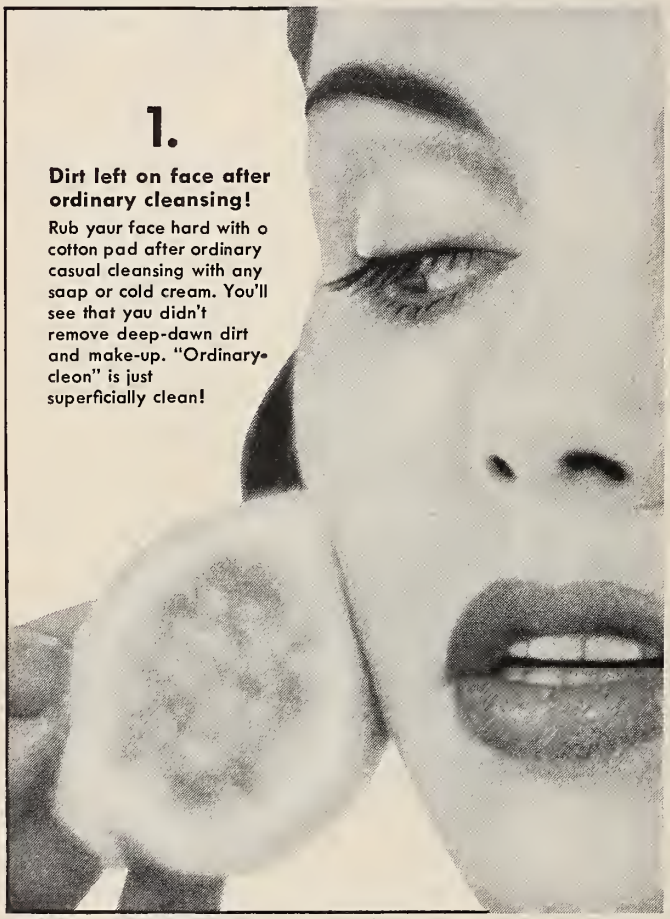
BASED ON THE PLAY BY THOMAS HEGGEN AND JOSHUA LOGAN · DIRECTED BY JOHN FORD AND MERVYN LEROY

MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN

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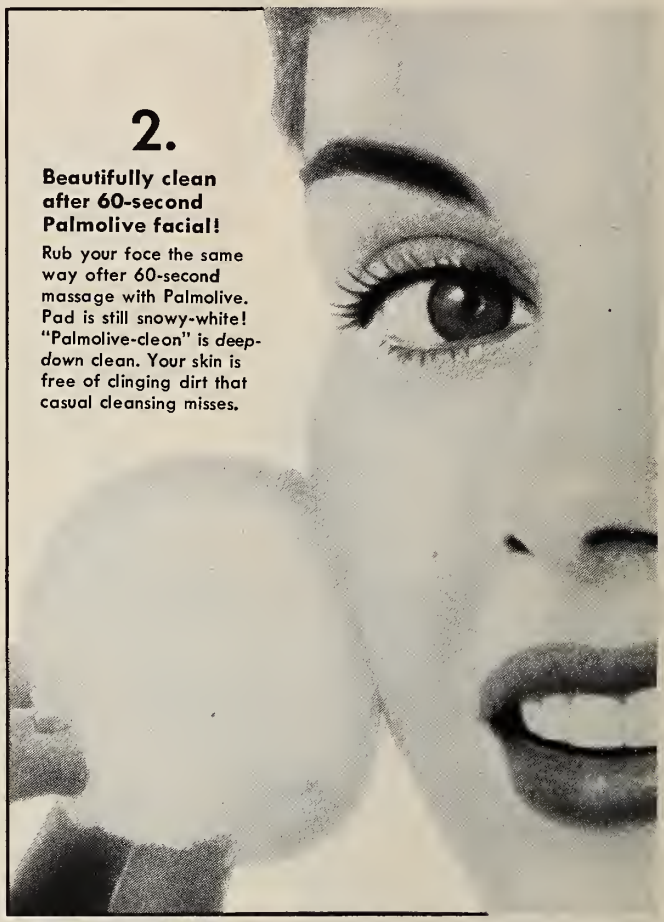
GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1.

Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!

Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-cleon" is just superficially clean!



2.

Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!

Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-cleon" is *deep-down* clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.



Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method:

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without irritation.*

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood





IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
Debbie and Eddie
Rosie's baby
My hat's off to Terry Moore
The letter box

GRACE KELLY:
"Yes Jean-Pierre has proposed!"
(see page 12)



The Daddy Long Legs première was the biggest Hollywood has



Piper Laurie went to the première with Gene Nelson—just when David Schine was supposedly filling out a marriage license for them.



Anita Ekberg, the Swedish beauty getting so much attention these days, just may be serious about Steve Crane, Lana's ex-husband.



Margaret O'Brien—who came with young Rad Fulton—is finally making her comeback in Glory *with Bing and Gary Crosby.*

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

"NO MATTER HOW THINGS TURN out between my daughter and Eddie Fisher, he will always seem like a son to me," said Debbie Reynolds' mother to me right in the thick of all the talk that the Debbie-Eddie idyl was on ice.

"I can't tell you what our family has gone through since this talk of a broken engagement started," Mrs. Reynolds went on. "A reporter broke into our home by force demanding that he be told the *truth*. You can't imagine what this did to Debbie!"

I knew very well what it did to Debbie. She was in bed three days, under sedatives and a doctor's care, suffering from a bad case of nerves.

Mrs. Reynolds went on, "The truth is there has been no open break between the children. They are going through a time of sincerely trying to work out their problems, the most important being that Debbie's work keeps her on the Coast and Eddie's TV sponsors want him to work in the east.

"There is absolutely no basis for the gossip that a difference of religion stands between them. And, it certainly is *not* true that this has been a publicity romance."

She didn't have to tell me that. When I was in Las Vegas with Debbie and Eddie when they first fell in love, time after time Eddie would ask me, "Do you think she really loves me? Do you think Debbie will have me?"

The day before Debbie left for Korea with the Johnny Grant troupe to entertain our servicemen there and in Japan and Honolulu, Eddie called her three times. And sent dozens of red roses.

Debbie wore her beautiful engagement ring on the proper finger when she planed out.

What eventually will happen, I don't know.

I just hope that these two nice young people will think things out for themselves without outside influence and be guided by their hearts and not anyone's advice that marriage might hurt Eddie's career.

It won't!

I THINK JOAN WILL RETIRE. Seems that every time Joan Crawford gets married (or divorced) I hear about it in the middle of the night. Sure enough, when Joan eloped to Las Vegas with Pepsi-Cola president Al Steele, my 'phone started ringing off the hook at 2:15 a.m., just fifteen minutes after the wedding ceremony.

Already I'm getting letters asking me, "Will Joan retire?"

Let me tell you what I sincerely believe: I think Joan will make one, two at the most, more pictures—and then move to New York to live.

Despite the "revival" of her career after some bleak years, I think Our Girl has had it!

There is a whole new field for her to conquer in cafe society and social circles in the east. As Mrs. Al Steele, Joan will be The Queen Bee of her husband's circle of friends which she may find much more gratifying than being *The Queen Bee* of Columbia's newest film.

On her marriage license, Joan gave her age as forty-seven. For thirty years she has worked and slaved (yes, I mean slaved) over her career, which has brought her great triumphs but which also has brought her heartaches and disillusionment.

For many years, Missy Crawford has wanted a man she can look up to and who is as important in his field as she is in hers. She has very much wanted her children to have a father they can respect.

My money says she has found him in the wealthy Mr. Steele.

SIMMER DOWN, KATHRYN

Bing Crosby's pretty date, Kathryn Grant, went out of town on location and gave an interview to a small-town newspaper blasting Hollywood columnists, including me. She said we all "made up a lot of stuff" and that I, particularly, printed the most intimate romantic items about her although we'd never

seen in months—and everyone turned out!



Heads turned at The Harwyn Club when Eddie Fisher walked in with Paulette Ames—but she wasn't his date. She and her beau hosted a small dinner for Eddie—that's all.



What would Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer do without a photographer to dodge? They always look as if they enjoy *those frantic runs from the press—even on the warm, lazy Isle of Capri.*



Just before she left for Korea Debbie went out with two old friends—Bill and Dean Jargaro. She was still wearing her ring and smiling a lot—but to me, she looked a little tired and her eyes were sad.



Liberace crashed Jeff Chandler's act during Jeff's opening in Las Vegas. Lee wore a coonskin cap and carried a rifle (now, who was he supposed to be, I wonder?) and did some impromptu cutting up.



When Grace Kelly and Jean-Pierre Aumont found each other in Cannes it looked too obvious to be real. But Grace fooled all the experts! Jean-Pierre is expected to follow her home—and nobody is making predictions about them now!



(1) Before Grace arrived in Cannes, Jean-Pierre took actress Nadia Gray (above) to the beach, was seen with many pretty starlets. But he remembered Grace well; he had dated her in New York before she became famous. At that time, though, his heart still belonged to the memory of his wife, Maria Montez, who died so tragically.



(2) As soon as Grace showed up she was invited to dinner at Elsa Maxwell's. It was for American stars only, but Jean-Pierre wangled both an invitation and a seat next to her. The sparks flew between them from the first moment.



(3) After that evening they were inseparable. Once Grace took advantage of Dorothy Dandridge's arrival to sneak out for a swim with Jean-Pierre—but photographers caught her in rare déshabille. *They followed her and Aumont as they dined, walked, danced.*





(4) The eligible Prince of Monaco invited Grace to tour his gardens. She went, but everyone—including the Prince—could see her mind was elsewhere.

(5) Some said the romance was merely a publicity stunt dreamed up by reporters—but when Grace left Cannes to join Aumont in Paris, the cynics were stumped.

(6) And when they parted—temporarily—Grace said, "Yes, Jean-Pierre asked me to marry him. I haven't said yes—or no!"



Now, I'm not mad at Kathryn. I suppose she thought her statements would never come to my attention because they appeared in such a small paper.

But, it just isn't good for a new player to take on the press. Frankly, "us" columnists do a great deal to put over promising young players. Suppose no columnist had printed that Bing Crosby took Kathryn to the Academy Awards. Half the publicity she has received since then has been hinged on this date.

Kathryn was upset when she learned I knew about her panning and she wrote me a very gushy letter saying I had done more for her career than anyone else.

Whether that is true or not, Kathryn should watch what she pops off about in the future. Particularly as she used to be a "columnist" herself, writing Hollywood tidbits for some Texas newspapers.

P.S. No. I *don't* think she and Bing will get married.

THERE'S NOTHING FUNNIER than watching Bob Hope in an easy chair in his own living room watching a kinescope of one of Bob Hope's TV shows. Bob recently invited a few friends to his and Dolores' home to see the show he did with French singer Line Renaud and to wish her farewell before she returned to Paris.

As the Charles Boyers, Line and her husband, Dolores and the Hope children, Jimmy McHugh and I sat around the TV holding our sides with laughter, Bob would jump up and shake his fist at his televised self.

"Oh, you silly so-and-so," he yelled at the Bob on the screen, "How many flubs can you make? Have you got mush in your mouth? I can't understand a word you are saying, *old boy!*"

It was really one of the funniest shows he's ever done—so we just let him rave, getting as much fun out of his off-TV antics as the ones on the screen.

I like the way the Hopes have their children in to meet their friends. Their eldest daughter, Linda, now fifteen, is a beauty, but so modest and charming.

Bob pointed to a harp standing in a corner of the huge room which is English in feeling. "Linda plays the harp," he explained. "It's cost me exactly $7500 in lessons over a period of years for her to learn one piece, 'Happy Birthday,' which she strummed out for me on my birthday. But never say it wasn't worth it. She looked like an angel sitting at the harp."

NOW WAIT JUST A MINUTE: I'm talking to *all* of you who have written me letters similar to this one from Carol Kennicott, Atlanta, who pops off: "I'm so disillusioned about Hollywood movie stars after reading terrible things about them in a national magazine that I shall never go to a movie again."

I'm surprised at you, Carol, and at many others of you who feel the same way. I'm going to have my say on this once and for all—and then not mention the subject again.

There are many fine men and women in motion pictures—to try to list them would fill this entire department—who are a great credit to their profession and to their country.

These are the first to respond to calls from



Fess Parker is so funny when he talks about his romance with his steady, Marcie Reinhart. I get a kick from the way he carries his Davy Crockett character into real life!

all charities, civic promotions and worthwhile endeavors. Their talents have brought millions and millions of dollars to the aid of the helpless, the needy and the sick.

The good and sincere people so far outnumber the bad apples that they shouldn't be mentioned in the same paragraph with the few but conspicuous backsliders.

I cannot understand the attitude of "fans" like Carol who are willing to condemn all our fine artists and citizens because of the smut being cast on some of the personalities in the entertainment world, many of them not in motion pictures.

Think it over, you who feel like Carol, before you forego the golden hours of entertainment given you by the great artists and fine people of the screen.

MEMO TO FRANK AND BOGIE: Frank Sinatra has lots of friends. For example: Bing Crosby. There's hardly a weekend when they're in Palm Springs that Frankie doesn't cook up a batch of spaghetti for Bing.

But young James Dean isn't so enchanted with Frankie—or with Humphrey Bogart.

Both Bogie and Frankie Boy are rugged when it comes to kidding someone they consider to be timid and shy, as James is.

One night at the Villa Capri, an Italian cafe where many singers and movie stars hang out, Frankie and Bogie kept ragging Dean, particularly about his hair.

"Why don't you comb it with a comb and brush instead of a towel?" the Messrs. Bogart and Sinatra kept heckling the *Eden* boy.

James tried to take it in good grace and smile, but his face kept getting redder and redder and he didn't tarry long after his meal was finished.

I say, okay, boys—kid and have fun, but pick on somebody who has been around

WHERE *IS* THE DIMPLE, ROSIE? I've never seen such darling pictures as these—the first



The José Ferrers named first child Miguel José.



He was born February 7, 1955 in New York.



The "Dimple" song was released the same day

the business as long as Bogart and Sinatra!

I HAD TWO VISITORS: I've made some wonderful new friends this month. Never had any more fun than when Fess Parker, Davy Crockett himself, dropped by my house. I was so busy getting autographs for all the children I know I could hardly interview Fess.

But this corn-pone character interviews himself. "I come from a long line of folks who saucer-and-blow their coffee," he said.

When I asked this new idol of the juvenile world if his romance with Marcie Reinhart, his steady girl friend, is serious he cracked, "We aren't fractious—we're just grazin'."

Of course, I think some of this backwoods' talk is a bit put on, but it certainly fits in with Fess' Crockett craze.

Another young man going places is Jack Lemmon (wait till you see him in *Mister Roberts*—his best yet and he's made some good ones), who brought his wife when he came a'callin'. (What am I saying, must be the Fess Parker influence!)

The Lemmons are so much in love, and she is such a darling and so proud of their brand-new baby. I couldn't help kidding them a bit. Jack is going to work on the same lot with a certain woman star who has the reputation for overly charming married men, even happily married men.

"She won't get a chance at Jack," laughed Mrs. Lemmon. "I'm going to take the baby in my arms and show up at the studio every day he's working on that lot!"

She won't have to worry. Jack doesn't know another woman exists.

HEY, MARLON—THEY LOVE YOU

If Marlon Brando isn't careful he's going to sweep the popularity contests and turn into one of the most lovable lugs of Hollywood history.

Rosemary Clooney's baby boy!



"We'll call him Mingo," Rosie told Bing.





My hat's off to TERRY MOORE (*this time*)

■ Terry Moore has indulged in some silly publicity in her time. But my hat's off to her for not standing still for those stories from London that she is "engaged" to singer Johnnie Ray.

"Nothing could be more ridiculous," Terry scoffed. "I had two dates with Mr. Ray. I'm afraid his press agent is working overtime keeping Johnnie's name in print."

Terry, my girl, I say the same!

It's really nonsense for a man with Johnnie's talent to fall back on these baseless engagement yarns to get space in the papers.

Now, it's supposed to be definite that he will marry Sylvia Drew, 21-year-old singer with Vic Lewis' band in London.

When he was in Australia, Ray was supposed to be about to marry Beverly Stewart Dawson, young socialite. When he flew home without marrying her, reporters met all planes because said socialite was rumored to have left her native land to marry The Crier in America. Nothing happened.

Meanwhile, Johnnie's ex-wife, Marilyn Morrison, with whom he rated so much publicity about whether they would or would not remarry, seems to be concentrating on James Dean these evenings.



the letter box

MRS. C. ABERSON, PUEBLO, COLORADO, resents my printing that Doris Day underdresses. "Good gracious, a little underdressing is to be commended, not criticized, what with most of the other actresses outdoing one another in nudity." *No comment.*

PAT EVANS, WAYLAND, NEW YORK, wants the world to know that her favorite, Farley Granger, is the tops for answering his fan mail. "I even received a letter from his mother thanking me for the intelligent letters I write her son," says Pat. *That's really something, Pat!*



Farley *Gail*

OUIDA BENCHFIELD, DERMOTT, ARKANSAS, makes a charming and thoughtful request. "Please let Gail Russell know that her many fans are still rooting for her. She has had much trouble and she must feel lonesome reading about Guy Madison's new baby and his happiness with Sheila. We wish the Madisons nothing but continued happiness. But one of the happiest days of my life will be when I read in Louella Parsons' column, 'Gail Russell Comes Back To Pictures.'" *What a heartwarming message.*

"Why do so many movie stars —who have fame, fortune and the love of many fans, go to psychiatrists?" asks FRANCISCO GOMEZ, VICTORIA GENERAL HOSPITAL, NOVA SCOTIA. *Man, that's a big question. I can only quote a nationally known psychiatrist: "A feeling of insecurity is the basis of many trips to the psychiatrist." Now don't ask me why movie stars, who have so much, feel insecure.*

It's ironic to think that just about a year ago, Marlon was walking out on contracts, getting himself sued by 20th Century-Fox for running out on *The Egyptian* and dashing to his psychiatrist's couch in New York.

If you ask me when the big change came in Marlon, I believe it was the night of the Academy Awards, when this boy who had been resentful and had a chip on his shoulder, heard the wonderful, warm roar of applause when his name was called as the winner.

It was as though that audience, composed of the people of his own profession, was saying to Marlon, "Don't fight us—we're on your side. We've voted for you to win the highest honor an actor can receive from his own people. Good luck, boy."

It seems as though the subtle change in Brando came right after the night he won his Oscar.

When he started work on *Guys And Dolls* everyone was more or less waiting to see how Mr. Big would take it. They found out. He has been nothing short of an angel from start to finish of the musical.

In fact, he has been such a good boy that his boss, Sam Goldwyn, gave him a car, the first Marlon has ever owned. On the steering wheel Sam tied a card reading, "This is just my way of expressing my admiration for your work and cooperation both on the set—and off."

Jean Simmons and Frank Sinatra and other members of the cast and crew will tell you that Marlon was the first on the set every morning and one of the last to leave.

It's very difficult to get actors into the "still" gallery to pose for pictures to exploit a film. So you can imagine the surprise of the photographers one balmy morning when Marlon walked in and said, "Look, I've got a couple of days off the picture. I thought maybe you fellas would like to get me in here and out of your way later on." It's the only case on record of an entire department swooning!

As for the kids—they simply adore Marlon. Mrs. Frank Loesser (her husband wrote the music for *Guys And Dolls*) tells me that her nine-year-old daughter is madly in love with Brando. "He makes me feel like I'm pretty, and I'm not," the youngster told her mother.

A pretty teen ager of my acquaintance who attends one of the exclusive schools in Los Angeles told me, "Marlon is really the 'doll' of *Guys And Dolls*. Why, do you know that once he let us take souvenirs out of his garage when a whole carload of us drove up to his place? One of the girls got his cap from *The Wild One* and wears it to school every day!"

Yes, it would seem we have a new Brando around these parts.

But there's still one subject he balks at—and that's whether or not he's going to marry Josanne Mariani.

My guess is no.

LIZ TAYLOR may still not be feeling well, but she was anything but cooperative before *Giant* started.

After being invited four times, Liz finally showed up on the Warner lot for a luncheon conference with director George Stevens and James Dean (Rock Hudson was working).

Elizabeth seemed roundly bored with the talk about the script and the locations in Texas and excused herself immediately after lunch.

Nor was she happy with her wardrobe fittings. The outlandish styles of the roarin' Twenties, which she wears at the start of the Edna Ferber story, are not becoming to her petite figure.

And nothing, but *nothing*, the make-up department can do can make Liz look old as she needs to toward the end of the story.

Oh, well—they say bad beginnings make for good endings—so could be that *Giant* will win an Oscar for Liz.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



Rita Moreno and Jeff Hunter are a new couple around town—but both go out so much that no one takes their dates seriously.



Thelma Ritter, who is wonderful in Daddy Long Legs, *attended the première with her husband, advertising executive Joseph Moran.*

THE HILARIOUS STORY OF
THREE CAPTIVATING CONVICTS!

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They've got bad names to live up to . . .
but they can't keep their
good deeds down!

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Bogart
THE MURDEROUS ANGEL

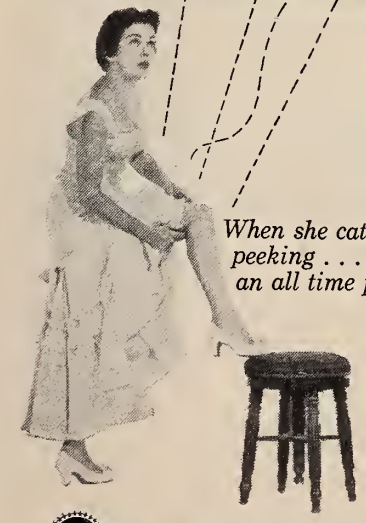
ALDO
Ray
THE GIRL-CHASING ANGEL

PETER
Ustinov
THE SAFE-CRACKING ANGEL

ANGEL—THE MYSTERY—ADOLPH

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When she catches them
peeking . . . laughter hits
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JOAN BENNETT · BASIL RATHBONE · LEO G. CARROLL

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Based on a play by Albert Husson · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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egg-stra
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WITH HAIR-CONDITIONING ACTION

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See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky . . . so manageable! Conditions any hair. That's the magic touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! Try it! 29¢, 59¢, $1.

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



Mister Roberts: "Moybe thot's why we're on this ship—becouse we're not good enough to fight."



Crew's solution to their vayage "from Tedium to Apothy ond bock:" Make the most of their rotioned shore leave.



Ensign Pulver's answer to boredom ot seo: Invite the nurses over for "Scotch."

Picture of the Month: Mister Roberts

■ The Broadway play had everyone caught between tears and laughter. The movie—directed by John Ford and Mervyn LeRoy—possesses that same quality. Mister Roberts (Henry Fonda) is about as frustrated as any hero can be. At night, he peers through binoculars at huge task forces plowing through the Pacific—but what's his mission? His mission is the successful distribution of toothpaste and toilet paper to Navy personnel. The Captain of the *U.S.S. Reluctant* is an officious pigeon of a man (James Cagney) who drives the crew mercilessly. Considering that the crew doesn't have much more to do than chip rust and stare at a nearby "cruddy island," the Captain is not well loved. But Mister Roberts is, and his efficiency leads the Admiral to gift the Captain with a potted palm. The Captain is loathe to let Mister Roberts be transferred. Here's a view of life at sea you don't often get. Much of what happens—especially what happens to and because of Ensign Pulver (Jack Lemmon)—is hilarious. The pathos stems from Mr. Roberts' realization that the ship he's so anxious to leave is full of men who've become important to him. Among these men are Doc (William Powell), C.P.O. Ward Bond and a crew of husky young sailors who almost flip their lids when a batch of nurses descends on them. CinemaScope-Warners



from 20th Century-Fox
starring ROBERT RYAN · ROBERT STACK
SHIRLEY YAMAGUCHI · CAMERON MITCHELL

with BRAD DEXTER · SESSUE HAYAKAWA · BIFF ELLIOT · SANDRO GIGLIO

Produced by BUDDY ADLER · Directed by SAMUEL FULLER · Written by HARRY KLEINER

Color by DE LUXE • in the Wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



When invited to a formal tea, should you —

☐ *Be punctual* ☐ *Go farmal* ☐ *Talk about people*

Sooner or later comes the bid to your first formal tea. Must you dress formally? Stay the full two hours? What should you say to the V.I.P.s you meet? Answers: Wear your best *daytime* outfit. Arrive and leave when you like. As for the Very Important People: a word from you about their interests and your what-to-say worries are *phf-f-ft!* No problems! That goes for calendar worries, as well—with Kotex* to keep you comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape.* Doesn't chafe! Made to *stay* soft!



Do you think the lady in the limelight is —

☐ *Devostating* ☐ *Obnoxious* ☐ *Dramotics cooch*

Her captive audience—*they've had it!* But Cora the Cube "must" act out the merest trivia she tells. Overworked gestures mar your word power, your poise. Practice describing a spiral, a dance step, a circle without demonstration. Poise on "those" days, too, is a matter of being self-confident. So, you choose Kotex—assured no revealing outlines show, thanks to *flat pressed ends.*



Which gives your sports outfit a new "ladylike" look?

☐ *Bermuda sharts* ☐ *Bermuda skirt* ☐ *Ruffles*

If you like shorts, but find they *de*-flatter your figure—the Bermuda walking skirt is for you. It's the feminine, flattering version of Bermuda shorts: but newer, smarter! On certain days, why not be smart about getting the right-for-you size of Kotex? Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super; each gives the *complete absorbency* you *need.* See which suits you exactly.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey? It's the 2-ply toilet tissue with Kleenex* softness. Only Delsey is clean-cut to tear evenly. It ends waste — saves money — because it can't shred like ordinary toilet tissues. And Delsey* comes in your favorite towel colors: pink, yellow, blue and green, as well as white. Be thrifty—buy quality—buy Delsey.



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



SUMMERTIME Even if you've been to Venice, this movie will turn up views you probably haven't found. Not in a picture post card way, either, but in a way someone who's never seen Venice comes upon it—with a sense of discovery and excitement. That's for the scenery. The story's even better. Katharine Hepburn is a secretary from Ohio who feels that the years she's spent working and rarely romancing owe her a fling. So here she comes with camera and hope to a little *pension.* Everybody's got somebody, but she's got nothing but good will, wisecracks and a tortured loneliness. A handsome stranger (Rosanno Brazzi) is anxious to pick her up at an outdoor café, and she's anxious. In fact, she starts trembling whenever somebody under eighty just looks at her. Brazzi's persistent, though, and Hepburn's so dazzled she'd fling herself into a canal for the sheer joy of it. (As it happens she does fall into the canal, for a different reason.) Things would be great if Brazzi weren't married, or even if Hepburn were more like *pension*-owner Isa Miranda, who takes love as lightly as antipasto. But this girl has an American conscience and cannot be happy without being proposed to legally. Very moving and sensitively done. Technicolor.—U.A.

P. S. Take everybody but your old-maid aunt.

MOONFLEET Orphan Jon Whiteley comes upon a pack of cutthroat smugglers led by dandy Stewart Granger. "Get lost," says Granger. "No sir, I'm with you," says Jon, "peril to life and limb notwithstanding." Little boy like that should have a Mama and not go losing himself in graveyards or hanging in buckets at the bottom of wells (looking for jewels). Yet there he is. Hard to see him, though, it's so dark in England.—Technicolor, MGM.

P. S. Guaranteed to scare the wits out of your kid brother



THE SHRIKE The wonder man of stage and screen (José Ferrer) here brings his considerable talents to what, a couple of years ago, he turned into a Broadway *tour de force.* A shrike, before we go any further, is "a little, soft downy bird with a long beak, on which she impales her victims." Naturally, it was no bird that drove Ferrer to attempted suicide, it was his wife (June Allyson). June has no idea her strong little character could bounce her husband off his rocker. She just loves him, wants to make sure he gets the most out of life. This she does by constantly pointing out his faults so he can correct them. For nine years she's been pointing, and otherwise lousing up his career as a stage director. The camel's back is broken shortly after his latest stage production, which is a failure for him but a personal triumph for its star (Joy Page). Joy tells him that even his flops are better than most people's successes. June tells him, why don't you quit the theatre, honey, and take a job in Pop's store. Next time she sees him he's lying in a hospital bed, having flopped even in his suicide attempt. Just shows you what the wrong woman can do to the right man when they sign up for a lifetime partnership.—U-I

P. S. You'll be glad you're you after this one.



Helene Curtis spray net* BRAND

Going places? Keep your hair in place the SPRAY NET way...it's such a joy!



*TM

Now There Are Two Fabulous Formulas
New SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET, without locquer, gives hair gentle control.

REGULAR SPRAY NET for more elaborate styles, harder-ta-manage hair.

Whether you're working, playing, shopping . . . we can take one worry off your mind. Your hair! A whisper of Helene Curtis SPRAY NET will keep it just the way you set it . . . soft, natural, and *in place* the whole day through.

For Helene Curtis has found a way to put "holding quality" into a hair spray without making you hate the feel of your hair. It's the wonderful, wonderful spray that leaves no stickiness whatsoever.

A pretty hair-do will always pick you out of the crowd. Smart girls never go outdoors without Helene Curtis SPRAY NET—it's America's favorite hair spray because it really is the best . . . in every way.

4½ FULL OZ. $1.25 *plus tax*
GIANT ECONOMY SIZE $1.89

only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion



When You're Late For A Date...
Just set your pin curls with Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. They'll dry in minutes!



Ever Made This Test?
Curl two strips of paper, spray just one with SPRAY NET . . . then *blow* on both and see which one keeps its curl! SPRAY NET'S the answer—every time.



Be an adorable BLONDE

Be the girl with "sun in her hair!" If time has darkened your hair, bring back blonde glamour with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Safely, easily, at home. Or you can lighten just a bit . . . add golden highlights, gleam dark hair with bronze. Golden Hair Wash, the complete-in-one-package safe home hair lightener, has been a favorite for 50 years. Use to lighten arm and leg hair, too. It is sold at fine drugstores everywhere.



60¢ and 90¢ plus tax

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

If you're not going to lighten . . .



another famous MARCHAND product

Marchand's Hair Rinse after each shampoo blends in aging gray streaks . . . adds sparkling lights and richer color to your *natural* hair shade. Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. 12 smart shades. At all drug and variety stores.

6 Rinses 25c 2 Rinses 10c

THE MAN FROM LARAMIE When a man travels a thousand miles just to shoot another man it's convenient to know his name. James Stewart does not know, which may be why he is given to long pauses and is not hep to the cue Cathy O'Donnell keeps tossing him (this is a romantic cue and a man hardly has time for that anymore). Donald Crisp, who owns most of Coronado—to which Stewart journeyed from Laramie—is always dreaming about him in his sleep. Dreaming that Stewart is going to kill his son (Alex Nicol). Well, somebody ought to kill him—he's an overgrown juvenile delinquent. Crisp's foreman Arthur Kennedy wouldn't mind killing him, but then Crisp might be offended and not give Kennedy his share of the ranch. Stewart, meanwhile, keeps looking for the man who sold rifles to the Apaches which the Apaches used to wipe out an Army battalion among whom was his kid brother. So *that's* the why and wherefore Stewart hangs around. Even though there is plenty of violence in Coronado, all of it pinned on him. Technicolor—Col.

P. S. Why curl up with a good Western when you can curl up with Stewart?



WE'RE NO ANGELS There are people who will be shocked by this movie—it takes murder so gaily. For repressed characters like me it's delightful. Anybody who's under the thumb of a nasty, rich, tyrannical relative would hardly believe his good fortune if that relative went to bed one night in blooming health and did not wake up in the morning. And if the relative had a traveling companion and nephew just like him who succumbed to the same mysterious malady, that would be pushing luck too far. About as far as Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray and Peter Ustinov push it. They are three escaped convicts loitering on Devil's Island, who invade the shop of Leo G. Carroll, his wife Joan Bennett and their daughter Gloria Talbot. The family only run the shop—and not very well—for their ruthless cousin. It's Christmas time and these convicts have murder and robbery in their minds, but their souls are made of finer stuff. They weep before kindness, melt before love. They'd be terribly frustrated if ruthless cousin (Basil Rathbone) and ruthless, jr., (John Baer) did not arrive to check up on the shop's books, books which prove Leo G. Carroll to be hopelessly inept. Well, those angelic convicts set things right for the meek and good of this world. Their methods are novel, but certainly efficient. VistaVision.—Para.

P. S. Enjoy yourself but remember it could only happen in a movie.



THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS If your Dad was around at the turn of the century you've heard of Eddie Foy. Bet he didn't know what went on at the Foy home! There were all these children being born to a man who didn't even want to get married in the first place. His wife (Milly Vitale), a former ballerina, liked kids, so she had kids while Eddie was off making a name for himself in show business. Same night he cops the Friars' award for Father Of The Year his wife dies. It's a little late for Foy to realize he has a family, but it hits him like a bomb and he can't think of anything to do but drink it off. When the kids threaten to dismantle the house out of childish exuberance Foy pulls them all together and—kicking and screaming—takes them on the road. All seven. Bob Hope as Foy is very touching and likable. He also lends some amusing Hope fast-talk to his portrayal. VistaVision—Para.

P. S. It'll give you the lump.



Susan Strasberg and John Kerr, two young stars to watch, play key roles in MGM's *The Cobweb.*

THE COBWEB Maybe you suspected there is only a fine line between the normal and the abnormal. In this movie, which takes place at a home for the emotionally disturbed, you are not altogether sure the right people are being treated. Here's a brief rundown on the staff. Richard Widmark is the doctor in charge. He's harried but otherwise very competent. It's his wife (Gloria Grahame) who verges on hysteria due to boredom. Charles Boyer, who was once head doctor, now leans toward drink and general deterioration. Lillian Gish, the housekeeper, is a lonely, embittered old maid who pinches pennies. Lauren Bacall, social worker, hopes she'll help herself over personal tragedy by helping others. While all these people are getting involved with each other, the patients sniff dissension in the air. There is not a better sniffer than Oscar Levant; or a more fragile one than 16-year-old Susan Strasberg. But John Kerr's the prize. He's a young artist you just have to touch to send flying in every direction. The story hinges around him and I found it all completely fascinating. Technicolor—MGM.

P. S. You think you have troubles?

THE SEA CHASE I *know* there were plenty of nice Germans in the Second World War, but a couple more pictures like this and you'll think there were only one or two Nazis. Aside from that, I didn't find anything not to like in *The Sea Chase.* John Wayne I would like in any chase. He's captain of a rusty old freighter which is tied up in Australia when war's declared. Wayne is anti-Nazi, but that doesn't mean he's going to hand over his ship to the enemy. He's going to take it to some calm, neutral water, some tropical paradise where he can disembark and make love to Lana Turner, (I forgot to mention—Lana's on board. She's a German spy wrapped in mink.) To get that old tub moving is quite a job, as is evading the entire British fleet and keeping first mate Lyle Bettger down (he's dreaming of dining with the Fuehrer). David Farrar's a British officer whose long friendship for Wayne turns into hatred. CinemaScope.—Warners.

P. S. Here's a man's movie that any woman would love to be asked to see.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

GREEN MAGIC (*IFE*): An exciting, prize-winning, color film about a trip through the South American jungles. Snakes, cattle get eaten alive before your eyes.

NOT AS A STRANGER (*U.A.*): Bob Mitchum, Frank Sinatra, Olivia De Havilland, Gloria Grahame and Broderick Crawford in a moving, sensitive adaptation of the best-seller. An important film.

DADDY LONG LEGS (*20th-Fox*): A completely delightful musical, with Leslie Caron and Fred Astaire delivering their usual, incomparable performances in the story of a French girl brought to America by her rich, anonymous guardian.

LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME (*MGM*): Doris Day stars as Ruth Etting, the showgirl who wanted success at any price. James Cagney and Cameron Mitchell are among the men she meets on her way up. Off-beat musical.

MARTY (*U.A.*): Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair turn this simple story into a beautiful little movie. Adapted from the TV play, it tells of the love between two ordinary people leading ordinary lives. There's comedy as well as tenderness in this prize-winner.

Antibiotics in Your Daily Life



by William I. Fishbein, M. D.

The antibiotics are responsible for saving untold numbers of human lives. Infections, once fatal, have been brought under almost complete control. Illnesses formerly causing long periods of hospitalization are now quickly relieved and convalescence materially shortened.

Many ailments, while not responsible for loss of life, nevertheless are responsible for much loss of time from work, are nagging, productive of much discomfort, disfiguring, and in general interfere with normal happy existence. Among such illnesses are colds, sinus infections, ear infections, sore throat, ulcers of the skin, and acne or pimples, particularly when small abscesses are present in the latter disorder.

Tyrothricin, the antibiotic which has been incorporated in a number of products adapted for application to the skin and mucous membrane by McKesson and Robbins, is especially effective against many of these disorders. These preparations have been subjected to prolonged clinical and laboratory studies to demonstrate their usefulness.

They showed particularly low toxicity with extremely rare reactions to usage, thus increasing their range of possible utility. Preparations have been formulated specifically for treatment of naso-pharyngeal infections, especially pustular acne or pimples, for long continuing slow healing ulcers of the skin, such as may occur in those with varicose or dilated veins in the skin.

Drugs have been formulated for many purposes—pain relief, muscle relaxation, soothing action and stimulation. Tyrothricin preparations, including those limited to cosmetic fields are welcome additions to modern treatment.

Look for these McKesson Antibiotic Products at Your Drug Store

NEO-AQUA-DRIN LOZENGES—for the relief of minor throat irritations.

NEO-AQUA-DRIN NOSE DROPS—for the relief of congestion due to head colds, sinus, etc.

UTOL—for relief of pimples and minor burns and skin abrasions.

POSITOS—ointment and suppositories for the relief of discomfort due to hemorrhoids.

BORIC ACID OINTMENT · **ICTHAMOL OINTMENT** · **AMMONIATED MERCURY OINTMENT** · **ZINC OXIDE OINTMENT**

LIMITED TIME INTRODUCTORY SAMPLE OFFER

Mail Coupon Below

THE FIRST ANTIBIOTIC



DEODORANT

To Every Woman Who Has Suffered Underarm Burn, Rash...or Worse...



Now, for the first time, the protection of a miracle Antibiotic in a Deodorant!

SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT HARSH, IRRITATING CHEMICALS FOR UNDERARM USE

Laboratory tests show that these dangerous chemicals often invite trouble in sensitive underarm area. This is why you may have noticed redness, roughness of underarm skin.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT REVOLUTIONARY NEW ANTIBIOTIC YODORA

New Yodora contains no harsh, dangerous chemicals. Antibiotic Pertexol* in New Yodora protects your underarm skin—checks underarm irritations before they start! New Yodora not only gives you safer, longer lasting protection from perspiration odor, but its light, creamy base also keeps your underarm area softer—smoother—lovelier! No other deodorant ever gave you safer protection from perspiration odor!

NEW ANTIBIOTIC YODORA IS GUARANTEED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS

Try at our risk for one week; if you are not amazed—entirely delighted—return and get your money back! At all cosmetic counters.

Tube **39¢** *Large size jar* **43¢** *Economy size jar* **69¢**

All prices plus tax

Imagine . . . A Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!



1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.

2. Shave underarms with slow, downward strokes.

3. Remove excess with tissue—smooth remainder well into skin.

That's all you need do to stop perspiration odors! Whether you shave or not, one application daily of New Yodora is the new, *surer* answer to your deodorant problem.

**A brand of tyrothricin*

NEW YODORA

The First...the Only Deodorant with Miracle Antibiotic Pertexol* for Sensitive Skin!

McKesson & Robbins
Dept. MS Bridgeport, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please rush me liberal introductory sample of antibiotic New Yodora. I enclose 10¢ to help defray handling and shipping costs.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____

State_____

Y-4



coolest thing you can wear

There isn't any other kind of sanitary protection that's *nearly* as cool as Tampax*. In fact, millions of women first adopted Tampax in the Summertime—when they simply couldn't stand hot, uncomfortable external pads a *minute* longer!

Why put up with chafing . . . irritation . . . odor problems and disposal problems . . . when Tampax is as handy as your nearest drug or notion counter? It gives the wearer such a remarkable sense of freedom that many users say they almost forget it's "time-of-the-month" for them. Certainly, you feel much more poised, much more relaxed, with protection that's both invisible and unfelt when in place. You can be your dainty, fastidious self *at all times!*

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

It goes without saying that you can swim while wearing Tampax, that you don't need to remove it while taking your shower or tub. This doctor-invented product *must* be the *nicest* way of handling the trying days of the month—so many women say so! Buy Tampax now in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

TV TALK

Everyone watches Marilyn . . . Brando makes a boo-boo . . . Roses for Audrey Hepburn

Tony Randall has hit it lucky. With *Mr. Peepers* fading from the channels, he needed a steady acting job, and he sure got one. As you probably know, he plays the character based on H. L. Mencken in *Inherit The Wind,* the smash hit that stars Paul Muni. Tony's New York apartment, by tbe way, is all white—ceiling, walls and carpet . . . It looks as though Texas is taking over TV, the theatre and the movies, too. The biggest hit from the Lone Star State right now, of course, is **Fess Parker,** known to everybody in America as Davy Crockett. While Fess is still enjoying tbe first flush of success, there is another Texan making his mark on the East Coast. **Pat Hingle,** who knew Fess at school, decided to try his acting luck in New York, and now, after a couple of years of struggling, can match success stories with anyone. His first important Broadway part was in *End As A Man,* the play that gave **Ben Gazzara** his big push. Then Pat showed up in *Festival,* a comedy that didn't last very long but that proved he was an excellent comedian. Now he's playing Gazzara's grasping, not-very-bright brother in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof,* the award-winning play that every actor wishes he were in, and finds time for TV drama shows, too. Few people realize it, but *Cat* director **Elia Kazan** had hired Pat once before—for *On The Waterfront.* Remember the scene where **Marlon Brando** and **Eva Marie Saint** went into a bar for a beer? Well, Pat was the waiter. Not only don't most people know this, but, at the time, Brando didn't either! Just before the scene was shot he realized he was hungry, saw Pat hanging around, and sent him out for a sandwich. Pat, not saying a word about being an actor, not a delivery boy, willingly went and returned with the food. After Brando had eaten, Kazan started to shoot the bar scene. Brando nearly flipped when he looked up and saw the delivery boy acting in it! It broke him up completely, and the scene had to be completely reshot. What with Fess and Pat—not to mention Kim Stanley and Eli Wallach—Texas really does bave something to brag about . . . **Marilyn Monroe** has always been something to see, but you should see her walking around New York at night! She goes at a fast trot and, as often as not, wears clothes that would look more at home in casual California than in midtown Manhattan. One Saturday night recently, she was whipping around in black-and-white striped toreador pants, a sports coat and no make-up. In fact her face looked as though she'd smeared it with cold cream just before she left her hotel. But don't think for a moment tbat all eyes didn't turn. Everyone recognized her, and everyone stopped and stared. Lots of times celebrities can walk all over town for all the other pedestrians care. **Janis Paige**—even with her bright red hair, her extra-fancy sun glasses, and her constant-companion poodle—can go unrecognized. **Franchot Tone** doesn't have to stop and sign autographs all the time either. But Marilyn—and **Greta Garbo**—never fail to turn every head. We saw Garbo grocery-shopping one day. Even in those unglamorous surroundings and even with her unglamorous appearance—moccasins, socks, a bundled-up coat, no make-up except a little pale lipstick, and a very red nose from a cold—Garbo was the target of every clerk's and customer's eye . . . Which makes us wonder about **Arthur Godfrey's** perennial complaint that he cannot walk down a street without being bothered. He claims, you know, that he cannot even ride in the back seat of his limousine without covering his face when the chauffeur has to stop for a red ligbt. His face *is* one of the most familiar ones in the United States, but we suspect he could walk around a little with the common folk—which he says he is dying to do—without creating a mob scene. If Monroe and Garbo can grace the sidewalks of New York without having to call tbe cops, so, we suspect, could Godfrey . . . **Jack Paar** is a very unhappy man. He knew that his *Morning Show* hadn't lured the sponsors the way it was supposed to, but he had no idea he was being fired until he read it in a trade paper. You'd be surprised at how many times the stars find out facts about their careers from the papers. Tbe TV world is a big one—but a small one when it comes to leaks. Speaking of sidewalks, **Judy Holliday** was as excited as any fan when she passed Marilyn Monroe on the street one day. She was also amazed at how young The Monroe looks—"like fourteen," said Judy. She was extra amazed that her split-second take-off on Marilyn in a *Spectacular* brougbt such raves from the press and tbe public. Its success gave her an idea: Maybe she could start a whole new career doing imitations. The only drawback: Judy is a perfectionist, and she works for hours, for days, for weeks, before she will mimic anyone on TV. She reads up on her subjects, she goes to see all their movies, she watches all their television performances. She freely admits that she is not a natural mimic. She can't take one fast look at another performer and go into a funny routine. Which is one reason her impersonations wow everyone . . . **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** write all their personal letters in Nile-green ink. Audrey's handwriting is the straight-up-and-down type, and she hardly ever crosses a "t." Audrey, by the way, loves all white flowers. Her extra favorite is white roses. You can bet that Mel presents them, too. This is a happy couple . . . Poor **Ray Bolger.** He put pots of his own money into his TV show this last year, and it's being dropped. He honestly loved it, but the sponsor and the public didn't quite agree. He'll probably still be around next year, however—on some of the big NBC color *Spectaculars.*



Martha Raye celebrates million-dollar contract with Robert Q. Lewis, assistant Mimi Miller.

We'll Send a Box of Christmas Cards

To All Who Want EXTRA MONEY!





Make $50 to $300 and More in Your Spare Time.. It's Fun Too!... Lots of Folks Do It So Easily with

Wallace Brown Christmas Cards

Why not do as thousands of other folks do? No need *to wish* for extra cash to buy the things you want. You can make money so easily just by showing the famous balanced assortments of beautiful Wallace Brown Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors, relatives, co-workers, fellow church and club members. They'll love this convenient way to order Christmas cards at home and they'll be delighted with the beauty, value and variety offered them. In this big nationally famous line of over 50 money-makers are the two shown here . . . the sensational, big-value 21-card "Feature" Christmas Assortment and the beautiful Velour on Parchment Christmas Assortment. They sell on sight for only $1.00 each and you make up to 50c profit on each box! Mail the coupon NOW!

Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!

You need no experience . . . and you have so much to offer to bring you extra cash. There are exciting Christmas Assortments like the beautiful Religious Scripture-Text, the delightful Christmas Angels, sparkling, new "Tall" Jewel Scenes, gay, clever Humorous Cards, breathtaking Winter Magic Photochromes . . . Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of lovely Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and other occasions. Also Children's Books. Imported Napkins, Stationery, and many novelty Gift Items! They all spell EXTRA MONEY for you!

SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples

See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of the entire Wallace Brown line to start you making extra money immediately.

CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS—*Raise money!* Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift Items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of Fund-Raising Plan and give name of organization.

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Make even *more* money with four groups of outstanding Special Value Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards . . . distinctive styling, low prices —for every purse and taste— Traditional, Religious, Cute, Formal, Currier & Ives . . . exclusive designs, luxury papers, including rich, deep-toned Suedes and genuine Parchment Cards. *They sell on sight!* Mail Coupon NOW!

We Deliver to Your Customers and We Pay Postage!

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Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, FREE Samples of Personal Christmas Cards and FREE full-color illustrated Catalog of entire Wallace Brown money-making line.

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Hollywood's favorite

Lustre-Creme Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Joan Crawford. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



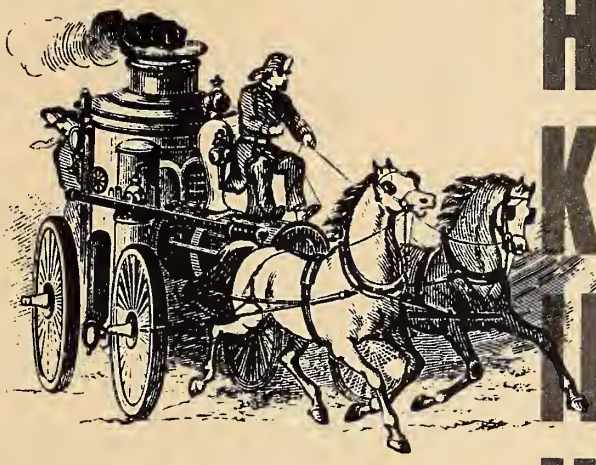
Joan Crawford

starring in

"FEMALE ON THE BEACH"

A Universal-International Picture

THE HOTTEST KIDS IN HOLLYWOOD



■ Day in, day out, we watch the horizon for new stars. We eavesdrop at studio commissaries, burrow through reams of photos, chat with the new kids. Sometimes it's like hunting for a needle in a haystack and other times—right now, for instance—we come up with the greatest bunch of youngsters ever. There are so many of them that the sky lights up like the Fourth of July. And these kids are different! They're not look-alikes, act-alikes, stamped "Made in Hollywood—glamourized!" They're individualists like moody, unapproachable Jimmy Dean, self-possessed like Russ Tamblyn, who's been around show business for years. They're sweet-but-not-simple like Kim Novak, who learned fast how to side-step the wolf pack, grown-up like Peggy King, who hit bottom hard before climbing to the big-time. These kids spark because they have natural greatness. They know where they're going and exactly how to get there. On the following ten pages—and elsewhere in this special issue—you'll meet the hottest of the hot. Some you're crazy-gone-for already and a few you never even heard of—but you will. In this issue we want to give you a good close look at all of them, all at once. So here are their pictures and all the info available—and some of the most intimate looks behind the scenes MODERN SCREEN has ever brought you.



■ Several weeks ago Warner Brothers tossed a press party to announce the production start of *Giant,* starring Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson and James Dean.

The shindig was held at the studio, and unlike any of the other principals, Jimmy Dean arrived late. He wore blue jeans and an old red flannel shirt. When the producer introduced him to the audience, Jim refused to rise or smile, or even acknowledge the applause. Moodily he sat in his seat, stared at his boots. When a photographer came close to photograph him, he quickly put on his dark sun glasses.

"Would you be kind enough to remove your glasses, Mr. Dean?" the photographer asked.

Jimmy made out as if he didn't hear.

"Why don't you give the guy a break?" a reporter asked the twenty-four-year-old acting genius from Fairmount, Indiana. "After all, he's got a job to do."

Dean shook his head. "I didn't mean to be rude. It's just that I've got bags under my eyes, and I need a shave."

In another corner of the room, a studio representative, watching the entire scene, muttered under his breath. "That's typical of the guy. I hope the Army drafts him and teaches him a little cooperation."

Jimmy is not particularly well-liked by some of his studio colleagues these days, because he refuses to show up for interviews, declines to be photographed, breaks appointments with reckless abandon and insists upon keeping his private life private.

"Maybe publicity *is* important," he admits. "But I just can't make it, can't get with it. I've been told by a lot of guys the way it works. The newspapers give you a big build-up. Something happens, they tear you down. Who needs it? What counts to the artist is performance not publicity. Guys who don't know me, already they've typed me as an odd ball."

So, too, as a matter of fact, have a lot of Hollywood girls who've met Jimmy at various private parties.

One young actress, who prefers to be nameless, tells about the recent time Dean came to a bongo-drum "kick" with his girl friend Lilli Kardell.

"After we were introduced," she recalls, "I said, just by way of starting a polite conversation, 'You're getting a lot of good publicity these days, all about your wonderful performance in *East Of Eden.*' His answer to that was, 'Most of it is a bunch of ———.' Only he didn't put it that delicately.

"I don't know," this actress continues, "whether he was trying to compensate for his shyness or what. He certainly is not typical of Hollywood actors. He will come into a room and for twenty or thirty minutes he'll say nothing. He won't even open his mouth. Then, mention something about drums or acting or bull fighting, and you can't stop him. He talks on and on with great power and intelligence. He's a strange one, all right."

Lilli Kardell, the nineteen-year-old Swedish actress, once under contract to Universal-International, has dated Dean more than any other girl in movieland. Although she declines to use the word love, she admits she's "gone" on the little guy.

"Jimmy," she explains in her (*Continued on page 75*)

Daredevil Dean is hell on wheels. Racing his Porsche in local meets, he wins handily at 120 mph plus, earns the respect of racing pros but the word around the studio is "that crazy kid is going to kill himself."







James Byron Dean is a free-wheeling individualist who breaks all the





LONE WOLF

rules except one—he travels fastest who travels alone / by Richard Moore



When you look like Kim in a town like Hollywood you learn to handle the wolf-pack—fast. The lady's young—not foolish

WHISTLE BAIT

by Kim Novak

■ When I left Chicago with a girl friend for a vacation trip to California I kept telling my mother that I wasn't movie crazy and hadn't the slightest idea of getting into pictures. And she said she knew that, but she kept giving me some advice which she admitted wasn't original, but just the same I had better listen!

"There are a lot of wolves out there," she said. "You know, men who talk big and make promises they couldn't keep even if they wanted to."

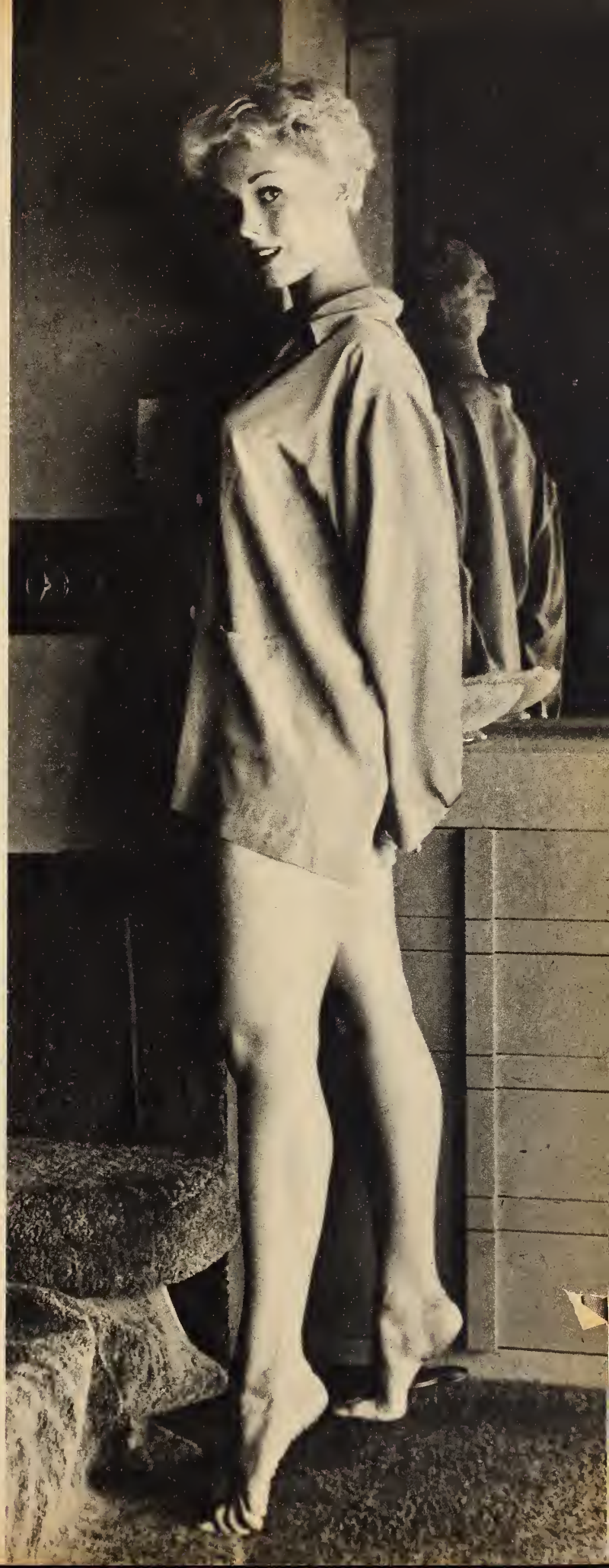
Then she turned to *her* mother and asked, "Isn't that right, Mom?"

And Grandma agreed and added her favorite piece of advice; that it's all up to the girl; that you can make a wolf out of any man if you don't conduct yourself as a lady always.

So armed with this advice, I went west and found out that both Mom and Grandma were right—Wolf Number One phoned the second day I was in Hollywood.

I was sitting at the pool in the Beverly Hills Hotel when an attendant told me that a Mr. Hooper was





telephoning. I didn't know any Mr. Hooper. In fact, I didn't know one man in the whole state of California. So I knew right away this Hooper was a wolf. But I was terribly curious and couldn't help accepting the call.

When Mr. Hooper introduced himself over the telephone he seemed to be saying that he was well known in the movie industry. When I went over his words later, I realized he hadn't really said that at all—he just sounded as if he had.

"I noticed you at the pool this afternoon," he went on. "You are exactly the kind of girl the studios are looking for."

It would have been easy to let myself believe him, but I heard a duet in my ears—Mother's and Grandma's warning voices—and I told him that I was sure the studios couldn't be interested in me.

"I haven't had any acting experience," I said.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he assured me.

"It doesn't!" I exclaimed.

"Not a bit," he declared. "Tell you what . . . I'm not far away from (*Continued on page 60*)



He may be under-age, but Russ has been around. And for those who think he needs mothering—h

■ Not so very long ago, Russ Tamblyn was given what might be called A Hard Time. This sort of thing is so rare in his young life that it had the effect of warping his entire attitude toward women. Obviously, the trouble was a girl. To quote Mr. Tamblyn, looking back: "There was this romance I had. Real weird. I went with this girl for a year, and I never saw her more than two weeks. I went East to see her between pictures; she came out here once, properly chaperoned, of course, to visit me. So I was bowled over when her family decided that we were seeing too much of each other. They were scared to death that we were going to get married. They were scared to death we were going to get married even after I told them that I couldn't even think of it for at least two years. They decided we shouldn't see each other again until she was eighteen, and they said she'd be too young to marry even then. Funny how people get hold of an idea and can't let go. I

GIRL CRAZY



Five-feet-ten-inches, brown- (not red) haired, twenty yeors old, Russ has hod his own apartment in Beverly Hills for some time, enjoys living alone, crazy hours.



Like Brando, Curtis and Deon, Russ is a drum addict, hos mony records. His great idol is his brother, a missionary in Germony, who, like Russ, is a devout Mormon.



Venetio Stevenson, eighteen, is Russ' current—and most serious—love. A model ond cover girl, she is working in England now, which leaves Russ lonely but resigned—he has conducted romances by mail before.

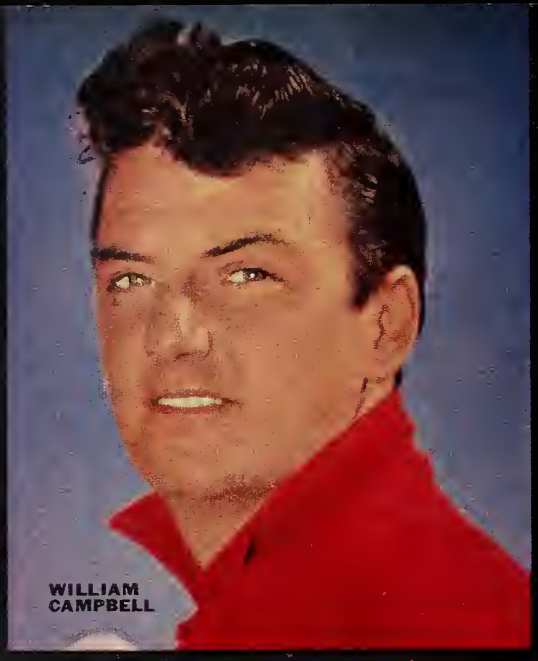


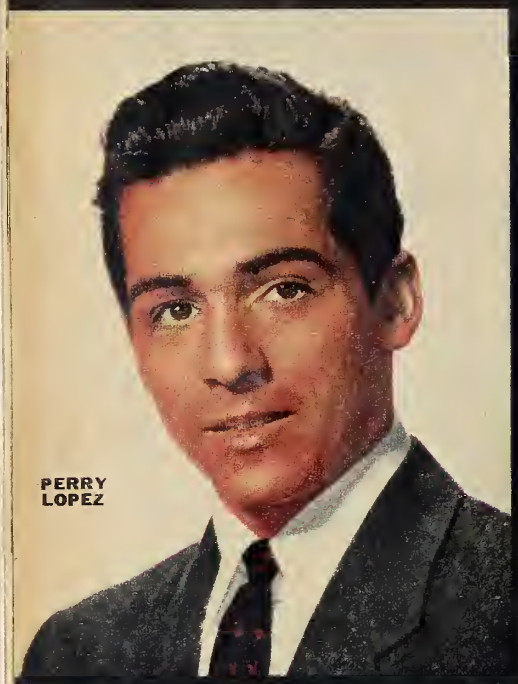
loves being somebody's baby! / by Alice Finletter

was too young to get married, too, and we weren't planning anything like an elopement. We were taking things easy, getting to know each other, letting the future take care of itself.

"But they couldn't believe it. They couldn't believe it, so they handed down this verdict that we shouldn't see each other again till she was eighteen." Russ grinned, but his tone was pensive. "Out of sight, out of mind. She turned eighteen a few months later—and married (*Continued on page 62*)













MARISA PAVAN Most likely to avoid the sister jinx now that she's in *The Rose Tattoo,* Marisa struggled with it for years while producers assumed that Pier Angeli had all the talent in the family. Now Marisa seems set to justify Alan Ladd's claim that she "should turn out to be one of the finest acting talents of ber generation!"

WILLIAM CAMPBELL Most likely to become Mayor of Hollywood, Bill has savvy of an earthy sort, sharpened by a college education, three years in the Navy. Six feet tall, Bill wanted to be a journalist, switched to acting for more kicks, more dough. Married—and liking it—he's in *Cell 2455* and *Man Without A Star.*

PERRY LOPEZ Most likely to become a legend, Perry grew up as tough as they come. Twenty-three, he has been a top amateur ligbtweight. (His faint scars, though, are not from a left hook, but an auto accident.) Discovered hy Josh Logan hanging around the stage door for a date with a showgirl, he's in *The Darkest Hour.*

RICHARD DAVALOS Most likely to be anotber Spencer Tracy, Dick's ambitions are for great parts, not big dough. At six he decided acting was for him, made it via jerking sodas (in the Schrafft's where Kirk Douglas once worked). Now in *The Sea Chase,* Dick works harder, studies more than almost any other kid in town.

VIRGINIA LEITH Most likely to rival Grace Kelly as a lady born, Virginia was voted the girl with the most talent least recognized by the public. Single, an ex-hatcheck girl and drive-in waitress, and leading lady of *A Kiss Before Dying* she's heen called by Richard Egan "An actress who makes the male star look better than he really is!"

ORESTE KIRKOP Most likely to be more electric than Lanza, according to Paramount workers, the Malta-born sandy-haired, green-eyed tenor made a name for himself in European opera. He dates a lot, goes in for sports, and doesn't want to be a great big star. "I just want to sing and have fun." He does both in *The Vagabond King.*

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

Here are nine new names, rated top star-material by the shrewdest of judges —the stars and studio workers who've seen them all in action


JOAN COLLINS

JOAN COLLINS Most likely to make you forget Marilyn, she has already replaced her in 20th's affections as the darling of the lot. A big star in London, Joan has no complexes, no snobbery, dark brown hair, green eyes, 126 pounds and the sort of talent that shows up as dynamite in *The Virgin Queen.*


MARTHA HYER

MARTHA HYER Most likely to be the Number One Glamour Girl Of Tomorrow, ash-blonde, green-eyed, twenty-four-year-old Martha has the delicate voluptuousness of a Lana Turner, even more sex appeal in *Kiss Of Fire.* In one year and a half she was in nine movies, twenty TV shows, hates being idle—ever.


COLLEEN MILLER

COLLEEN MILLER Most likely to be Oscar's sweetheart, the former Miss Portland goes in for hard work because "A girl should never kick opportunity in the teeth. It might get mad and never come back." Opposite Tony Curtis in *The Purple Mask,* he predicted she'd eventually walk away with an Academy Award.

To vote for your favorite stars, see page 66

Turning points (high and low) and key figures in the King comeback



MODERN SCREEN gave Peggy a Golden Key in 1952 thraugh spansar Haward Keel. But Peggy kept insisting that she was washed up in Hallywaod.



Debbie Reynalds helped Peggy hit her stride (Korea, Christmas '52) and taught her ta believe in herself. This friendship put Peggy an the right track at last.



Gearge Gabel encauraged Peggy ta be herself, nat poar man's Garland. Result: she's naw a hausehald word even thaugh Peggy still can't quite believe it.

PRETTY



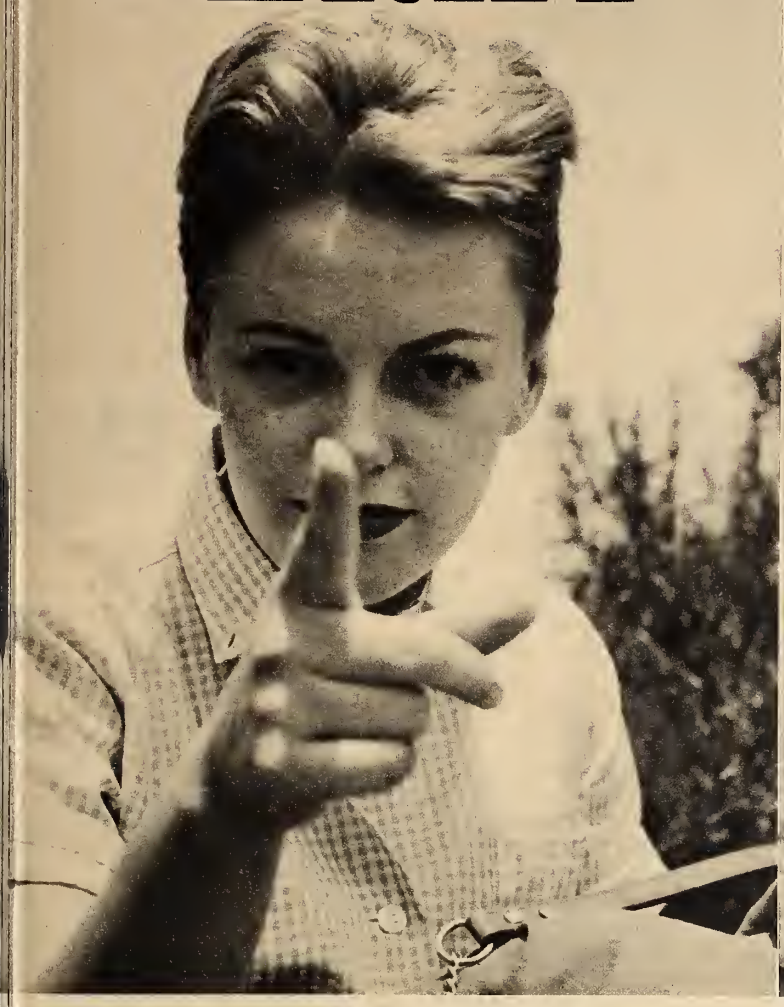
How does it feel to be a failure? Ask Peggy

■ She wasn't always pretty, perky Peggy. Only three years ago she was glum, gloomy Peggy who thought the world had passed her by. Those who figure her as an overnight sensation who clicked instantly on the George Gobel show and before that became a fluke success thanks to a singing commercial are well advised not to say so to Peggy King. She's too young to have a bad memory. The hungry days when nobody wanted her are too recent. "I was a has-been," Peggy says, "before I was a been."

Those who knew her during the black days had no doubts about her talent but they wondered privately whether this sensitive slip of a girl could stand up under the punishment. Peggy had the works. Her current success is most remarkable because the biggest victory is deep inside of her.

In those terrible days Peggy thought she was the only one who was scared. Now she knows everybody is. And she knows, too, that fear can drive you to make the wrong decisions, give up too soon, pick the wrong people to lean on. "The things that happen to you at fifteen," Peggy can say now, "you can laugh about at seventeen. It's hard to believe at the time, when you're miserable, but if you can just let the idea sink in for

PERKY PEGGY





King who was washed up at 20, who had no place to go but up / by Toni Noel

a minute, things won't seem so awful." Peggy still can't bring herself to laugh about the tough years but she can say, "Everything that happened has gone toward making me the performer I am. I think I'd do it all over again."

You look at the record and wonder how she could even consider it. She looks too frail to take disappointment, shock, criticism. She admits she's vulnerable. "I even cry over menus." She is simply tiny—all but the dark eyes that loom out of her face. Off-stage they are the wide, clear, innocent eyes of a twelve-year-old. "Innocent," Peggy giggles. "George says they're about as innocent as a boa constrictor's."

Peggy got to Hollywood because she was a talented kid who looked like Judy Garland, and she withered there for the same reason. She'd been typed to a professional death. That resemblance to Judy Garland is something Peggy can discuss now, but it used to hurt. "Sure," she admits, "I've imitated her, especially in night clubs. If the audience wasn't interested in Peggy King, if they had only come to see the poor man's Garland, then I'd give them the best Garland I had. Now that I've more or less made it on my own I don't care. But it really hurt when I was trying to get started. Show people protect their own. They couldn't seem to see what was so obvious: that I couldn't possibly become a singer just *because* of an uncanny physical resemblance. I had to have the voice to begin with."

No wonder Peggy gets such a bang out of it when guys like the notably restrained Bill Holden walk up and exclaim, "I love you! Every time I watch the show I'm overwhelmed." Peggy bubbles happily when she tells about it. "I'm so thrilled when a big star says something nice that I'm tongue-tied, but I'm just as thrilled when people recognize me and ask for autographs." Then, the old fear Peggy can't quite shake takes over, and she shivers, "I'm frightened by talent." She should be. She was cursed by too much.

Without conceit Peggy says, "The trouble was I could do a lot of things—but. I have the bones for a model but I'm too short. I have a huge voice, just the thing for a Broadway musical, but I'm also good in supper clubs. I got lost trying everything." Among her talents was an instinct (*Continued on page 89*)

Life with Elizabeth is definitely my cup of tea. We have two sons and a happy home on a hilltop and not a cloud in the sky. There's just one thing—one little thing that bothers me—

I don't understand my Wife *says Michael Wilding*







She can do the most outrageous things—smiling so innocently. Sometimes I want to clobber her, but what's the use? The trouble with Liz is, she's not afraid of anything—including me. And when she brings Mike, Jr. to visit the set and meet Anne Francis, work stops, everyone stares —and I'm the proudest family man on the lot! Oh, that Madonna on the opposite page, holding Christopher—that's my Liz, too!

■ Living with Liz is a delightful experience, one that I am privileged to enjoy. The situation requires nothing from me but a pinch of patience, an ability to roll with the punches and a boundless capacity for admiration. Liz, you see, is a girl to be admired, but she is also filled to the brim with all sorts of surprises. I hold the mistaken idea that I know this young woman quite well, yet within a fortnight she reminds me fourteen times that I don't know her at all.

I suppose you might attribute this to the fact that she is a female. If Liz is nothing else, she is feminine—completely feminine on every level. And so I, as a male, am in a state of perpetual astonishment.

In the first place she should, according to every book I have read about women, be terrified of all sorts of things. Electricity, bugs, mice, gas. I had thought I had the right to expect, as a male endowed with even the minimum quality and quantity of muscles, to be clung to adoringly when danger became imminent. But Liz is a female, and as such, excercises her prerogative to be contrary to the rule. She isn't afraid of a solitary thing. Not even that enormous horse of hers—and he scares the wits out of me. But then of course, Liz is wonderful with all animals. I remember the time we were driving up near Malibu and Liz decided to visit her horse King Charles. When we got out of the car there was this huge beast, not tied to a bloody thing, just a horizontal string stretched in front of him—not nearly enough restraint, to my mind. The only thing between the creature and us was this cord, strung horizontally near the ground, and as we approached (Liz leading the way, of course) the horse flattened his ears and showed the whites of his eyes and (*Continued on page 64*)



For many stars an evening out isn't a date—it's a production! But for Barbara Rush and George Nader, nothing could be simpler—or more fun!

OVER TWENTY-ONE





7 P.M. *The doorbell rang. Barbara answered it and found George, somewhat pooped, on her doorstep. "Hard day at the studio," he said by way of greeting, and added that, as he had just played midwife at the birth of four kittens to his Siamese cats, he hadn't much appetite. Barbara, ordinarily the sympathetic type, spotted his new Mercury and didn't hear a word he said. "Stunning," she was muttering, "gorgeous. Even cute." George roused himself. "Some cute!" he snorted. "I had to get my option picked up to buy it!"*

7:30 P.M. *His usual interest in food reawakened by a cooling drive, George headed for his favorite Mexican restaurant. (Like most members of The Set, he and Barbara prefer the casual to the ostentatious, have no objections to ordering across a counter.) "What are you having?" Barbara, the novice, asked. "Everything!" said George, and ordered a* taco, *an* enchilada, *a* tamale, *fried beans, rice,* guacomole *with* tostadas—*and a glass of milk! To his amazement—and the waitress' horror—Barbara not only ordered the same, but ate it!*







8:45 P. M. *The season being summer and the evening being cool, they strolled through the romantic Palisades. Ever the gallant, George perched Barbara on one of the gnarled trees for a view of the sea. "Guess what I want most right now," she whispered. "What?" George asked tenderly. "A Kleenex," announced Miss Rush, stifling a sneeze and possibly destroying a few illusions.*



9:30 P. M. *In the mood for music, they drove to Hollywood and Vine and browsed through Music City. Barbara (still fresh from the Auld Sod) wanted a new Irish record. George found himself some mood music. "Don't cause a riot with the autograph hunters," he cautioned, teasing—and although they called each other by their full names as loudly as possible, neither caused even a ripple. At Music City no one gets noticed unless he or she is a disembodied voice on a disk.*

■ Lately, Barbara Rush has found herself an extremely active member of Hollywood's Slightly Older Younger Set. Since her divorce from Jeffrey Hunter she is in demand for dates ranging from official premières-and-night-clubs to long-drives-with-hamburgers, which she vastly prefers. The latter are frequently demanded by one George Nader, tall, dark and a fellow set member.

On one such occasion, MODERN SCREEN begged permission to tag along —at a discreet distance, of course—and report the proceedings. For a star in a strapless gown and a bright white spotlight, smiling prettily for the photographers, is not necessarily the same girl who throws a coat over her shoulders and dashes off for an evening she really expects to enjoy. And it's evenings like these, reported the least, that tell the most about these young stars.

Like their Slightly Younger counterparts, members of The Set usually find their real (as differentiated from publicity) dates heavy on fun. They laugh a lot, tease each other and are likely to take off on a moment's notice for a medium-to-crazy excursion. They're past the age of flagpole-climbing, but George and Barbara have been known to give way to a sudden impulse and break into a wild, leg-waving dance in the middle of the street. (Being of the Slightly Older Set they're most likely to do so on a fairly quiet (*Continued on page 79*)



10:30 P. M. *After downing two ghastly, gaudy milk shakes, they headed home. (Both had 6 A.M. studio calls—George for* The Second Greatest Sex, *Barbara for* Kiss Of Fire.) *At her door George asked Barbara to write; he was going to the Virgin Islands. "Of course," Barbara said, knowing her mouth should be washed out—she's the world's worst correspondent. But she meant it when she said, "Thanks for a lovely evening," which, even in Hollywood, is all that counts.*

DISNEYLAND

YOU'LL ENTER FANTASYLAND THROUGH THE PORTALS OF A MEDIEVAL CASTLE, COMPLETE WITH A REAL DRAWBRIDGE AND MOAT.



MR. DISNEY BUILT HIS DREAM WORLD

You con't see Morla ond Lorry for the trees in Disneylond but you did see her in *Shield For Murder* ond you will see him in *The Far Horizons.*



Rolling stock in Disneylond includes this old-time fire engine. No museum piece, this red wagon will toke you to follow the fire.



Your sneak preview of 152 fabulous acres of fun and enchantment. Your guides are Marla English and Larry Pennell, two young stars who did all the things you'll do. Like them, you'll have a ball!

■ Everybody talks about Disneyland and now MODERN SCREEN has done something about it. We've dug up the answers to your questions about this magical dream world—questions about cost, transportation, hotels, food. You could see Disneyland in a day but you wouldn't want to, so here's how to do Disneyland right. Where is it? Southeast of downtown Los Angeles about twenty-two miles. Disneyland can be reached only by car or bus. You can drive it in half an hour and there is special bus service from downtown Los Angeles to the park. Admission cost is a dollar plus tax for adults, fifty cents including tax for children under twelve. All exhibits are free. Charges for the various rides run from 10¢ to 35¢ for children, slightly more for adults. Food, ranging from the elegant Delmonico-style restaurant to the buffeteria will be popularly priced. Disneyland will be open every day except Monday from ten a.m. to ten p.m. You can stay at the Disneyland Hotel, a ten-million-dollar hotel and motel project which has been built just across from Disneyland, where rates are as low as $7 a day. And in and about Los Angeles there is hotel and motel space for thousands of visitors. For campers many state parks offer accommodations. Bring cameras (still or movie) and use them in Disneyland, but leave your pets at home. A visit to Disneyland might well be the focus for a complete tour of Southern California. Movieland is only half an hour away, the beaches can be reached in an hour and you can drive north to Santa Barbara or south to Mexico in something over two hours. Last question: when does it open? Scheduled date is July 18 but you'd better watch your papers to be sure. You can't miss the announcement. Disneyland is the biggest entertainment news of the year.



AERIAL VIEW of Disneyland. You'll leave the present behind when you step through the portals of this dream land, board an old-fashioned train that circles the area clockwise. First stop—Adventureland, devoted to natural wonders; next the old Frontierland; then Fantasyland; last Tomorrowland.



ADVENTURELAND will satisfy your explorer's urge. You'll leave the Tahitian settlement above and take a boat through the tropics past wild animals, birds, reptiles, natives—lifelike replicas of what you'd see in far-off Central America, South America, Africa, Asia and Australia. You'll feel a million miles away.

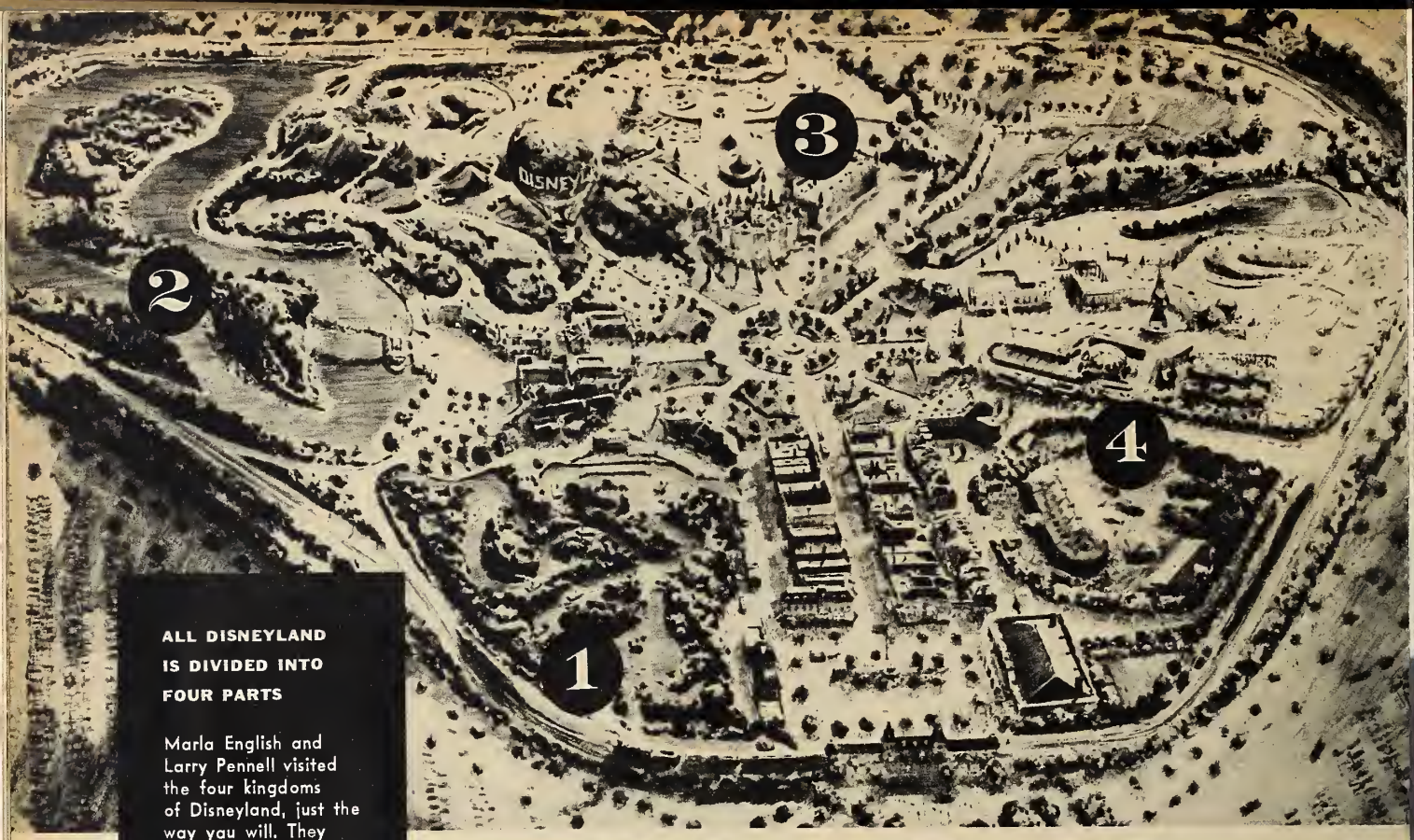


FRONTIERLAND paddle-wheeler, all of 105 feet long, will carry you back into American history, back into Davy Crockett's time. You'll steam past replicas of colorful river towns like New Orleans, Natchez, Mobile, pass historic national shrines like West Point and Mount Vernon as the "S.S. Mark Twain" puffs on.

Frontierland stagecoach junket leaves from a Wells Fargo station and bounces through the Painted Desert. Marla and Larry stopped off at the Golden Horseshoe bar for "drinks."



more pictures on next page



ALL DISNEYLAND IS DIVIDED INTO FOUR PARTS

Marla English and Larry Pennell visited the four kingdoms of Disneyland, just the way you will. They started with Adventureland (1) a lush tropical paradise, went on to Frontierland (2) where the American past comes alive, reminisced in Fantasyland (3) where Disney characters disport themselves, and ended up appropriately in Tomorrowland (4) where you can even ride a rocket to the moon.



Marla boards old-time horse car on Disneyland's Main Street, where turn-of-the-century relics have been reproduced to create nostalgic memories.



Nature's half-acre is well stocked in Disneyland with thoroughbreds. Marla and Larry admire a pair of horses raised especially for your pleasure.



Fantasyland rides include Mr. Tood's rickety high seater. "No worse thon your jalopy," Morla reminded Larry.



Lifelike olligators roam the swamps of Disneyland, obligingly ollow you to test their jaws. Marla comforted Larry, "They're just actors."



Hippo takes a shine to Marla, or vice versa. You'll ride on the explorers' boat as she did and see such tropical beasts in their habitat.

never marry an Actress

That's what the man said—but when Ray Danton made his first screen test with Julie Adams it was all over but the elopement

BY STEVE CRONIN

■ When the Broadway friends of brilliant young television actor Ray Danton heard what was going on, they were willing to bet him fifty-to-one that he'd never marry Julie Adams. Or they'd take equal odds the other way—that intelligent, incredibly lovely and talented Julie wouldn't take the lusty, unpredictable Mr. Danton for a husband. To a man, Ray's Manhattan cronies marked the impending event as a publicity stunt.

They had heard Ray hold forth too often on the type of girl he'd marry one day. The type he'd said was out of the question, for a great many logical reasons, was The Actress. Furthermore, they knew Ray was the kind of fellow who might, just might, give up bachelorhood when he reached thirty-five or so. He was a free soul who didn't want to be tied down.

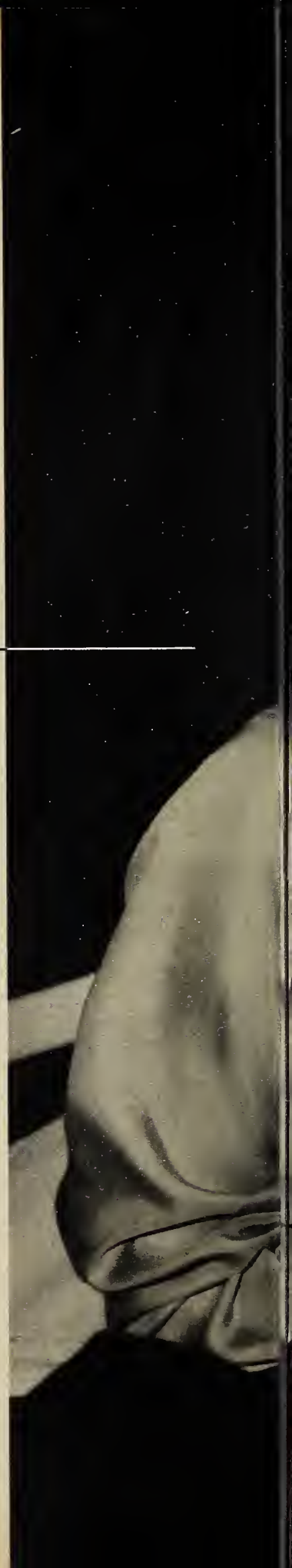
They had plenty of evidence to back up their (*Continued on page 72*)



the bridge is love

This is, perhaps, one of the strangest stories you will ever read. It is also one of the most moving. It is Pier Angeli's story. About her expected baby, yes, but more important—it is the story of the love of a father and his daughter which continues to this very day, though Pier's father passed away five years ago. Thornton Wilder explained this kind of communication perfectly. He said "There is a land of the living and a land of the dead, and the bridge is love."

BY IDA ZEITLIN



■ For the first few days after the plane accident, Pier lay in a state of shock. She knew that Vic and her mother were there, she knew she'd been hurt—but all in a dreamlike way. As the hours passed, some nameless dread gnawed round the edge of consciousness, making her restless, until at length a thrust of terror pierced the dream. If she'd been hurt, then what about the baby? Was the baby safe? Her eyes flew open, moving from Vic's drawn face to her mother's. The question faltering on her lips remained unasked. Great sobs tore through her.

The doctor ordered sedatives. When she awoke, she said: "I want to hear the truth."

He gave her the truth. "We don't know, Pier. We won't know for some time. There's a chance either way. To help it go our way, you must do two things. Lie absolutely still. Above all, don't cry. Emotional control is even more important than keeping your body quiet. Hysteria will harm whatever good chance we have."

From then on, she remained dry-eyed. If tears threatened, she turned the more steadfastly to prayer. At the end of three weeks, the doctor brought her hope. "We think it's going to be okay," he told her.

For a moment the small face on the pillow glowed, then a shadow crossed it. "I am foolish," she apologized. "But I like when people say it's for sure."

He shook his head gently. "Not yet, Pier. It will take another three weeks before we're sure."

Now she prayed all the harder. Blessed with perfect faith, Pier finds her strength in God. Having prayed, she talks to Him trustfully as to a friend. About the day's happenings, about what she's done right or wrong, about how to do better. After talking to God, she talks just as simply and naturally to her father who died five years ago.

This sense of communication holds no mystical overtones. Thornton Wilder said it one way: "There is a land of the living and (*Continued on page 79*)





BY ALICE HOFFMAN

Joan Crawford had everything—children, fame, fortune, glamour—everything except the love of a strong man. Then she met Al Steele and knew she needed . . .

Someone to watch over me

■ If ever there was a woman in love with love that woman is Joan Crawford.

For ten years now Joan has prayed nightly "for the love of some good, strong man who would love me for myself, who would marry Joan Crawford the woman, not Joan Crawford the actress. If only such a man came along I would do everything for him, cook, sew, clean. I would love him so completely because there is so much love in my heart for the right man."

Joan's prayers—a pleading for escape from loneliness—have been answered.

Several weeks ago, on May 9 to be exact, the forty-seven-year-old actress, as nervous and excited as any teen-ager, flew off to Las Vegas and married Alfred N. Steele, fifty-four, president of the Pepsi-Cola Company.

The newspapers made it sound like a spur-of-the-moment elopement. According to their reports Joan and Alfred Steele were dining in Romanoff's one night. They were talking about how happy they were in each other's presence. Somehow, the conversation veered toward flying and Joan supposedly said, "You know, I've never flown." Whereupon Steele supposedly answered, "Let's fly to Vegas tonight and get married."

"Okay," Joan agreed. "Let's go."

The papers made it sound impetuous, impulsive, the result of a love-at-first-sight infatuation. They said the marriage came as a complete surprise. They said there had been talk of Joan marrying Milt Rackmil, president of Universal-International Studios, or Charles Baron, a Chicago automobile dealer, or Nick Ray, the movie director. But not Al Steele. After all, who had seen Joan Crawford with Al Steele? Where had he come from, anyway?

They just didn't know. They didn't know how long, how desperately Joan had been hoping that one day Steele might obtain his freedom to marry her. They didn't know the inside story, and understandably enough, Joan has never told it. Why?

Because when Joan first met Al Steele at Sonny Werblin's New York apartment four years ago, Al was a happily married man.

Vice-president of Coca-Cola then, charming, wealthy, and at the same time down-to-earth, he was married to the former Lillian Nelson, a beauty who had given birth the year before to a son.

When Joan Crawford and Al Steele were introduced to each other that first night, they smiled, greeted each other pleasantly. And that's all there was to it. Joan never for a moment thought that she would ever meet Steele again except on a casual social level.

Joan has been accused of being ambitious, ruthless, determined and wanting; while there may be some professional justification for these accusations, never in her life has Joan made the slightest play for any married man.

If there is one institution she has always respected, that institution is marriage.

"To me," she once said, "marriage is the most beautiful, the (*Continued on page* 87)



Joan Crawford became Mrs. Al Steele May 9, but he didn't become Mr. Crawford. Not this big businessman. With her fourth marriage Joan finally learned to separate the men from the boys.



ROCK HUDSON SAYS:

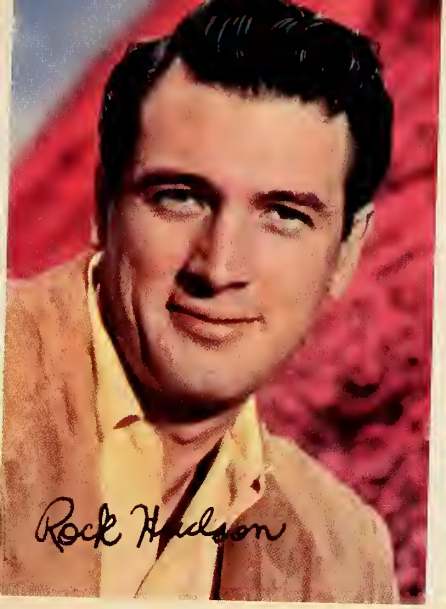
"I wish I had married at nineteen"

ROCK · DEBBIE · TONY

Your letters say you dig these three the most. So here is our surprise gift to you —

POCKET PIN-UPS →

Exactly the right size to cut out and carry in your wallet or purse.


Rock Hudson


Debbie Reynolds


Tony Curtis

You may be Janet's
On the dotted line—
But secretly
You're mine all mine.

personal stuff

BORN JUNE 3, 1925
NEW YORK, N. Y.
HEIGHT 5'11"
WEIGHT 158 LBS.
BLUE EYES
BLACK HAIR
REAL NAME —
BERNARD SCHWARTZ
LATEST FILM—
U-I's **THE RAWHIDE YEARS**

a modern screen pocket pinup

'Til Deb, I never
Had an inkling
One star could do
So darn much twinkling!

intimate info

BORN APRIL 1, 1932
EL PASO, TEXAS
HEIGHT 5'1"
WEIGHT 100 LBS.
HAZEL EYES
BROWN HAIR
REAL NAME —
MARY FRANCES REYNOLDS
LATEST FILM—
MGM's **HIT THE DECK**

a modern screen pocket pinup

Rock's my boy
So what's the fuss?
It's bigger than
The both of us!

the facts m'am

BORN, NOVEMBER 17, 1925
WINNETKA, ILLINOIS
HEIGHT 6'5"
WEIGHT 197 LBS.
BROWN EYES AND HAIR
REAL NAME —
ROY FITZGERALD
LATEST FILM—
U-I's **ONE DESIRE**

a modern screen pocket pinup

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ She was Italian, her name was Franceska (pronounced by him "Fran-ches-ka, honey,") and she had ideas about love and marriage. He was an American, his name was Rock Hudson (pronounced by her, "R-R-Roock? R-R-Rock-a? Mama Mia! Maybe Roccaro?") and he was a good listener. Rock hasn't forgotten what he learned from Franceska about love. Even though a year has passed. Rock was in Europe working on *Captain Lightfoot* when he met this girl who set him wondering if he'd made the right decision to wait for marriage.

Franceska had been quite frankly surprised when she learned that he was twenty-eight and still unmarried.

"What's everyone's hurry around here, Franceska?" Rock had kidded. "I know the young can catch fire. They do that back in America, too. But you must admit that quick love is not necessarily real love."

Franceska, who was not yet twenty, had shrugged. "Nor need slow love, that you wait for over the years, be real love," she replied. "Perhaps for the young who get married there is this quick love to light their way to real love, yes?"

They were both guests at an island villa in the Bay of Naples—a ridiculously tiny island just seventy-five feet from shore. As a matter of fact, what delighted him most about the villa was that it was so small that parts of it were elsewhere—the kitchen and the telephone were on the mainland.

Franceska was fair-haired but dark-eyed, wore the most simple dresses, and had seemingly done nothing for her hair except let it flow back from her forehead. But the sun shone on her and was welcome, her body lounged in a curve that was soft and graceful, and there was no jarring note in her femininity.

Yet he listened more than he looked, because she had more than just beauty; she could say wise things for a girl. And Rock had known for some time that there is a place for wisdom in love.

He's thought of Franceska and Franceska's words since. He thought of them just a few weeks ago when he lunched with friends in his dressing room on the set of Universal's *One Desire* in which he co-stars with Anne Baxter. (His next is Edna Ferber's *Giant* with Elizabeth Taylor.) One of his guests, a middle-aged man who was a three-time loser at the altar, said, "Rock, you're practically thirty. You must be thinking of getting married now."

Rock frowned and said something about not being able to understand why age should be the most important factor in marriage.

"Because it is an ideal age," he was told. "By the time a fellow is thirty he is more settled, knows what he wants out of life for the long run rather than for the immediate thrill."

Rock had to laugh. "You just mean you should be past the wild-oats stage at thirty," he said.

He got up and went to the record player. They all knew Rock can't go ten minutes without music, so they waited. In a moment (*Continued on page 85*)



Phyllis Gotes can't be pinned down on Rock's intentions but those who know him say the jewelry he's given her means nothing, only expresses his chorocteristic generosity.



Betty Abbott, script girl on some of the Hudson films, was linked romanticolly with Rock until they made *Captain Lightfoot*. She went home: he went to Italy ond saw Froncesko.

Yes, it's true that Rock wants to get married—the sooner the better.

He's even blueprinted the kind of girl he hopes to make Mrs. Rock Hudson

bride's-eye view of Brando



Undismayed by what other people say, Josanne Mariani speaks matter-of-factly about her marriage plans

BY IMOGENE COLLINS



■ "I'm so tired of all these stories. Marlon and I will be married some time this summer. No matter what they say."

This was Josanne Mariani speaking. I had called her long distance, Hollywood to New York, to find out if there was any truth to an item I had read saying: "Marlon Brando's marriage to Josanne Mariani is definitely off."

"Here's another one," I continued. "Josanne Mariani very quietly sneaked into Hollywood today, so look for the Brando wedding announcement any minute now." I could hear Josanne chuckle to herself.

"But of course," she said in that soft Gallic voice, overtoned with a touch of weariness, "it is ridiculous. How could I be in Hollywood? I am here in New York talking to you."

I felt suddenly very sorry for this twenty-year-old girl. Since she met Marlon two years ago, Josanne hasn't been floating on Cloud Seven. The envious have compared her unflatteringly to other actresses Marlon has dated. Her dramatic ambitions have suffered.

"A normal romance for us," she told me, "has been very difficult. So many girls are in love with him. They want so desperately to see him. I remember one time. We were sitting in his apartment in the Carnegie Hall building. Yes, in New York. He had been bothered so much that he had placed in his door a one-way mirror. He could see who was outside.

"This day there were a bunch of girls who came calling. Marlon told them to leave. He was most polite. They wouldn't listen. They broke the mirror and came through the door. They pushed over all the furniture. Marlon and I—we stayed in the kitchen watching these wild, crazy girls. Finally when they heard the elevator coming they ran off."

It wasn't much better in Hollywood last year. Josanne came out to watch Marlon make *Désirée.*

"Practically every time we sat down at some quiet restaurant," Josanne recalls, "someone would come up to Marlon and say, 'You're Marlon Brando, aren't you?' Marlon would answer in many different accents. 'I just look like the guy, that's all,' or 'You don't think I'm an actor, do you?' It was amusing, at times, very funny. But you'll understand, not much privacy. That's why I returned to Bandol and told Marlon I would meet him in Paris. In Paris one may know privacy."

This year while Brando was making *Guys And Dolls* in Hollywood Josanne remained in New York, sharing an apartment with her girl friend, a dog and the Myna bird Marlon gave her last Christmas. In the past few weeks she's taken singing and drama lessons, worried a little about her re-entry permit into the U.S., and waited to hear her fiancé's views on their wedding plans.

When I asked if she and Marlon would have a large wedding, Josanne declared, "Definitely not. We want it to be very secret, very simple, very private."

"Then it will probably take place in Paris," I suggested. "Maybe July, eh?"

"Even if I knew," she said, "I wouldn't tell you. No one is going to know until it is all over. The most wonderful moment in our lives isn't going to be made into a circus. Of that we are determined."

They say Hollywood's climate is hard on love, worse on marriage. Then how do they explain Suzan and Dick, Ardis and Bill, Virginia and Mike, Carol Lee and Dick, Patti and Jerry—whose love has weathered crisis and conflict to bloom as sweetly as ever? These couples prove love creates its own climate and, well-tended, will flourish anywhere. Their secret: it's not enough to make a marriage, you have to help it grow.

Hollywood's FIVE GREATEST LOVE STORIES

SUZAN BALL—DICK LONG

He knew what she needed—better than she did



■ They met in the shadow of tragedy—a boy just back from Korea, a girl on crutches. "What's wrong with your leg?" he asked casually, expecting something minor like a broken ankle. "Cancer," she replied, without evasion or heroics, and he felt as if a truck had hit him. In Korea he'd seen courage rising against odds, and he saw it again in the dark eyes facing him. In Korea he'd seen her vivid beauty on the screen and thought he'd like to meet her. It proved simple enough, since they both worked for U-I. But Dick Long is a sensitive young man, whose mind probes beneath the surface. Not until he caught this glimpse of her valiant spirit, did a deeper interest stir. As they learned to know each other, they fell in love. Dick asked her to marry him. "I'm not going to pull one of those phony scenes," answered Suzan, "where girl spurns guy just to get him off the hook. I love you, but I won't marry you. Not until I know what's going to happen to my leg."

They soon found out—when she slipped and broke the bad knee. It was Dick who held her, agonized with pain, until the ambulance came. It was Dick who bent over her as the anesthesia wore off. "Honey, the tumor's inactive. Will you marry me now?" (*Continued on page 83*)

MORE ON NEXT PAGE →

Cannes Cinderella Betsy Blair stole the spotlight, dethroned every queen there except Grace Kelly who



KELLYS MEET: GRACE, GENE, BETSY.



KELLY GRIPS PAL VAN JOHNSON.



DORIS DAY GUIDES HUSBAND, SON.

REPORT FROM CANNES

GRACE KELLY saved the day for Cannes publicists when her romance with Jean Pierre Aumont put the Film Festival on the front pages. The Festival was getting no attention before Grace arrived. Many big stars had come from near and far, but no headliners. Marilyn Monroe had canceled her trip to Cannes at the last minute. Gary Cooper had turned the committee down flat. Where were the delectable scandalous tidbits of other Festival years? The spotlighted quarrels of Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Sanders, the tender romance of Richard Todd and Nicole Courcel, the historic meeting of Olivia de Havilland and Pierre Galante? Without Grace's love story the Festival would have fizzled. Proof that the Kelly-Aumont news was no publicity stunt: *The Country Girl* didn't win at Cannes.

VAN JOHNSON refused to cooperate with the press agents who tried to fire the Festival with some Johnson scandal. Van persisted in talking about wife Evie to the glamour girls instead of getting involved. Did he remember the juicy publicity Gary Cooper created with his Gisele Pascal interlude at the Cannes Festival two years ago? Not that Van wasn't seen with Italian actress Sophia Loren, but he stuck close to the Marty Melchers and other American couples. The best-liked American star at Cannes this year, Van gave so many autographs the black market on his signature fell from 500 francs ($1.50) to 300.

TERRY MOORE took a few days' leave from her London picture-making to join the crowd at Cannes. Dropping hints all along the trail from Paris that her heart was at liberty, she lost no time in leasing it. An introduction to young French actor Daniel Cauchy was the springboard for a short but torrid affair. They romped together on the hot sand of the Carlton Beach and held hands constantly. Terry's mother kept them well-chaperoned and buttonholed everyone to ask anxiously, "Who is this boy?" Luckily for Daniel she found out he was an up-and-coming young actor but didn't hear him confide to a pal that the Moore romance would boost his career. When Terry left for London, Daniel gave her a medal inscribed, "The sweetest of joys is to be loved when one loves."

ESTHER WILLIAMS reigned like a queen at Cannes. She threw kisses to the crowds of fans in front of the Festival Theatre; she swam in the royal pool for the Aga Khan and his Begum. She was interviewed and photographed round the clock. Paris-*Match* even shot her swimming in the Dubonnet pool, a series of photographs unflattering enough to make Esther blow up in front of the Begum. You can't blame her. She'd been on stage every minute, carrying the ball for the U. S. A. Only time Esther relaxed was when she retired to her rooms during the afternoon Gina Lollobrigida came to Cannes and conquered the Festival the way she does every year.

DORIS DAY and Marty Melcher turned the Festival into a family picnic. They avoided most social functions, embarrassing the Festival committee. While other stars put on their most elaborate dresses for the evening affairs, Doris and Marty slipped out, camera in hand, for a quiet dinner in Cannes. Doris even refused to participate in the Battle of Flowers, the French version of the Rose Parade. She sat it out on the front row while Esther and Grace exchanged floral bouquets with the crowd. Doris and Marty may not have been enchanted by the Festival but they liked Cannes enough to postpone their sailing to North Africa, where Doris was due for the first scenes of *The Man Who Knew Too Much,* until the last minute.

BETSY BLAIR stole the show at Cannes, won first prize for *Marty* and everybody's affection. She loved every bit of it, in contrast to husband Gene Kelly who has a horror of big shindigs. She didn't miss a party or reception, except for the few days she attended a U.A. convention in London. She returned to Cannes by plane the same day Gene arrived with daughter Kerry by car. Gene couldn't take it for more than two days and returned to London for work on *Invitation To The Dance*. Betsy makes no bones about her love for France and everything French. She remembers the five months she and Gene spent in Paris during their voluntary expatriation two years ago. After the Festival Betsy resumed conferences for the picture she will make this summer in France with Jean Gabin. No Cinderella could wish for a finer Prince Charming.

was running her own show



TERRY TRIES CAUCHY FOR SIZE.



THE GAGES MEET THE BEGUM.

GENTLEMAN VAN ESCORTS ITALIAN SOPHIA LOREN.





CLOWNING VAN RELAXES WITH AMERICANS.



CORNERED GRACE SMILES LIKE A LADY.



His father taught him a lesson that stuck—honesty gives you size, and makes you a big man. But it was rough the first time Duke Wayne's faith was jolted . . .

"I can stand anything but a liar"

by JOHN WAYNE

■ One day I was riding in Sonora, Mexico. I passed a rude hut, just a mud sort of hogan it was, as the cowherder who lived in it stepped out. He was no gay caballero, this Mexican. He was wearing what was probably his only outfit and it looked it. In and out of the hut tumbled a half dozen ragged children. Through the open door I could see the family stove—a steel drum. There was no doubt about it. He was a poor man.

Then he waved to me, this citizen of Sonora, as do all people to each other out in the open country. And he did it in a big-hearted way which proved that there was nothing missing in his life at all, because he had the most important of all human qualities—human dignity. I stopped to talk. It was clear that here was a complete man, a man who had found all that he needed from life within himself—a place too few men look for it. (*Continued on page 66*)



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NEW
EASY-GRIP BOTTLE...
WONDERFUL NEW
LOTION SHAMPOO!





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BY Toni THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOUR HAIR BEST!

Squeeze a Lemmon and you find he's

FULL OF THE OLD KNICK



■ When Jack Lemmon, now in *Mister Roberts*, finished Harvard, he arrived in New York with high hopes of success as an actor and composer of popular music.

"Neither Broadway producers nor music publishers were impressed with my experience in the Hasty Pudding shows at Harvard," he recalls ruefully, "but The Old Knick, a nightclub on 54th and Second Avenue, wasn't so choosey." The Old Knick (long since a memory) wasn't exactly swanky, but it was a godsend. They took Jack on as master of ceremonies, a job that included playing the piano, dancing, singing, doing comedy skits, composing songs and waiting on table. On several occasions he was also pressed into service as bouncer.

"I did six shows a night, got a free meal and plenty of training of the kind actors used to get in vaudeville. I never had any money but as far as I was concerned, I was living it up!"

One of Jack's stunts was to sing "By The Sea, By The Beautiful Sea" faster than anyone in the audience. He could do it in twelve seconds. The words were flashed on the screen and the club had a standing offer that if anyone could sing the verses faster than Jack he would be awarded a bottle of champagne.

Nobody ever won a prize.

"Of course not," says Jack. "I wanted to keep that job."

whistle bait

(*Continued from page 31*) you. I'll come over now and explain."

That was Wolf Number One and I never heard his explanation because I told him he was further away from me than he thought, and not to bother cutting down the distance. When I met Wolf Number Two I was again at the Beverly Hills' pool —and so was he. Wolf Number Two was different only in that he didn't claim to be a part of the film business himself. No, sir. He was a valuable man for me to meet, he let it be gathered (by a hint here and there), because he "knew people."

He would wag a finger before my eyes impressively and keep repeating, "I know the *real* people in town."

"Oh, good," I told him. "I wouldn't want to meet any fakes. Who do you know?" (Later on, when I got diction lessons at the studio, I realized I should have said, "*Whom* do you know?" But it didn't make any difference. This boy didn't know anyone.)

"Who do I know?" he exclaimed. "Listen, I'll tell you who I know. Let's go somewhere. We'll go to the beach, see? Then we'll have dinner. And then we'll get into the whole story."

"But that'll make it a kind of date," I protested. "And I don't like to mix business and my social life."

"You're absolutely right," he said. (The bright boy.) "We'll forget about the studios and just have a good time."

Well, I told him I didn't want to forget about the studios, and he said he didn't understand, and I said I did, which ended that.

Thus Wolves Number One and Two; and that, as I say, was when I first came to Hollywood, about two years ago. The other night I got a call from Wolf Number Eighty-three or Eighty-four or Eighty-five—it's hard for any girl in Hollywood to keep an exact account unless you are interested in this kind of zoology. And I just want to report that while the wolves generally sound the same, they have progressed with the times—they talk about television now, too. (I suppose this is something I'll be able to warn my daughter about.)

Yet, as Mother and Grandma pointed out, men who talk big in Hollywood are really very, very small, whether they talk TV or movies. Actually, if a girl is really ambitious, she'll let no chance acquaintance guide her. It's not only what they can't do for you, it's what they *can* do—and they can waste your time like nobody else, and give you as wrong a picture of show business as you could possibly get.

I suppose I sound awfully suspicious, but I had more than just Mother and Grandma to make me wary. As a matter of fact I had bad luck with boys all through my younger years. They either stood me up, were too loud, too rough, or, worse than all the rest put together, they didn't give me a tumble at all! And what killed me is that whenever this happened it seemed to arouse the hunting instinct in me—I felt like doing the chasing and a couple of times I did!

When I was an eleven-year-old blonde ("smoky blonde" was the way I described myself to my friends) I was sent to a children's camp near Chicago and promptly fell in love with a twelve-year-old killer who had all the girls after him. I remember that I got to sit near him several times at meal times. I saw him go hiking once and ran myself silly taking a shortcut so that I could be leaning against a tree, all by myself, when he came by. I telephoned home to my mother to send me a special bathing suit (though I didn't tell her why) and when camp was over I found out where he lived in the city and made it my business to take slow walks through his neighborhood (back and forth in front of his door, to be exact). Yet, never did I get out of him as much as a look that I could be sure was intended for me!

Believe me, all I have to do is to touch my heart to still feel the scar of the wound made by this young killer! It was at least a year before I could even think of another boy. Yes, come to think about it, just about a year, and I was modeling at a department store teen club, The Fair, when I ran into Bill. He not only looked at me, he talked to me and he danced with me; and then he asked me for a date.

Bill is the boy specifically responsible for my habit of being late for appointments. (I always am.) Need I tell you that he never showed up? I waited, literally, for hours, and I made more excuses for him than he could ever think up for himself. But he never came. Even now I get angry when I remember it and I ask myself again, "How *could* he? How? How?"

I guess you get the connection between Bill and this constant lateness of mine. This isn't a calculated habit on my part, something I do to give myself an air of exclusiveness or unattainability; I just have a deep dread of being stood up again.

Because as if these two horrible experiences weren't enough, I had to have others. At fourteen I was elected Snow Queen of Chicago and when I appeared at a show at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Fort Sheridan, Illinois, a young sailor asked me for a date.

Since he must have been at least eighteen to be in the Navy, and he was downright handsome, I was flattered pink. We set a time for the following week end, when he had a leave coming, and he promised to call for me at my home.

For this date I decided I would wear make-up, which I had never used in public before, and that I needed high heels, which I had never worn before. My sister Arlene, who is three years older, agreed to let me wear her patent leather pumps with Cuban heels. My mother grimly watched me put them on, watched me take a few steps, and then ordered me to take them off again.

"You're not used to high heels," she said. "You'll fall over and hit your head!"

Then she vetoed the lipstick and ruled out an older-type dress which I had borrowed to take the place of my own (to me) too youthful dresses!

I *howled*. For hours. And then my sailor never showed up! My theory is that he did come to the house and was about to ring our bell when he heard my howling. What else could he do but run? I, who was fourteen and wanted to look like eighteen, was screaming like sixty!

It was then that my confidence in men was shaken, and it took time to regain it. And when Hollywood wolves start their fast talk I lose it again. With good reason.

I remember a photographer who kept telling me that it would take only one word from him to lift me to the dizziest heights of stardom. It was his idea that he would get to "know" me, he wanted to study and understand my personality; this would enable him to make photographs of me that would startle every studio head in town, plus loads of TV producers, into bidding for my signature on a starring contract.

But I learned later from a friend of mine who knew him very well that this great artist and star maker couldn't take pictures of anybody for a while—he had pawned the lens of his camera!

There was a good chance that if I had posed for him, it would have been for a camera not only without a lens, but empty

of film. And I should have revealed myself empty in the head for doing it!

Of course, wolves not only come arrogant—they come meek, too. Just to fluff off one man who spoke to me at a bus stop (I don't drive, and I use the public transportation system regularly, so there is no point to anyone's making with the Cadillacs as far as I am concerned!) I told him that I washed dishes at a restaurant.

Well, that was all right with him; it seemed he wouldn't at all mind going out with a dishwasher ("as who isn't a home dishwasher these days?"). He wanted to know where I worked and what time I got through at night.

The only restaurant I could think of was one which I often patronize. I told him the name and that I didn't get through until two o'clock in the morning. Just by chance that night, or rather early the next morning after a preview and party, my escort headed for this restaurant for a late snack. As he was about to stop and park I suddenly had to tell him to keep going. Standing at the corner and waiting for the date he thought he had with me was my friend from the bus stop!

I have often thought that maybe I made a mistake about this fellow. If he would wait for a girl who made no more of herself than that she washed dishes for a living maybe he was a nice guy.

A Broadway character, Charles Green was impressed only by wealth and strength. He heard Billy Rose speak of Einstein, and Chuck scoffed at the scientist. Rose replied by pointing out that Einstein had predicted the birth of a new star almost half a century in advance—and, on that exact night and at that exact place and moment, the new star did appear. Green remained unimpressed. He sat back and shrugged: "The kid was guessin'."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

But a girl certainly doesn't have to worry about not going out with every man she happens to meet. Dating many men (and here I go back to my grandmother again for advice) is no proof at all of popularity. "It's just proof that there isn't much to you as a person if you have to be going out all the time," is the way Grandma puts it. "You can be sure of this—if you can't be content with yourself, by yourself, no man will be content with you long."

I guess this is one of the real reasons why I continue to live at the Studio Club, instead of having my own apartment, even though I am now off to a pretty good start in the movie world. Staying at the Club means I have more time for myself, and time is important to me if I am going to study (I *really* had to study for my last picture, *Picnic*!) and also get to know myself well. This last assignment is a very important one for a young actress. To know what you can do you have to know *you*—and until you really get down to think of yourself analytically, objectively, in session after session, it's surprising how much of a stranger you can be to yourself!

At the Club, all calls and callers are screened before they can get through to you. If a man wants to reach a girl there he doesn't get through unless he actually knows her, and either has business with her or she really wants to talk to him. And the person who stands between him and the girl, when he calls, is an expert at detecting a phony. In Hollywood she has to be. The wolves come a-howling from all sides!

END



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Address_____
City_____ Zone_____
County_____
State_____
Occupation_____
Phone_____

girl crazy

(*Continued from page 33*) someone else!"

According to most observers it was that shattering experience, certainly his most traumatic to date, that did it. Perhaps it was also influenced by the normal desires of an active young man for girls-in-the-flesh rather than for sheets-of-paper-in-an-envelope. In any event, Young Russ suddenly became quite the boy about town.

At a sneak preview of *Blackboard Jungle,* he spotted Margaret O'Brien and sent phone stock up several points, calling everyone who might possibly have her number. Then he wore his phone out dialing it. But Margaret wasn't the only one. The freckled face and puckish grin of Mr. Tamblyn showed up nightly, everywhere from the hot bop joints to even the Sunset Strip—and never alone. There was always a pretty face and a cute figure with Russ—but seldom the same combination twice.

Gradually, though, the field began to narrow, and Cindy Robbins, pert and blonde, held first place. For the truth of the matter is that Russ is a one-man woman—whenever possible. Much of his active dating is just a search for the one woman to be true to, when the last one has disappeared.

As of this writing, there's a new one-woman. Russ knew her slightly during the Cindy Robbins chapter, and when that was over, promptly began the next. Her name is Venetia Stevenson and this time it really looks serious. She's blonde, beautiful, a model (she has been on the cover of *Modern Romances* Magazine twice) and so many pictures of her crowd the Tamblyn wallet that there's scarcely room for his Social Security card. No one who meets him gets away without looking at those pictures, but if he is asked about future plans, Russ says, "Not yet." The way he says it, the feeling is not that they haven't made any plans. Just that they aren't ready to talk about plans publicly. When Venetia gets back from England, where she is currently modeling, both of them may be ready.

In that case, of course, Russ' standing as boy-about-town will be considerably altered. But it will probably have no effect on the number of feminine hearts (now in the millions) yearning youthfully for this second Van Johnson. Russ Tamblyn, who can beat feet, croon a tune and act up a storm, can also grin his way into your heart more beguilingly than just about anyone else around. He should be able to. He has been doing it for more years than you can count on your fingers. Since he was six or seven, he calculates.

"The way it started, I used to go to the movies on Saturday like all the other kids—the Granada in Inglewood, this was—and one day during intermission I got restless, so I hopped up on the stage and improvised a little dance. When nobody threw me off that time, I did it again the next week and so on until the kids came to expect it."

A puckish grin curved his mouth. "Somebody wrote a very nice story about that, saying that when I didn't show up one week, the kids made such a fuss that the manager had to send for me. That isn't *exactly* what happened. He got my name from one of the other kids, called my mother, and said I was making a nuisance out of myself!"

While Mrs. Tamblyn was actually pleased with her young man's interest in the arts, she wisely elected to keep her pleasure a deep, dark secret from his father. Edward Tamblyn, who had made quite a name for himself as a comedian in the media of both stage and screen, was up to here with show business and might conceivably have snapped his twig at the idea of his Number One Son being groomed for a career in same.

Russ has a curious speech mannerism, repeating the last phrase of one sentence as he goes into the next, like this: "She started me taking dancing lessons, but she didn't tell my father," he said. "She didn't tell my father until we were ready to give our first big recital. Was he sore! At first he said he wouldn't even go, but she finally talked him into it. She finally talked him into it—and it's funny, after that his attitude changed completely. Where he had been dead set against show business, now he was all for it and all for me. We were closer than we had ever been; I could feel it."

With the encouragement of both parents Russ continued the dancing lessons, but these and schoolwork were scarcely enough to keep a normal, healthy, California boy-genius occupied. He tried singing on for size and found that *that* came easy, too. So did acrobatics; he was doing backflips by the time he was an old man of ten. Then it was juggling that captured his interest, as did piano—and he has been beating out that rhythm on the drums since an age that puts Brando to shame. Still finding time on his hands, Russ worked up a really professional magic act, which took care of a few idle hours but did absolutely nothing about expending all of that energy he had left, so he took up tumbling in addition. In his first year he merely placed in the citywide contest. Very poor. After he applied himself a little, he swept the honors in the city and went on to win sixth place in the national competition, in which little fellers like himself vied with college athletes. About these various achievements Russ says in the matter-of-fact voice of one for whom nothing has ever been difficult, "It just came easy to me. Like the tumbling. I don't know why. But I think you have to be born a tumbler. You have to be born with a lot of confidence in yourself, and not mind if you break your neck!"

He does so many things so well that a studio publicist was joshing him a few weeks ago, saying, "You've done everything else, Russ—how come you haven't tried your hand at writing?"

The easy grin crinkled his eyes. "I did once; in high school I wrote a short story. I wrote a short story, and it won first prize in the contest."

All of his other activities fell by the wayside, however, when Russ discovered through a dancing partner the wonders of dramatic school. This was it, his real love, he even abandoned dancing lessons in order to concentrate his full attention on serious acting. He may not have learned all there was to know overnight, but his debut in a Little Theatre production was sufficiently outstanding to win him a role in a picture called *The Boy With Green Hair.* That was in 1948, and he has had at least two picture credits a year ever since.

When he was sixteen, Warner's called him over to test for an important part in *Retreat, Hell!* which he now considers his first important picture because it brought him to the attention of the MGM moguls. It was a highly dramatic role—and it called for a boy of eighteen. No one seemed sure that Russ could age! While the argument raged pro and con about whether he was too young, he kept his mouth shut. He tells it this way: "They decided I was too young, and they didn't want me in the picture. The producer didn't want me in the picture, the studio didn't want me in the picture, maybe even the Marine Corps didn't want me in the picture. The only one who had faith in me was the director, Joseph Lewis. Be-

cause he believed I could do it, I got to go down to Camp Pendleton with the company. One of the first things we shot was a big scene of mine, where this kid learns that his brother has been killed.

"I thought it went well, but when the studio saw the rushes, they said, 'This boy has got to go. We'd better replace him now.' I didn't know it; when I got sent back to the motel for a couple of days, I thought they were just shooting around me. But if I had known it, it wouldn't have done any good to *tell* them I knew I could do it. The way it turned out, there was a showdown with Mr. Lewis; he said, 'If you take him off the picture, you'll have to take me, too.' They must've figured it would be too expensive to replace us both, so they let me keep the role." He grins happily. "They let me keep the role, and I got pretty good reviews, too."

On the strength of that performance Russ was brought over to the MGM lot. He didn't tell his new bosses what he could do, either. Maybe he simply doesn't know what he *can't* do, since that situation hasn't arisen yet, perhaps just because of his "doesn't everybody?" attitude toward his accomplishments. All in good time he was cast in a straight supporting role for *Take The High Ground.*

"First day on the set I was clowning around, and they must've said to themselves, 'So *that's* what this new boy does—he's a comedian.' They did some fast role-switching, and I ended up doing the comedy bit."

He didn't happen to mention that he was a dancer, either, so his original role in *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers* didn't call for anything other than some square dancing. But one day he was sitting on the sidelines, watching Michael Kidd make futile attempts to teach a couple of his 'brothers' an intricate step. Being actors rather than dancers, they were having a bad time when this mild voice said, "I can do it."

The famous choreographer looked like manna had dropped from heaven. "You can? Get on over here, boy!" Which established him so firmly as a dancer that when Richard Brooks was casting a dramatic picture, *The Last Hunt,* he asked for Russ, and the studio said, "Are you nuts? This is a serious role; Russ Tamblyn does musical comedy!" But he got the part and with it his movie career has already come full cycle.

Although young Mr. Tamblyn expresses a specific preference for straight dramatic roles, he continued to show as one of our finest young dancers. And like others of his ilk—Fred Astaire, Gower Champion and Donald O'Connor—he faces a constant battle to keep his weight up. One hundred and forty-eight pounds is simply not enough for his five-foot, ten-inch frame, but neither a hearty appetite nor gallons of milk produce a longed-for extra ounce. All recommended diets are enthusiastically tried; all have proven ineffectual. "The only one of them that worked for me was weight-lifting. Exercise, of course, not diet. I hated it—so monotonous and unimaginative—but I did it for a few months and gained thirteen pounds. Then I started rehearsing dance routines for *Hit The Deck* and the pounds melted right off again, so I realized that there was no future in that."

The slim, brown-haired youngster who, after dye jobs for two pictures, has given up trying to convince people that he isn't a redhead, lives alone in a small Beverly Hills apartment and likes it. His working schedule is as frenetic as that of any other star, but between pictures he is usually awakened around noon by a call from either his mother or the studio publicity department with a job for him to do. "When I'm not working," he admits with a blissful beam, "I'd stay up all night and sleep all day unless somebody woke me. See, there's this guy in the apartment upstairs who plays guitar like I'm crazy about. That's what I did last night, went upstairs. I'm lucky. I get to sleep till noon. I don't know what *he* does; he works all day and plays guitar all night."

As could be expected, Russ is an authority on music. Along with drums, he plays piano beautifully, though he always warns people, "You won't recognize anything I play—they're all my own compositions." His record collection, an imposing 1,500 discs, ranges from classic to progressive jazz, with the accent on a California phenomenon named Dave Brubeck, who also plays piano. "When I was in high school, I went for rhythm-and-blues, same as the kids do today. I'll admit I can't stand it now—I've given all those records to my brother—but I went for it. But I think everybody outgrows that stuff."

Having been a pro most of his short life makes Russ Tamblyn a little bit different from the other kids of nineteen or twenty in Hollywood. Where they have just arrived, he has long since been. Where they have a frantic need to be noticed, he has an air of quiet self-assurance. He drives a modest 1954 Ford instead of a Cadillac, dresses so conservatively that he might be portraying a budding young banker instead of an actor. The only attribute of the young artist which he lacks is sufficient suffering. Hopefully, he offers you the story of his lost love. But he is so obviously happy with his found one that it hardly works.

If you won't buy that, he insists that he does have an ego which has been badly fractured. On account of the press. "A guy comes out from New York, a singer or something, not an actor, who has one spot in a picture. He has one spot, and the writers are lined up ten deep for interviews. Why hasn't anyone asked *me* to be their Cover Boy? That really hurts my ego!" That doesn't quite come off, either. The doleful voice and the sad face are realistic enough, but mischief is glinting in his large, brown, faun-like eyes. Russ is reaching for something that smacks of the struggle, the tragedy, the heartbreak traditional to show business because, superstitiously, he knows he should have had it by now. Because all he has had instead is fantastic talent. All he has had is an exciting life in which everything came easy. Because, as he figures, "Something bad has to happen to me—someday. Nobody ever had it so good."

But, nobody ever asked him to be a Cover Boy. Shall we all join hands and cry?

END

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I don't understand my wife

(*Continued from page 38*) looked very much as though he was going to ignore the cord entirely and go for us. I took a tentative step backward but Liz, being Liz, kept going. I got busy calculating how long it would take me to sprint back to the car, but there was my wife, approaching the maddened beast as though he were a newborn kitten. A man just can't go off and leave his wife to be trampled to death, so I got a grip on myself and stood my ground, and within less than a minute the horse's nose and Liz's shoulder were nuzzling each other like lifelong friends.

On second thought, Liz *is* afraid of something. Height bothers her, a fear I can't understand as I spend a good deal of time playing around the edges of parapets and mountains and things. I see no danger in this sort of thing, but she feels there is, somehow. On the other hand, flying in a plane doesn't even ruffle her. *I* know that an airplane is liable to fall apart any second, but she considers that mode of travel no more dangerous than a trip in a pram.

Her courage is remarkable, I think, in that she has babies. The bravery required by this act of nature is beyond my comprehension, and while I am aware that thousands of women do it every day, the fact that Liz has *my* children makes her, at least to me, a woman of extraordinary valor. Then there was the time she had that piece of steel in her eyeball and was blinded for three days. It was touch and go there for a while and I was trotting about the hospital in a frenzy, but Liz was calm and very, very brave about it. I suppose all women are more stoical than men where pain is concerned, but my wife has a curious serenity about such things that never fails to astound me.

In contrast, she has many childlike qualities that make her delightful. Once, though, her youth frightened me to death and almost put me on a boat back to England in an effort to drive her from my mind. It was before we were married and I was in this country and mentioned to Liz's parents that I hadn't yet seen her on the screen. They remedied my omission by taking me to a screening at MGM of *National Velvet*. I sat there looking at this tiny child cavorting across the screen and was overcome by revulsion for myself. Not that this is an unusual occurrence. I revolt myself a great deal of the time, but this was special. What was I doing? Apparently giving considerable thought to marrying a girl of twelve. Prison was too good for me. And the film had only been shot eight years before. For some time afterward Liz would occasionally catch me looking at her with a horrified expression and each time she ranted against her parents for having taken me to see her as a twelve-year-old.

It turned out, of course, that I married a perfectly adult girl of twenty, even though I had a momentary qualm when Liz giggled through the entire ceremony in the registry office at Caxton Hall. It was nerves, of course. But my poor mother must have found it all rather puzzling.

But, Liz is childlike in her enthusiasm for all new things, for exciting events and is a joy because of it. Usually, however, her enthusiasm carries her over into exaggeration. Liz can sit there with me right beside her and tell the most astounding stories, seemingly forgetful of the fact that I had been with her when this fanciful happening took place. The fish that was seven inches long suddenly grows to a whopping thirteen inches—that sort of thing. This cool, bland lying virtually puts my hair on end, but I am happy to report that I am a sensible husband and let her get away with it, even at the expense of questioning my own honor. She has so much fun, and honestly believes every word she says.

Her enthusiasm extends to surprises, which she loves. If I bring her some sort of trinket she flies apart in all directions, and no matter how small its worth, from the do that goes on you would think I had just presented her with the crown jewels. No one can ever accuse my wife of being blasé.

I might add here that Liz is definitely not blasé when it comes to jewelry, furs and clothes. This is one subject on which she never throws me—I know precisely what to expect. She has excellent taste, but too much of it. She and Peggy Rutledge, our secretary, go to a dress shop which has chosen ten dresses for Liz's perusal, and I know beforehand that all ten will be borne back to the house. Then I am given a fashion show, replete with the model's stance and gliding walk, and hands shoved dramatically into pockets. She pirouettes about the place, obviously pleading for my approval, and this is when I turn crass. I have to say "I don't like it very much," to seven of the ten in sheer desperation to keep the bailiff out. Liz doesn't mind too much—she gets to keep three.

Some men claim to be amused by their wives' anger, and although Liz is even-tempered, when she does get angry she flares up and it's over quickly. But I hate rows, so I put the lid on my own emotions and rather than flare back and make a dingdong I have to swallow my ire and then get accused of sulking. I can't win. She gets around me with incredible ease, pulling little tricks and pretty faces. And although I'm aware of what's happening (i.e., she is getting her own way) it is entirely worth it. My wife is quite beguiling.

Walter Kinsella tells of walking by the open window of a ground-floor apartment, and hearing a boy complaining: "Gee, Pa, why can't I go out and play like the other boys do" . . . The father replied: "Shut up—and deal."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

She may go around a few dozen corners to achieve her purpose, but the result is always the same: what Elizabeth wants, Elizabeth gets. Take the case of Muggins, the ridiculous little mutt. When Liz set her heart on having Sylvia, a dog of equal charm, I blustered that to have another, we must rid ourselves of one. Liz promptly gave Muggins to Peggy, with the stipulation that Peggy bring Muggins to our house every day. The upshot was that Liz did what I wanted, but still enjoys all four dogs.

I believe the one time I shouted her down was the incident of her portrait. I was painting this masterpiece while we were in England and I was making a film. Evidently Liz had grown bored at home for when I telephoned her from the studio one day, she was in a wildly excited state.

"Guess what I've been doing," she crowed.

"All right," I said. "What *have* you been doing?"

"I've been finishing your portrait of me!"

As I recall, I choked back a scream of anguish. "You've *what?*"

Liz backed down immediately. "Just the dress, Mike, just the dress! I only painted in the dress. I didn't touch the face."

I redeemed the ebbing strength in my vocal chords and tried desperately to sound firm and commanding. "Young lady! Don't you know you *never* finish anybody else's portrait?"

That night she came to me like an apologetic kitten. "I've learned a lesson," she purred.

"And what is that?"

"I am never, never to finish anybody else's painting." The awful thing was that she had improved it.

Her own authority is frightening, at least to me. Liz has a clever and regrettable habit of attacking me first, and so suddenly that I quite often lose my footing. She will announce that I have neglected to do something I should have done, or done something I shouldn't, and with such jurisdiction that I am paralyzed. I apologize all over the place for my mistake until it dawns on me that it was Liz who made the error or omission, as the case may be.

I never know when she is going to suddenly trip over some new thing about me that frets her. Unless, of course, she addresses me as "Michael, dear." The formality bodes bad news. Only last night I got another surprise. I was happily ensconced in an armchair, watching the fights on television, when I heard Liz's determined step approaching.

"Michael, dear," she said, and I knew at once that I was going to miss the end of the round.

"Yes, dear?" I said, feeling terribly like a husband in a cartoon.

"I do wish," she said, "that you would use only one piece of Kleenex at a time. You use two at a time, you know. It's wasteful."

I looked at this minx standing in front of me, blue eyes smoldering as though I had tossed her pearls into the automatic disposal unit, and dismissed the thought of the six pairs of shoes she bought last Friday. Instead I reminded myself how really dear she was. Two pieces of Kleenex, indeed!

This woman, you understand, has no conception of money. She has no idea what it means. Sometimes I suspect she thinks I spend my leisure hours turning out crinkly new bills on a printing press behind the garage. As a case in point, there is our visit to the estate of the Peter Cazelets, English friends of Elizabeth. They have a beautiful estate and magnificent training stables and there train magnificent racing horses, some even for the Queen herself. Peter said one day he thought we ought to buy one horse in particular, and forthwith had the animal led before our eyes. It was a handsome Irish gelding, a horse with a high neck and proud step. Liz, of course, crumbled into a thousand craving pieces.

"Oh, Mike! Let's buy him!"

"What's the price, Peter?" I said, and when he answered two thousand pounds I felt the bottom fall out of my billfold. Translated, that means over five thousand American dollars. I coughed discreetly.

"Oh, Mike, I'd love to have him!" said my wife in exactly the same tone she would have used had Peter said the horse would cost us one shilling.

"We haven't the money," I informed her.

"Oh, but we have!" she said.

And of course I bit and asked where, because knowing Liz, I thought she might possibly have been stuffing thousand dollar bills into a bustle to improve its looks.

"Why," she said, wide-eyed, "that sable coat I didn't buy!"

As I said before, my wife is an utterly bewitching woman, and I am never, never bored.

It is a gay existence for many reasons, and foremost among these is Liz's humor. It is all-embracing—she laughs easily at all types of humor, and has a delightful sense of the ridiculous. People are convinced, somehow, that Liz finds me amusing, but I must confess that I'm the

dullest thing around her. She doesn't laugh at me at all, you know. But whenever she's in another room the air is sure to be filled with shrieks of merry laughter, laughter so contagious that I'm forced to smile myself.

You could expect, I suppose, that one of the reasons for Liz's happy nature is the fact that she knows she is behind that beautiful face. The truth is that Liz is proud only in the finest sense of the word. There is no conceit with Liz, no vanity. Her pride consists solely of a reasonable self-respect, plus a slight smugness about her singular talent for making the best bacon and eggs I've ever had the pleasure to eat. There is also the Dutch dish that her mother taught her, and when Liz put this concoction on the table, I really think she expects me to bow to her. I would, too, if I weren't so old.

About her looks she is quite modest. As a matter of fact, she really thinks she isn't a very pretty girl. They write so many stories extolling her beauty that I suspect she feels she must live up to the legend. At any rate, I sit for hours on end while she gets her face arranged the way she thinks it should be, and this anxiety about the perfection of her hair and make-up is a prime reason why Liz is always, endlessly, interminably, late.

If I were to name another fear held by Liz, I would say it is the fear of being on time. I believe it is actually impossible for her to be prompt. Liz runs late, like a clock that is inaccurate. The timing is set, of course, by the hour she gets out of bed, and this is the basic cause of the whole thing. I myself don't exactly shoot out of bed at dawn, but no matter how long I languish, Liz languishes longer. I spend many a morning tiptoeing around the house, thanking Providence for the wall-to-wall carpeting that cushions my footsteps. I don't even dare break open a hard-boiled egg for fear of waking mama. And as for banging my two Kleenexes together, of course it's unthinkable.

If it is true that all babies are born angels, then I lost my own wings and was grounded at the age of two, when I cracked my Aunt Agatha in the shins with a truncheon. I have steadily progressed in the wrong direction ever since and by now am completely impossible. Only Liz could live with me and put up with me. However, there are a couple of habits peculiar to my wife that I can always hold over her head as rebuttal to any complaints about me. One is her habit of hanging every single, solitary garment she puts on her back on the floor, which seems to her a perfectly logical resting place for anything with which she has finished. The other is her nasty practice of squeezing the toothpaste tube in such odd ways that it looks like a mutilated finger. These are the things I cannot understand or condone; all other idiosyncrasies of Liz I find, in some way or other, to be enchanting.

There is, for instance, her embarrassment when she discovers herself to be wrong. Liz is completely unseated when she feels she isn't mistress of a situation. Such as the time we went over to the Granger's home, and Jean wasn't feeling well and wanted some warm milk.

"I'll fix it," I said, and was suddenly aware of a wifely eye piercing my back.

"And I'll go along to make sure you do it right," said Liz, and I knew she was determined to assert her feminine right to lord it over the kitchen. I went about my business blithely, putting a bit of water into the saucepan before I poured in the milk.

"Why," inquired Liz politely, "did you do that? The water will make it taste awful."

"You put a bit of water in first to keep the milk from sticking to the pan," I said.

She'd have none of it. "*I'll* take care of this," she said, filling the pan with water. She plumped the milk bottle in the middle of it, and turned on the heat full strength.

"What are *you* doing?" I said.

"I do this all the time," she said. "To heat the baby's milk."

"There is quite a difference between a baby's milk bottle and a dairy's milk bottle," I said. "The whole ruddy thing will explode, you know."

She straightened haughtily and her nose went up in the air. I should have liked to let her have her own way, but after all it wasn't our house and we had no right to blow it up. So I removed the bottle and warmed the milk in my own way. The only thing that blew up was Liz herself, but she was soon over it, as always.

She really takes disappointments quite well, unless the object in point is a dress, and then she's horrible. But for the most part I find her quite easy to get along with. When I am ill, which is seldom, thank heaven, she shows a great concern for my welfare, even an endearing tenderness. I don't quite see her with a lamp in her hand, like old Florence, you understand, for she doesn't know a splint from a suture, but she *is* anxious for my comfort, and I do appreciate it.

Liz is an affectionate creature and a gregarious one. She hates to be alone, a fact which has blown our enjoyment of television to bits. She has a penchant for those dreary mystery programs, and in her estimation an evening without at least a half dozen murders is a wasted one. For my part I like sports, particularly the boxing matches. The contrast in our taste grew serious and I bought a second television set so that I could creep off and watch the fights undisturbed. It hasn't helped matters one whit, for Liz gets through only two shootings and a poison case in the den before she wanders into the living room and announces, quite appealingly I admit, that she is lonely.

As I've already said, I admire her for everything but the towels and toothpaste tubes, but the thing I admire most in Liz is her wisdom. Her emotions may guide her thoughts, but she is no fool, and time and again has proven it to me. She is wise far beyond her years, with an insight and judgment I respect tremendously.

New abilities are always coming to the fore, each more surprising than the last. When our first son was born Liz wasn't a bit nervous about caring for him and the doctor himself said, "The way Mrs. Wilding handles that baby, you'd think she'd had six before him."

Of course, I'm astounded at the mere fact I'm a father. Not once, but twice. After all these years of nothing, children are suddenly sprouting out all over the place, and sometimes I feel like Moses, that eventually I'll be a benevolent old man in a white beard, with a great herd of young people trailing along behind me.

Liz has given me children, and more than that, she has done what every good wife should; she has made her husband a happy man. For me, that's a pretty soppy statement, and I refuse to go any farther in public. All I can say is that life with Elizabeth is indeed a rare one. **END**

Michael Wilding can be seen in MGM's The Scarlet Coat, *Liz Taylor in Warners'* Giant.

ALL BOGIE'S BABIES!

When Baby Number 1 (Lauren) presented Babies 2 and 3, Bogie became a family man.

■ When Humphrey Bogart showed up for work on the set of Paramount's *We're No Angels* with his entire family in tow, no one was surprised. Since his marriage to Lauren (alias Baby, actually Betty) Bacall, the scourge of the night-club world has settled down to blissful domesticity. It's just as well, of course, since Bogie has been banned from most of the nighteries he used to patronize—and demolish—that he no longer feels any desire to enter them. And for a man whose fun in marriage (he's on his third) used to be highly publicized and seemingly highly enjoyable battles royal with his spouse, Bogie is taking pleasure in remarkably peaceful pursuits. In fact, the only recent disagreement recorded between Humphrey and wife was over whether Seaman Bogart could take four-year-old Stevie on board his boat. "Not," Lauren said firmly, "until he can swim home if need be." When that time comes, as it is sure to, Bogart-and-family will no doubt become Bogart-and-crew—and more inseparable than ever!



At one-ond-a-half, Stevie soid his first word, "Money!" Bogie wos delighted.



"Leslie," Louren says proudly, "hos big blue eyes. That's good for o girl!"

I can stand anything but a liar

(*Continued from page 58*) You saw it in his eyes and felt it in the warm strength of his hand when he clasped yours in a farewell. And there was no doubt about what you saw and felt. It was his honesty—and this was the basis of his dignity. My mind went back to my father, who could never stand a liar, and who taught me to hate one, too. It made me feel that my father, who never had much money, had somehow managed to leave me with a rich gift.

Dad was always for me, no matter what trouble I got into, if only I was straightforward about it. I came to depend on *him* at first; later, I came to depend on being straightforward, depend on the truth and the power of the truth. His was a sort of day-to-day process of teaching me moral values, if you like, without actually setting me down and handing out long lectures. Dad just wouldn't accept a lie and I don't think I ever did lie to him on any important matter. It just never entered my mind that such a thing was possible. So far as I know, none of my own children has ever lied to me. They may not know it yet, but they are going to enjoy not being liars.

For one thing, honesty is going to give them size; it's going to make them bigger than the trouble they are sure to run into in life. That Mexican I left standing beside his hut in Sonora—there was one thing sure about him. He was bigger than his surroundings. He was not to be kicked around by them, to be so humbled by his poverty that he whined before the more fortunate, or fawned upon them. He was a big man anywhere. And he knew that is the only size for a man to be.

When I got into business in Hollywood (and being an actor *is* a business, don't let anyone tell you differently!) I was a young man with two years of college study and twenty years of my father's training behind me. I kept expecting from other people the same respect for truth that my father had, and I didn't always get it.

I thought that when I made a deal with another man he would give me a true go, no matter what happened. But he didn't always. And because it was my policy always to go through with what I had agreed to, the venture would cost me. Yet in the long run, these occasions when I gave full value although I was getting cheated in return didn't hurt me a bit.

Fairly early in my Hollywood acting days a producer for whom I had done a number of pictures submitted a proposition that seemed very interesting. He promised to get me a much better return for my work, a percentage of the profits of my pictures in fact, if I would put myself under personal contract to him for three years. To have an experienced man helping to push you in your work can be a big help. I agreed to do it.

The first thing this producer did after he got my promise was to get himself a profitable association with a top studio on the strength of having the exclusive right to my professional services. One of the points he made to the studio was that he could put me into any kind of pictures he wanted to, and wasn't committed to paying me a top salary. In a technical sense he was right. Since he had interested me in all the fine things he was going to do *for* me, I hadn't for a moment considered that I should carefully list a number of bad things he *shouldn't* do. Wouldn't this be a mark of my distrust? I wouldn't think of it.

Mind you, all of the above I didn't even know for a while. That all came out later. All that I did know at the beginning of our agreement was that when the contracts came to me in the mail to be signed there was nothing in them about the profit percentage he had promised. I telephoned his office and told his secretary that this clause was missing.

"Oh, that must be just an oversight on his part," she told me. "Why don't you sign the contracts anyway and we'll straighten all that out later?"

And I did!

Not only were there no profits for me, not only did I make less money than I had bargained on, but the pictures I was in were cheaper ones, produced with smaller budgets than the ones I had starred in before. And if that wasn't bad enough, soon the exhibitors who played these pictures began catching on to their lack of quality. Did they blame the studio? Or the producer? No. They blamed the star of the pictures—me!

I could have called for a re-deal with that producer. I certainly might have won the legal right to walk out before making any more of the pictures which I knew now were harming me. But I didn't. I finished my contract. The net result? Pretty good. Few of the tricky details by which I got rooked are remembered around Hollywood; what *is* remembered is that I kept my word—*I* didn't lie about what I would do.

I was told once about a conversation among a group of film men in which the following assertion was made. "If you talk a deal with John Wayne and he says it's it, it's it!"

The man who told me about this may have been trying to flatter me, but I felt good anyway, because the statement, whether it was made or not, *is* true. To reneg on a contract would be to make a liar out of myself. And to lie would be to renounce the most valuable heritage my father left me: my pride in myself.

It sometimes seems to me that nothing you can own up to is as bad as the lie it would take to alibi out of it. If you ask me whether I have this or that bad trait, and I have—well, then I will admit it.

Do I have a temper? Sure, I have a temper. Sometimes I have to count to ten before I blow up. I can remember clear back to a winter when I was six years old, back in Keokuk, Iowa, when my temper got me into trouble. I was visiting my grandfather's house and had made a snowman that other kids were knocking down. I not only defended my snowman, but I cussed the kids out with unprintable words I had heard, but was far too young to understand. My father came out of the house and heard me.

He gave me a real spanking, not because of the oaths I had used. He knew I

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I VOTE FOR_____ MY FAVORITE MALE STAR OF 1955

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1955 ARE:

1._____ MALE 1._____ FEMALE

2._____ MALE 2._____ FEMALE

3._____ MALE 3._____ FEMALE

4._____ MALE 4._____ FEMALE

5._____ MALE 5._____ FEMALE

FOR THE TOP NEW STARS OF 1955, I NOMINATE:

_____ MALE _____ FEMALE

MY THREE FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1._____

2._____

3._____

THE STORY I LEAST ENJOYED WAS_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

AGE_____ **OCCUPATION**_____

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didn't know what they meant. But because I had spoken them in anger, and temper was a bad habit and form of misbehavior I did know about.

Have I ever made any mistakes? Plenty. Enough so that I could never walk around acting like I was the cock of the walk. And have I ever been scared in my life? Oh, brother, have I been scared!

I was once so scared I actually didn't know I was scared! The time was World War II and the scene was a small island off New Britain, just a few miles from a Japanese-held island. There was intermittent artillery fire between the two.

But all was quiet when a plane landed a USO entertainment group in which I acted as the M.C., and we proceeded to present a show for the GI's encamped there. The theatre was a ravine, a natural sort of amphitheatre. The boys ranged themselves down the sides of it, and there was a temporary stage at one end. But what we actors didn't know was that there was a battery of our heavy guns, 105's, not 200 yards away.

I had just introduced one of our singers, a good sized fellow who sang a fine baritone, when all our guns let go in one nice, fat salvo.

"Don't be scared," I said. "Look at me."

And at that moment I caught sight of my hand, holding the mike. I was shaking so hard you couldn't see it. Hand and mike were just a blur!

I think this was the island, too, in which the boys had dug one-man foxholes, and I was standing near one of these, with three other fellows, when a bombing-attack alarm was sounded. Scared? All four of us jumped for the same foxhole and all four of us got in!

I think that what I am trying to say is that I never want to kid anyone, least of all myself, and to lie is nothing but self deception. I realize that my father wasn't worried about the harm I might do other people by lying, but by the illusions I might build up about myself. I think the force of honesty in man's life is the greatest force there is, and that there is a direct relationship between a man's honesty and the power of his love.

I remember meeting a young Marine in the South Pacific during the war and getting to know him fairly well just before he took part in one of the bitter island invasions. Three days after the invasion I saw him again, suffering in the base hospital at Finchhaven in New Guinea.

Because of his youth, and his obviously serious condition, I was really stricken when I saw him, and I wondered what to say. But I needn't have worried. He had something to tell me. Not about himself. Not about his pain.

"I bet you're wondering how I got here," he said. "Do you know that when we Marines hit the beach the Seabees were right behind us, and that the doctors were right behind them? Do you know that I was picked up and worked on and all taken care of inside of an hour after I was hit? How's that for guys doin' a square job?"

He had to stop talking to shake his head in wonder. "Gee, what a fellow can't do when he's got guys like that to depend on." Then he turned to me suddenly, and his eyes had a shining look in them.

"You know something?" he began eagerly. "From now on there is going to be only one kind of man I ever want to have anything to do with in this world—the man I can trust. Who would want to waste any time with any other kind?"

I never heard of a good way to live put that way before, or put any better. I knew what he meant, all right. Privately I was only hoping that I could be what he meant.

END



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MY FIRST LOVE
by May Wynn

Greater love hath no man than to let May hit him with a bat!

■ I guess everybody thinks that his or her first love was different, but mine really was. The name of the party of the second part was Eddie; he was the tallest boy in the neighborhood and so handsome that all the girls used to congregate at the candy store because that was where he hung out. They giggled, talked loudly and did everything they could to attract his attention. Except me. I couldn't stand him, didn't even want him to play on the same football team, so naturally I was the one who sent him.

All this happened back in my home town, Elmhurst, Long Island, when I was thirteen. That year I got into a fight with another boy, who hit me in the head with a rock, and Eddie was the only one of the gang who came to my rescue. After he brought the battle of the century to an end he took me over to the drug store, where the pharmacist patched up the hole in my head. From that moment on, love. What else could I do?

I gave Eddie a terrible time. He was always telling me how much he loved me and, because I knew it upset him, I'd say, "Thirteen years old! What's love?" I'd make him get down on his knees before the rest of the guys and say he loved me, just to prove it. When there was a dance, I danced with everyone else and saved only the last one for him, but Eddie just stood against the wall, not even dancing with the other girls, and waited for me.

What did turn our romance slightly sour every now and then was athletics. I especially remember a baseball game. I was a pretty good hitter, and I wanted to show off a little that day. But Eddie was pitching, and he wouldn't throw anything I could hit. Finally I got mad and yelled, "Eddie, love or no love, if you don't throw the ball over the plate I'll hit you with this bat!"

He should have known better, but he still wouldn't pitch to me, so I threw the bat at Eddie. It hit him across the knees and knocked him down. When I walked over to where he lay, he said, "If I could get up, I'd kill you!"

I folded my arms righteously and answered, "I'll wait!"

We made up, of course, but shortly after that Eddie did something really serious. We were walking along a railroad trestle one day when he grabbed me and kissed me. Nothing ever shocked me so much; I felt defiled, unclean, as if I had been involved in something terrible. Being a deeply religious child who went to church every day, I really had something to pray about the rest of that week. I kept to myself, slinking along back streets, staying in my room at home.

On Friday I entered the confessional, took a deep breath, and said, "Father, I have committed a mortal sin."

The priest, who has since become a good friend of mine, asked, "What have you done, my child?" It must have taken me an hour to say that Eddie had kissed me.

I can't describe the relief I felt when he assured me that my world was not at an end. He said, "You have not done anything wrong and neither has the boy. But you are right to feel concern, my daughter, for such things do sometimes lead to excesses."

Knowing that I wasn't a lost soul made me feel better about myself, but it didn't change my feelings about Eddie. Insult was added to injury because I felt foolish as well as outraged. I wouldn't have anything further to do with him. Next time I saw him, waving and calling out a cheerful, "Hi, honey!" I crossed the street to avoid him.

Kids are funny. I had always been so mean to Eddie that he didn't even know anything was wrong when I refused to speak to him.

In fact, my ignoring him wasn't the reason Eddie finally gave up on our romance. My first love ended, as it began, on the football field. Because I never had forgiven him, I always played against him with a vengeance. This one day I tackled him a little too hard and knocked the wind out of him—and that did it. Making him get down on his knees in public, making him a male wallflower at dances, making him run all the way from his school to mine to carry my books every afternoon were minor items. But taking his feet out from under him in a football game—well! He said I humiliated him in the eyes of the rest of the guys, and our romance was officially over.

To me, the extraordinary thing is that he never wondered *why* I tackled him too hard, never realized that that kiss of his had been the kiss-off for me. Years later, when we were both grown up, I ran into Eddie again. We sat down to talk over old times, and suddenly, as if it had been puzzling him a long, long time, Eddie said, "Say, remember that day you snubbed me and walked on the other side of the street like I was contaminated? What ever made you do a thing like that?"

Isn't that just like a man?

(*May Wynn is appearing in Columbia's* The Violent Men.)

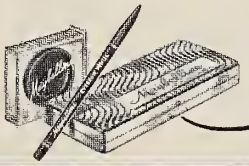


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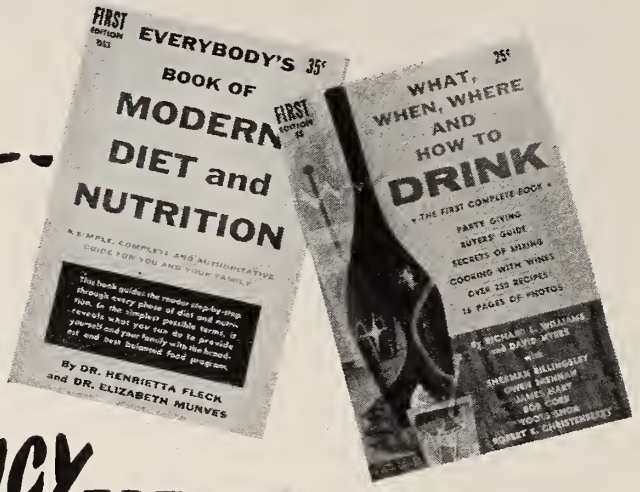
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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 6*) east and it was a previous commitment—and what could he do?

"Nothing," said Pete, and picked up the phone book. It took work, but he got hold of Sammy Davis, Jr. It was still a great panel, and he went back to picking records. The third time the phone rang he almost didn't answer it. It turned out to be Universal-International, and they were apologetic, too. "Pete, Tony won't be back from his tour in time for your show. Sorry."

"Quite all right," said Pete in somewhat of a daze. Then he just sat patiently and waited for the phone to ring the fourth time. It did. "Hello, Pete," said Marilyn Maxwell.

"Hi," said Pete. "Why can't you make it?"

"How did you know?" Marilyn said. "My husband's ill and I honestly can't leave him."

"Think nothing of it," Mr. Potter said. "Happens every day. Every time I have a nightmare." So, after a little solitary weeping, he struggled through a maze of hasty acceptances and rejections and came up with Jeff Chandler and Maxine Andrews. And of course he had a great show, and being a man of willpower, was back at the office the following Monday, and didn't even disconnect the phone.

● Until recently, Bill Hayes was the little man who wasn't anywhere. He began his career at the age of thirteen as a singing messenger for Western Union and worked his way through a B.A. at DePauw, an M.A. at Northwestern and opera courses all over without attracting much attention. Eventually he wangled a job in the chorus of *Carousel* by scratching his brother's name off the audition card and substituting his own. "I cracked on a high A," he reports, "but I got my first real singing job." His brother, who had a sore throat anyway, was kind about the whole thing, but the fates weren't and before long Bill found himself singing for a mortician at fifteen dollars a funeral. ("Danny Boy" was his specialty.) Eventually, of course (this being a success story) he was discovered (not at a funeral) and placed on the *Sid Caesar Show.* After that

D-J Choices of the Month



Harry Nigocia—WJBW—*New Orleans, La.*

"My favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD is 'Strange Lady In Town' because in my opinion the song is great and Frankie Laine does a great job. This song is also tops with my listeners. . . ."



Bill Harrington—*WNEW—New York, N. Y.*

"My favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD currently is Ray Anthony's recording of 'Dream.' Not only because of the music by Anthony but also the great caliber of the music by Johnny Mercer brings back memories, too, of it's first time around."



he copped the lead in Broadway's *Me And Juliet*, made a successful recording of the song from *High Noon*—and some thirteen less successful discs. But with *Davy Crockett* he came into his own, turning out the top recording of the ballad, and selling over two million copies. The grateful type, he is to be seen regularly these days attired in a coonskin cap and showing no disposition to remove it, except for the most formal occasions.

● The weirdest assignment in town went to Walter Schuman, who was asked to do the background music for *The Night Of The Hunter*. One scene proved just a little difficult. Bob Mitchum giving vent to maniacal laughter as two children elude his attempts to kill them! Mitchum is standing in water up to his waist, knife in hand, screaming and watching the two kids in a rowboat paddle away just out of his reach. The music for it will be out on records soon, and we wouldn't miss it for the world.

● Perry Como is officially the most relaxed crooner around, but Bing Crosby is in a class by himself. Hat on head and pipe in mouth he's been known to record while drifting down a channel in a boat, while surrounded by forty basketball players, with a golf club in hand, between holes and—most incredible of all—at seven in the morning. He has done his show from the maternity wing of a hospital and from a spot in Canada so cold that while he sang "In The Still Of The Night," all around him ice-blasters were going full speed. And the song had all the quiet grace it would have had in a candle-lit room. The secret, according to a producer who's known Bing for nineteen years, is that nothing—but nothing—fazes him. "He's so well organized, he's relaxed."



Ralph Phillips—WFBR—*Baltimore, Md.*

"My favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD is by Frank Sinatra. Two movies mark the high point in his career. *From Here To Eternity* won him an Academy Award and his recording from *Young At Heart* won him a gold record. It couldn't happen to a greater guy."



Jay Michael—WCAE—*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"My favorite MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD is the great big top movie song 'Unchained Melody.' When you hear that haunting strain it really does things to you. My listeners feel the same way about it."

Month's Best Movie Albums

"MOVIE THEMES FROM HOLLYWOOD" *by Dimitri Tiomkin and his orchestra. Coral Records CRL-57006 (12" LP)*

"High And The Mighty," "The Champion," "A Bullet Is Waiting," "Strange Lady In Town," "Dial M For Murder," "Return To Paradise," "High Noon," "Land Of The Pharaohs," "Duel In The Sun," "Lost Horizon," "I Confess." Dimitri Tiomkin, who won this year's Academy Award for his scoring of "The High And The Mighty," presents brilliant and sparkling arrangements of movie themes in the grand Hollywood manner.

"LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME" *by Doris Day with orchestra conducted by Percy Faith. Columbia-CL-710 (12"LP)*

"It All Depends On You," "You Made Me Love You," "Stay On The Right Side, Sister," "Mean To Me," "Everybody Loves My Baby," "Sam The Old Accordian Man," "Shaking The Blues Away," "Ten Cents A Dance," "I'll Never Stop Loving You," "Never Look Back," "At Sundown," "Love Me Or Leave Me." From the soundtrack of the MGM film Doris Day really shines right out with her wonderful voice and personality in presenting ten tunes made famous by Ruth Etting, whom Doris plays in the film.

WALT DISNEY'S "THE LADY AND THE TRAMP" *by Kay Armen and The Marion Sisters. MGM Records X1145 (45EP)*

"Bella Notte," "La La Lu," "The Siamese Cat Song," "He's A Tramp." Four sides from the score of Disney's feature cartoon, two of them by Kay Armen, who sang in MGM's *Hit The Deck*. The other two sides are by The Marion Sisters. Two novelties and two ballads.

"ACADEMY AWARD FAVORITES" *by Jack Shaindlin and his orchestra. Mercury Records MG 20061 (12" LP)*

"Three Coins In The Fountain," "Secret Love," "Mona Lisa," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "You'll Never Know," "White Christmas," "The Last Time I Saw Paris," "When You Wish Upon A Star," "Thanks For The Memory," "Sweet Leilani," "The Way You Look Tonight," "The Continental."

Twelve of filmdom's most nostalgic songs brought to life by Jack Shaindlin's scintillating arrangements. Will Bradley and Al Gallodoro are featured instrumentally. The beauty and sound of this record album is due to the most modern recording techniques. Note the fuller-sounding strings, richer bass tones, and clearly distinct reed tones.

"THE BEST OF FRED ASTAIRE" *Epic Records LN 3137 (12" LP)*

"A Foggy Day," "They All Laughed," "Cheek To Cheek," "I Can't Be Bothered Now," "They Can't Take That Away From Me," "A Fine Romance," "Let's Call The Whole Thing Off," "Slap That Bass," "Change Partners," "Things Are Looking Up," "Nice Work If You Can Get It," "Dig It."

Featuring such great bands as those of Johnny Green, Ray Noble, Leo Reisman and Perry Botkin we find ourselves in the land of Fred Astaire. Outstanding songs from such movies as *Shall We Dance, Change Partners, Damsel In Distress, Top Hat* and *Swing Time* make this record album a delight to every Fred Astaire fan.



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(*Continued from page* 45) opinion. After Ray had finished the London run of the stage play *Mister Roberts* with Tyrone Power, he didn't hurry on home to America with the rest of the cast. He had money in his pocket and the yen to live a little. He didn't know when he'd get the chance again, so he hopped over to Paris and had himself a time. Not the tourist-type time. He wanted to see the Paris that was Paris, so he prowled around until he found some characters he liked and settled down to do everything, from museums to dives, on his own. He learned French, got on famously with a few dozen native guys and dolls. After more fun than the average young guy will have in a lifetime, he packed up to go home. Not that the French people were getting under his skin. Not that a small inner voice told him he had a great future ahead in Hollywood.

"Nothing like that," he grins. "I just ran out of money."

Meanwhile, events were conspiring to become landmarks on the circuitous trail leading Julie Adams and Ray Danton toward each other.

A certain Betty May Adams, born in Waterloo, Iowa, educated at the Junior College in Dick Powell's hometown of Little Rock, Arkansas, was attracting considerable attention in Hollywood. She had changed her name to Julie Adams. A board of judges made up of famous American artists had just judged her long, supple and perfectly formed legs as "the most beautiful in the world." Miss Adams winced a little, inside, at the build-up. Her object was to become a competent actress and she did not want to join the legion of forgotten "cheesecake sweeties." Miss Adams wanted to get where she wanted to go the honest way. It was the hard way, that she already knew, because before Universal studios signed her, she had turned to secretarial work.

Returning from his jaunt to Paris, Ray Danton went back to radio soap operas and occasional TV work, in which he was a complete professional. At age twelve he had more than a nodding acquaintance with a microphone as a boy announcer, and at fourteen he had already completed a summer with the MacArthur Summer Theatre in Waitesfield, Vermont. In other seasons he had worked with such stars as Tallulah Bankhead, Margo, Liz Scott and Sarah Churchill. In such fast company, he had absorbed great theatrical know-how.

He was on his way and so was Julie, whom he'd never met—let alone expected to marry. On his way in this year of 1951—smack into the U.S. Army. It happens to most young men these days, and Ray Danton wasn't in the least thrown for a loss. He didn't cry about being taken out of show business just as he was on the verge of becoming important. He turned G.I. with a don't-give-a-damn attitude. Two years in the Infantry hardened Danton into the type of man he is now, and he gravitated to Officer's Training School.

About this time, two events occurred. Julie Adams married, and if someone had mentioned the name Ray Danton to her, she couldn't have cared less. And soldier Danton wound up in the Army hospital at Fort Benning, Georgia, his right leg in a plaster cast from the hip down. A unique casualty sustained playing football.

Recuperating in a ward with a dozen other ailing soldiers, he met Julie Adams for the first time. Not in person. Ray's first opportunity to cast an appreciative male eye upon the loveliness that is Julie came in the hospital theatre then showing a picture called *Mississippi Gambler*. Ray, who had known Ty Power well because of their stage work together, enjoyed watching him again in the movie. He was also well aware that Julie, as Ty's leading lady, was a fine actress.

No prude, Ray found himself reluctant to join in the after-movie bull session, in which his fellow soldier patients discussed the charms of "this Adams doll" in some detail. Julie obviously meant something special to him from the moment he first saw her, but Ray was a realist. He didn't write her a fan letter or dream that night of holding her in his arms.

When his buddies got around to discussing Ty, they asked Ray what kind of guy ex-Marine Power was, and he told them: "I don't know what you guys think of actors, including me, but for my money no one ever has to be ashamed of Tyrone Power when he's traveling around the world. You know how some actors pour it on, get the big movie star attitude. Not Ty. He's always a gentleman. Never reminds anyone he's a Hollywood big shot."

Then Ray told them how Ty had put him in his place one night at the Palladium Theatre in London. Ty was going through a difficult scene with others of the *Roberts* cast on one side of the stage, while Ray, near the wings, didn't have any lines or business. A couple of girls in the front row began making signals at Ray, who responded with the lifted eyebrow and the long look. Afterward, when the curtain came down, Ty came around, asked Ray what he'd been doing during the scene. Ray swore he hadn't been doing a thing.

"You must have been," Ty replied. "Something was distracting me."

"That," Ray cracked, "must have been my electric personality."

"Could be," Ty agreed wryly, "either that or your lack of experience."

Ray offers the anecdote as a frank admission that he had a lot of cockiness and not too much humility in himself at the time. "But there's nothing like mixing with a veteran like Ty Power to get straightened out. I learned concentration from Ty. I grew up in the Army, and I learned an awareness of the problems of others, too, while wearing the uniform."

This last development in Ray's character is one of the reasons he became much more aware of Julie Adams the second time he saw her. Again, the meeting was not in person, but through a movie.

Nelson Algren, author of *The Man With The Golden Arm*, was invited to Hollywood to discuss a movie version of his prize-winning novel. He later declined the checks offered him for his fare, expenses and for having written a 12-page memorandum. "I feel no moneys are rightfully due me," he wrote. "Yet your thoughtfulness does not cease to move me. Should this concern for me derive from simple gratitude for diversion offered you by 'an interesting person' as you so happily phrased it, I do not feel you are so much indebted.

"Upon the basis of mutual amusement, therefore, I am the debtor. And since you are decidedly more uncanny than I am interesting, I must at a rough estimate, owe you close to $40—and forward this sum confident of your satisfaction in alms from any quarter however small, and remain, Your obedient servant—Nelson Algren."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

"The picture was lousy," Ray remembers. "A sad little Western epic. Now that I've been around pictures for awhile, I know that they can't all be good. Everybody from the writer on up works like the devil and the thing turns out a turkey. I remember feeling sorry for Julie. She was not the same girl I'd seen in *Mississippi Gambler* and I recall wondering how anyone could miscast such an obviously fine and sensitive actress. I made a mental note that some day I'd like to talk shop with her. I wasn't thinking about romance."

In the two years that intervened before their meeting, other events began to occur which made possible the recent climax in their lives. For one thing, Julie Adams' marriage to a writer turned out a failure. The two had tried, but it just didn't work. Ray Danton, who didn't know that she was married, wasn't aware that she had secured a divorce. He was too busy with TV in New York. He'd turned down half a dozen bids to sign Hollywood stock contracts, because he didn't want to gamble his future with those lads who went into movies in wholesale lots on the chance that they might be lucky.

Abruptly, the plot thickened. In Hollywood, Universal-International executives were planning the filming of *Six Bridges To Cross*. At first, they figured that it might be possible to sign some completely unknown actor to the role which was later played by Tony Curtis. Talent scouts reported that Ray Danton was by all odds the most promising young actor in TV. He had magnetic masculine appeal. Better than that, he was no beginner with nothing more than a hot profile.

Ray was contacted. He agreed that this role was worth a fast screen test, and in a couple of days he found himself boarding the TWA champagne flight, heading west. He was thinking about his future and not about a girl named Julie Adams. On the plane he met Jack Palance, another TV acting discovery who had a couple of years before plunged into movies with spectacular success. And, because there were few travelers on this particular flight, Jack and Ray stayed up all night, relieving their travel boredom by killing off the extra champagne. In the morning, Ray got off the plane, unshaven, wearing blue jeans, and in his aching head he had an idea that all he wanted to do was get this test over and return to New York.

At the studio later that afternoon, after swinging his profile left and right, dutifully reading the lines given him, the paths of Ray Danton and Julie Adams finally met. Julie had volunteered to help with the test.

Ray looked at Julie's hazel-eyed loveliness. Something happened to him as they say in the romance magazines, "deep inside." But the best he could offer by way of greeting was, "Hello, Miss Adams. I want you to know that I've always admired your work."

"How nice," Julie smiled. To her he was just another actor making a test.

They worked in the scene for two hours. If you saw *Six Bridges To Cross*, you'll remember the scene in which Julie comes to visit Tony Curtis in jail. That's the one she did with Ray in the test. As the cameras turned, Ray forgot his aching head. The dialogue came easily, but he wasn't thinking about how well he was doing. He just gazed on the beautiful scenery of Julie's face and let himself go.

The test was a huge success for Ray. He didn't get the part, which went to Tony for a multiplicity of reasons, but he was put in another picture, signed to a contract, and he never did go back to New York. Up to that time, Ray Danton was a lot like most other young men. He was working hard, doing well, but his life had no real

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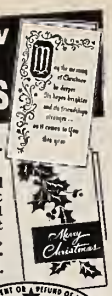
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definition. As single men will, he avoided "nice girls" like the plague. He had been through the usual quota of "girl capers," and had a horror of being tied down.

At the studio, he was acutely aware of Julie's presence. They ran into each other constantly in the commissary, crossing the lot, on sound stages. Ray was aware that Julie's attitude toward men was one of cool and cordial wariness. He let it be known among her friends that he'd like to take her out. There was no response. Ray was cast in *Chief Crazy Horse,* sent on location with Vic Mature and the rest of the cast to South Dakota. While there, he suffered another accident similar in a way to the broken leg episode in the army. Riding an Indian pony not trained to picture work, he was dumped when the nag refused to take a jump, stopping abruptly and throwing Ray into a pile of rocks. He got up, rode the pony in the next take with exactly the same results. He felt a jar in his left arm and thought he'd sprained his wrist.

A couple of weeks later, encountering Julie on his return to the studio, he decided to see a doctor on her advice. Result: the X-ray showed that he had a multiple fracture. Assigned to an important role in *The Looters,* he played most of the picture with the bandage carefully concealed. Julie was still cool, until one day as he was having lunch with Mara Corday, she came into the crowded commissary and sat down at the same table. Almost immediately, Ray asked if he could call her. Julie said she wouldn't mind, sometime.

"All right," Ray persisted, "what's your phone number?"

Julie rose from the table. "I'm late for an appointment. I'm sorry, I can't give you the number now."

Ray fumed. That afternoon he secured the number from the casting office. He got Julie on the phone. "Look," he said, "it's about time you ran out of excuses. How about a date tonight?"

That evening he took her to see *Porgy And Bess.* They had dinner at the Tail o' the Cock in the valley. After that, Ray, who never in his life had chased a girl, didn't let up. "It was damn irritating," he says now. "Julie didn't run away, but she sure as the devil didn't make it any easier. I'd have a date one night. Then for three or four nights she'd be 'busy.' I had the feeling that she liked me a great deal. You know how you can tell, when people are with you. I took her to see my happily married friends, like the Jack Lemmons. I made with the phonograph record and flower bit. Then I got sore. I asked her to go on a picnic one Friday night. The day before, the studio called and told me I had to leave in the morning for location in Colorado, so I got in touch with Julie. Told her I couldn't see her Friday night.

"'I know,' she said, 'you're going on location. How about tonight?' I knew she hadn't been tied up as she told me, so I faced her with it. She said she hadn't been seeing me because she was getting too fond of me. That did it."

On February 20th of this year, Julie Adams and Ray Danton were married in Santa Barbara, California, by a Presbyterian minister. They remember the utter simplicity of the ceremony and in talking about their several-months courtship, which in the harsh simplicity of newspaper headlines was referred to as "another Hollywood elopement," they agree that the infinite power in charge of such things seemed to have planned their lives for this moment from the beginning.

There was no honeymoon, for both had to be back at work in front of the cameras the next morning, but they like it that way. A honeymoon, they both believe, is a traditional period in which two people in love try to escape into unreality before they settle down to what is supposed to be the "serious" business of living.

Ray says it this way: "Life is a very good thing. It never has to be grim. Julie and I have a wonderful apartment home in the hills overlooking the San Fernando Valley. She let me select our first furniture which I did with the stark tailored taste that is typical of the male beast. She has since warmed up the place with her perfect taste for color. She has not only changed our home, but me, too. Basically, she is the same girl I saw that day in the hospital. Her fine qualities of kindness, her warmth, were obvious then in her work, and I'm a lucky man.

"Julie is a truly mature, though conventional woman. In the beginning, I was a shock to her. Before our marriage the state of 'love' to me was a complicated business of intrigue and deception. I have learned that none of that is necessary in the happiness of marriage.

"I learned that any lie, no matter how small it might be, couldn't exist between us. Julie has changed, too. Before our marriage, her job was her whole life, a necessity for her security. Now, her entire income goes into a trust fund for our future together, and for the children we hope to have. Now, her work is no longer a "must" but simply a form of expression which makes her life richer. A career for any woman, if she has the ability, is a healthy thing. I may sound like a press agent for both of us, but I think that what we've been achieving since we've been together will be apparent when Julie is seen with George Nader in *Away All Boats.* I can't make any great claims for my own work in *The Spoilers,* with Jeff Chandler and Rory Calhoun. (Ray is currently filming *I'll Cry Tomorrow* on loan-out to MGM.) I'm beginning to really learn my business, one in which I want to work in every aspect, with the hope that one day I can tackle the hardest form of the art—directing."

To those who are thinking about marriage, Julie and Ray Danton offer this thought: "Your marriage will be as strong as each of you are individually. If you fail, it will only be because you lose the proper sense of values when one or the other becomes weak. And that will never happen if there is always absolute truth as a bond between you."

So ends the case history of events leading up to one of the most secure young marriages in Hollywood. No small miracle brought these two people together, and only a major catastrophe could tear them apart.

END

midsummer's freshest,
loveliest star,
grace kelly,
is **modern screen's**
september cover-lady.
watch your newsstand
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lone wolf

(*Continued from page 28*) Scandinavian accent, "is a nice man. Some of those things he does, it is because he is youthful, and it takes time to handle fame. One must first learn how. But he is really very polite, very kind. They tell me he does not smile enough. Not true. He smiles much. He has a good sense of humor."

In other film quarters, however, the Dean sense of humor is generously described as "slightly perverse."

Jimmy himself, for example, likes to tell how he scared the wits out of a supposedly sophisticated and worldly photographer.

"A couple of months ago," Dean narrates, "this fellow, you know Dennis—well, Dennis went back to Indiana with me. Wanted to shoot me on the farm. Hometown stuff.

"One day we walked into town, and I stopped by Wilbur Hunt's. Wilbur runs a kind of general store in Fairmount. He's also the town mortician, and in the back he's got a selection of caskets. 'Mind if we shoot some stuff in here?' I asked Wilbur.

"He's a wonderful guy. 'Help yourself,' he said. So we went into the back. There were these caskets. I got into one of them and lay down. 'Go ahead,' I said to Dennis. 'Start shooting.' He thought I was kidding, but I always wanted to see how I'd look in a casket. Besides you should've seen the expression on Dennis' face.

"Anyway, he shot the pictures. Great stuff. Sent them into *Life*. Know what? The editors wouldn't publish a single one. Printed some stuff of me around the farm. Country boy—that routine."

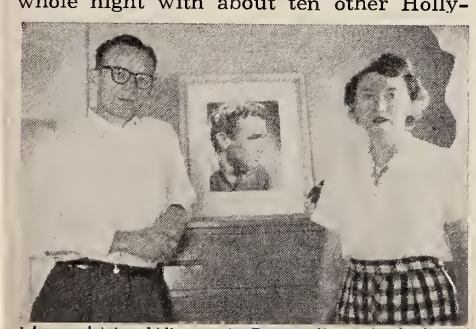
Country boy—those two words—offer the key to Jimmy Dean's seemingly strange behavior. He acts awkward and this awkwardness is interpreted as rudeness. Actually, it seems that Jimmy retreats into his shell when he can't handle a new social situation, such as a studio shindig or a top-level interview or a swank Hollywood get-together. He appears sullen and noncooperative, but largely because he feels out of place and doesn't know what to do. Also, he is by nature fiercely independent and resents doing anything that rubs against his grain.

Let him like something, however, and he goes the whole hog.

Not too long ago he was at a party with Eartha Kitt and a bunch of other talented entertainers. Eartha started to sing. Jimmy sat down on the floor and grabbed a bongo drum. Two friends joined him. Eartha singing and Jimmy on the bongos. You should've dug it. Simply crazy, wild, out of this world.

Later that night they began to use the tape recorders. Jimmy has three or four which he uses all the time. "Great," he says. "Help me in my work. Like this part of Jett Rink I play in *Giant*. I had tape recordings of fellows with Texas accents. The thing to do is not to exaggerate the drawl. Get it just right."

Jimmy and Eartha sang and played the whole night with about ten other Holly-



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wood characters. Dean recorded the festivities, and next day in the sanctity of his one-room garage apartment, played the tape recordings over and over again.

He has a great collection of African chants and knows a lot about tribal customs and *mores*. He is also a bull-fighting *afficionado* and one of the crack stock-car racing drivers in the country. This love of racing is currently giving the Warner moguls a fit.

During the filming of *Rebel Without A Cause*, for instance, Jim Dean raced his Porsche in the Palm Springs and Bakersfield Meets. As soon as he was finished with his Saturday scenes, he'd take off for the racing grounds. He was a winner in both races, hitting over 120 mph.

According to a veteran California driver, "This Dean kid is fearless. He drives as if he had some secret agreement with Death to lay off him. He's relatively new to speed-racing out here. Matter of fact we never heard of him until he showed up down at the Springs. We thought maybe he was one of those Hollywood characters looking for kicks or publicity. Hell, no. This kid really knows the business. He's one helluva fine rider. Knows what he's doing every minute."

In addition to his Porsche, Jim recently bought himself a hopped-up British Triumph motorcycle. Frequently he tears into the studio astride his mount to give one executive heart failure. The executive watches Jim zoom down the road, then sadly shakes his head and mutters, "That crazy kid is gonna kill himself."

At this point in his life James Byron Dean is living strictly for himself. He has no one to support, no one to please, no one in the world to cater to except James Byron Dean.

Although his father and step-mother live only eight or ten miles away from his Hollywood hideaway in the hills, he rarely visits them. Just why he isn't there more often is hard to tell.

Winton Dean, Jim's father, has what he thinks might be an adequate explanation for his son's behavior.

"I'll tell you this," he says. "My Jim is a tough boy to understand. At least, he is for me. But maybe that's because I don't understand actors, and he's always wanted to become one.

"Another reason is that we were separated for a long period of time, from when he was nine until he was eighteen. Those are the important, formative years when a boy and his father usually become close friends.

"Jim and I—well, we've never had that closeness. It's nobody's fault, really. Just circumstances. I came out to California in 1936 with Jim and his mother. Came right out here to Santa Monica. Worked in the Veterans Hospital, dental technician. Did the same thing back in Indiana. Back there I worked for the Veterans Hospital in Marion.

"A few years later, Jim's mother came down with cancer. She was only twenty-nine. The doctors told me it was hopeless. I didn't know what to do. How do you tell an eight-year-old boy his mother's going to die? I tried. In my own stumbling way I tried to prepare Jim for it. Tried to tell him about the sorrow that was coming. Many times I tried to tell the boy what was coming. I just couldn't make it.

"Jim's mother passed away before she was thirty. I was broken up. So was the boy. I couldn't look after him and work, too, so I sent him back to Indiana to live with my sister and her husband. They raised Jim on their farm. And what a fine job they did. In high school, you know, he was a standout athlete, specializing in track and basketball. Absolutely tops.

"When Jim came out here," Mr. Dean continues, "to go to Santa Monica College, he stayed with us—I was remarried by then—and we got along just fine. He was always crazy about acting, and I remember saying to him a couple of times, 'Jim, acting is a good hobby but why don't you study something substantial? Why don't you become a lawyer?' But no, it was acting with him all the way.

"Nowadays, he lives in a world we don't understand too well—the actors' world. We don't see too much of him. But he's a good boy, my Jim. A good boy, and I'm very proud of him. Not easy to understand. No, sir. He's not easy to understand. But he's all man, and he'll make his mark. Mind you, my boy will make his mark."

On the basis of only one film, *East Of Eden*, Jimmy Dean has already made his mark. After *Rebel Without A Cause* is released and *Giant* is completed, the studio expects that the boy will become "the hottest actor in the business."

By then, however, Jim may not be in the business. He may be enrolled as a private in the Army of the United States. Only a few weeks ago he was called down to the Los Angeles induction station for his Army physical. Although he's extremely near-sighted and can't see very well without glasses, he is otherwise in good physical condition.

A stint in the service doesn't faze Jim one bit. Other actors bemoan the loss of revenue that military service entails, but Dean has never built his life around money. "Never had much," he says, "and don't need much. If the Army wants me I'm ready."

When that particular remark was relayed to a Hollywood beauty whom Dean had been seeing frequently before he took off for *Giant* location work, she pursed her lips and wrinkled her brow.

"Sure, he's ready to go," she repeated. "Jimmy Dean is ready to go anywhere, any place, any time. He's a free soul. Only," she pouted, "I don't want him to go. With all his crazy ways he's the cutest little guy we've had around Hollywood in a long, long time. A regular little tiger, that one."

END

DEAN'S (ON STAGE) DAD

As a personality Jimmy Dean may be a little on the wacky side but as an actor, this young man is respected as one of the most powerful and authentic dramatic talents Hollywood has produced in years.

Jim Backus, who plays Dean's father in Rebel Without A Cause, *recently explained to friends what it meant to act with Jim.*

"In this particular scene," Backus began, "Jim and I were supposed to have a fight on the stairway of the family home. I played his father and he played my son. He's just seen a boy who's been knifed, and his mother wants him to go tell the police. He doesn't want to, and so we fight.

"I've played fight scenes before, but nothing like this. Jim is so carried away. He works himself up into such a pitch of intensity, I thought he was going to kill me. No kiddin'. In one rehearsal he grabbed me by the lapels, half-carried me down the stairs, fought me across the living-room sofa.

"This kid is as strong as a bull. In another rehearsal, he broke off parts of the stair railing, but even though we grappled, he always held onto me so that I wouldn't get hurt."

Although Dean is only 5 feet, 8 inches tall and looks like a studious bookworm, he is all muscle and sinew in addition to being all talent. Great talent at that.



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ardis and bill holden

(*Continued from page 54*) of separation. as war rang up its toll of tragedy, her scale of values began shifting for Ardis, the basics began to assert themselves. Bill was the basic core of her life. Her longing to act faded against her greater longing to be with him. Only a contract kept them apart. She asked the studio to release her and flew East to join him.

During the war years she stayed with him when she could and, when she couldn't, free-lanced to keep the budget balanced. Peter was born in '43, Scott three years later. By that time Bill was back at Paramount. The enforced partings, the fears, the loneliness had left their mark on Ardis. They could all be together again and that seemed heaven enough. The career could wait. She never said, "I'm quitting." He never asked her to. "Of course I'd rather have you here, smelling of Chanel No. 5 when I get home, and ready to enjoy a cocktail with me. But I know how you feel about acting. I feel the same way, and I don't want you frustrated. So why not get an agent and do a picture?" "We'll see," she smiled. If he hadn't left the door open, she might have felt frustrated. Free to step out when she chose, she chose not to.

Her knowledge of his preference probably swayed her. The wisdom of instinct swayed her more. It troubled them both that Deedee was a shy, ingrown child—possibly because Ardis had been compelled to work. For emotional security, kids need a full-time mother. They had one now, and the rewards were solidly evident. The boys throve like healthy young saplings. Ardis grew close to her daughter. Bill, taking equal responsibility, gave Deedee even more attention than his sons, invited confidence without intruding himself, fathered her well. Under their care, she grew out of her shell into poised and lovely young girlhood. If the children gained, so did their parents. Unless you're with children in their formative years, you suffer a loss for which nothing can compensate.

As an actress, Ardis could never have won Bill's accolade—"only my good right arm." The energy that could have been drained by her own career goes into his work, his home, his happiness, his ever-widening interests. He respects her professional judgment. Together they read his scripts over and over, analyzing the part until it comes alive. Together, they decide what's good or bad for Holden. Through him, she's still part of the world she once sought to conquer. She's also his balance wheel. He's the more volatile of the two, soaring into the blue on wings of impulse. Ardis brings him to earth. From all his co-workers, you get the same picture of Holden—a man of courtesy and grace, holding the dignity of every person on a par with his own. Even to such a man, stardom with its hothouse atmosphere may spell danger. Take his own word for it. Time and again he has paid tribute to his wife. "If it weren't for Ardis, I'd have gone off the deep end."

She's no brooding dove spreading protective wings between her husband and reality. She believes in the truth, even when it hurts. (Especially when it hurts, since that's when it strikes home.) Individualists both, they can disagree and mix it up verbally without shaking their steadfast faith in each other's love. On the contrary. They've cleared the air and strengthened the bond between them.

Mrs. Holden loves acting and always will. Now and then she looks back a little ruefully, but knows it's unrealistic. Straight-thinking, she drives to the heart of the matter. "For whatever you get, you have to give something else up." She gave up the lesser prize. **END**

patti and jerry lewis

(*Continued from page 55*) of Jerry Lewis's life. Jerry's dream came true.

Jerry's Mom and Pop were always on the road. Their son was forever being thrown out of school. Assorted relatives assured him loud and often that he'd wind up a bum. "Don't you believe it," smiled his grandmother. "You're a good boy. I don't worry about you." She alone understood his inherited passion for the stage, so all-consuming that books made no sense to him. "Remember, whatever you want, you can have it. Only let your heart show you the way." He was ten when she died, leaving him utterly bereft, but her spirit stayed with him. He let his heart show him the way to Patti. Like "Grams," Patti is warm, gentle, compassionate. Describing her, cynics shed their shells. "She's what every man dreams of in a wife," said one.

Gary was born a year after their marriage. They adopted Ronnie and plan to adopt more kids. A natural and devoted mother, Patti's still aware that Jerry's the kid who needs her most. He's the kind of clown you read about, self-tormented under the lunatic grin, self-driven toward some unattainable perfection. The lonely years, the want of emotional security, the single-handed struggle to prove himself—all left their scars and their unaccountable terrors. You used to get the feeling that Jerry was somehow haunted. He slept with a gun under his pillow. His idea of a pleasant Sunday at home was to ask two or three dozen people over. Unless completely surrounded by boon companions, he'd grow uneasy. Money and strength went down the drain. Patti's quiet hands soothed his fever. Not overnight. A woman less wise, less loving and understanding might have put her foot down, courting disaster, driving a wedge between them. Jerry's no guy to be shoved around and Patti's allergic to shoving. She married him not to reform him, but to make him happy. She bided her time and, when the right moment came, advised without pressing, suggested without demanding. Step by step, her patient, steadying influence pulled apart and re-arranged the pattern of his days—and nerves. The gun is gone from under his pillow, the crowds from his house. Now they entertain a few friends at dinner, and the atmosphere has changed from frantic to serene. Under her imperceptible guidance, he has cut down on his prodigal spending. If only for her sake he takes care of his health.

As in all true marriages, this couple grows closer with the years. They have a wing of the house to themselves. They're not afraid of sentiment. "We cry together," said Jerry once. "That's why we're happy." Hollywood glamour holds no lure for Patti. Home is her kingdom. If she's out when Jerry gets home, he wanders around like a woebegone puppy. When he and Dean were honored by the Friars in New York, Patti had to go along, though it was only for twelve hours. To her, that seemed fitting. What's a wife for, if not to aid and comfort her man? Complex Jerry adores her for the simplicity of her goal—to create within the troubled world a sanctuary for those she loves. **END**

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a word from the wise

by BING CROSBY

So you think you want to be a singer? Well, so did I . . .



■ If I were breaking into the entertainment field all over again (and may I add that I'm quite happy that I'm not) I would find a field of daisies entirely different from the days when I was testing my pipes for profit.

It seems that when I started singing for a living, there were comparatively few people in my business. The going was a lot easier then than now.

Today, what with radio, television, night clubs, films and the musical comedy stage, there are many more good boys than there were.

Now, when the mood strikes me, I like to think of just how I'd hang up my shingle in the entertainment field today. Of one thing I'm certain. I'd make just as many if not the same mistakes that I made when I first started whacking out the best on that tin cymbal with Harry Barris and Al Rinker in that combination we called "The Rhythm Boys." I'd choose many a wrong song, back many a blooper. I'd try for the low ones that weren't in my range. I'd try to go serious when I should have stayed light, and I'd attempt frivolity when I should have been in a more serious vein.

These mistakes, made once, I'd probably repeat. But certain mistakes being made by some of the young fellows just starting out today, I'd try awfully hard to avoid. I may be wrong but I pass along a couple of hints for just what they're worth—probably nothing.

First of all, in picking your material, remember to keep it simple and familiar. I honestly think that a lot of today's newcomers are choosing songs that are too little known and too complex. Remember, people like to hear songs they know, what we in the business call "the old standards."

When folks hear a newcomer sing the old familiar ditties, they're half won over at the start because they're hearing material they've heard before and often have themselves sung. So don't be afraid of the oldies. They usually remind the listeners of some pleasant time. They're nostalgic.

Having chosen songs that ring a bell with your listeners, give a lot of thought to their arrangements. And here again I have a word or two for beginners. Keep those arrangements simple. It seems to be the vogue today to overarrange songs that are obtuse in the first place. I say that if you have a good, simple song, don't be ashamed of it. Don't spoil it with trimmings and trappings.

Like anyone else, I have my favorites in the popular song division. Of the men, I like Perry Como best. He can sing high, he can sing low, and he has a feeling for what he sings.

In the gals' division, with me at least, it's Ella Fitzgerald all the way. It's always been that way with me and Ella, and I see no reason to change today.

But while I'm on favorites, let me say a word right now for my favorite entertainer of all time—Danny Kaye. He can do more things and do them better than anybody in the entertainment business.

Danny sends me, and I don't send easily.

virginia and mike o'shea

(*Continued from page* 54) a nose dive. He offered no alibis, she suffered no guilt complex. They accepted the situation with sanity and perspective. Stardom itself failed to impress them. Acting was a livelihood, not a showcase for exhibitionism. They weren't in competition; they were partners, share and share alike. If Virginia brought home a bigger share of the bacon, Mike contributed otherwise—mended fences, fixed leaks, strung wires, repaired roofs and kept his dignity as a human intact. His self respect came from within. Self pity, which would have made Virginia wretched, found no place to root. "Am I such a gutless chunk of ego that I can't face the world because my wife's doing better than I am? Am I supposed to be ashamed? I'm not. I'm proud. Of her and our marriage and that I can hammer a nail straight and don't mind doing it. I had my chance. Let Virginia take hers while she can. You're up, you're down. Maybe the wheel'll come spinning my way again."

There were jobs in New York. With Virginia's approval, he turned them down.

Three thousand miles of continent between them didn't appeal. Mike didn't want his wife living alone half the time. Nor any of the time. He has the old-fashioned notion that man should be the protector in a very literal sense. Supported by his good right arm, Virginia blooms. His sparkle infects her, his mind stimulates her, his poise puts her at ease. "It's amazing," she said in a rare confidential moment, "how much you can come to depend on the mere presence of the man you love. I'm never really serene unless Mike is there."

Jim Backus and Joan Davis went on a personal appearance tour to plug their program. "We checked into a local hotel," says Jim, "and naturally we asked for different rooms on different floors. But the clerk assumed we were married, and wanted to know why we didn't want the same room. Joan quipped, 'No—he snores!'" *—Paul Denis*

When the first Mrs. O'Shea won her alimony suit, columnists howled "Poor Virginia!" One story had her paying the whole sum, another had Mike mortgaging the house to pay her back. Nobody knows how they arranged things. That's their own affair and beside the point. The point is that Virginia never thought twice about doing for Mike what Mike would have done for her. Even that's not accurate. Doing it for him, she was doing it for them both, since their peace of mind is indivisible. Virginia felt anything but poor. Granted, $25,000 ain't hay. It's a nice wad to count and stick in the bank. But you can't count the riches of devotion nor measure the capital gains of unbroken faith. The court judgment disturbed Virginia far less than the uproar, and the uproar only as it affected Mike.

The year '53 brought them Mary Catherine, a redheaded elf and the light of her parents' eyes; '54 sent the wheel spinning Mike's way again. *It's A Great Life* rates so high that they're planning repeats for the summer. O'Shea copped an Emmy nomination as one of TV's outstanding new personalities. Sooner or later, it was bound to happen. Sooner or later, it made no difference in their feeling for each other. It's a mean trickle of love, shaming the word, that runs dry at a dollar sign. The love of Mike and Virginia flows steadily wide and deep. **END**

over twenty-one

(*Continued from page 41*) street. The Even Youngers would probably choose Sunset and Vine.)

Unlike the kids, they go light on the romantic angle, unless they're sure it's for real. Many of them having been burned once—or having had to do considerable dodging to avoid it—they take their affairs of the heart seriously and are not given to making extravagant, impulsive avowals, either to the press or to each other.

Like that of everyone in Hollywood, their chatter inclines toward shop talk. After all, they spend their days on a set, and most of their friends are concerned with movie-making, one way or another. Barbara and George, both blessed with good senses of humor, get a kick out of their work and rib each other unmercifully about their publicity. But having that essential touch of maturity, they know when to stop. When she is done making faces at the free advice handed her in print, Barbara has been known to sit down and re-read it intently. And George, when he's through laughing at his press notices, silently folds them up and takes them home for his scrapbook. On this particular evening Barbara caught him doing so with a more-than-usually gloppy item she had clipped to read to him over their *tamales*. "Why?" she asked.

George turned serious for the first time that evening. "Because," he said, "I still don't believe it; I haven't from the beginning. *Me*, a movie star? Craziest thing I ever heard! That's why I keep the scrapbook, so when someone cuts the string on this beautiful balloon and it soars off out of sight, I can prove to myself that this incredible thing *was*. It really did happen."

Barbara smiled with the complete understanding of one who has felt exactly the same way—and also with complete disbelief that George's solid-as-a-rock career was about to disappear over the horizon. Then she giggled. "Anyhow," she said, "I like that last part where it says that you *admit* that you like girls. That's nice to know, George, it really is!"

George grinned back. "They had to pry it out of me with a crowbar," he said. "And don't go taking it personally. I love every blessed one of you." And, laughing, they could have been members of The Slightly Older Set of Anywhere At All. **END**

the bridge is love

(*Continued from page 46*) a land of the dead and the bridge is love." Pier said it another way: "I loved him so dearly that for me he is not gone, but will live while I live. If it's something important, I ask him and it seems to me that he answers. Of course, not with words. But when he was here, we understood each other without words. If a feeling of peace comes into me, this is his answer. If I have nothing to ask, I have always something to tell."

In her passionate protectiveness toward the baby, she recalled the last evening she'd spent with her father. They'd gone to her uncle's house for dinner, and Papa thought he felt a draft in the room. "Go get your jacket, my child."

"I'm not cold, Papa."

"You know," he said slowly, "if something happened to make you ill or to hurt you, I think it would kill me."

Puzzled by his sudden gravity, she ran for the jacket, if only to please him. Now, years and miles away from that little scene, it took on new meaning.

So did his illness. Lying flat on her back for six weeks, she thought of his weary months in bed, of his patience with pain, of his gaiety when he felt even a little better. As a child, she'd ached for him. As a woman, she accepted the human heritage of sorrow. "Only now I know how you suffered, Papa. Only in going through such an experience, does one understand what other people feel. This at least I have learned, and I will not forget."

He called her Annarella and, from earliest childhood, she was conscious of the special bond between them. He'd take her along to football games—a high adventure for a four-year-old because of the color and the crowds, but chiefly because she'd sit next to Papa and yell when he yelled, never mind that she didn't know what the yelling was for.

Both were intense, high strung, perceptive, quick to feel and express emotion. They thought alike, responded alike to the same stimuli, shared a common devotion to animals. As Pier grew older, no day passed when a dog or two didn't follow her home from school. With ample justification, Mama decreed that sixty-five birds and a duck in the house were enough. The duck was a gift from her father and lived in Pier's room. The birds lived in a long cage of crystal and gilt. Pier and Papa took care of them and adored them. Mama and Marisa enjoyed their beauty but regarded them as something of a cross, especially at moulting time.

Except for his strikingly deep blue eyes, Pier looked like her father. "Why didn't you give me your eyes?" she'd mourn.

"Take them. Whatever I have is yours."

Which was almost the literal truth. When Mama or Marisa wanted something—like a new dress—they'd make Pier their emissary. "To you, he'll say yes." She knew how to handle him, because he reacted as she did. A blunt request ruffled them both. Coaxing worked wonders. All you had to do was snuggle into his lap, curl his forelock over your finger, make a little fuss over the man and he became butter.

It was a sunny household, filled with music and laughter. Even when Father was ill, he wanted happiness around him, never long faces. An engineer-architect, he'd gone to Sardinia to build bridges and contracted malaria. Recurrent bouts sent him to bed for two months at a time. Every morning before school Pier would run out to get the paper for him. On her return, he'd have her ice-cream money ready. Every afternoon she'd put on a show in his room—sing, dance, mimic comedians, any crazy thing that came into her head to amuse him. When he was well, he'd always come home from the office at seven thirty. Turning the corner, he'd whistle their signal and she'd go flying down the stairs to greet him.

Sure of his sympathy, she took her problems to him. Mother was busy with the house and, if the truth were told, Pier felt she'd get a more indulgent hearing from Father, especially in the crisis she faced at fourteen. Pier was no scholar. Painting and music and poetry she loved. But Greek was black magic and algebra gave her a headache. Piteously she'd beg Marisa, head of the class, to let her copy. "What good will that do you?" demanded her practical sister. "You must learn it as I did."

After dinner one evening she got Father off by himself, snuggled into his lap, curled his forelock over her finger and staged her one-girl revolt. "I don't want to go to school any more."

"Why not?"

"Because I hate Latin and Greek and I don't need them."

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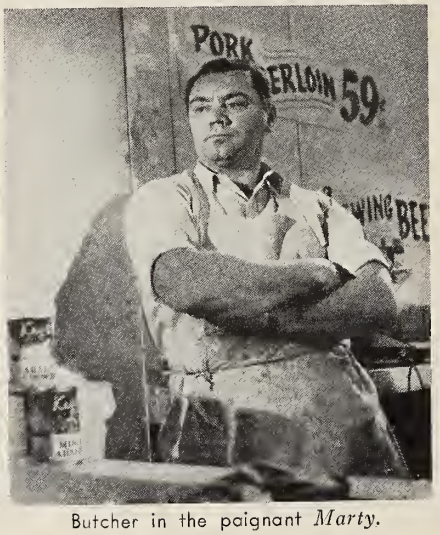
Bloodthirsty in *Run for Cover.*



Bad man in *Bad Day at Black Rock.*



Brutal in *From Here to Eternity.*



Butcher in the poignant *Marty.*

■ Ernest Borgnine (pronounced nine as in fine) is one of those character actors whose face you remember and whose name you don't.

A big-boned hulk of a man (6 feet. 215 pounds) who's spent ten of his thirty-seven years in the Navy, Borgnine until recently was regarded as one of the top-notch villains in Hollywood.

In fact, Ernie was assigned to a total life of screen villainy until producer Harold Hecht last year decided to cast him as the fat, ugly Bronx butcher in *Marty.*

The rave reviews set Hollywood's casting directors to thinking. Why can't a fat, ugly man play a lover? Borgnine proves he can. "In *Marty* my mother's always after me to get a girl. I keep telling her, 'Mom, no girl will have me. I'm fat. I'm ugly.' Then I find a girl with the same problem. She's plain-looking and lonely, too. And we fall in love with love."

Borgnine who was born in Hamden, Conn., on January 24, 1918, started working as a truck driver after high school. Then he joined the Navy, "Where I grew up and met my wife." In 1945 Ernie left the Navy and entered dramatic school. Following a series of small character bits in Broadway plays, he was brought to Hollywood.

Today Ernie lives with his wife and three-year-old daughter Nancy, in the San Fernando Valley. He wonders from time to time whether his lover's role in *Marty* was a freak or a lucky omen.

"I just hope," he says modestly, "that the picture shows once and for all that an ugly man can be interesting and sympathetic. Remember Wallace Bcery? Maybe it will turn out that way for me. Anyway, we're hoping."

"What *do* you need?" he asked patiently.

"I'd like to go to art school and study to be an interior decorator."

"That's fine," he said, leaving her light-headed. Wiles and all, she'd expected a token argument even from Papa. But he believed that people, including daughters, should follow their bent and so he entered her at the best art school in town. There she found herself in her element, which delighted him, for he saw in her a potential collaborator. A year later he exploded his own bombshell. "How would you like to help me decorate La Bomboniera?" La Bomboniera was the new apartment house he'd designed, so beautiful that they named it after the crystal basket of bonbons given to guests at traditional Italian weddings. It featured an unbreakable glass floor, lighted from beneath, and a terrace with an angel fountain. Through the weeks that followed, Pier floated in pure bliss beside her father, picking fabrics and colors, glorying in his confidence, creating with him a thing of loveliness which remains one of the ornaments of Rome.

Thus, except that destiny willed it otherwise, they might have gone on working together. Destiny's first move was to send the twins and a French film director to the same art gallery on the same fateful afternoon. The stranger approached them. "I beg your pardon," he said, looking at Pier. "Are you by any chance an actress?" But well-bred Italian girls don't talk to unknown men, however courteous. From his billfold he extracted a card. "Will you give this to your mother and ask her to call me?" They took it and fled. At home they told Mama the story, knowing better than to breath a word of it to Papa.

Papa's modern attitude toward the right of self-expression excluded the theatre. Maybe Mother's career had something to do with it. At five, she'd gone on the stage. At twenty, she'd given it up to marry Luigi Pierangeli. But the fever persisted, and she nourished a hope that one of the girls might pick up where she'd left off. It was a dim hope. Neither girl seemed interested and her husband was firmly, even fiercely, opposed. For two years Pier and Marisa took ballet lessons. For two years Papa was miserable, fearful of where such beginnings might lead. Any attempt to discuss it bounced off a stone wall. "No and again no. The dust of the stage is very bad for young people."

Ballet classes led nowhere. The chance encounter in the art gallery led Pier and her mother to the director's office. He told them he was looking for a girl to play the lead in a film to be called *Tomorrow Is Too Late.* He thought Pier was a possibility. Along with other possibilities, she'd be required to go through a six months' training course, after which tests would be made and the winner chosen.

Pier remained cool to the whole idea at first. "I don't *want* to be an actress, Mama. I want to be an interior decorator."

"It's a great opportunity, Anna. Why not try? If it fails, you can always go back to school." Wisely, however, she didn't press the issue. Instead, she talked of the colorful world of her girlhood, of its magic and romance, of her own nostalgia for it.

Little by little it began to sound attractive. "But what will Papa say?"

"We mustn't tell Papa."

"Not *tell* him!"

"Listen to me, Anna. It will be hard to keep a secret from your father. Maybe harder for me than for you. But we both know he would stop everything, and your chance would be lost. If you want this chance, take it. If the test goes well, then will be the time to tell him. Not now."

So Pier took the chance, but with a

burden on her spirit. She loved the acting sessions and hated her secret. Where all had been clarity between herself and Papa, a barrier rose and of her own building. Mother consoled her. "Anna, I know your father. If you succeed, he will be pleased. I promise you."

With twenty-four others, Pier took the tests and won. Jubilant and relieved, she hugged her mother. "Now I can tell Papa."

"Now you *must* tell him," laughed Mama. "There are contracts to be signed."

They agreed she should break the news at dinner that night. When the time came, she couldn't. He was feeling so good, eating so peacefully, she hadn't the heart to ruin his mood or his meal. Ignoring her mother's pointed glances, another plan shaped itself in her mind. Hidden safely in her dresser lay three big photographs, made by the studio. One was for him, already inscribed, "To my father, because I love him so very much." She waited till coffee was served, then jumped to her feet. "Papa," she said, "I have a surprise for you," and ran to her room.

A few minutes later he was smiling softly at the pictured face and the inscription below. "Beautiful words from a beautiful girl. Thank you, Annarella." Then he looked up, perhaps sensing the tension around him, looked from Pier to her mother and back to Pier while the smile faded and the atmosphere chilled. Dawning suspicion crisped his voice. "Why did you have this picture taken?" he asked.

Her eyes widened. It couldn't be Father using such a voice to her. "Some—people took it," she stammered.

"What people?"

She had no choice, the story came tumbling out. Wistfully she watched for his face to relent, show some sign of forgiveness. In bleak silence, he heard her to the end, pushed his chair from the table, strode to the door, slammed it and left the house.

For three wretched days they didn't see him. Pier wept. Over the hurt she'd dealt him, over his anger, he who'd never been angry with her before, over her own disappointment. The studio phoned impatiently about the contracts. "Shall I tell them no?" asked the woebegone, would-be actress.

"I think," said Mama, "you should see your father first."

On the fourth day she went to his office. From the street she could see him at his drawing board by the open window. "Papa!" she called.

He stuck his head out. "Why aren't you in school?"

"I want to talk to you. May I come up?"

"Of course."

She started bravely enough. "I think you didn't act so nice to run away from us." He smiled at that, rather a sad smile which sent Pier into his arms, clinging and crying. "I'm sorry to make you unhappy, Papa. But I like this work, better even than art school, and you said always we should do the work we like. Maybe the dust of the stage is *not* bad for young people. If it is, I'll stop. But, please, can't we just *try?*"

He smoothed the hair from her forehead. "You want this so much?"

"I want to see if I *can*."

"I understand. And now you must go, Annarella. I'll see you at home tonight."

Three subdued women waited at the dinner table. He didn't keep them waiting long. "Where are the papers?" Pier brought them. "Before I sign, there is one condition. That your mother will never leave you, even if only to go and get your hair washed. Never until you marry."

They gave their word. As he put his signature to the contract, Pier realized that he was making the sacrifice of his life.

Yet Mother proved a true prophet. "If you succeed, he will be pleased. I promise you." She succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. At the Venice Film Festival, *Tomorrow* took the Grand Prize, Pier the best-actress award, and Father became a man transformed. He made not the smallest effort to mask his elation. When magazines ran her picture, he'd buy fifty copies to hand out among friends. When they went walking together, he'd beam like the sun at everyone who recognized her. When people commented on their resemblance, he'd steer her to a mirror. "Look at us! Aren't we the handsome devils!" Reminded of his earlier disapproval, he'd counter with the Italian equivalent of so-what? In theory, he still disapproved. For Annarella, he didn't mind being inconsistent.

His joy, alas, was short-lived. Having seen *Tomorrow*, MGM asked her to make *Teresa* in New York. "Never," said Papa. "Never will I let you go away and leave me."

"But Mother will always be with me," she pleaded.

"I want my family together."

For a week he stuck to his guns, knowing all the while that the forces arrayed against him were too strong—his daughter's eagerness, his wife's feeling that they had no right to stand in her way, even his own pride that she should have been chosen. When he asked one morning, "If you go, for how long will it be?" the battle was over.

"Three months," said Pier.

"Very well. We will take three lawyers. To make sure that nothing is written in this contract to keep you longer in America than three months."

When the day of departure came, both Pier and her mother would gladly have consigned her contract to the bottom of the sea. Father was sick again. Too sick to see them off. Recurrent attacks of malaria had affected his kidneys and—temporarily—the sight of one eye. Grandmother had come to look after him and Marisa. Heavy of heart, Pier went in to say goodbye.

His hand welcomed her. "I can see only half. When shall I see you again?"

"It won't be long, Paparino. I'll write to you every day. And I'll—" The rest froze on her lips, for suddenly Papa was crying like a baby. It was the first time she'd ever seen a man cry. And of all men her father, the strong, the happy one! Her head spun, her knees threatened to crumple. But in that moment Pier grew up a little. Controlling her own anguish, she cradled his head in her arms. The child who'd always gone running to Papa for comfort became the comforter.

She wrote to him every day. She talked to him on the phone. As his health improved, her spirits lifted. MGM's brass watched the rushes on *Teresa*, and offered her a five-year contract, which she turned down.

The three months passed and the great plane crossed the ocean to Italy. As they circled low over the airport, she caught sight of a gray-clad figure struggling with guards who tried to keep him from dashing through forbidden gates. He paid them

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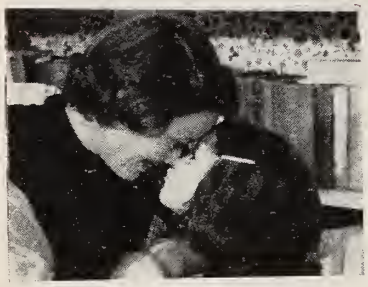
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This is the story of a dream-come-true, for three little girls in a row.





VIVIAN, MY DOLL

by Gene Tierney

■ Once upon a time there was a little girl who loved her dolls passionately. She had a great many dolls, some Santa Claus had brought, some her aunts had brought from Paris when they made the Grand Tour, but there was one doll she had seen in the window of a Children's Apparel Store. This was a great big doll, as big as she was, with brown eyes and golden curls.

No one ever gave her the one doll that she craved so much. She grew up and had a little girl of her own, but she never forgot the big doll.

So one day she went into town, found out where a big doll like that could be bought. You couldn't buy it in a toy department because it really wasn't a toy doll. She was much too big for little girls to carry around. The mother finally bought the big doll and went to all the different departments for size four clothes. When the doll was fully outfitted, from a short distance you would think she was another little girl. On Christmas morning the daughter woke to find the big doll, who was just her size, seated in a high chair.

She thought this was the most beautiful doll in the world and should have the fanciest name, so she called her Vivian. She played with her doll until she was quite a big girl. Even when she outgrew dolls Vivian stayed in her room in the high chair. When it was time for the little girl to go away to school, Vivian was taken to the attic and gently laid on a cushion in a closet. All through her grown-up years, each time she came home from school she would go up to the attic and gently and tenderly take Vivian out and look at her and then carefully put her back on the cushion. Finally she went to Hollywood and became a movie star. But when she made trips to her mother's home, she would always go to the attic to see Vivian.

The years rolled on and the girl was married and had a little girl of her own. Although Vivian never had been broken, her joints became loose and her golden curls were tangled. So off to the doll hospital she went.

Just before the fifth birthday of the little girl who was now to be Vivian's new mother, she came home looking like Cinderella dressed for the ball.

On Christmas morning Vivian was not seated in a high chair any more, but on a lovely French chair that was the same shade of pink as her beautiful ball gown. The new little mother was overjoyed with her beautiful new doll and all the neighborhood children were invited to come in and see her.

Of course, the new little mother knows that Vivian was once her mother's doll and that her mother took such good care of the doll that she lasted all these years. So she is taking the same care of Vivian, and I'm sure some day Vivian will bring joy to another little girl of the next generation.

no mind. Foiled here, he darted elsewhere, the guards ever at his elbows. "Look, Mother, look!" she squealed in delight, because it was really funny to see Papa, so courteous as a rule, fighting down there with policemen. When the plane landed, she was first at the door. "Annarella, Annarella!" he called and came running through the crowd to meet her, to hold her so tight she could hardly breathe.

"Let me look at you, Father. Father, you look so well. How do you feel?"

"Now that you and Mother are back, like a king," he said.

They had fifteen perfect days, with Pier chattering her head off. Father couldn't hear enough—about the strange and wonderful city of New York, about *Teresa* and how she'd learned her lines like a parakeet but now she could speak a little American. One thing she didn't tell him, lest it make him uneasy—about MGM's offer. Even as it was, he'd break off in the midst of laughter now and then. "If this film is successful—you didn't promise to go back?"

"Of course not, Papa. I'm going to start a picture right here in Rome."

Except for the little moment with the jacket, he was his buoyant self at her uncle's that night, pulling his handsome-devil's line at the mirror, egging her on to talk American, infecting them all with his own high spirits. But after dinner he turned quiet. Pier noticed that he kept rubbing his temple. "Is something wrong, Papa?"

"I have a headache. I don't understand why I should have such a headache."

"Let's go home, you're tired."

By the time they reached home, he looked haggard. The doctor came. All through the night Mother and Marisa went quietly in and out. Pier stayed. Father slept a little, then woke and smiled to see her sitting beside him. "Annarella."

"Yes, Papa."

"You know the drawer in my desk which is always locked? Take the key from my chain and open it. There is something inside. I want you to see it now."

Inside lay a large scrapbook. She turned the pages. Her blurred vision showed her that every picture of Anna Pierangeli, actress, every magazine story, every newspaper item had been carefully pasted up. To the cover a note was clipped. It read: "For my Annarella—from the proudest father in the world."

Trusting herself to say no more than "Thank you, Papa," she moved back to her chair.

Just before dawn he drew from his little finger the ring he always wore. "Where is your hand?" She gave it to him. He dropped the ring into her palm. In the morning he died.

He was forty-three, too young, too good, too well-beloved for dying. But God's will be done.

There is a land of the living and a land of the dead and the bridge is love. While Pier lives, her father lives, sharing joy and grief. At the end of six weeks in the Palm Springs Hospital, it was joy. "Now we can say it's for sure," the doctor told her. "Your baby's right there. And he has blue eyes."

Heedless of the fact that all babies are born with blue eyes, Pier pounced on this pearl of information. An extra dividend. "Like my father's eyes. He didn't give them to me, so he'll give them to the grandchild."

From the desert she went home to her mother's house in an ambulance. Two more weeks in bed, three on crutches—since then she's been navigating under her own steam, taking only the precautions of any sensible mother-to-be.

The baby's due in July, the nurse is engaged, the nursery's decked in off-white French furniture. Pier's knitting little

sweaters. So are both grandmothers. She laughs at the folly of all three. "This baby will have sweaters that he'll never wear. But who can have a baby without knitting?"

They say *he* because it comes more naturally than *she* and *it* would be downright insulting. But the gender doesn't matter. Pier wanted a boy at first and Vic a girl. All they want now is a baby. Her biggest thrill was his first kick, which came right on schedule. The first indication of life is always a thrill. Under the circumstances, it was more so. Lying perfectly still, Pier felt herself soaring skyward, shouting hosannas. She's used to it now, though none the less charmed. "He is giving me so much trouble, this little thing. At night he is going all the time. It's the most beautiful trouble I ever had—"

Her next biggest thrill was the house. Obviously they had to give up the honeymoon place on the hill with its hundreds of steps. Just as obviously, Baby needed a home. When Vic's tour was over, they began looking. Rather, real estate agents looked, since Pier couldn't drive and Vic was preparing for *Kismet* at MGM. It took three months and involved a disappointment. Contrary to the general impression, movie stars—at least the more solid among them—live on a budget. Bigger maybe than yours or mine, but still a budget. They fell madly in love with a Colonial house. "Uh-uh," said their business manager. "Too much money." With an effort they swallowed their hopes, and said goodbye house. One day the agent drove them to Bel-Air. He stopped in front of a two-story dwelling. At sight of its graceful Colonial columns, Pier grabbed Vic's arm. "This is it."

Turned out she was right. Once the deal was clinched, they drove up alone. Midway, Vic pulled over to the side. "Why?" asked his wife.

"To count our blessings. God has been so good to us, I'm married to the loveliest girl in the world and now we're going together to see our house."

"About the girl, it's nonsense, but thank you very much. That God has been good to us," said Pier reverently, "we can say that twice."

They expect to move in well before the baby's born. Meantime they live comfortably in a big bedroom at her mother's, with their private TV set and telephone number. They make small expeditions, to Chinatown, for example, and throw nickels into the wishing well, with no need to tell each other what they're wishing. When Vic wins ten dollars at golf, he buys her a present for exactly the same ten dollars, no more, no less. Last time it was a maternity shirt. They go to movies, where Vic reminds her of Papa. "In the theatre, if a man would sit next to me or Marisa or Mother, Papa would always change seats. Vic does it, too. Like Papa, he is jealous in little things, as with any man who loves. And in other ways he is also like Papa. So gentle, so understanding."

He understands the mixed feelings that sometimes bother her. "I love my acting but I want to be with my baby."

"It's for you to decide. However you decide will be good with me."

"Many actresses have babies and work. They feel all right. Only I don't know how the babies feel."

"Let's ask them." Then he turns serious. "Today's happiness is enough, Anna. When tomorrow comes, we'll find the best way."

Every night he comes home with two red roses. "One for you, one for little Damone." Every night she thanks God for the miracle that saved their baby. Every night she talks to her father. "I hope he'll be a healthy baby. I hope he'll be like Vic. You know, Papa, Vic's such a wonderful boy."

And the feeling of peace comes into her. As if Father were saying, "Yes, I know, Annarella."

END

suzan ball and dick long

(*Continued from page 53*) It was Dick who stood beside her when the doctor came to shatter those first high hopes. Further tests had shown malignancy. "You have no choice, it's your leg or your life," he said, and left them alone with the truth. "Do you want to talk about it?" asked Dick. "No," said Suzan, and all through the long dark night they played gin rummy.

At every crisis he'd been there, and she'd taken comfort from him. Once the operation was done with, she fell back on her own strength, her own sense of justice. She gave him his freedom—which he returned with thanks. He might have quoted Shakespeare—"Love is not love, which alters when it alteration finds . . ." Instead, he spoke bluntly to convince her that he'd given his heart to a girl, not to her leg—a girl whom he cherished for her pluck and sanity, and her faith in life, for her rejection of any trace of self pity.

Three months later she walked down the church aisle—an all but incredible feat after only six days of practice on an artificial leg. Her doctor said: "Better not." Her friends pleaded, her studio prepared a pair of satin-wrapped crutches. Dick alone said: "It's up to Suzan." And as she came pacing toward him on her father's arm, his eyes misted and his heart grew big with pride. For though they'd never discussed it, he understood her great need to walk that day. It was her gift to him, who'd never seen her walk. It was her way of saying, "I am whole."

Emotionally, they're both whole. Over a year has gone since their wedding day. Suzan's limp still shows. It takes a long time to learn the proper use of an artificial leg. Suzan and Dick treat it as casually as you'd treat a cold. You take walking lessons and make no more ado about it. They teem with plans for the future—TV, records, the stage, a home of their own, a trip abroad—later on, children. Together they prepared a night-club act, which they've played in Tucson, Palm Springs, Buffalo. At home they fix breakfast together, market together and, while Suzan's not up to golf yet, she walks around the course watching her husband's game. On her twenty-first birthday last February, he threw a coming-of-age party—darkened the living room except for one corner where the birthday cake blazed, hid presents all over. This was their private celebration. Later, some friends came in for champagne. One offered a toast: "To Romeo and Juliet—with a happy ending."

Fate dealt them what might have been a knockout blow. But love sent fate down for the count of ten.

END

Rocky Graziano came into Shor's, where a fight fan mistook him for his old friend and contemporary, Jake LaMotta. "How could you think I wuz LaMotta?" Graziano protested, sadly. "Even if my face wuz run over by a train, I'd still look better'n LaMotta."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

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They found Marion—who may be the Rogers' sixth!

■ It isn't official, because fourteen-year-old Marion Fleming is a British subject and as such can't be adopted by aliens, but it looks very much as though Roy and Dale Rogers have themselves a sixth buckaroo. Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Rogers took Sandy and Dodie into their hearts and home, and last July Marion joined the Rogers clan.

It happened like this. In February, 1954, Roy and Dale went overseas to tour the British Isles and opened their show in Glasgow. The Chief Constable of Glasgow offered to act as their unofficial guide, and in this capacity he steered the Rogers to all the orphanages and children's hospitals. Roy and Dale make it a point to visit the children who can't come to their show.

At the Dunforth Home for Children, Dale and Roy were treated to the youngsters' own show. Each of them recited or sang. Marion stood up and sang a plaintive little ditty called, "Who Will Buy My Pretty Flowers?" Both Roy and Dale are susceptible to all children but occasionally, as with Dodie and Sandy, they fall in love with them at first sight. It happened again with Marion, and they were even more interested when they learned her story. The oldest child at the orphanage, she was always by-passed when couples came searching for little children.

Immediately Roy and Dale wanted to adopt Marion, but as aliens residing in an alien country, such a thing was impossible under British law. They asked the Chief Constable to see if he could arrange to have Marion visit them in California. Then they went on with their tour.

It was summer before the big-hearted Scot could arrange the visit, and in July Marion arrived at the Rogers ranch for a month's stay. The Chief Constable then wangled permission for her to stay through the Christmas season, to return to the orphanage early in 1955. That was great news for Marion, who had learned to love not only Dale and Roy, but the other five Rogers youngsters as well. Then in October came the best news of all. Again the Chief Constable had been at work, and the latest development, still standing, is that Marion may stay in America until she finishes school, at which time she may make her own decision as to whether or not she wants to remain with the Rogers family.

The girl once more has a loving family around her, she lives in a fine home and attends an excellent school. In Hollywood, nobody is betting that Marion will want to return to Scotland.

carol lee and dick anderson

(*Continued from page 55*) them deepened. On the way down from Arrowhead, Dick told her he loved her. Her heart sang but all she could manage was a tremulous smile. Back home, Sue came to her room as usual. "Did you have a good time?" Carol Lee's face lifted like April flowers in the rain. "What's the matter, honey? Are you in love?"

That was Sunday. On Tuesday she dined with Dick and his family. Later, they went for a drive. At a quiet spot, Dick pulled off the road and asked her to marry him. Carol Lee is poised, reserved, not given to impulse. But she said "yes" with no hesitation at all, thinking how strange, how quick. Did she think back to the girl who'd wanted insurance, wonder how you could feel so strongly about someone you'd known so short a time?

Alan insisted that they wait six months to make sure and, while six months seemed forever, she could see his point. After an eternity came the wedding night with its fairy-tale setting—the back garden enclosed in transparent Lucite, the candlelit altar and aisle banked with white flowers, the satin bridge spanning the pool. Wrapped in bridal mist though she was, some memories stand out sharply for Carol Lee. Her dad in tails, unworn since 1947, when he met the Queen. (Two minutes after the ceremony he changed to a dark blue suit.) Laddie, leading her mother down the aisle, a sight that made her choke up. Lonnie, pale after a siege of chicken pox, but the proudest maid of honor who ever served. David, with his satin cushion, looking gravely up at the minister. What a dear life she was leaving. Then Dick's face as she placed her hand in his and repeated her vows.

She is slim, fair and lovely. He is tall, dark and handsome. Theirs is a storybook romance. But it's more than that, for Carol Lee knows the score. She is glad Dick is an actor, but not for glamour's sake. She belongs to Hollywood's second generation. A child of the industry, she grew up in the atmosphere that surrounds stardom and kept her balance, alive to its rewards and equally alive to its pitfalls, as no outsider could be. Because she's at home in the world he's chosen, because she understands its people and why they make their mistakes and how they tick, she feels she'll make Dick a better wife than if she'd been a secretary. Before their engagement, she'd never seen him in a picture, so MGM ran all his tests for her. Like Cary Grant, who discovered him, she's sure he'll make his mark and she has tossed her own career overboard to devote herself to him. But Carol Lee is wise enough to know that being a man's helpmate is all the glory any true woman needs. **END**

Jack Benny stayed at the Waldorf last week. Benny is notorious for his poor memory for names. "I saw a fellow in the elevator, coming down from the Towers but I can't remember his name," said Benny. "He wore dark glasses and had a corn-cob pipe. When he stepped out, he told the doorman, 'I shall return.' He must be a nice fellow, this man whose name I can't remember—because when he, with the dark glasses and corn-cob pipe said to the doorman, 'I shall return,' the doorman answered, 'Okay, Mac.'"

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

inside story *(Continued from page 2)*

Shrike with José Ferrer? —E.P., LAMAR, KY.

A. *$125,000.*

Q. Was Marlon Brando ever an unsuccessful real estate agent in Santa Ana, California?
—S.L., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. *It was his father, Marlon Brando, Sr.*

Q. Is it true that Robert Taylor cannot understand his stepchildren because they both speak German?
—O.H., RACINE, WIS.

A. *Taylor's stepdaughter Manuela speaks English competently; his stepson Michael is learning English rapidly.*

Q. Was Susan Hayward's suicide attempt caused by an unhappy love affair with any man other than Jess Barker. If so, name him.
—G.K., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. *No other man was involved.*

Q. Are Jeff Hunter and Dana Wynter really blazing? —F.S., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *They are extremely fond of each other.*

Q. What is the status of the Rock Hudson-Barbara Rush friendship?
—R.T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. *Still friends.*

Q. How much does it cost Mickey Rooney in alimony, child support and unsuccessful marriages? H.H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *Approximately $1,500 a month.*

I wish I had married at 19

(*Continued from page 51*) the room was filled with a melody so beautiful, so laden with romantic implication, that everyone turned their faces toward him in query, and it was clear they had never heard it before.

"An Italian song called '*Luna Rosso*,'" said Rock. "I think it means 'blushing moon.'" And then, in an unexpected return to their conversation, he added abruptly, "I wish I had married at nineteen!"

It was at that moment that Rock had remembered Franceska. He had heard "*Luna Rosso*" for the first time, coming across the waters of the Bay of Naples in such a perfect intermingling of song and scene that you felt someone must be back of a curtain somewhere staging it all. And when he first saw Franceska the next morning, the music was still stealing through his head.

Their dialogue on love began almost immediately. When Franceska asked him point blank why he wasn't married Rock heard her out in the case for an early marriage. Then asked, "Where does companionship fit into all this, Franceska?"

No one who knows Rock would have considered this question strange. Rock, to whom friends are as important as the air he breathes, has always made it plain that he wants friendship to be a part of the quality of love he hopes to find some day.

Nor did Franceska seem to consider the question out of place. She fell right in with his thinking, perhaps, as women can, divining what motivated it.

"Companionship is something wonderful that a husband and wife can build, not only around themselves," she said, "but in a stronger way around their children and themselves if they are all not too far apart in ages."

That talk with Franceska was one reason why Rock had burst out in his dressing room with his statement about wishing he had married at nineteen. But it wasn't the reason he gave his luncheon guests. Instead, he told them about a friend of his, a fellow who works as a grip at the studio.

"He married at eighteen, right after high school," Rock said, "and at thirty-six he and his wife have two grown young people as companions, their daughter and son; one seventeen, the other almost sixteen."

"Does that really interest you as a family plan for a happy life, Rock?" asked one of the other guests. "I just hadn't thought you felt that way."

"It does and it did," Rock answered simply. "I'm thinking of marriage now. But if I could have met someone when I was nineteen or twenty, and maybe I would have if I hadn't gone into the service, I certainly would have married then. Look how rich I'd be today, and ten years from today!"

"Rich?" someone put to him in a puzzled tone.

"Sure," Rock replied. "I'd have a ten-year-old boy or girl. In ten more years when I am forty I'd have twenty-year-olds. Why, that's like owning great big extra shares of life as far as I am concerned!"

They all knew, because Rock has admitted it, that his loneliness as a boy, when his parents divorced and his mother was away most of the day working, is probably the main reason he craves a happy home life. The one place now where he cannot spend Christmas morning is in his own house, alone. Invariably he will make a date to spend it with friends who have children.

Last Christmas he was at the home of a young couple who have three youngsters and he went without smoking most of the day because the gift wrapping strewn all over the floor made the place a fire hazard. He had a great time.

"If *you* had a family of five would that enhance your life?" someone had asked him later.

"You bet," Rock replied. "If joy came to any of the other four in my family it would come also to me. If grief came I would also suffer. You see you have increased the intensity of your living by the power of four! You can be happier four times oftener, and sadder four times oftener. Which is also like saying you have four times less chance of being bored or disinterested in life."

Because Rock, like most big, easy-going men, has a deep streak of sentimentality to him, he likes to make gifts to his friends, and when these happen to be feminine friends and the story of the gifts get around, they are often wrongly construed as having romantic implications.

Maybe he loves Betty Abbott, who has been the script girl on some of his pictures, and maybe he doesn't. You could never tell from what either of them has said. Maybe it's Phyllis Gates, newly promoted to be an assistant to his agent Henry Willson, who has won his heart. Phyllis can't be pinned down and Rock won't even come close to you if he thinks you are going to poke around in his life with any questions of that sort. Most of the talk has started because he gave them gifts. And he just naturally enjoys giving his friends gifts.

For instance, there was a great flurry of expectation that an engagement would be announced because he gave Phyllis a solid gold necklace. The truth was that it was



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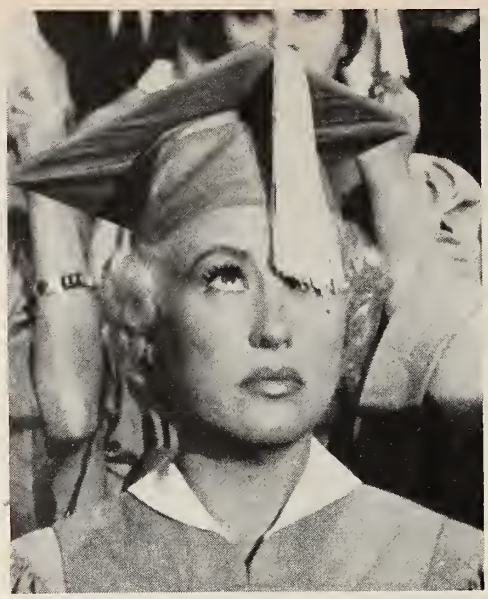
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the return of the GRABLE

Kill the fatted calf — Betty has come home!



Betty returned to 20th-Fox to play in *How To Be Very, Very Popular,* co-starring Sheree North.

■ "This year," Betty Grable said, "Harry and I will celebrate our wedding anniversary together. It's only the second time in twelve years of marriage—always before there have been career commitments."

There are other celebrations, too, such as her temporary return to 20th Century-Fox as the star of *How To Be Very, Very Popular.* The policeman at the studio gate salaamed when Betty's milk-colored convertible drove in for the first time in two years. But once on the sound stage, it seemed as if she'd never been away. There was Director Nunnally Johnson's basket of red roses waiting for her, Sheree North's telegram: "It's wonderful to be working with you. It's wonderful to be working—period," and all of Betty's regular gang, including hairdresser Marie Brasselle and prop man Fred Simpson who hadn't missed working on a Grable picture in the twelve years Betty had been at 20th. Also present was her special all-mirrored portable dressing room, which had been transferred to Marilyn Monroe, but was promptly returned.

Of course, there were some changes, too: Betty's boosted salary of $150,000 for just five weeks' work; her figure: two inches slimmer around the waist and hips; her streamlined film wardrobe: one beaded costume and a coat.

Betty's first scene was her most difficult. It called for her to run down a rain-soaked street. "I was awake the night before," she confided, "partly with opening-day nerves, but mostly worrying about that chase. I was still wearing the steel brace on my back and the elastic band around my foot where I had fallen in a freak home accident. I could just imagine running on the wet pavement in high heels and breaking a leg."

For the first take Betty raced down the street as if Joe Friday himself were hot on her heels.

"We'll have to do it again." called Johnson.

"Didn't I run fast enough?" Betty puffed.

"You were great, but there was too much rain. Turn the sprinklers down."

Betty did it in the second take, which caused a crew member to grin, "Grable can do anything." But he was wrong. At noon, she couldn't force herself to go to the commissary. Betty had always reserved the big table in the center of the room where she, Dan Dailey, choreographer Jack Cole and Angie Blue were wont to sit. "The same gang wasn't there," Betty explained, "and I just couldn't go in and sit by myself at some wall table." There were too many memories. It was at this table that Dan Dailey found out via a custard pie in the face that Grable is a prankster. It was at this table that Betty's daughter Jessie lost a baby tooth, and where her older daughter Victoria's reddish-blonde hair caused a visitor to ask, "Where did she get that color?" Betty turned to Harry James, who was lunching with them, pointed to his new raven-toned lip-duster and quipped, "From her father's moustache."

Such memories were too much for her, so she simply sent a note to the commissary explaining her absence. When her lunch was delivered, there was an answering note on the tray. It said: "Grable's back, and we're glad!"

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill

more than just a solid gold necklace. There was also a ring. And what's more, they were set with beautiful opals! Yet how much did they mean when the purchasing of them was a matter of impulse, and the giving an old, old story for Rock and his friends?

It amounts to little more than that. When he was in Ireland working on *Captain Lightfoot* a Dublin actor who had to have ready cash to finance a personal project decided to sell some family heirlooms. Rock went partners with one of the technicians of the company, Edie House, and they bought the lot. Having bought the jewelry, Rock immediately sought to distribute it.

Talk once was stirred up connecting Rock with one of the actresses in his studio because it was reported that he was very attentive to her during a personal appearance tour. But this was no reason as far as those who know Rock are concerned. They are aware that he is always attentive to people in his party; he enjoys being attentive. It is another way in which he demonstrates his friendship.

Once he made a six-city tour with three women from the studio, two of them actresses and one a member of the publicity department. All three came back to report that it was as if each of them had had an individual escort for the whole trip, even though Rock was the only man along!

"He just naturally sensed that we might be a little uneasy, a little frightened, traveling through strange territory and he sought to be protective," the publicity girl said. "And you would get such a sense of security flowing out of him to you that you didn't mind going anywhere with him."

Yet, it is true that Rock wants to get married, and now. He has admitted it often this year. And he has even classified the kind of girl he wants to marry.

"I'd like her to be an independent kind of girl," he said at the farewell luncheon in his dressing room. "I mean, I want her to have a life for herself, as well as the life she will lead in wifehood. In that way I am sure there would be so much more chance of both of us keeping our interest in each other."

"You're sure now?" Rock was asked, and a quick laugh escaped him.

"Well, of course you can't put out a blueprint of the sort of girl you want," he said. "She might set up strict specifications for the husband she expects and then where would I be? But mainly I would like her to have a strong interest in life besides the normal interest in her marriage. To have a hobby or profession, to have some kind of work she likes to do, to be a person who is developing herself as she grows, and hasn't called a halt to her mental growth because she has become a wife, promises a healthy future for a marriage, I think."

Oddly enough, this isn't what Rock was told by beautiful and brilliant Franceska, whose general ideas on marriage he thinks so good.

"Is it true," he reports having asked her once, "that Italian wives put their husbands on a pedestal?"

"Yes," she smiled back. "Isn't it appealing?"

"No," he laughed back. "It could get lonely up there."

"No, you are thinking of being on a pedestal in America," she told him earnestly. "There, to keep on the pedestal, the husband thinks he must get his wife the new car, the best apartment, the fur coat, always something more. Not in Italy. Life is so much simpler. Marriage is so much simpler.

"The Italian girl is never dominant, like the American girl. It is a wrong role for

a woman because she can win the fight maybe, the fight to control her husband, but that kind of winning is exactly what makes a woman unhappy. Here we are happier with less, and maybe we get more. No problems. A dinner, a glass of wine, a place to sleep. This is mostly all a wife asks here. If she asks for more, then she has him less while he goes out to get this more! And so, she finishes up with more this, more that, but less husband!"

"You Italian women are different," Rock had told her, and she'd wanted to know if he thought Italian women were attractive.

"The most beautiful women I have ever seen, and also the most ugly," Rock says he told her. Whereupon Franceska built upon his words in a way he doesn't think he'll ever forget.

"She asked me," he says, "if it would not be interesting if a man loved an ugly woman so much that to him she appeared beautiful! 'Wouldn't that be a great love?' she wanted to know!"

So, this is Rock Hudson, and this is the way he feels about his life and the question of his marriage. And it might as well be said here that he is going back to Italy, and he will see Franceska. But he doesn't think he will marry Franceska. He doesn't think he will have a chance.

"She wasn't kidding about marrying young," he says. "She had her pedestal all ready and I am sure she has a boy she loves perched up there by now." **END**

Rock can soon be seen in U-I's *All That Heaven Allows,* co-starring Jane Wyman.

someone to watch over me

(*Continued from page 49*) most holy relationship that any man and woman can ever have. It represents the greatest love affair that ever happened. The words of a marriage ceremony, they're not just words. They're a benediction from God. As a married woman I know what it is to have a husband tempted. To me death, yes death, is preferable to breaking up a home."

But marriages dissolve. Husbands and wives get on each other's nerves. Happiness one year turns into bitterness the next. It happened that way with Al and Lillian Steele.

As for Joan during the 1950 to 1954 period, she threw herself into work. "I was unutterably lonely," she honestly confesses. "I was unfulfilled. Stories that I've always had scores of men waiting around to date me, they're not true. I can't tell you how many nights after I put the children to bed I've stayed up alone, all alone. I am a woman with a woman's need, a husband."

Because she possesses tremendous energy, Joan at one time supervised the rearing of her four adopted children with unusual discipline.

Once after Christopher had run away from home and returned for the third time, she was asked, "Joan, aren't you being too tough on the kids?"

"You don't understand," she said. "They need the security of discipline. I'm mother and father both. I have a very great responsibility to those children. I love them so much it hurts. I know they need a father. They know they need a father. But we can't let one of us selfishly destroy the serenity of our household."

On another occasion, Christina, fifteen, unexpectedly came home from the Chatwick School one week end. Joan wasn't prepared for the arrival of her oldest daughter. They had a heart-to-heart conversation, and a few weeks later Christina was enrolled in the Sacred Heart Academy, a Catholic school, which she currently attends.

Running a screen career, managing one of the largest and most magnificent homes in Brentwood—it's equipped with swimming pool, bathing house and special motion-picture theatre—looking after four growing children and supervising her many business interests—that's quite a load for any woman to carry. And until she became Mrs. Alfred Steele, let's not forget that Joan Crawford handled that load alone.

Sure, she made mistakes. Sure, she feuded with other actors and actresses. Sure, she needlessly criticized Marilyn Monroe. But as a former secretary of hers points out, "Joan has always had to do her own fighting. The movie game is rough, very rough. There's back-stabbing and infighting and politics. An actress has got to battle for every close-up, for every good scene. Joan's whole life has been a battle. Professionally she's hard, because in Hollywood the soft-hearted usually finish last.

"Besides, and this is very important, Joan for the past ten years has been the support of her whole family as well as a dozen other people. Suppose she got ill, suppose the children got ill, where would the money come from? She had no man to fall back on, no husband to support her, no one to go to for financial help. Criticize her for being aggressive, but she had to be. She learned very early that in show business the meek don't inherit a damn thing—they starve."

But aggressive or not, Joan has always been willing to admit her mistakes. In doing so, she has profited from them. For example, she accepts total blame for the failure of her three previous marriages.

"With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.," she confessed, "I didn't know the score. I was over-emotional. With Franchot Tone I suffered from a very bad inferiority complex. With Phil Terry, I married not so much for love as to escape loneliness."

When it came to Al Steele, therefore—the Joan Crawford of 1955 was a wise, experienced and prudent woman. She told no one, and hundreds of newspapermen are her good friends—that Steele had filed for a divorce in Acapulco, Mexico, earlier this year. She told no one that after the filing, Steele was taking off for Europe with her close pal, Ben Goffstein of Las Vegas.

Instead, she kept her silence. This time she would not force the play. She had seen Steele quietly and intermittently. If after he returned from Europe he wanted to propose, she would accept immediately. But for the time being she would hold her love in check. Also her tongue. And for Joan this is difficult, because when she's in love she wants to shout it from the roof tops. And she was ecstatically and tempestuously in love with Al for many, many months.

While her husband-to-be was traveling in Europe, visiting one Pepsi-Cola installation after another, Joan was devoting her time to pictures, children and prayer. She was hoping that Al would come back with enough desire in his heart for marriage.

Steele returned in March. But only after he picked up his divorce, did he begin to court Joan ardently. The gossip columnists missed the entire play. They were way off base. They kept jotting down items linking Joan with Milt Rackmil while all the time she was seeing or phoning Steele.

Early in May, Steele told Joan that he wanted very much to marry her. Tears came into Crawford's eyes. "Thank you, darling," she said. "Whenever and wherever you say." Joan went to work at Colum-

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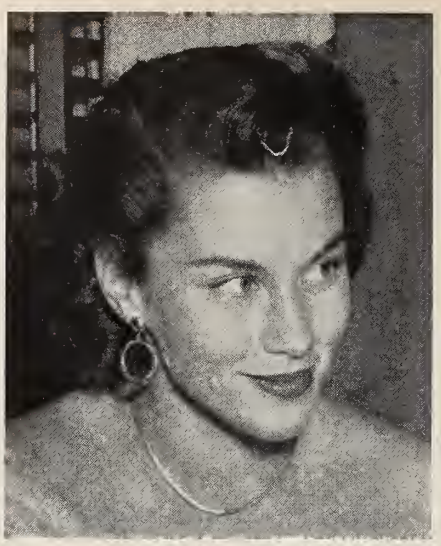
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does LINDA get what LINDA wants?

■ Less than one week after she slithered into a court room and won a million-dollar divorce settlement from Tyrone Power, Linda Christian tearfully admitted, "If Ty asked me to come back to him tomorrow, I certainly would."

But ever since 1952 Ty has tried his level best to get away from this wild, carefree, hedonistic girl he married so impetuously in Rome six years ago.

Ty has wanted "out" of this marriage so desperately that he gave Linda:

1. Custody of their two children for ten months a year.
2. The Power home in Cuernavaca, Mexico.
3. Fifty per cent of their $150,000 home in the Pacific Palisades.
4. Thirty-six per cent of his profits from *Mississippi Gambler.*
5. Forty per cent of his profits from *The Long Gray Line.*
6. A percentage of his earnings for the next eleven years unless Linda remarries. For the first two years the minimum is to be $15,000 a year, the maximum $50,000 a year.
7. From 1956 to 1965, Linda is to receive a maximum of $43,000 a year.

How was Linda Christian Power able to drive so hard a bargain in the divorce settlement? She made no mention of Ty's friendship with Anita Ekberg. And he said nothing of her conduct with actor Edmund Purdom.

What did it for her was a letter Ty sent her a few years ago.

According to Linda she and her handsome husband were vacationing in Nassau during the Christmas of 1952. Ty pleaded for his freedom.

"But I'm expecting another baby," Linda cried. "Doesn't that make any difference to you?"

"Let me think about it some," Ty said. Whereupon Linda went home to her mother in Mexico City.

A few days later Ty phoned, "Did you get my letter?"

"What letter?" Linda asked. A few days later it arrived.

"My dearest," it said, "I'm sorry I behaved like I did in Nassau. It seems we cannot help hurting each other, which is why I want my freedom. It seems we get further and further apart.

"You have often said I give you everything except the most important thing of all—understanding. I'm desperately sorry for my thoughtlessness."

This short letter from Ty to Linda may yet turn out to be the most expensive ever written by a freedom-hungry husband. It cost Ty Power a million bucks. But Linda is ready to renounce it all if Ty will take her back.

The whole history of Linda Christian reveals that she usually gets what she wants, particularly in the man department. Whether she'll snare Ty a second time remains to be seen. His friends say she doesn't stand a chance. But that's exactly what they said when, as Blanca Rosa Welter, this fascinating creature first hit Hollywood eight years ago and stole Power from right under the pretty nose of Lana Turner.

Men who know sirens best say, "Never sell Linda Christian short."

bia, making *The Queen Bee,* knowing full well that once the picture was over, she was facing the greatest trial and experience of her life.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that she was unusually nervous during the production of *Bee*? Her colleagues couldn't understand it. The closer she came to finishing the film, the more nervous she grew. She kept blowing her lines in scene after scene, something she hasn't done for twenty years.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she kept saying.

The matter was marriage. She and Al had tentatively decided to get married in New York or New Jersey on May 23 and to leave for a European honeymoon on May 26. In fact the boat reservations had already been made. And secret of secrets, Joan was in the process of buying her all-white trousseau. Moreover, Joan had decided that following the marriage she would either sell or rent her Brentwood mansion and move to New York.

No wonder the girl was nervous. No wonder she was blowing lines all over the place. She had plenty on her mind. So, too, had Steele.

On Monday, May 9, he decided that there was no point in waiting another two weeks. "Why don't we hop over to Vegas tonight?" he whispered into Joan's ear as they were dining at Romanoff's.

"Fine with me," Joan said.

Steele grinned from ear to ear. "I'll make the arrangements."

He called Benny Goffstein in Las Vegas and told him to "get ready for a little marriage."

Goffstein who used to work for the Flamingo Hotel in Vegas, was overjoyed. He phoned Municipal Judge John Mendoza, rang up Abe Schiller, the Flamingo's publicity man, told him to keep the penthouse available, and then raced out to the airport to await the arrival of the wedding party.

They landed in Steele's private plane and were driven to the Flamingo. Neither Joan nor the groom was at all nervous during the ceremony. It was the fourth marriage for Joan, and the third for Steele. But the Pepsi-Cola executive had forgotten to purchase a wedding ring. It was too late—2 A.M.—to buy one—so they used Dorothy Goffstein's wedding band. Next day the newspapers said that "Ben Goffstein, realizing that something was imminent, just happened to have the ring—a platinum band with six diamonds—on hand."

What they didn't tell was that Ben leaned over to his wife when the ceremony began and said, "Honey, slip your wedding ring off and let me have it."

After the ceremony was over, Joan and Al kissed. Joan said, "We didn't even have time to pick up a toothbrush." She did, however, have time to pick up an orchid which she attached to her black-and-gold evening gown.

Joan claims that she is determined to make her fourth husband "the best wife in the world. From here on in," she asserts, "he's the boss. Whatever he says goes. If he wants me to give up my career, I'll do it gladly. I've already told the children that we're moving our headquarters to New York. They know Al and they love him. I'm a lonely woman no longer. This is everything I've ever wanted.

"I've got one more picture to do for Columbia—that's in July after our honeymoon. After that I plan to commute to Hollywood if Al will let me. In my book he comes first. I've never been so happy to put my career in the back seat. I've waited a long, long time for this fulfillment."

Almost thirty years. **END**

pretty perky peggy

(*Continued from page 37*) for picking the wrong advisers. "I think they all signed me up because they figured I had something and I might *just* get to be a star and they'd be in on it. But they didn't want to help me. Ever since I've gotten good advice my career has gone right."

There were some painful years before she learned to spot the phonies. It's taken Peggy a long time to learn to believe in herself, enough to read a bad notice without letting it throw her, enough to relax and enjoy success.

"I can't get used to the attention," she said in New York recently, "people driving me to the airport when I used to struggle out there in the dead of night. I guess it'll hit me soon, all of a sudden."

In the next breath Peggy confides, "I've just done the greatest thing of my career, really the greatest. I recorded an album for Mitch Miller called *Boy Meets Girl*. You know what Mitch said about my talent? The nicest thing that's ever been said to me, the kind of thing you tie up in a silver ribbon and put close to your heart and nobody can ever take it away from you. He said, 'Your talent reminds me of a young Mildred Bailey.'"

Out of step all her professional life, Peggy just can't believe she's hit her stride. The talent's the same, polished a little more and backed up with poise and timing, acquired from George Gobel. ("When I'm working with George I can feel the cue coming and I never miss; he's helped me turn from a blubbering idiot into a grown-up.") But essentially she's the same Peggy who could do everything except make the big time. There was always the dedication, the drive but never the confidence.

Peggy has a curious history of filling in for other performers at every significant turn in her career. Example: Peggy might still be sitting in Cleveland (where she worked as a secretary until she won an amateur contest) if the staff singer at the radio station which had sponsored the contest hadn't broken a leg. "Sure," said Peggy, "I'll fill in." And she started up the long, hard road to fame, a road that for her turned out to be one detour after another.

Charlie Spivak heard her perform and hired her to sing with his band. Detour number one: romance. Peggy took a shine to one of the trumpetmen, Knobby Lee. This personal detour led to marriage. And a solid one it is, too. "Knobby is very good for me. He's wise beyond his years. He has the one thing I lack—calmness."



Perky Peggy, musician-husband Knobby Lee and little bitty buddy pose for family portrait

Peggy suffered during those early years when she traveled fast but never arrived Under option to a major studio: nothing happened. Back to Cleveland and the night clubs: no overnight sensation. Another band job, this time with Ralph Flanagan: one-night stands with the will-o'-the-wisp called stardom still eluding her.

She remembers the year that nearly destroyed her. Coming back to Hollywood after MGM's Arthur Freed heard her sing at the Blue Angel in New York, was captivated by her physical and vocal resemblance to Judy Garland and signed her to a contract. This was it, coming back to the town that had treated her rather shabbily, brought back with great fanfare to star in a production called *Jumbo* immediately. Which she did not—then or ever, because the picture was never made. Peggy had one bit part followed by a year of enforced idleness; she was under contract, yes, but in that whole studio, busy as a hill of ants, there was nothing for her to do. Except study. "I took every course they had—singing, dancing, acting." But the loneliness plus the idleness convinced Peggy she was unwanted. And she developed all the unattractive symptoms of the rejected.

"I don't think you'd have liked me then," she is apt to say to a total stranger, having every reason to believe she is well-liked today. "I was very noisy. Always making a commotion in the commissary, trying to entertain people, to attract attention to myself. All because I was so terribly *unhappy*, my confidence completely gone. I thought I was ugly; I even thought I couldn't sing. The unhappier I got, the more I ate, and the fatter I got, the more unhappy. I was the noisiest, roundest ball of misery you ever saw."

Peggy looks back on that terrible year with understanding and, strangely enough, gratitude. "If nothing else happened to me at MGM I met my greatest friend, Debbie Reynolds."

Debbie gave Peggy support and the first good advice she'd had; "Don't quit." Peggy didn't, even when her contract was dropped, even though she felt Debbie couldn't understand why she felt licked. "Debbie hadn't even wanted to break into the movies and when she did, by accident, she went straight to the top." Maybe that was good. Debbie had so much faith in people and talent that there was more than enough left over for Peggy who still marvels, "Somebody thought I wasn't finished."

Debbie backed up her advice with real help. She let Peggy lean on her—and nobody had done that. The Reynolds' house was Peggy's second home. If, as she says, she didn't feel like one of the gang it wasn't Debbie's fault. Debbie shared her friends, contacts, wardrobe with Peggy. "I even borrowed her shoes," remembers Peggy. The two toured Korea together, Christmas 1952. The next summer Debbie played stock in Texas and insisted that they give Peggy a part. Peggy's luck didn't change materially but she began to get her bearings. She began to value herself because she was valued (by popular, successful Debbie). And she learned an important lesson—"The world doesn't end."

Peggy may have resigned herself to something less than stardom when her big break came. But she wasn't resigned enough to welcome the chance to record a tomato sauce commercial. (How could she know then that the now-famous Hunt's commercial would catapult her to fame?) She only did it because she'd been told her voice was unrecognizable. "I'd never had an album because they said nobody would remember me so I thought I'd be safe doing the commercial."

As usual Peggy was second choice: Les

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Paul and Mary Ford couldn't keep their commitment at the last minute. The radio time had been bought, the recording date set, and network ulcers were blossoming when someone thought of Peggy King, who might be available. Peggy is eternally grateful to the man from Young and Rubicam who wrote the commercial and talked her into doing it. And to husband Knobby. "He read me off. Told me I thought I was too good to do it." And to Johnny Grant who was emceeing a charity affair she had promised to sing for at the time the recording was set. Peggy doesn't break promises and it took all Johnny Grant's persuasion to convince her that "people will understand." She needed the money so Peggy went over and recorded a little item about "cook and cook and cook"—and the next thing she knew she was touching foreheads with George Gobel of a Saturday night.

Ask Peggy about George Gobel and she lights up with double her usual impressive candlepower. Let anybody say a word against him (if anybody would) before Peggy. She even gets mad at Alice, George's TV wife (not that Peggy holds Jeff Donnell responsible—"A real great, honest girl.") because she screams at George on-stage. "How could she? He couldn't do *anything* that would make anyone scream at him. He just couldn't." The Gobel Show was tailor-made for what ailed Peggy—insecurity. She found a haven where everybody loves everybody else. "We're all so affectionate, always kissing each other. Everybody's in on this show." Peggy has another, big reason for loving George. "On this show I'm Peggy King, nobody else."

Being known as the Hunt's girl and then the Gobel girl was better than being typed as the Garland girl. But Peggy wasn't satisfied until she became the King girl. Which she very definitely is. With a great deal of satisfaction Peggy relays a story told her by a press agent who heard a director turn down girl after girl at a TV audition with: "Look honey, what we really want is another Peggy King."

Peggy took the final hurdle to being herself when she recorded *Boy Meets Girl*. "When I saw that I had to sing 'The Boy Next Door' all through the album I said, 'now wait a minute.'" Mitch Miller convinced her that she could sing the Garland song and still be Peggy King. Says Peggy, "I listened to the records and I knew I'd never sung like this before. When I heard that album Judy Garland went down in orange flames for me."

The old Peggy King has gone down, too, in dust if not flames. The new Peggy says, "I've got lots of time," when pressured for a decision on a new show, an album, a movie. "I've never been able to wait a couple of years," she says. And you get the idea that Peggy believes in herself enough to hold out for what's right for her. Besides, "I know I've got the right people now. I'm not afraid to put myself in their hands."

Peggy refuses to be pushed around, even by well-meaning friends. When she went back home to Ravenna, Ohio (pop. 16,000) recently, it was open season on Peggy. After the parade in her honor, after two hours of autograph-signing in the gym of her old school, the session began. Her girlhood friends could hardly wait to find out about life in Hollywood and life with the Knobby Lees. First thing one of them asked her was, "Now that you're married, when are you going to have a baby?"

To which Mrs. Knobby Lee retorted, "We've been married since 1953 and we don't *know* when we're going to have a baby. You've all stayed right here at home, you've been married since you were seventeen, you've got nothing else to do but raise a family. We have—and, as a matter of fact, if I did have a baby now, it would probably set my career back five years. Naturally we want a family, but I hope it doesn't happen until we're both better established, until our future is more secure, until we can afford a trained nurse for the baby from the day it is born."

"In my opinion," said one friend, evidently an expert needler, "You aren't a good wife and mother if you don't prepare every meal your husband eats, change your baby's every diaper, and look after their needs yourself."

"And in my opinion," was Peggy's emphatic answer, "You are *nuts!* I was an only child, I've had no experience with little brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces, I don't know the first thing about babies. Would I be able to make my child as happy and comfortable as a nurse trained to do the job? Should it have to suffer for my ignorance? Should it endure an illness, for example, because I didn't know enough to recognize the symptoms? Should Knobby have to put up with meals I've scratched together after a long day of rehearsals instead of well-planned, tasteful ones prepared by the cook? Would *that* prove that I'm a loving wife and mother?" She was practically hopping.

Peg gives considerable attention to the proper care and feeding of a thoroughbred husband—whenever she gets the chance, but she sees entirely too little of Knobby. He is currently making his music with the orchestra of George Liberace, and when Lee plays Las Vegas, can George be far behind? Knobby is off on tour from time to time and, when he is companionably home with the parakeets and dachshunds, that will be the time Peggy has to go to New York to cut an album of records.

Offstage, Peggy prefers to live quietly for a number of reasons. She isn't very strong physically, having picked up an ill-begotten bug in Korea. That one still lays her low every so often. There is also a chronic ear condition which, though it is in no danger of causing deafness, renders her balance somewhat less than perfect. "If I tried to play tennis, for instance, I'd fall on my face every time I ran for a ball," is the way she defines it. So swimming, tennis, golf and other robust activities are out. In their stead Peg does more leisurely things: she likes to cook "if I have time," relax in the sun, listen to records, watch TV—and sing, sing, sing! She neither drinks nor smokes, watches her diet very carefully. Her best fighting weight is ninety-three pounds, and she is so diminutive that three pounds over or under that weight make a noticeable difference. At ninety pounds she's so gaunt that her friends get to muttering sadly about Camille; if she balloons to a great big ninety-six, the same friends pointedly call her Chubby.

What she doesn't like about her size is people's tendency to describe her as a Dresden doll, chiefly because she's foggy about how a Dresden doll is supposed to act. "And, too, I get uncomfortable when writers do stories about me that are all favorable. I'm tired of being little Miss Muffet. I'd rather it be human and tell the truth, that I've got as many faults as anyone in the world." Such as? She's tidy and punctual and, according to the people who work with her, her temperament never shows. Maybe she is deathly ill every Saturday night at ten o'clock, to which she admits, but she doesn't infect the rest of the cast with her nervousness. So, where are all the glaring faults she talks about?

There is one, a whopper. Peggy is still the world's worst worrier; fear of financial insecurity dogs her days like a long, menacing shadow. "I don't ever want to be poor again," she says, and you know she has said it a thousand times to herself, fiercely, in prayer, with crossed fingers. "When I think of my parents, well, I'm working as much for them as for Knobby and me. My father and mother have had nothing, simply nothing, all their lives. A living. Now I want it to be different. I guess it's because I never had any, but I spend too much money. My business manager keeps telling me."

She worries about her future, about the status of her career. "I still don't have a hit record. Ten years ago I'd have been a real success—but now? I don't know. I hate this rhythm-and-blues kick, just hate it, but you have to be a really big star to sell ballads these days. Rhythm-and-blues is what they want, and it's pretty hard to turn down a song that will earn you a couple of thousand dollars if it hits. Even if you don't think it's music.

"I worry," she said broodingly, "because I want to know what I'll be doing tomorrow and next year and the year after that. Which nobody in show business ever does. I want to know whether I'll have a hit song, or a baby, or both. Whether I'll make a movie. I've been testing over at Paramount, and somebody over there said they had only seen one test greater than mine in the whole history of the studio. But I don't know whether I'm going to make a picture. I don't even know if I'll be on the Gobel show next season!"

When Peggy King and George Gobel, two of the most refreshing young talents to be seen in many an age, met for a rehearsal the other day, both were wearing anxious little frowns. They stopped short, staring at each other, then Peggy said, "For heaven's sake, George, *you* don't have anything to worry about. After the hit you've made this year, *you* certainly have your future cut out for you."

George shook his punkin head, but he wasn't smiling. "You know something, Peg? That's exactly what I was going to say to you when I saw the way you looked. Comedians, well, you know about comedians. But a real talented singer like yourself—why, you ought to be sitting on top of the world!"

Peggy, meet George. And one of you up there, move over. **END**

HOW THE GOBEL GAGS GREW

■ *According to Peggy King, and she should know, the Gobel trademarks you see every Saturday night weren't scripted. They just grew. Like that forehead-touching bit between George and Peggy. Writer Hal Kanter was determined to keep George innocent. No wolfishness. Peggy says that Kanter "didn't want anybody wondering what George and I might be up to after the show." But on stage with Peggy he'd have to react, or lose his human touch. How could he show he knew she was there and at the same time stay in character? One day the problem was solved at rehearsal when Peggy and George gravitated to each other out of sheer exhaustion and touched foreheads. "That's it," cried Kanter and a Gobelism was born.*

■ *As for the "pretty, perky Peggy" line, that too was a rehearsal baby. Says Peggy, "they used to kid me when I looked sort of dressed up. I'd come on stage and George would say, 'Why, here comes pretty Peggy,' and John would say 'and she's perky, too,' and one day Hal came up with "pretty, perky Peggy.'"*

■ *See how easy it is? You, too, could write the Gobel show—if you could only get to rehearsals.*

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modern screen

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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modern screen

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Grace Kelly by Paramount. Grace's next film will be Paramount's *To Catch A Thief*. Other photographers' credits on page 97.

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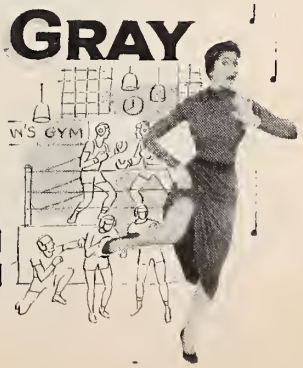
and in **COLOR!**

FROM M-G-M

STARRING

GENE KELLY · DAN DAILEY
CYD CHARISSE · DOLORES GRAY
MICHAEL KIDD





Story and Screen Play by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

Music by ANDRÉ PREVIN · Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN

Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR · Directed by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN

Produced by ARTHUR FREED · An M-G-M Picture

Antibiotics in Your Daily Life



by William I. Fishbein, M. D.

The world hears a great deal of "miracle drugs" and most of them represent years of patient and diligent study in the laboratories and clinics.

For example, in 1931, Rene J. Dubos, then associated with the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, discovered tyrothricin. Tyrothricin is one of the most powerful of the antibiotics—stated simply, it is effective because it aids the defenses of the body in combatting harmful bacteria. The general use of tyrothricin has been delayed until research has definitely shown that it would cause no harmful effects or reactions. In the forefront of this research have been the pharmaceutical companies, and no company has been more zealous than McKesson & Robbins.

Tyrothricin is effective in preventing perspiration odor by inhibiting the growth of skin bacteria responsible for this condition—and this "magic" antibiotic is equally effective in skin infections, in sinus infections, for wounds, abscesses and burns, and for hemorrhoids or piles. Research also indicated the amount which may be used without causing sensitivity reactions, yet produce the maximum benefits.

Laboratory and clinical research has enabled McKesson and Robbins to announce a series of preparations for the specific uses outlined above. It is to their credit that they have not introduced them until they were convinced that excellent results would be obtained and that there would be no reactions. Tyrothricin used externally is not absorbed into the blood stream as are certain other antibiotics.

That is one reason why it is particularly suited for direct application to a localized spot of irritation or inflammation on the skin, nose or throat. McKesson and Robbins have developed special products for use on these portions of the body.

Look for these McKesson Antibiotic Products at Your Drug Store

NEO-AQUA-DRIN LOZENGES—for the relief of minor throat irritations.

NEO-AQUA-DRIN NOSE DROPS—for the relief of congestion due to head colds, sinus, etc.

UTOL—for relief of pimples and minor burns and skin abrasions.

POSITOS—ointment and suppositories for the relief of discomfort due to hemorrhoids.

BORIC ACID OINTMENT | **ICTHAMOL OINTMENT**

AMMONIATED MERCURY OINTMENT | **ZINC OXIDE OINTMENT**

To Every Woman Who Has Suffered Underarm Burn, Rash...or Worse...

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME... THE PROTECTION OF A MIRACLE ANTIBIOTIC IN A DEODORANT!



Revolutionary antibiotic New Yodora stops perspiration odor—gives safer, longer-lasting protection. Its light, creamy base keeps sensitive underarm area softer, smoother, lovelier. And New Yodora never cakes—always stays fresh—delicately fragrant. No other deodorant ever promised better, safer, surer protection from perspiration odor.

New Yodora is unconditionally guaranteed by McKesson & Robbins.

Large Size **43¢** *plus tax* *Economy Size* **69¢** *plus tax*



The First...the Only Deodorant with Miracle Antibiotic Pertexol* for Sensitive Skin!

A McKESSON PRODUCT

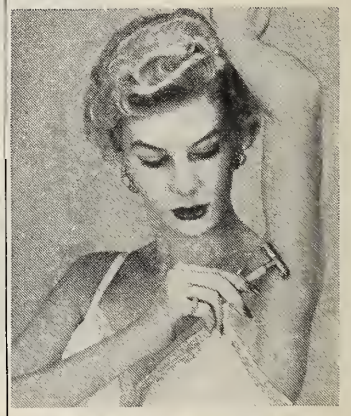
NEW YODORA

Scientific Facts About Harsh, Irritating Chemicals for Underarm Use

Laboratory tests show that these dangerous chemicals often invite trouble to sensitive underarm area. This is why you may have noticed redness, roughness of underarm skin.

Scientific Facts About Revolutionary New ANTIBIOTIC Yodora

Only New Yodora contains Pertexol*, the miracle antibiotic that combats bacteria responsible for skin irritations. New Yodora gives longer-lasting protection from perspiration odor because its exclusive antibiotic destroys odor-causing bacteria on contact. New Yodora is guaranteed not to contain harsh chemicals that irritate skin and chemically ruin your clothes.



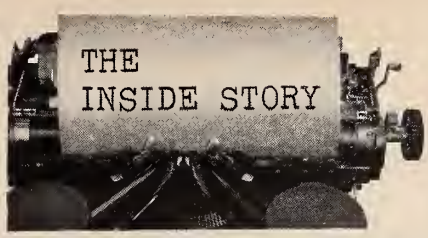
Imagine a Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!

New Yodora with antibiotic Pertexol* is so mild and gentle we can even recommend shaving with it. No other deodorant would dare suggest this!

1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.
2. Shave underarms with slow downward strokes.
3. Remove excess with tissue—smooth remainder well into skin.

That's all you need do to stop perspiration odor. Whether you shave or not, one application daily of New Yodora is the new, sure answer to your deodorant problem.

**A brand of tyrothricin*



MODERN SCREEN *gives you the whole truth in answer to your questions.*

Q. Is it true that Grace Kelly's father and brother recently did a job on the editor of a scandal magazine that put Grace in a bad light?
—N.O., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *True.*

Q. Is it true that Clark Gable gave away the Oscar that he won for his performance in *It Happened One Night?*
—N.F.F., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *Gable gave it to the son of director Walter Lang.*

Q. What is the true story about Fess Parker and his agent, Bill Barnes? Didn't these two have a big fight?
—C.L., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *No. When Parker transferred his allegiance to another agent, Charles Feldman, he saw to it that Barnes collected a percentage of his earnings.*

Q. Joan Collins, the British actress now at 20th Century-Fox—she's going around with Sidney Chaplin, but doesn't she have a husband in England?
—D.L., LONDON, ENG.

A. *Yes, but divorce proceedings are in the offing.*

Q. Is it true that Ann Miller, like Jane Wyman, will shortly be a convert to Catholicism? —R.P., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Ann is currently taking instruction in the Catholic faith.*

Q. Whatever happened to Claudette Colbert? Is she finished with motion pictures? —B.L., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *She has just signed to do a Western.*

Q. Isn't Bob Hope's wife furious at the comedian for taking so many trips?
—D.B., DENVER, COL.

A. *After 23 years, Dolores Hope is reconciled to marriage with a globe-trotter.*

Q. Is Gail Russell still in love with Guy Madison? I hear she is convalescing in a Culver City sanitarium.
—T.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Right on both counts.*

Q. Can you tell me which movie star is responsible for the following quotation? "It is plain women who know about love. The beautiful women usually are

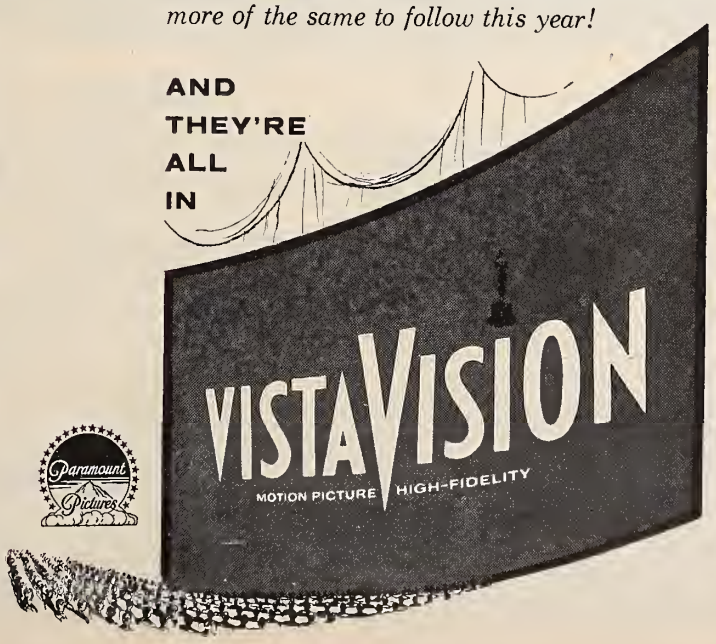
(Continued on page 18)

A MESSAGE TO MOVIE-GOERS ...OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE...

1955 will be remembered as one of the great movie years!

There's never been such film fame—so much and so wonderful—in such a short space of time. As the year began your heart went all out for "The Country Girl" and sung the praises of "White Christmas." Then you cheered the roaring emotions and reeling thrills of "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" followed by the earth-and-high-heaven saga of our "Strategic Air Command" and the joyful jubilation of "The Seven Little Foys."

Yet the year is far from over—and the best is yet to come. Thanks to Paramount *between now and Christmas you'll enjoy one long holiday of entertainment. Turn the page and see the treats in store for you right now. With more of the same to follow this year!*



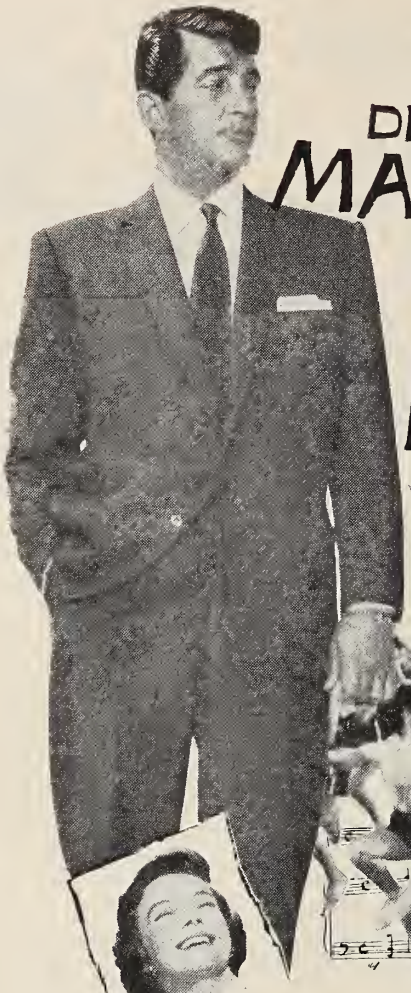
It's Dean and Jerry hiding from a mad killer in—of all places—a girls' school.

DEAN MARTIN JERRY LEWIS

IN

YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG

Color by TECHNICOLOR







Co-starring DIANA LYNN



and NINA FOCH

with RAYMOND BURR

Produced by Paul Jones · Directed by Norman Taurog · Screenplay by Sidney Sheldon

Suggested by a Play by Edward Childs Carpenter from a Story by Fannie Kilbourne

Songs—Music by Arthur Schwartz • Lyrics by Sammy Cahn • A Paramount Release

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FREDERICK BRISSON

Presents

THE GIRL RUSH

Starring

ROSALIND RUSSELL · FERNANDO LAMAS

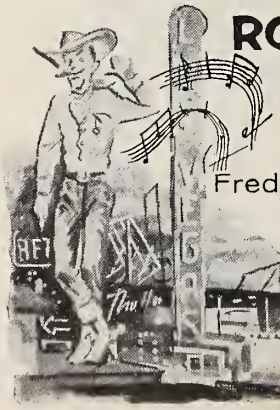
Also starring

Eddie Albert · Gloria De Haven

with

MARION LORNE · JAMES GLEASON

(Courtesy of MR. PEEPERS TV CO.)



Produced by Frederick Brisson · Directed by Robert Pirosh · Robert Pirosh & Jerome Davis · Screenplay by

Based on a Story by Phoebe and Henry Ephron · Songs by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane

Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by Robert Alton · A Paramount Picture

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Perfect in their parts! The screen's top two personalities clash and romance in a story of intrigue and intense suspense... filmed on the beautiful French Riviera.



CARY GRANT · GRACE KELLY

in

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

TO CATCH A THIEF

with JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS • JOHN WILLIAMS • Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Screenplay by JOHN MICHAEL HAYES • Based on the novel by David Dodge • A Paramount Picture

Color by TECHNICOLOR



It's lush, lavish, lusty, lyrical...
A wonderful musical story about that wonder town — Las Vegas in wide-open Nevada.

INTRODUCING *NEW*

PALMOLIVE *Soft* SHAMPOO



100% NON-ALKALINE!
Will not dry or devitalize hair!



Agrees with the Healthy, Natural, Non-Alkaline Condition of Scalp and Hair!



Lets Hair Behave and Hold a Wave!



As Gentle and Mild as a Shampoo can be!



Over Twice as much for your money as other Leading Shampoos!



Leaves More Luster! More Natural Color!



Curls are Softer! Easier to Set! Stay Set Longer!



SPECIAL OFFER SO YOU'LL GET ACQUAINTED FAST!

30¢ OFF ON GIANT 12 OZ. SIZE

REGULAR PRICE 89¢

YOURS ONLY 59¢ WHILE OFFER HOLDS

We offer this big saving because we know—once you try PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO, you'll always use it. Tell your friends! Hurry! Regular 89¢ price (even that's a bargain) comes back when limited Special Offer supply is gone.

TODAY...GET NEW PALMOLIVE *SOFT* SHAMPOO!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
I'd like to spank . . .
Report from Istanbul
Don't cry, Terry
The letter box

Brando goes to a party (see page 10)



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

KATHRYN GRAYSON TALKING: "The reason I was so insistent in denying all those ridiculous rumors that I was having a romance with this man and that one, is that I am adopting a little girl to be a sister to my Patty Kate.

"And later this year, I am adopting two boys!"

Me? I was so surprised when Kathryn told me this "in strictest confidence," I nearly fell over.

Now, don't think for a moment that I am violating her confidence. She said her plans would be known just about the time you are reading this.

"But Kathryn," I sputtered, "why should a young woman like you set about adopting a ready-made family when you'll probably marry again and have children of your own?"

This young lady, who knows her own mind, laughed, "I'm not so sure about that remarry-

Marlon Brando beat the drums (literally!) for *Guys And Dolls!*



The party for the cast and crew of Guys And Dolls *was just wonderful. Gary and Rocky Cooper promptly went into a huddle with Marlon, talking about the places they'd been to in Europe. They're all three travel-bugs.*



Sam Goldwyn is crazy about Marlon—gave him his first car while Guys *was shooting.*



Marlon's co-star, Vivian Blaine, brought husband Manny Frank—and a few weeks later, announced they were divorcing!



Brando headed for the bongos first chance he got. He's great on them—in fact, Modesto Duran, the Cuban drummer, said, "Why does he want to act? He could make a living on the skins!"

ing. And I want a full family while I can be a young mother.

"For some time I've worried about Patty Kate being an only child. Of course, she has plenty of cousins. But cousins aren't the same as brothers and sisters.

"I love big families—and I want my little girl to share the wonderful days of childhood with other children around her own age.

"It hasn't been the easiest thing in the world for me to arrange to adopt children. I am technically, or legally, a single woman. But I believe I have been so sincere in my desire to give a good home to three children who otherwise might not have one, that I have convinced the authorities that I will be a good mother.

"I was so worried when publicity started to break that I was dating millionaire Arthur Cameron—or any other millionaire or poor man. I met Mr. Cameron once, casually at a cocktail party. I have not seen him since, and I've most certainly not dated him at romantic 'candle-lit, out-of-the-way cafes.'

"All I want from life right now is to have my family of four children—and to continue my singing and acting career in good health and God's blessing."

All I can add is, good for you, Kathryn—you're a wonderful and wise woman.

NANCY SINATRA has turned actress! Frankie's ex-wife and mother of his three children has never looked as pretty, trim and slim as she does these days, and for a long time a lot of people wondered why she didn't think of a career of her own.

But she turned a deaf ear to all suggestions until producer William Perlberg (Mrs. Perlberg is Nancy's closest friend) offered her the role of one of the nurses in *Magnificent Devils* with Deborah Kerr.

"I don't know yet whether I'm really an actress," Nancy laughed. "But I won't be long finding out. We're leaving for location in the Virgin Islands and while I haven't a big role, I do have a speaking part and a half dozen good scenes."

I couldn't help saying, "What's Frankie thinking about your turning actress? And the children?"

"Nancy, Jr., Tina and little Frankie think it's great—and when I mentioned it to their father, he just smiled and said, 'Well, how about that?' "

Oh, yes—in case you fans write in for Nancy's autograph, she's emoting under the name of Nancy Stevens—"So the initials are the same on my luggage," she laughs.

ROUGH SEASON FOR REDHEADS!

Susan Hayward started off the run of bad luck for the titian-haired beauties with the

Jack Benny fiddled ("Love In Bloom") for Noel Coward!



It was a happy reunion for Greer Garson and Noel Coward (friends from England) when they met at the lawn party for Noel.



I do think there's a new dignity about Charlton Heston since he played Moses in Ten Commandments*—or maybe it's just fatherhood!*



Two of the nicest couples, the Van Heflins and the Ronald Reagans, spent most of the afternoon together. The party, given by Frank Sennes, lasted all afternoon and evening and no one left early—not even Noel, who had to leave the next day for Las Vegas to open at The Desert Inn.



And here's Jack—fiddling. The hired quartet played Coward tunes until Jack walked in. Then—"Love In Bloom"—so he joined them!



I'd like to spank— DEAN AND JERRY

■ What's with these boys?

Does Sears fight with Roebuck? Does Hormel hate ham?

That's how serious and ridiculous these headlined battles between Martin and Lewis are becoming. As a team, they have a potential earning power of $100,000,000 over the next ten years. They are one of the greatest comedy teams ever to come along in show business.

So what do they do? They permit petty jealousies, plus some bad advice from their separate bootlickers, to bring them to the verge of an open split!

Dean says that Jerry made him "the heavy" by appearing solo at the Catskill preview of their new comedy, *You're Never Too Young*. The gossip was that Jerry, who started as a bus boy at Brown's Hotel there, was scheduled to get the entire spotlight.

Yet, there are many times in the past when Jerry has been "the heavy," resenting some extra honor, or added footage, coming Dean's way.

The sad part of all this is that the public is becoming disillusioned. It is hard to laugh at two clowns whom you know (from the morning newspapers) dislike one another.

I say make up, boys—it's later than you think!

At Brown's Hotel—without Dean—Jerry



In bus boy jacket, Jerry cleared tables—spilling the soup!



Judy Garland made the trek to Las Vegas to catch Mickey Rooney's act at the Riviera. And were they glad to see each other again! I remember when they were playing teenagers, co-starring in Girl Crazy *and so many other musicals in the thirties and forties.*



Guy Madison and his darling Sheila call their daughter "Wee Belle Hickok"—after guess who. Her real name is Bridget Catherine. This is her first picture, by the way.

laughed it up, but on the last evening, with real emotion, he thanked the press "for not asking about Dean"



"This," he said, "is every bus boy's dream!" And he dumped a tray of dishes!



Then he broke into mock sobs, swept it all up—and paid damages.

overdose-of-sleeping-pills unhappiness.

Then Will Price brought the most sensational charges against his former wife, Maureen O'Hara, charging that she is not a fit person to bring up their eleven-year-old daughter, Bronwyn, and asking for full custody of the little girl. This, heartbroken Maureen heatedly denied, but I'm afraid there's a long, bitter and messy fight ahead.

The third redhead, Rhonda Fleming, hit the headlines when she gave out an interview saying that she was asked to take a nude swim in a movie she made in Italy and also that she was so disgusted she walked off the set on one occasion.

This was when scenes were shot of semi-clad men and women making love around a Roman banquet table.

So irked were the Italian producers that they threatened suit against Rhonda unless she retracted her statements.

"I'm not taking back a thing!" snapped Miss Fleming who does not have that red hair for nothing, apparently.

SELDOM HAS A STAR returned to Hollywood more triumphantly than Deborah Kerr in her hit play, *Tea And Sympathy*. Her opening night was really a big event in movie circles.

Frank Sinatra, who was with Deborah in *From Here To Eternity*, was the first on his feet calling "Bravo" when she took her curtain calls.

Later, at the beautiful after-the-theatre supper party given for Deborah and Tony Bartley by Bert Allenberg at Romanoff's, I saw Jean Simmons (in black, very chic but hot for such a warm night); Yul Brynner, the William Perlbergs (he's Deborah's next producer in the first film she's made in ages, *Magnificent Devils*); Donna Reed, in sheer, cool-looking green chiffon, and Virginia Grey living up to her name in an off-the-shoulder grey linen trimmed with pearls.

DICK HAYMES was a smash during his $15,000-per-week singing engagement at the Dunes in Las Vegas, and everyone is glad for him that he and the Immigration Authorities have temporarily ceased fire.

But everyone wondered why he persistently introduced the beaming, happy beauty who sat ringside each night, only as *"Mrs. Dick Haymes."*

A FRIEND OF MINE asked Robert Taylor's press agent for an interview with Bob about his feelings on becoming a father for the first time.

"Oh, he can't do that," the p.a. said surprisingly. "If he talks to you about the baby he'll have to talk to everyone."

And, why not? Is that bad?

I'm sure there's nothing in the world Bob would rather talk about than the bouncing (really—seven pounds, eight ounces) baby boy named Terence born to him and Ursula Thiess, June 18th, just one day before Father's Day!

Bob has been such a devoted father to Ursula's two children, a boy and a girl, by a previous marriage. And, knowing him—I know he is bustin' his buttons with pride over a son of his own.

Certainly, even his press agent can't really believe that becoming the father of a son would make Bob less attractive to his army of swooning femme fans.

Any such idea is old hat, dating back to the days when Francis X. Bushman kept his family of seven a big secret.

LADY JOURNALISTS, homegrown and imported, seem to be picking off all our top male stars.

Tyrone Power is the latest to fall for a honey from the press—pretty Mary Roblee, who writes articles for one of our leading style magazines. They met when Mary went to interview him in New York while he was doing *The Dark Is Light Enough*, and when Ty went to London for a short vacation, who should pop up there, too, but—you guessed it—Miss Roblee.

Bing Crosby played host to the cutest bit of writing femininity you ever saw, Ghislain du Bossay, when the Paris fashion magazine scribe made a flying trip to Hollywood. Ghislain used to be a model in gay Paree before she turned writer. (She looks something like a French June Allyson.) Methinks Bing likes her very much! What do you bet the real reason for his trip to Paris turns out to be Ghislain? *Si bon!*

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood





The Crosbys certainly keep success in the family. Bob's daughter Cathy and Bing's son Gary rehearsed together for Bob's TV *show. Cathy just returned from school abroad.*



Margaret O'Brien looked radiant when she got her high school diploma from University High. And the day after she graduated, 18-year-old Maggie went out and posed for her first cheesecake! (Very cute, too!)



Joan Collins (didn't I tell you you'd be seeing more of her?) came to the preview of Land Of The Pharaohs *with Sidney Chaplin, who's also in it. They date quite steadily now that Joan is getting a divorce.*

Wonderful Ava Gardner took time out from her globe-trotting—and romancing—to visit the American Air Divi-





Veronique Passani has Gregory Peck completely under control, to the point where everyone is convinced that they will marry when he is free. As you know, Veronique is a former reporter on a French weekly news magazine.

If this weren't enough, Anne Buydens (another fair press woman from France) and Kirk Douglas are already expecting!

Girls, if you want to marry a movie star, seems you have to be a newspaper woman!

THE HEIGHT OF BAD TASTE: The sign in the window in a Paris art store exhibiting an oil painting of Josanne Berenger (supposed fiancée of Marlon Brando) lounging on a scarlet couch in the nude. The sign reads: *Will Marlon Buy?*

METHINKS MARISA PAVAN (Pier Angeli's twin) and good-looking Richard Egan (this boy is zooming to the top in 20th pictures) are far more serious than they're letting on.

Several times in the past, Dick has been rumored romantically involved. But he is very religious and many of his so-called past "loves" have been divorced or not of his faith.

But, Marisa is of his same religion, she has never been married, and—well, we'll wait and see if these two don't mean it.

YOU'LL NEVER get me to think Ann Blyth was exaggerating one bit when she said she hoped she and Dr. Jim (McNulty) had ten children.

While they still have a way to go, the McNultys are expecting Baby Number Two early in '56 and *Kismet* is the last picture lovely Ann will make until after the little stranger makes his (her?) debut.

I said when Ann and Jim were married and I'll say again, if there are any couples more devoted and happily married than the McNulty's, they're blessed, indeed.

I'M JUST SETTLING DOWN from that most fantastic trip to Istanbul, the Holy Land, Cairo, Rome and Madrid which started out with the junket to Istanbul for the opening of the Istanbul-Hilton Hotel and continued as my long-needed vacation.

First, I want to tell you MODERN SCREEN fans, and editor Chuck Saxon, something really thrilling. Imagine my surprise to see

sion hospital at South Rinslip, England





DON'T CRY, TERRY— Everybody's looking

■ Believe me, there's nobody who can get into more jams innocently or intentionally, than Terry Moore—a gal who, with many other Hollywood celebrities, made a trip to Istanbul on the junket for the opening of the Istanbul-Hilton Hotel.

Who steals all the headlines? Our girl, Terry.

The first thing that happens is that she gets herself photographed in a gorgeous Balmain gown—but with so much of her—er, *limbs*—exposed that she bursts into tears when the picture is printed. (Couldn't she feel a *draft*???)

The second incident to feature Miss Terry is that she sips a bit of punch that has been spiked with something stronger than grapejuice. "I'm a Mormon! I thought I could trust these Moslems!" wails Terry—in a feature story, of course.

The third attention-getting antic on the part of Miss Moore was posing for pictures in the bath of a Sultan—fully clothed—(Terry, not the Sultan) which is considered bad taste by the Turks.

But let me say again, for a girl who can't win—she sure gets all the publicity!

With all her public weeping it's my private opinion that Terry may have also done a little weeping over the fact that her favorite boyfriend (before she left Hollywood), Nicky Hilton, seemed to be finding Mona Freeman *most* attractive.



the letter box

CAROLINA WEIR, DETROIT, *asks:* "I understand Ruth Etting is still alive. What does she think of Doris Day's portrayal of her in *Love Me Or Leave Me?*" *So far as I know, Carolina, Ruth has made no public comment. But she was well paid for the story rights, as was Moe, the Gimp, by MGM.*

"Is it true that Janet Leigh is a much more mature person than Tony Curtis and that his boyish fads and hobbies get her down?" *is the surprising query from* MRS. ROBERT DENNIS, FORT WORTH. *I've never heard Janet say any such thing, Mrs. D. But aren't most wives a bit more mature and understanding than men who often can be "little boys" even after they become good husbands?*

From SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA, TONY O'BRIEN, *writes:* "I saw 'sneak' of *Not As A Stranger* and Frank Sinatra steals it!" *Take a bow, Frankie.*

"Do you have any favorites among glamour girls?" VIVIAN MCTAVISH *wants to know. I wouldn't tell if I did, honey chile.*

"I say Joan Crawford was a star before Barbara Stanwyck. My friend says vice versa," *queries* "DOLLY" *of* DAYTON. *I believe Barbara was a star before Joan, Dolly, although they started in Hollywood around the same time.*



"No wonder Mario Lanza has his discouraged moments, what with columnists 'betting' he never finishes *Serenade* at Warners (*not I!*) and most people seemingly holding a downbeat thought about him," MARIA THORNDIKE *explodes via airmail from* PHILADELPHIA, "If Mario can just realize that many of us are holding *constructive* thoughts about him, he'll be all right!" *Mario, attention!*









Poor Little Liz. She started to do some glamour photos on the set of Giant*—and her feet kicked up a fuss! So down plopped Miss Taylor, like any hard-working girl—and got caught most unglamorously. But it's not so bad—having Rock Hudson massage your feet, hey, girls?*

MODERN SCREEN prominently displayed on newsstands in both Istanbul and Beirut!

When I was interviewed by newspapermen in both spots, they said to me, "We know you quite well, Miss Parsons, through your articles in MODERN SCREEN!" Pretty nice?

As you know—a gay group of us planed out of New York in early June, the party including Irene Dunne, Mona Freeman, Diana Lynn, Merle Oberon, Jinx Falkenburg, Sonja Henie, Ann Miller, Keefe Brasselle, Nicky Hilton and many star newspaper reporters. Terry Moore joined us. (See full comment on Terry in this department.)

To report every detail would fill this issue of the magazine, but here are some of the highlights:

Sonja Henie was our most bejewelled traveler—although even Sonja gasped at the magnificent display of gorgeous gems we saw in the palaces and in the bazaars.

Irene Dunne was like an ambassadoress everywhere we went. Frankly, Irene and I were pretty pleased that we learned speeches in Turkish and spoke our pieces at a press reception before we left Istanbul.

The hardest worker was Ann Miller. This girl has the disposition of an angel, nothing is too much trouble for her. Ann was met almost everywhere by MGM representatives, most of whom hauled her away to make personal appearances with *Kiss Me Kate*, very popular over there.

Young Ed Pauley, Jr., son of the oil tycoon, really flipped for Diana Lynn. So many fans asked Diana to play the piano, an accomplishment she hasn't performed on the screen in ages! I guess a Turk never forgets!

The wives of the dignitaries seldom took their eyes off Merle Oberon—that's how well dressed she was.

From time to time, I'll have more to tell you about Rome—where I caught up with Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer—but I'm saving some good things for next month.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

HIS BIG NEW ROLE!

JACK WEBB AS PETE KELLY

He's a jazz-man of the wide-open 20's caught in the gun-roar of its blazing .38's!



WARNER BROS. PRESENT

PETE KELLY'S BLUES

WRITTEN BY RICHARD L. BREEN

STARRING

JANET LEIGH
EDMOND O'BRIEN
PEGGY LEE

YOU'LL HEAR THE NEW HIT 'PETE KELLY'S BLUES'--AND THE GREAT JAZZ-TUNES OF THE TIMES!

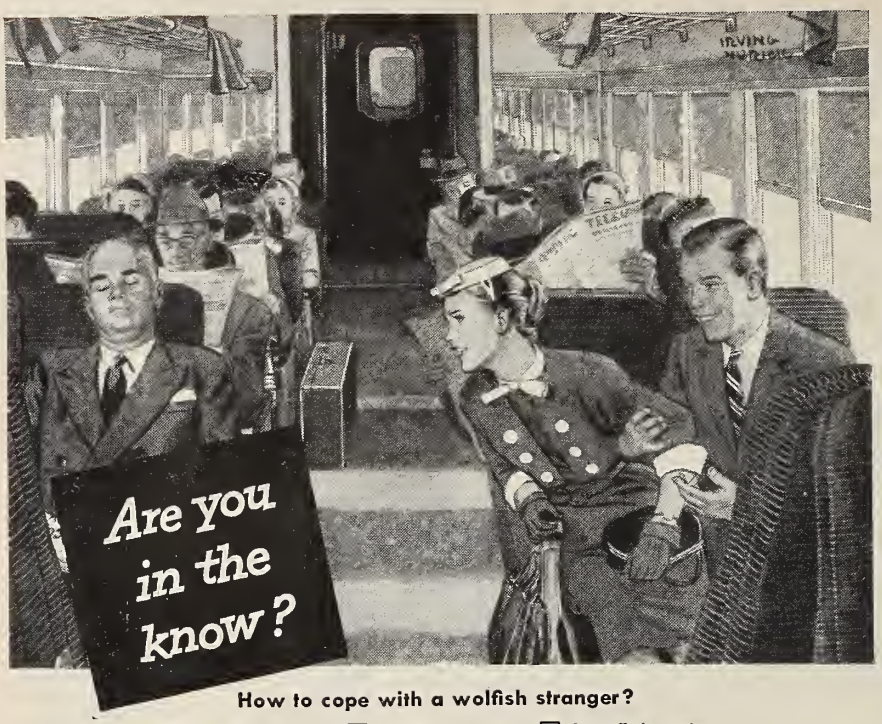




ALSO STARRING

ANDY DEVINE LEE MARVIN ELLA FITZGERALD ★ IN CINEMASCOPE WARNERCOLOR STEREOPHONIC SOUND

A MARK VII LTD. PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY JACK WEBB PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR



How to cope with a wolfish stranger?

☐ *Konk him* ☐ *Outwit him* ☐ *Get off the train*

You're the perfect lady you were brought up to be—but to Fang Boy you're just another morsel of smooch-bait. How to escape his clutches? (Got a bumbershoot handy?) There's a simpler way than denting his so-called brain. *Outwit* him—by asking another male passenger to exchange seats with you. It's a perfect squelch. Fail-proof! Ever try to outwit *calendar* problems, too? You can, by choosing Kotex*, and getting the safety—the *non-fail absorbency* you *need* for perfect confidence.



To snare a Man of Letters, should you speak—

☐ *First* ☐ *His language* ☐ *With an accent*

So you don't know a dribble from a drop kick, hey? Better start discovering the sports page, if you want the letter-sweater lad to get your message. Learn to talk boy language—about football, basketball, track. See what an ice breaker it can be. And don't be a *date* breaker, at "that" time! Go to the games in comfort—with Kotex and the chafe-free softness that *holds its shape!*



Which does most for your social rating?

☐ *Your gloves* ☐ *High heels* ☐ *Your hat*

You'd prove you're part of the "grown up" world? Wearing a chapeau adds to a gal's social stature. Forsake the bareheaded or peasant (babushka) look. A hat's vital to your outfit—for church, club or school ceremonies; job hunting, travel. To add poise on certain days, let Kotex and those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Try all 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Free booklet! Want hints on dating, etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for fascinating free booklet "Are You In The Know?" Gives poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" advertisements. Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 1095, Chicago 54, Illinois.





*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

inside story

(Continued from page 5)

too busy being fascinating."
—C.L., AKRON, OHIO

A. *Katharine Hepburn.*

Q. Is it true that June Haver has definitely retired from the movies?
—D.L., XAVIER, KAN.

A. *Just about, unless she receives an offer she can't refuse.*

Q. I hear tell that when David Schine came to Hollywood he had to phone the MODERN SCREEN office in order to get Piper Laurie's telephone number. Is this true? —E.L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *True.*

Q. Is the Franchot Tone-Zsa Zsa Gabor thing real or publicity?
—Y.G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *A passing fancy for both.*

Q. I understand that Bob Stack, one of the richest and most eligible bachelors in Hollywood, will soon be married. To whom? —B.G., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. *Stack has been keeping company with Rosemarie Bowe.*

Q. Can you give me the full details of the Rhonda Fleming-Jeff Chandler friendship? —D.L., ANAHEIM, CAL.

A. *Just friends, that's all.*

Q. Is Shelley Winters under the care of a doctor? —J.R., ASBURY PARK, N. J.

A. *Miss Winters has been in analysis for two years.*

Q. I hear that crooner Johnnie Ray is publicity-crazy, that he staged those clothes-tearing pictures in Australia. Is this rumor true?
—H.D., DETROIT, MICH.

A. *Ray likes to see his name in the papers.*

Q. Hasn't Jimmy Durante been secretly married all these years to Margie Little?
—T.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *No.*

Q. Isn't the Cary Grant-Betsy Drake marriage tottering?
—G.L., NEW ORLEANS, CAL.

A. *No.*

Q. Is Clark Gable really the highest paid actor in Hollywood?
—V.L., NEWARK, N. J.

A. *No. Gable gets ten per cent of the gross of his pictures. Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant and many others have similar deals.*

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

She was Han Suyin, the fascinating Eurasian...
He was Mark Elliot, the American correspondent...



The price they pay when they come out of their secret garden and face the world in modern-day Hong Kong—makes this one of the screen's unforgettable experiences.

20th Century-Fox captures all the beauty and rapture of Han Suyin's true best-seller.

William Holden · Jennifer Jones

Love is a Many-Splendored Thing

with TORIN THATCHER

CINEMASCOPE®

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PRODUCED BY BUDDY ADLER · DIRECTED BY HENRY KING · SCREEN PLAY BY JOHN PATRICK

Amazing stick deodorant!



keeps skin and clothes safe from acid-damage!

The remarkable *non-acid* formula of Tussy Stick Deodorant stops odor instantly...*without* acid damage to underarms and fabrics!

It's neat-to-use, has convenient push-up container. Cools hot underarms as it stops odor with wonder-working hexachlorophene! Yet, unlike other deodorants with acid-action, Tussy's amazing *non-acid* formula won't irritate normal skin!

Keeps even the most delicate fabrics safe from acid-damage! ***$1*** *plus tax*

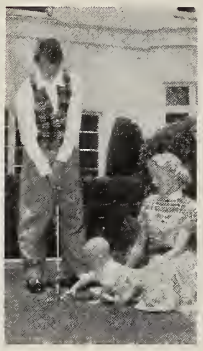


TUSSY
stick deodorant

BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD.



In Paramount's hilarious new Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis comedy *You're Never Too Young*, school teacher Diana Lynn tries to explain about the birds and the bees to Jerry Lewis, who masquerades as an eleven-year-old boy. "It's hard to explain," Diana begins awkwardly. "You see—well, some people are born boys and some are born girls." "I'm glad," Lewis beams. "It works out a lot better for dancing." There's always something happening at the lot when Martin and Lewis make a picture. Despite any personal difficulties they may have, there's a steady stream of gags and kidding between the boys. Dean Martin recently purchased a new Ford Thunderbird sports car. When someone asked him how he liked it, he replied, "Oh, it's all right. It keeps me off the streets." Jerry Lewis standing by cried out: "And he calls *me* an idiot." Records in release from this score are: Dean Martin on Capitol's "Love Is All That Matters" backed with "Simpatico." Alan Dean on MGM's "Love Is All That Matters." The Mascots on MGM's label with "Relax-Ay-Voo." Dean Martin and Line Renaud vocal duo on Capitol's "Relax-Ay-Voo" backed with Dean doing a single called "I Know Your Mother Loves You." Guy Lombardo on Decca does "Simpatico."



Benny Goodman had been approached many times by movie companies wanting to film his life story. It wasn't until he saw how Universal treated the life story of the great Glenn Miller that he consented to having his life re-lived on celluloid. Universal convinced him that they would portray Mr. American Jazz in the same style accorded to Miller. On his part, Benny agreed to appear as himself in a special prologue to the picture and in the final fadeout in the film, in each case leading a combo. Steve Allen, popular radio and TV personality, has been signed to play Goodman in the film. Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson and others will play themselves. Steve Allen's cast on the NBC-TV *Tonight* show have much cause for rejoicing, as they get to spend the summer in sunny California. While their boss is emoting in front of the cameras, Eydie Gorme, Steve Lawrence and the rest will be lapping up the surf and the sun. Steve's Coral album "Music From Tonight" is fast becoming a favorite with mood disc collectors.



The Second Greatest Sex, based on American folklore, is one of Universal's biggest musicals for the year. It stars Jeanne Crain and George Nader and has Kitty Kallen, petite brunette recording star, making her film debut. Kitty sings four songs in the film—among them the title song. As a recording star, Kitty sold four million records. Her biggest record to date, "Little Things Mean A Lot," hit 1,800,000. Wherever she goes, Kitty takes her six-year-old son Johnny along. Kitty and her husband Bud Granoff try to make a home-away-from-home for Johnny, who seems likely to wind up in show business. He's already broken into Kitty's theatre appearances. He comes strutting on-stage when Mom sings "When The Saints Come Marching In." He takes this so seriously that once when time ran short and this bit, had to he cut out, Johnny pouted for a full day.



For the first time in his career, Bob Hope is playing somebody other than himself in his latest Paramount movie, *The Seven Little Foys*. What's more, he's happy about it. The comedian is playing Eddie Foy, the famed late vaudevillian. It's Hope's first biographical role and he's as faithful to the character as possible. "Bob sings, dances, talks and even looks like the old man," explains Charley Foy, technical adviser and one of the original seven little Foys. "He does such a good job that I get goose pimples whenever I see any part of the picture." Hope said "I agreed to do the film on the condition that I be Foy and not Hope. I really act for the first time in my life. I never worried about characterization in my past pictures but I do in this one." RCA Victor will release a sound-track album of the entire picture. Woody Herman does the "Love Theme From *The Seven Little* (*Continued on page 79*)

Now...no more nightly pin-ups!

in 5 extra seconds set pin-curls that last twice as long!





Just pin and spray for curls that stay! No dabbing, no spilly chemicals, no lacquer!

Who wants to pin up curls every night? Not you! But you *do* want soft, cared-for curls —all the time! And now you can have them *without* nightly pin-ups, *without* fuss or muss . . . thanks to new Revlon 'Satin-Set'! It takes just *five extra seconds*... gives you soft, shining pin-curls that last for days!

New 'Satin-Set' keeps hair in place, too, *without lacquer*... lets you renew waves with a damp comb! It's *good* to hair (even little girls' curls) because it contains Lanolite! Do buy 'Satin-Set' today!

Generous Size 1.35* Economy Size 2.00*
*plus tax

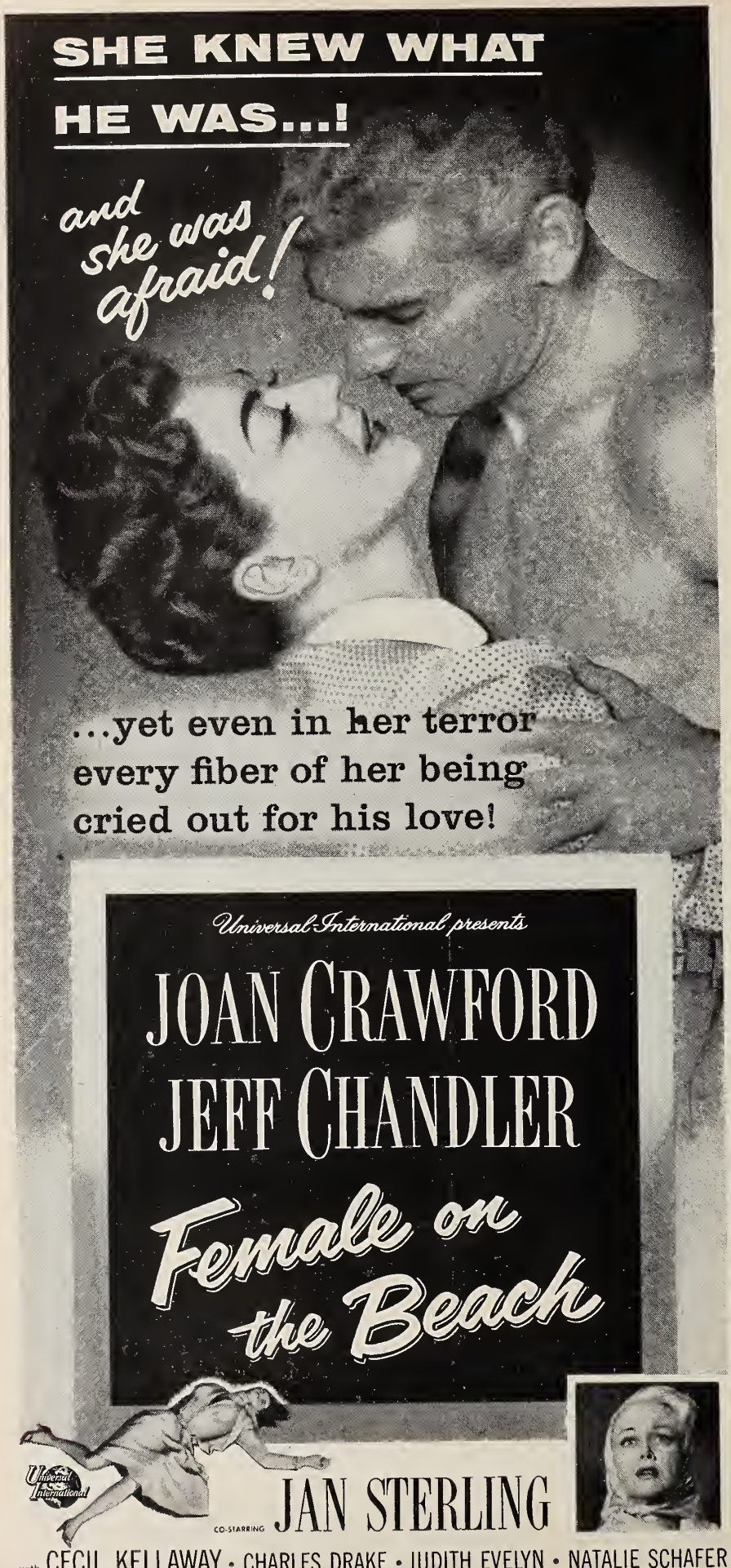
NEW

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Revlon 'SATIN-SET'

IT'S THE ONE AND ONLY PIN-CURL SPRAY-SET!

© 1955, REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.



TV TALK

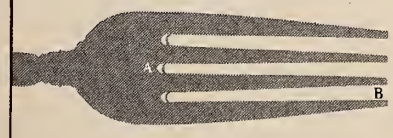
Hal March has finally hit the big time—and the big money—in TV. As you know, after a few seasons of doing *The Soldiers* in short spots with **Tom D'Andrea,** he got the coveted co-star role with **Imogene Coca** on her new show. The show itself was not an unqualified success, but Hal was. His acting was so good that, on the strength of it, be won the M.C. job on *The $64,000 Question*—a little assignment that grosses him more than twice $64,000 a year! . . . **Steve Allen** has a cute gimmick on his matchbook covers: His name is printed on one side; on the other there's an eye chart just like the ones in doctors' offices. It's appropriate for Steve, too; he isn't kidding when he says he can't see without his glasses. . . . *I Love Lucy* has done more than amuse millions of Americans, make millions for **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz,** and save the Arnaz marriage (it *was* on the rocks before they started working on TV together). It has also made a new woman of **Vivian Vance.** After many years of suffering from a feeling of deep insecurity, she is now a happy woman. For the first time in her life she feels secure and she'd be happy to keep on playing Ethel Mertz forever. She has not one iota of desire to branch out and star in a show of her own. She loves the fact that she has no responsibilities on *Lucy;* that, to her, is the perfect set-up. Plus the fact, of course, that she and Lucy couldn't be more compatible or bave more fun together—on the set and at their homes. . . . **Buff Cobb** and **Mike Wallace** have split up as a business team since their marriage went on the rocks, but both of them are just as active as ever. Buff, to some people's surprise, is acting very much like the business woman these days. She's formed a film-producing corporation to make a TV series based on one of the characters created by her grandfather, **Irvin S. Cobb.** Mike, whose interest in the theatre grows every day, is busy getting ready to produce a play in the fall. He acquitted himself very nicely, you know, last year when he played the romantic lead in *Reclining Figure* (produced by **Arlene Francis's** husband). Now he'll try being the boss of a big Broadway production. **Dorothy Kilgallen's** husband **Dick Kollmar** did it successfully with *Plain And Fancy* this year; maybe Mike can, too . . . Did you notice, before it left the air, how *My Favorite Husband* wasn't as charming as it used to be? Or was it just our imagination, knowing as we did that **Joan Caulfield** and **Barry Nelson** were at sword's point all the time? . . . Can you think of a more unlikely combination than **Audrey Meadows** and **Phil Silvers**? Yet they're great friends . . . **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer,** by the way, are spending part of the summer entertaining Mel's two children by his second wife . . . **Jinx Falkenburg** and **Faye Emerson** are doing fine with their respective weight problems. Jinx, you know, had gotten so thin and wan. She's blooming again—never looked lovelier. Faye, on the other hand, had gained so much weight that people who saw her on the street weren't always sure it *was* Fayesie. In preparation for her fall play, however, she really went on a diet—no easy chore for Faye—and the results are encouraging. She and **Skitch Henderson** have sold their Connecticut house and their small New York apartment and exchanged them for one city town house. The living room is most dramatic—severe black and white, with a huge picture by Salvador Dali over the couch.

...You won't hide your Tōwle under a bushel



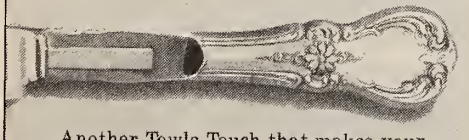
TOWLE'S FRENCH PROVINCIAL TOWLE'S ROSE SOLITAIRE TOWLE'S CANDLELIGHT TOWLE'S SOUTHWIND TOWLE'S MADEIRA

IT'S MADE TO BE USED. The New England craftsmen who create Towle Sterling make it to be *practical* as well as *beautiful*. They bring to Towle a host of little refinements in design—of extra steps in manufacturing—all aimed at giving you sterling that needs no pampering—that will make *every* meal a festive occasion—yet will bring to festive occasions a richer, warmer, distinctively sterling glow that is Towle's alone. There is a fine store near you where you can see first hand some of the many Towle Touches that distinguish this fine sterling. 6-piece place settings are priced from $29.75.



Two practical Towle Touches on fork tines make washing, cleaning easier. (A.) A tiny notch between tines on most Towle forks reduces surface of that hard-to-clean area at tine base. (B.) Extra hand polishing inside of tines creates ultra-smooth surface to which food can't cling.

(CUTAWAY OF TOWLE'S OLD MASTER KNIFE HANDLE)



Another Towle Touch that makes your Towle Sterling more usable. Towle uses *solid metal* (not cement or rosin) to seal knife blade to handle *permanently*, the best way to insure you against loose blades, rattles in the handle. And, of course, Towle knives are watertight, airtight, sanitary.

The Tōwle Touch

...means sterling craftsmanship at its best...a direct heritage of silversmithing that dates from 1690. The Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts.



When you live out of a suitcase... take Tampax along

Whether you're an all-Summer traveler, a week-end wanderer or a two-weeks-vacation girl, *always tuck Tampax in your suitcase.* It takes up so little space and does so much for you! Instead of adding to the nuisance of "those days" with a belt *and* 2 pins *and* a pad, you wear cool, comfortable, internal protection that won't chafe, won't irritate, won't "show."

As a guest and as a woman, you're much more at ease with Tampax . . . no disposal problems, you know. Then, too, you feel daintier, more fastidious, more your own charming self with Tampax . . . it positively prevents odor from forming! When you're meeting new people, making new friends, isn't that important?

Best of all, you can go swimming while wearing Tampax . . . it never has a telltale outline under a wet or dry bathing suit. (You can also wear Tampax in your tub or shower; it's completely protective.) Tampax really can help make it a wonderful Summer for you . . . get your supply now at any drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy size gives average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR SHIVERS
To Hell And Back
The Scarlet Coat
The Night Holds Terror
Female On The Beach

FOR LAUGHS
My Sister Eileen
The Seven Year Itch
Private War Of Major Benson
Special Delivery

FOR SPECTACLE
Land of the Pharaohs

FOR LOVE
Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing
Soldier Of Fortune

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** Ruth and her sister Eileen are assured by a Greenwich Village landlard that "the proper atmasphere (far arty career girls) is absalutely, positively necessary."

*MY SISTER EILEEN

A merry, mirthful musical

■ If it isn't the best musical of the year, show me another. *My Sister Eileen* is sheer delight from the moment Betty Garrett and Janet Leigh (Eileen) stumble into a Greenwich Village basement apartment all set to conquer New York, to the moment they conquer a couple of men. And the choreography is terrific (especially in a dance number Robert Fosse and Tommy Rall do out in the alley of a Broadway theatre). To get back to the script. Janet's the beauty: Betty's the wit. Janet impresses almost everyone (male). Betty knows it, feels it but is too nice to come right out and resent it. Anyway, she wants to be a writer and there's a dashing young editor (Jack Lemmon) of an even more dashing magazine who seems interested, although he also seems interested in luring such budding writers to his dashing apartment. Many odd and delightful characters involve themselves in the girls' lives, including Kurt Kasznar (the landlord), Richard York (unemployed wrestler) and Lucy Marlow (his girl). At one point, what seems like the entire Brazilian navy chases Betty all the way from dockside into her apartment and there performs a spirited Conga. A lot of daffy things happen in this film, which was originally a book, then a straight comedy, and most recently a musical hit on Broadway. It has never lost its charm, and this Technicolor version just bubbles. CinemaScope—Col.

TO HELL AND BACK

Saga of a war hero

■ As you probably know, Audie Murphy is the most decorated soldier in the whole history of America. He was eighteen and weighed 112 pounds when he joined the army. A couple of years later (1945) he was discharged, twenty-four decorations weighing him down. With typical modesty he has always claimed that those decorations belong to Company B, 15th Infantry Regiment, Third Division, Seventh Army, the unit in which he served during the war. *To Hell And Back,* Audie's autobiography, tells of those men and traces Audie's career from his childhood days in Texas to his incredible feats of bravery on the battlefield. "It's a lousy book," Audie once said, "because it was a lousy war." Nevertheless, the movie, like the book, is an exciting experience. It is also a magnificent tribute to Audie, who truly deserves it. From North Africa to Sicily, to Naples, Anzio and southern France, Audie was an astonishing and heroic figure, loved by and loving his buddies (some of whom are played by Marshall Thompson, Charles Drake, Jack Kelly, Richard Castle). *To Hell And Back* shows the stuff this hero's made of. CinemaScope—U.I.

THE SCARLET COAT

Dashing early American history

■ For anyone who isn't exactly sure what made Benedict Arnold a traitor here is a movie that will set you straight. Benedict Arnold came recommended by General George Washington himself, but he rubbed shoulders with so many gentlemanly Englishmen he switched horses in mid-stream, or loyalties in mid-battle. Here's his whole command (American) up around the Hudson River, pitifully struggling to hold back the British, and there's General Arnold sending coded messages, riders, flares and what not to as many redcoats as he can contact. If it weren't for Cornel Wilde we might have lost the whole darn war! Wilde's so clever he convinces redcoat Major Andre

(*Continued on page 74*)



These hands went through a revealing experiment. They were both soaked in detergents but only the right hand was treated with Jergens Lotion. Look at the difference! ***This is an unretouched photograph.***

Here's Proof: Jergens Lotion stops "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Even if you use detergents every day, your hands can be soft and pretty. 447 women recently proved it!

Under supervision they soaked both hands in a popular everyday detergent, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens was smoothed on right hands *alone.*

In 3 or 4 days the difference was unmistakable. Untreated hands were roughened and reddened; in extreme cases, even raw-looking. Hands treated with Jergens Lotion were beautifully smooth and soft!

The women were delighted to find such a pleasant, easy way to guard against "Detergent Hands." Of all the lotions tested this way, not *one* other proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. And Jergens is *never* sticky or greasy!

This wonderful hand care has been steadily improved for 50 years. It keeps your hands smooth in all weather, even if they're constantly in and out of water.

Buy Jergens today. It's heavier and creamier with a pleasing new fragrance. It still costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



*NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.*

Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***

Hollywood's favorite

Lustre-Creme Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion

Yes, Ann Blyth uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Ann Blyth

co-starring in THE KING'S THIEF

An M-G-M Production.

In CinemaScope. In Color.

Jerry do you remember...



■ Do you remember the year 1946 in Atlantic City? You told the manager of Club 500 that you had a friend who was a singer, also a riot. He said he'd give you a chance and you and your friend stayed up till dawn putting an act together. By showtime you'd thrown the script away; you didn't need it. From midnight to 6 A.M. everybody in the place got sick from laughing and by morning you and Dean were a team. Pretty soon you were one of the greatest teams in the history of show business. Do you remember how it felt back then. . . . ? It wasn't only money, it wasn't only fantastic success that had you spinning, it was something you'd been looking for all your life with the part of you that had nothing to do with show business. You've said it yourself many times. "Dean's like my brother. He's all the friends I never had when I was young . . ."

Jerry, do you remember 1952 in Minneapolis? You hit the floor the wrong way in one of your acrobatic bits and they rushed you to a hospital. The theatre manager decided to close shop for the night, but Dean said he'd go on, sing a few songs. He got a big hand when he stepped into the spotlight, but halfway through the song his voice broke. There were tears in his eyes as he ran off stage. Did anyone ever tell you the way he cried when the doctor said you'd be okay. . . ? Maybe no one had to tell you. "I know Dean so well," you used to say, "I can see him coming three blocks off, and can tell if he's feeling lousy by the way he walks." What was important enough to break up a team like that? Maybe you don't want to face it; maybe you both figure you can make millions without each other, maybe you can. But don't kid yourself into thinking you'll have that special glow alone. And don't think it's only laughs that fill a theatre. There are people who roared at you and Dean who wouldn't crack a smile at the same lines coming from two other guys. You put something into those lines that no gagwriter could ever dream up; you put in yourselves and the delight you felt in clowning together. You had the rarest thing in the entertainment world—a friendship that didn't depend on the box-office take, and everybody knew it. Now you're fighting like a couple of prima donnas. In the old days you used to laugh when Dean headed for the golf course. "If he's happy, I'm happy," you said. In the old days you'd threaten to walk out on a movie if Dean didn't like his part. You never had to walk out, because nobody ignores that kind of loyalty.

Make trouble with anybody else and it doesn't really matter. Turn against each other and every single one of your millions of fans feels betrayed. They don't want you slick, Jerry; they don't want you perfect; they don't even mind if you take a vacation. They just want you and Dean together. That's the only charm that works. We're not trying to fix the blame on you, Jerry, not by a long shot. But maybe we think you're the one who can heal the breach if you want to.

Can't you try? Can't a couple of guys who were so close for so long go out of their way to find what they lost? Jerry, do you remember when you said, "If anyone hurts my partner, he's my enemy?" Don't be your own worst enemy now. Nothing is bigger than the warmth you and Dean brought into every home in the country. Nothing should be allowed to take that warmth away.

Charles D Saxon

EDITOR



BY ALICE FINLETTER

ICE-COLD KELLY

has she got a heart?

■ Can Grace warm up? Her closest friends don't know. The most significant twist to the Kelly-Aumont romance is Hollywood's skepticism. People took a "we'll see" attitude as soon as the story broke. Not that they doubted Aumont's persuasiveness and charm. Not that they considered the affair a press agent's dream. Put bluntly, their question was—can Grace Kelly love any man?

It looks as though Grace is trapped in her own legend. She's been billed as unapproachable, reserved, self-controlled, to the point where everyone believes she just couldn't break down and be human. Or could she?

Self-appointed experts on Kelly can marshal evidence on both sides of the question. With no malice intended either. Everybody hopes Grace can warm up—to Aumont or some other man. Her friends feel it's high time she let herself behave like a woman as well as a lady.

Certainly the photographs of Grace on her Paris holiday with Jean-Pierre document a new and *very* warm Kelly, radiant, pliant, in love. She looked like any woman who's been flattered, courted and charmed.

Adulation is no new experience for Grace. She's had tons of it in the last two years. Sought after for photographs, personal appearances, films, endorsements. Rewarded by Hollywood's highest honor—the Oscar. The Kelly Look has become a national byword. The Kelly face has been imitated, unsuccessfully, by young hopefuls. The Kelly comments, infrequent though they are, make news. But this was different.

Jean-Pierre treated Grace like a woman. And so she behaved like one. Besides—and this is important—it was only an interlude.

The door to freedom, a freedom she craves, was still open. She was going home in a few days. This was only a whirl, an escape if you will, an emotional binge.

Champagne, the perfumed Paris night, the magical city of lovers, the romantic Aumont, conspired, not to turn Grace's head but to open her heart. And for the moment they succeeded. But when Grace got off the plane in America again (*Continued on page 80*)



IN PARIS Grace said goodbye to Jean-Pierre, left without answering his gentle, almost pathetic, "I do not know if the feeling is reciprocal."



LITTLE GIRL LOST



This story may shock you. It shocked us. But it is the truth — the truth about the June Allyson who is tragically incapable of living with herself

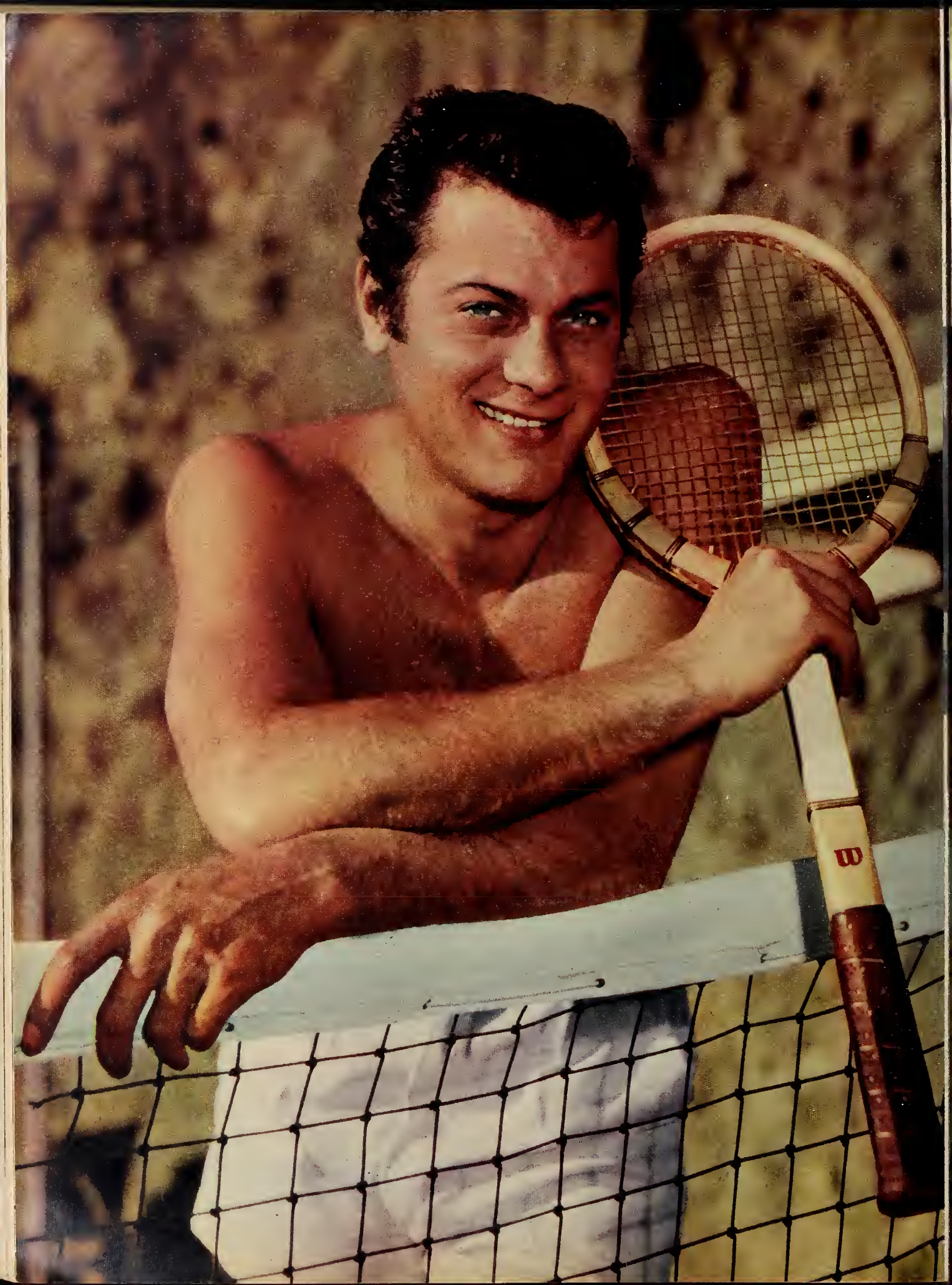
by WILLIAM BARBOUR

■ The Powell marriage is in bad trouble. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise—not that they're likely to. Around Hollywood everyone is talking about it. The people who, a few years ago, were claiming that the Powell home was Paradise and Junie the Angel-in-residence, are now the first to voice the gossip and the rumors—in private and in print.

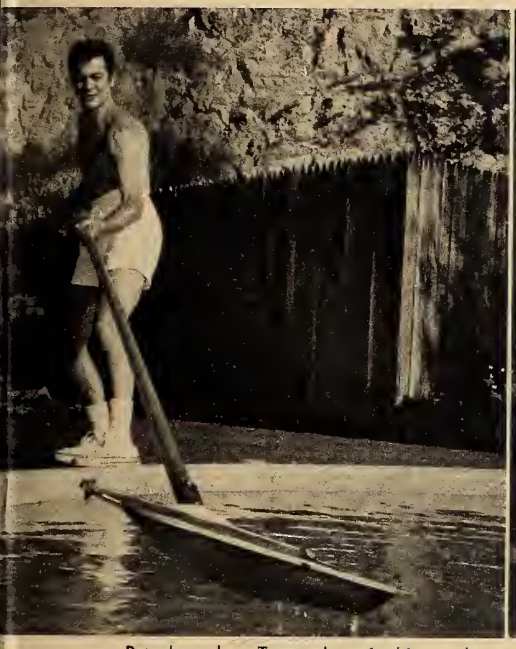
But the real story of this marriage-gone-awry is not a vicious one. It is instead one of Hollywood's real tragedies—the story of a girl who has had to learn—painfully—how to live with fame and wealth and servants, with responsibility and obligations—and somewhere along the way lost the ability to live with herself and to mature as a wife.

Go back a ways. Ten years ago, in August, 1945, June and Dick were married—to the accompaniment of the usual dire predictions. June's too young for Dick, they were saying. Not only is there an age difference, but she's immature even for her years. Certainly she won't be able to adjust to a man of forty, set in his ways. They have no interests in common. And there'll be clashes in their careers.

At first it looked as if they were wrong. It was just these disparities that kept the marriage happy. June, young and desperately insecure, clung to Dick as she might have to a father. He made the decisions, she followed his lead. The more his famous friends frightened June, the more she relied on Dick. He in turn seemed content with the arrangement. (*Continued on page 92*)


W

relax, Bernie- You made it!



Beachcomber Tony plays in his pool.



Bongo-drum addict Tony lives it up—at home.



Businessman Tony mokes deals on patio.

Seven years ago they said he couldn't last—the kid from Hell's Kitchen who didn't even know how to go Hollywood / by Imogene Collins

■ At the Sands Hotel, a gay and gaudy Las Vegas establishment, there is a swimming pool, as there is at every other Las Vegas hotel. On this particular day, a young couple lay soaking up the sun by the side of the Sands' pool. The girl, blonde and curvesome, was stretched on a lounge and the young man was flat on his back on a bright orange pad that accentuated the deep tan of his body.

Janet opened one eye and looked down at her husband. "What's so wonderful?" she said. "You look like the Cheshire cat."

Tony patted his chest contentedly and sighed. "I can purr, too. Want to hear me?"

He sat up then. "You know something? This is the first real vacation we've had since we were married."

"It's the first vacation *you've* had in seven years," said Janet.

Seven years, mused Tony. It seemed now as though he'd been in Hollywood all his life. New York and the poverty and the slums and the dirty snow and sultry nights and then the war—all of it seemed so far away now.

"I'm glad I didn't stay there," he said out loud. (*Continued on page 82*)

Stewart Granger
was four months and
6000 miles away
from home when the word came
and he knew
his girl needed his special
looking after.

FIVE DAYS FOR JEAN



Jean and Jimmy are home together at last. They'll go on picture-making junkets together but most of their time will be spent at their own hearthside, or roaming their own land together, catching up on the things they love—books, pets, cooking and each other.



■ "The first problem," said Stewart Granger as he embraced his wife tenderly, "the first problem is to pork you up a bit."

Through the four months he had been away in Pakistan this huge man who frets and buzzes and busies himself caring for his girl (whenever his travels permit) had been worried about Jean. (And she enjoys every minute of his concern.) What he had anticipated had happened—her assignment in *Guys And Dolls*, which required her to sing as well as act in such heady company as Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine, was taking too much out of her. In London, where the last scenes of *Bhowani Junction* were being filmed, Jimmy (Stewart's real name) had heard she was ill. Jean was losing weight, missing her sleep and eating poorly. Mr. G. begged for five days leave and now he was home to put things in order.

Jean ate better, all right. Jimmy took charge of the kitchen—his favorite domain—right away. He is, by the way, one of the greater chefs of the century.

Jean rested better, too. Jimmy not only played nurse at home—he went to the studio with her every day to make sure that she didn't overwork. Which must have pleased Mr. Goldwyn's production staff no end. There was another reason for his wanting to go to the studio as well. When the two of them had discussed her chance to play in *Guys And Dolls*, he had been worried about the wish (*Continued on page 94*)



She wasn't always such a gay one.

There was a time



"Let me Belong"

when Sheree North hungered for only one thing—to be wanted / by Ida Zeitlin

Say SHEREE NORTH and you see the exuberant elf who broke into glory on Bing's TV show. You see the wisecracking babe who, via 20th Century-Fox, has made herself very, very popular since. You see her aglow with life and mischief and probably think what fun to be gay Sheree North, breezing your way starward from the first. Which goes to show how deceptive appearances are. Through twenty of her twenty-two years, it was no fun at all to be Sheree North or Dawn Bethel (her real name) or Cookie or Bubbles or any of the dozen handles she tried out, hoping to establish a new identity. It was nothing but a long, blind, lonely, often despairing quest for emotional security.

"I always felt like the wrong kid," says Sheree, "rejected and cast out. I always hungered to be somebody else, almost anyone else, so long as it wasn't me."

Close-up she's not the character she plays. The platinum top's dyed. She'd rather keep it dark but bows to the gentlemen who prefer blondes. The hazel eyes hold sadness. The lines of the face are soft, the voice is low. There's nothing brassy about her. While her command of English may include jive, it doesn't stop there. She talks like a person who thinks.

"The change that came in me wasn't due to success. Nor to money nor a man. All three can make life pleasanter. Or, with all three, you can be as unhappy and lost as I used to be. There's just one place where you can find security, and that's within yourself."

Dancing's a profession with her, not a way of life. Eight years ago she tagged herself a flop. "I've danced enough. If you can't make the grade at fourteen, you might as well quit." Three years ago she was all set to turn in her taps for a typewriter. When they kinescoped the Crosby program, she and her sister Janet watched for a minute. "Ech!" shrugged Sheree, flicked the knob and went back to the more engrossing project of building an upside-down pineapple cake. Ambition never drove her. The cry of her heart, if she could have given it expression, was, "Let me belong."

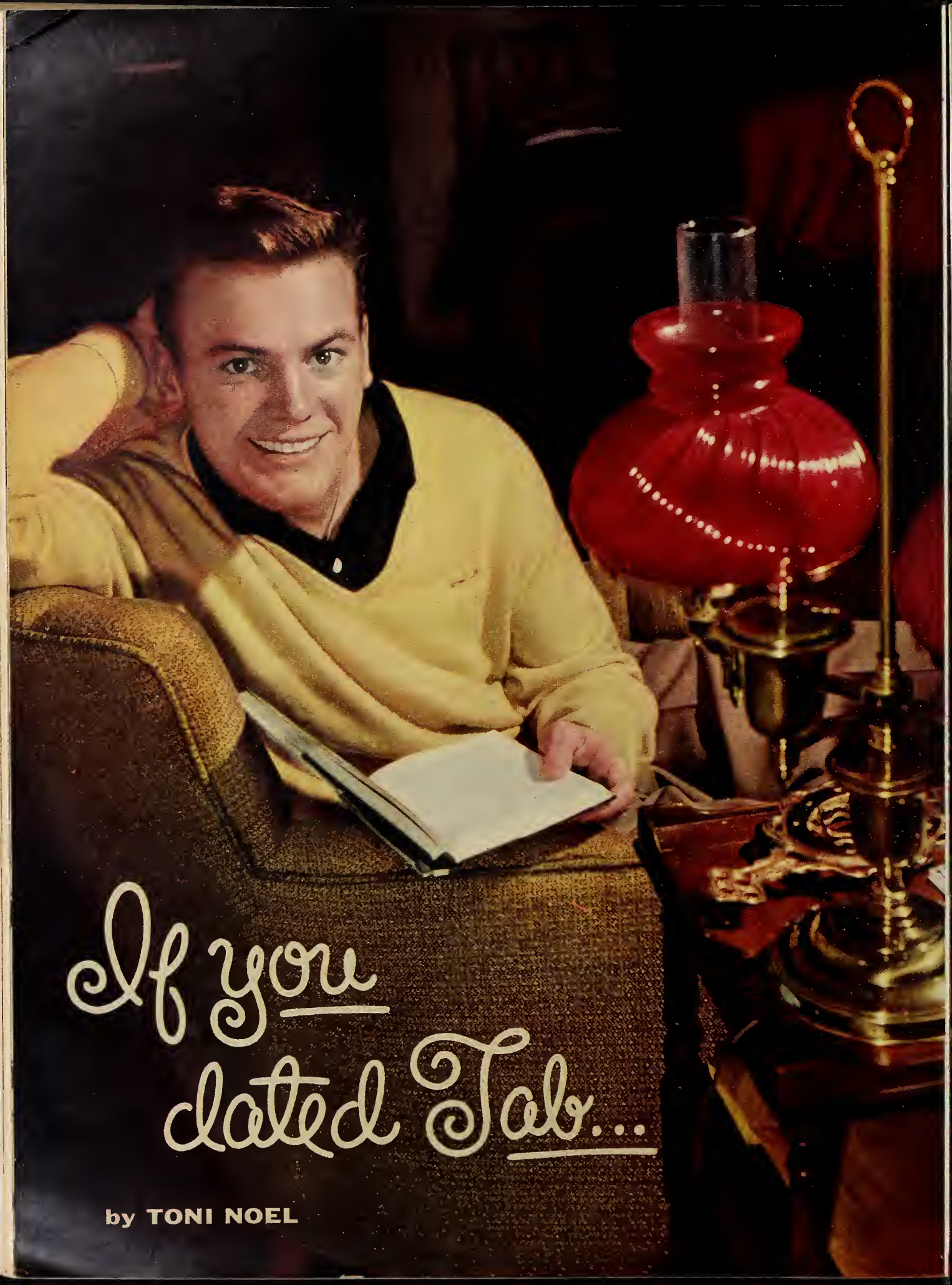
She had it rough. Her father walked out before she was born. They were on relief, eked out by what her harassed mother could earn. Grandmother's hands were full with the cooking and housework. The kids took care of themselves as best they could. Close in age and feeling, Janet and Don, her half-brother and sister, got some moral support from each other. Sheree was the fifth wheel who didn't speak their language nor play their games. They were old enough to look on her as a nuisance but too young to be aware of her need for them. Besides, they were out fighting their own battles.

The sense of not belonging came into cruel focus the day she matriculated at kindergarten. There she faced an array of scrubbed and shiny children, dolled up for the occasion. She also faced a battery of critical eyes, which appraised the holes in her stockings, her unkempt hair, the patched and tacky dress—a hand-me-down from a hand-me-down of Janet's. She saw that every girl wore a ribbon in her hair, and would have given her right arm for a ribbon. At home they had no nickels to spare for ribbons. At home they had no time to see whether you took a bath or not, so naturally you didn't. Up to then it hadn't mattered. Now it did. She felt the wave of disapproval surging toward her and cringed under it. She felt ugly and dirty and alone. She felt that a wall had gone up, with all the rest on one side and her on the other—an experience repeated over and over until it bit deep.

The neighborhood where they lived wasn't well-to-do. Some families fared better, some worse. But the other kids had fathers. Unlike Sheree's mother, theirs could stay at home, concentrate on the youngsters, do much with little. In addition, Sheree was a highly sensitive child. With a thicker skin and more aggressiveness, she might have defied her peers and thus won their respect. Instead, their hostility cowed her. Realizing their power, they'd abuse it, mocking her openly or behind their hands. Taunted at length beyond endurance, she'd cry out. Kids are kids and don't know when they're being brutal. Grownups are supposed to be endowed with more sense. But one teacher of Sheree's must have had problems of her own. She seemed to lie in wait for that desperate cry. The minute it rose, she'd haul the culprit to the desk, stick a paper bag over her head and stand her by the hot radiator till the sweat poured down. This unique method of discipline failed to do anything for Sheree's morale.

It never occurred to her to complain at home, where complaints weren't encouraged. Anyway, suppose Mother *should* go riding to the rescue. The very thought stood Sheree's hair on end, because then the teacher would really have it in for her. By now she was thoroughly intimidated, terrified of authority, terrified almost of her shadow. It showed in the way she walked, head down, shoulders sunk. It showed in the way she couldn't lift her eyes nor speak up to an adult, having learned in a hard school that your safest course lay in keeping your mouth shut. Only by herself was she unafraid, in a fairyland she created to escape reality. On the way home she'd filch a flower from a bush. In the bedroom she'd put on a dress of her mother's, crush the flower between her palms to make perfume and pretend to be a movie star.

There remained the compulsive need for acceptance, to be part of the group. Once, for two (*Continued on page 87*)



If you dated Tab...

by TONI NOEL

. . . he'd give you lots of notice
pick you up on time
ask what you want to do
notice your dress
. . . you'd eat at the Beachcomber
jitterbug at Ciro's
ride in a Thunderbird
. . . he'd open doors for you
light your cigarettes
protect you in a crowd
. . . you'd go easy on make-up
wear something tailored
never be bossy
keep your voice low
. . . he'd expect a good dancer
a sense of humor
bright-eyed enthusiasm
. . . you'd keep it relaxed
and cool and fun and
. . . he'd ask you again

■ A date with Tab Hunter could happen without your doing anything drastic, like bleaching your hair or dyeing it darger, remodeling your nose or wearing stilts. For your information, he says: "I seem to go for either sweet young things or sophisticated older women. I keep reading that I'm partial to blondes in small sizes, but it isn't true. The color of her hair and eyes or her height wouldn't make any difference to me. It's the *person* I'm interested in—just so she's shaped right. Like a girl. You know?"

If you had a date with Tab Hunter, you would join a charmed but uncrowded circle of girls. Warners' fair-haired boy is applying himself to his work (*Continued on page 90*)

Lucky Anna Maria had a date with Tab—a day's romp at Malibu Beach



THEY LUNCHED ON SEAFOOD



TRIED ON CROCKETT CAPS



RACED THROUGH THE SURF



GAVE A SHUTTERBUG A BREAK



WENT FISHING ON THE PIER

HAD A LOT OF LAUGHS



Getting to know you



You think you know your fiancé pretty well—then suddenly, like Mitzi, and Jack, you're facing Forever

■ In her capacity as Mrs. Jack Bean, Mitzi Gaynor has a word or two for the prospective bride.

"Any advice you get, listen to it very carefully," says Mitzi, "but remember always carefully to forget it right away. You can't make up rules for marriage. You have to be flexible.

"Yes, of course, there are hard things in that scary first year. Life isn't all romance and roses. But every time something goes wrong you don't have to run home to mother. If you do, you miss the pretty wonderful things that fill that first year, too.

"You see, it's just like buying a new pair of shoes. If the leather is stiff they may rub a blister for a few days. But if you're sensible you don't throw away the shoes or cut off your feet to solve the problem. You just wear the shoes a while. And then you're likely to find they're the most wonderful shoes a person ever had."

She knows whereof she speaks. She and Jack have had their blisters, in the form of tiff's and fears both before and during their hectic, happy marriage. Occasionally it looked as if the wedding wasn't going to come off at all. Looked that way at the darndest times—like just before the ceremony.



Cooking was no problem to Mitzi (the daughter of a chef) but it was to Jack. His scrambled eggs almost caused a divorce!



ABOVE *At work Mitzi is often tense and nervous, relaxes only when Jack's daily phone calls come through—to cheer her up or calm her down.*

RIGHT *Temperamental opposites, Mitzi and Jack read up on tiffs-to-be-expected, but manage to make up without benefit of rules!*



After / by Mark Flanders

The wedding was taking place in San Francisco in the home of a friend, and all the guests had arrived and were waiting in the living room for Mitzi to appear so the ceremony could commence. Mitzi herself stood at the top of the staircase. She had stopped to say a little prayer.

"I suppose every bride does that," Mitzi explains. "Then I started to go down. But (*Continued on page 67*)

Beauty wears many faces
It's Kelly —cool and reserved;
Taylor —warm, inviting.
Here are four other great
beauties who have created
their own Look —glowing
because The Look
is a glamorous projection
of their true selves

THE HOLLYWOOD LOOK



GIRL NEXT DOOR

Doris Day . . . the kid everyone knows — cute and friendly, sometimes fresh. She comes clean . . . flaunts her freckles, and gives her mouth a casual swipe of lipstick. Frankly herself, she wears the Look in dungarees or diamonds

GIRL FROM OUTER SPACE

Audrey Hepburn . . . the elf from everywhere. So very lovely and just a bit frightening. She achieves the Look with wit and sophistication. Deliberately theatrical, she fools no one—and never herself



MORE →



THE SPRITE

Janet Leigh . . . fast-moving
youngster, always ready
for a party or for a hay-
ride, or anything that's
bright and gay and a little
crazy. She could have been
just another pretty girl . . .
achieved a luminous beauty
because she cared enough
to work at it

THE HOLLYWOOD LOOK



THE SOPHISTICATE

Lana Turner . . . serene, poised, worldy, eyes a mirror of troubles past and problems solved, secure in the knowledge of her God-given loveliness and the mature beauty reflected by happiness found at last

MORE →

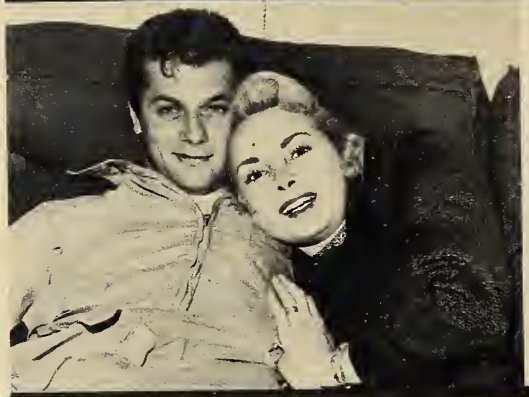
THE HOLLYWOOD LOOK | *how they got it!*



DORIS DAY is just about the scrubbingest girl in Hollywood. "Cleanliness is a fundamental of glamour," says Doris, "and anyhow I enjoy it." She uses a light cleansing cream to remove make-up but always follows with soap and water. She takes two, sometimes three, baths a day, usually showers. Doris never wears obvious make-up because she feels that it's artificial and aging, especially to her type. She keeps her nails short and uses a clear polish. Doris says her style just growed. "After all there's no absolute definition of beauty!"



AUDREY HEPBURN doesn't consider herself beautiful, but Hollywood likes the way she looks. She's the same girl she was before *Roman Holiday*, except for an accentuated "gamin cut." Smart Miss Hepburn long ago realized that her huge eyes and mouth were her most expressive assets. (They are for any woman, she thinks.) She never thins her eyebrows, just keeps them in shape and touched up lightly with pencil. No make-up base, rouge, powder. But lipstick—boldly applied. Says Audrey, "Real beauty, whatever the type, is Beauty Within."



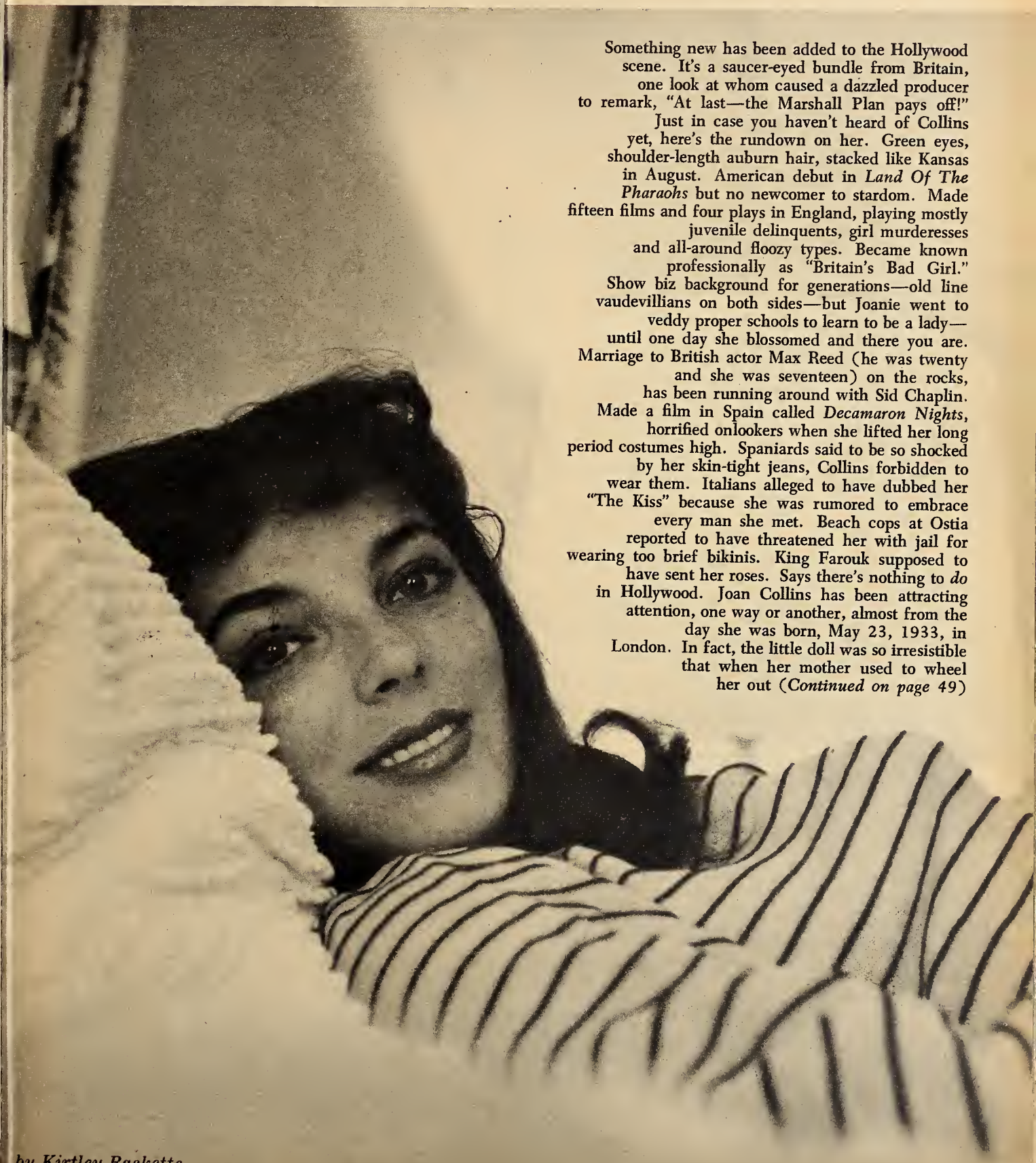
JANET LEIGH keeps herself meticulously groomed but not untouchable. Janet believes beauty begins with cleanliness. No smeary make-up, every hair in place, carefully manicured hands, spotless clothes. She depends on bath oil, a favorite brand of lanolin-base soap, a cleanser called Violet Pore Wash to keep clean and fragrant. She prefers light make-up, keeps her toenails trim and polished. She exercises regularly, eats for energy, takes diction and singing lessons. And believes, "Real beauty is a matter of character and personality."



LANA TURNER always looks divine on parade or in private. She enjoys looking dramatic but keys make-up to the occasion, the lighting and her costume. She likes being tanned and prefers being a brunette (her natural color). Have you ever noticed Lana's hands? Fine, strong and well groomed, thanks to soap and water, the daily use of hand lotion and no tension. Lana thinks beauty is every woman's business. She's spent years experimenting with her style but confides: "When I am happy, I always know I'm looking my best."

the naughty lady from Drury Lane

JOAN COLLINS



Something new has been added to the Hollywood scene. It's a saucer-eyed bundle from Britain, one look at whom caused a dazzled producer to remark, "At last—the Marshall Plan pays off!" Just in case you haven't heard of Collins yet, here's the rundown on her. Green eyes, shoulder-length auburn hair, stacked like Kansas in August. American debut in *Land Of The Pharaohs* but no newcomer to stardom. Made fifteen films and four plays in England, playing mostly juvenile delinquents, girl murderesses and all-around floozy types. Became known professionally as "Britain's Bad Girl." Show biz background for generations—old line vaudevillians on both sides—but Joanie went to veddy proper schools to learn to be a lady—until one day she blossomed and there you are. Marriage to British actor Max Reed (he was twenty and she was seventeen) on the rocks, has been running around with Sid Chaplin. Made a film in Spain called *Decamaron Nights*, horrified onlookers when she lifted her long period costumes high. Spaniards said to be so shocked by her skin-tight jeans, Collins forbidden to wear them. Italians alleged to have dubbed her "The Kiss" because she was rumored to embrace every man she met. Beach cops at Ostia reported to have threatened her with jail for wearing too brief bikinis. King Farouk supposed to have sent her roses. Says there's nothing to *do* in Hollywood. Joan Collins has been attracting attention, one way or another, almost from the day she was born, May 23, 1933, in London. In fact, the little doll was so irresistible that when her mother used to wheel her out (*Continued on page 49*)

by Kirtley Baskette

As a queen of the Nile or home in dungarees, Joan Collins fills the camera's eye



ABOVE *With her sister, Joan looks like an average nice kid, not the British bombshell who rocked Merrie Old England and promises Hollywood a tremor or two.*

RIGHT *As an Egyptian* femme fatale *Joan looks like Cleopatra, carries off costume with dignity and distinction. Fox boasts she'll have thirty-three changes in* Girl in the Red Velvet Swing.

BELOW *As a cool, collected career girl Joan looks pretty much like the person he really is. At the moment anyway. For Joan has played many roles and there are lots more to come.*





(*Continued from page 47*)
on the street strangers would lean down and buss her impulsively, until Mrs. Collins finally tacked a sign on the buggy, "PLEASE DO NOT KISS THIS BABY!"

At that point such demonstrations of affection were as innocent as Joan Henriette Collins herself, but there was still the matter of germs. And the Collinses, particularly father Will, had special reason to cherish little Joanie. She was their good luck charm.

Until Joan arrived Will had a rough go of it making a living as a theatrical agent. With her birth he suddenly got rolling and today is one of the busiest talent peddlers in Britain. Oddly enough though, neither Will nor any of the Collins family, including her mother Elsa, figured little Joan for a future in the spotlight. Neither did Joan, although a fast look at the family tree might have forecast the inevitable.

The Collins clan (*Continued on page 95*)

My name is May Wynn, Girl Cleaning Woman. This is not my usual occupation and I wouldn't say it's my favorite one. But what can you do when a real sweet guy (one Bob Francis in this case) tells you he's moving to a new apartment and wants you to give it...

a woman's touch





Bob spent the morning doing the really tough work—like carrying his wardrobe from the car to the apartment. Someone—his lovely mother, I guess—certainly taught that boy to take care of his clothes.



I wasn't trusted with the sport-shirt collection. "Take something easy that won't get hurt when you drop it, Butterfingers," Bob said. "Like the books!" Well, they couldn't have weighed more than a ton!

A fine woman's touch this is, huh? But Bob couldn't have been more thoughtful. He not only gave me the outside to do, he gave me an apron! Also frequent helpful suggestions like, "Elbow grease, girl!"



"Coffee break," Bob announced. Some break! That boy's energy even bubbles the coffee over—and he was laughing too hard to turn down the stove! Everything we do seems to tickle Bob.



But when he's serious he's like a grave little boy—all dreamy and sweet. He'll read aloud at the drop of a hat—or the drop of the two of us onto the floor. Half the time I don't listen—just watch his face.





"Enough loafing," Bob said. "Back to work!"



But at the end—such a very lovely view.



EDITOR'S NOTE: No matter what happens, the facts are sure. As we go to press, Debbie and Eddie have actually named (to each other) the date in July. They're sure, they're walking on air. We believe it—and so we predict that they *will* be married by the time you read this. This story is about the present. Turn the page for ten eye-witness reports on how it all began.

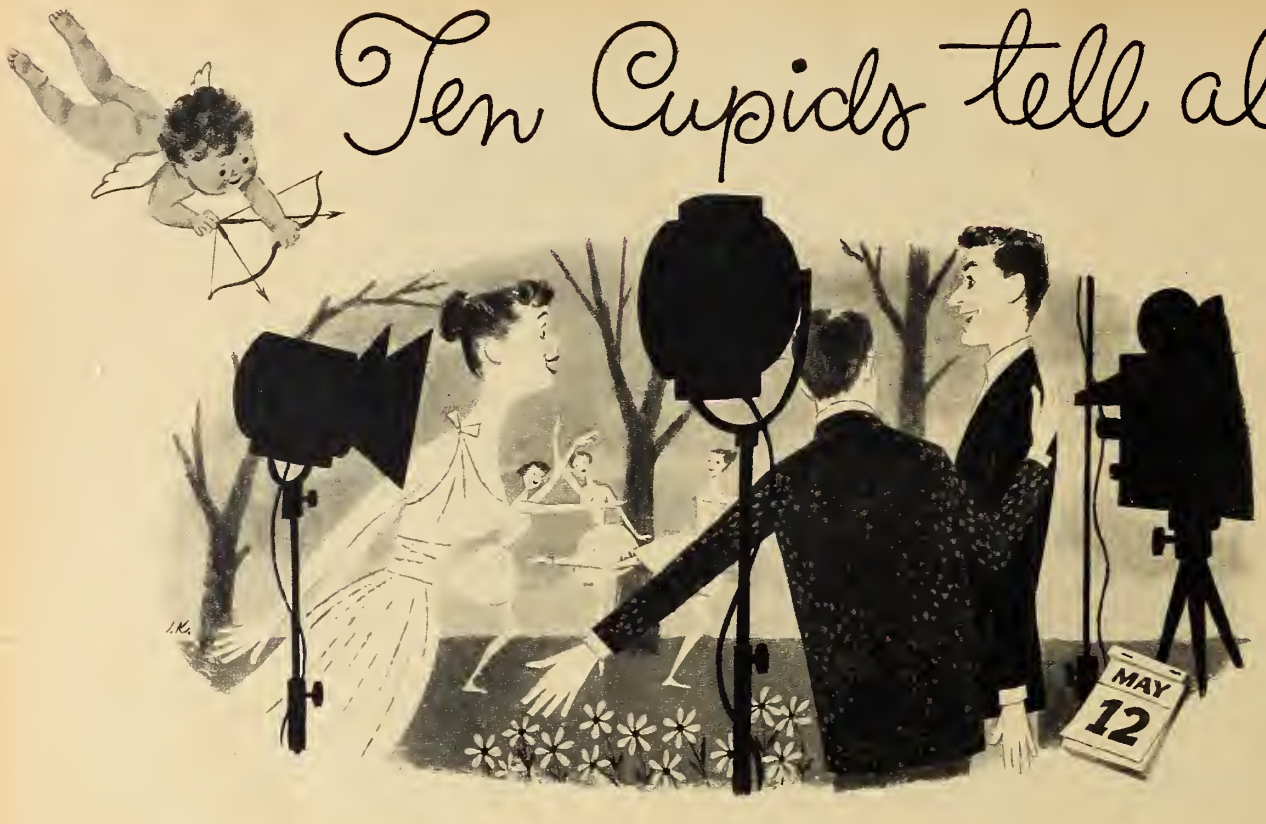
They dood it!

■ It was decided in Palm Springs in June. While half the press was assuring its readers that Debbie was about to return Eddie's ring and the other half was suggesting she had given it back already, Debbie and Eddie were back together again, secretly making plans for the wedding. No fancy dress ball, this time. No thousand-name guest list. Fanfare had almost destroyed their marriage and they were taking no chances. As we go to press, Eddie is loading his new white Mercedes-Benz convertible for the drive west. His two-month vacation—twice postponed—has finally begun and the wedding is set for July 20 or a few days later, depending upon when Debbie is finished shooting *The Tender Trap*. The huddles, the hassles are all behind them and it looks like smooth sailing at last. The rendezvous had been arranged after Debbie returned from Korea. She had done a lot of thinking and one thing was clear. She still loved Eddie. She was sure he still loved her. The romance deserved another chance—if Eddie would fight for her, too. This was his chance. (*Continued on page* 85)

by Alice Hoffman



Ten Cupids tell all!



It was love at first sight

by JOE PASTERNAK I had lunch with Eddie one day last spring, when every young man's fancy ought to turn to love. Not Eddie's. Not that day at lunch. I was trying to sell him a picture and he kept saying how many things he had to do that afternoon. When we left the commissary, he made like he was going to fly out of the studio.

"What's your hurry?" I said. "Stick around a while."

"I have a million things to do," he said.

"We've got lots of interesting things around here," I said.

"What, for instance?"

"Well," I said, "the most interesting thing I can think of is Debbie Reynolds."

"Okay," he said. He didn't light up at the mention of her name, or anything like that. He just said okay—in a resigned sort of way.

So I took him over to the set of *Athena* and I said to Debbie, "I want you to meet a nice young man, Eddie Fisher."

Debbie looked at Eddie and said, "Oh."

And Eddie looked at Debbie and said, "Oh."

Now, these weren't the everyday kind of Ohs. They were different—as if the kids had just swallowed the whole studio in one gulp. They were capital OHs.

And after that it was like—well, it was boy meets girl and time flies out of the air. Suddenly Eddie forgot his appointments and he stayed around quite a while and watched Debbie work. To look at him standing there, you'd have thought he didn't have anything to do until Christmas.

I could sense the sparks and I thought at the time maybe I'd started something. Now I know I did, and I'm glad.

I gave him her phone number

by JOHNNY GRANT I've known Eddie a long time, ever since I began spinning his hit records on KMPC in Los Angeles. One day we were sitting around talking and the subject turned, as it so often does, to girls. When I mentioned Debbie as being one of the nicest girls in town, Eddie's eyes flipped open.

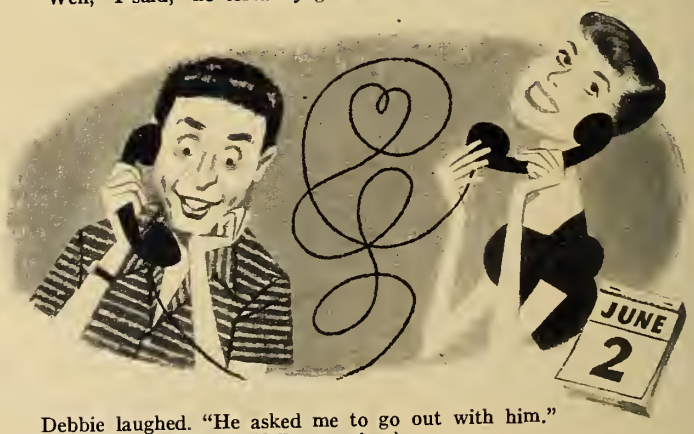
"You know," he said, "I'd like to get in touch with her. Do you happen to have her phone number?"

He managed to be casual about the question, but when I told him I had it at home and he'd have to wait until I could look it up, he turned into a hen on a hot griddle.

A few days later I phoned Debbie to tell her. I thought it would be only fair to let her know because you don't go around giving away girls' phone numbers as though you were dealing cards.

Debbie's voice smiled right through the phone wires. "I know," she said. "He's already called me."

"Well," I said, "he certainly got anxious, didn't he?"



Debbie laughed. "He asked me to go out with him."

"And you're going?" (Silly question.)

"Sure," said Debbie. "Certainly."

They say I helped, but when I think about it I'm sure it didn't count for much. Eddie would have got to Debbie if he'd had to saddle an albatross and fly over the North Pole.

I took their first picture

by BOB BEERMAN In my job as photographer for MODERN SCREEN, I'm always happy to find a movie star. I'm even happier when I can find two of them together.

Last June, when Eddie Fisher opened at the Cocoanut Grove, I was on tap with my assorted shutters. I looked around for Eddie before the show and finally spotted him at a table sur-

rounded hy people, including Dehbie Reynolds. Beerman, I said to myself, why don't you just he clever and original and get Reynolds and Fisher together in a picture? And when I was through congratulating myself on my rare idea, I did just that. They posed willingly, which puts it mildly. If I had stopped to think about it at the time, I'd have realized that to them, this wasn't just another picture. They seemed to he overjoyed to put their heads together. But I was too husy patting myself on the back.

How was I to know she was his date that night? And furthermore, how was I to know that this comho was going to he the most photographed couple since Garho and Gilhert?



I was their chaperone

by LOUELLA PARSONS The kids had heen dating only about a month when I spent a week with them in Las Vegas. That's a short time, hut it doesn't take long to fall in love when you're young, and hy then both Dehhie and Eddie were in so deep they didn't know anyhody else was around.

I didn't go to Las Vegas with the intention of chaperoning them, hut when Debbie's mother was called hack to Los Angeles, she asked me if I'd keep an eye on her daughter. Debbie is too sensible a girl to need much chaperoning, hut she just grinned at her mother's concern and reported to me so regularly and dutifully that you'd have thought I was wearing a uniform and carrying sidearms.

It was the easiest and most pleasant joh I ever had. It was easy from two angles. 1. Debbie is the kind of girl every woman would like to have for a daughter, and she took my position so seriously that I knew where she was every hour of the week. 2. From my own standpoint, I didn't have to ask any questions. It was all there, in glances and sighs, for me to translate into the news that Debbie and Eddie were in love. And it was pleasant, naturally, hecause there's nothing quite so nice as watching two youngsters dreaming through romantic days:

We spent daylight hours by the pool and evening hours in the town's cafes. Everywhere we went hoth Eddie and Dehhie were mohhed hy fans, yet they had eyes only for each other. I asked Eddie one day if he was going to marry Dehhie and he said, "I've got it had for her, Ma. But don't say we're engaged, because maybe Debbie doesn't love me that much. Mayhe she doesn't want me."

I couldn't help smiling. Eddie himself couldn't see what everyone else knew—that Dehhie was head over heels. People with half an eye could tell just hy looking at her. Me, I had two whole eyes and there wasn't any douht. But I didn't tell him what I was thinking. I wanted him to have the fun of finding out for himself when he popped the question.

I got their first story

by RUTH ROWLAND I did the first story on the romance and it was the best interview I ever had. This is only natural, because I'd known that Dehhie was in love long before I sat



opposite her with a notebook and pencil. My hushand, Roy Rowland, directed Debbie in her first hig picture, *Two Weeks With Love,* and ever since then we've heen friends.

It wasn't news to anyone who had heen around Debbie during those summer months. One night, at a party given hy Ann Miller, Eddie called Dehhie from New York. She disappeared into another room with the phone and when she emerged, what seemed hours later, her eyes were shining like two stars. We teased her. "Does he always talk that long?" "You're glowing." "What did he say?" And Dehbie, usually so lively, so exuherant, just smiled back and didn't answer us.

So we all knew. And my interview with her was fine, and the story was an easy one to write. But there is this that I'd like to point out ahout Dehbie. Her love for Eddie has shown us something new in this girl. She has always heen outgoing, the life of the party, a screamingly funny comedienne. She still is, hut there is another side to her, we have found. She is extremely sensitive, and she holds this love to herself as though she wanted to keep it from prying eyes. Always so cooperative and understanding with the press, Dehhie has suddenly hecome shy. I know that if she could have her own way, the romance would he the sole property of Eddie and Debbie. She still understands that publicity is an important part of a movie star's career, hut for the first time she has something that I helieve really pains her to share with the world. And I admire her for it.

You couldut live with the guy

by JOEY FORMAN I am what you might call the west coast representative of Eddie Fisher. Being Eddie's hest friend, and heing an actor who stays in Hollywood, I'm here when Eddie isn't, so he trusts me to squire Dehhie around in his ahsence. Not exactly squire her—I'm just here when she needs to he escorted somewhere or when she needs somehody to open a jar of pickles.

By now I feel I know Dehbie very well, because last summer when Fisher was on vacation out here, I (*Continued on page* 76)



WHAT LANA'S REALLY LIKE

She loves kids. Cooks a mean fried chicken. Buys hats to

Lana and Lex listen to Hollywood chatter.



The queen is amused: the joke could be on her.



And belts a laugh all the way across the room.



■ Writing a story about Lana, at least a story that is new, is about as easy as updating Little Red Riding Hood. Everybody knows what happened to R. R. Hood, and everybody knows what has happened to L. Turner. (It is purely coincidental that both heroines have had wolf troubles.)

So as a refresher course, I read a few dozen stories about her, assorted pulse quickeners that stretched over more than a dozen years. They ran the gamut, beginning with sweaters and Greg Bautzer and ending with sweaters and Lex Barker. Something interesting about them—they all concentrated on Men. The curious rhythm of changing partners fascinated the writers. Lots of them turned amateur psychologist and looked for patterns and came up with reasons of their own. Some said that men grew tired of Lana, some said Lana grows tired of men, and some insisted she has a father complex.

I don't have to tell you Lana's reaction to all this supposition. Still and yet, she snorts in indignation and says, "Things just happened, that's all. There were mistakes. And as for having a father complex, that's ridiculous. I'm as un-complex as a person can be."

Inclined to agree with her, I decided that I'd ignore the subject of her marriages. They were all dillies in their respective ways and Lana tried, as far as is humanly possible, to make them work. I felt there was no reason to drag her through all that again; the stories have been printed in Hindustani, Flemish, and for all I know, Braille.

So I turned reporter and contacted her butcher, baker and cocktail-dress maker. There were also a few producers, three directors, her stand-in, hairdresser and make-up man, a cameraman or two, a movie star or two, a couple of old flames, an ex-maid and a shoe salesman. And you know something? Each of these people has been grilled about Lana by other writers an average of 5.5 times. Which, I figured, left them all rather drained of anything to say. There was one interesting thing, though. Without exception, they could still deliver their opinion of Lana. They termed her "a dreamboat," "a poor soul who doesn't deserve the unhappiness she's had," "a loyal friend," "divine," "a truly fine woman," "the greatest," "an actress of talent when given the opportunity," "an amusing companion" and "a great dame." Too overwhelming. You might even call it sticky. So I allowed as how I'd let Lana speak for herself. I'd take you to lunch with her. It would be the closest you (*Continued on page 71*)

fit her cars. Hates to break a greenback. She's all woman and proud of it / *by Jane Wilkie*





When we moved to
a large city there must
have been
many examples of hate
around me but the labels
that prompted them
were never very clear
to me because . . .

I DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

by Charlton Heston

■ I have always considered myself a very lucky man on many counts, but most particularly because I was inoculated early in life against a dread disease—bigotry. The treatment was drastic—complete quarantine. But it certainly took. I was raised in a part of Northeast Michigan more heavily settled with trees than people. I must be one of the few members of my generation who went to a one-room school, and, during most of the time I went there, the one room contained eleven pupils and eight primary grades. In view of the fact that two of the eleven were cousins of mine, it's not surprising that the racial and religious make-up (*Continued on page 60*)



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HAS THE KING CHANGED?



Marriage to Kay Spreckels has put Mr. Gable in a mellow mood.

■ Clark Gable each morning greets his co-star, Jane Russell, on the set of 20th Century-Fox's *The Tall Men*, with "Good morning, boss lady."

Jane responds as the spirit moves her, sometimes with a pleasant acknowledgment, sometimes with chosen lines from the script of *The Tall Men*, such as: "I hear you brayin', mule-head, but the message ain't clear."

"When Jane Russell is the boss," Gable says, "all previous concepts of employer-employee relationships must be examined under a new light, or at least with different emphasis."

All this chatter is incomprehensible unless one knows that Gable has signed with Russfield Corp. to star in *The Last Man In Wagon Mound*. And also that Miss Russell and her husband, Bob Waterfield, *are* Russfield Corp.

While Gable enjoys his whimsey of referring to Miss Russell, the producer of his next picture, as his boss, Jane, as his co-star in the current production, is having plenty of opportunity to find out what he's like.

All Hollywood says that Gable has changed and many people insist that the change is due to his much speculated-about romance with Kay Williams Spreckels. Not given to talk about his private life, while the company was on location in Mexico, the king's co-workers were frequently astonished to find out how much that gracious lady was on his mind. Sometimes looking out over the beautiful countryside he'd remark: "Kay would like to see this."

Whatever the source of his present feeling of fitness and high spirits, co-star-soon-to-be-boss Jane Russell says it hasn't softened his brain any.

"For all his 'boss-lady-ing' talk," says Jane, "when Clark signed with Russfield he didn't make the deal with my husband and me. He sent his agent. And who is his agent? Jesse James! It couldn't have been anyone else!"

(*Continued from page 58*) of the school was as uniform as it was. To me, men came in only one pattern—white Protestant. Not church-going Protestant, either. We had no church in St. Helen then.

It may be hard to believe that a boy could grow into adolescence in the Twentieth Century so ignorant of one of the great evils of the modern world, but that is exactly what happened to me. I can claim no particular credit for the sunny tolerance with which I viewed the world around me then. I had few playmates, knew few people, indeed, outside the family. The few boys I did know seemed very much like me. I spent most of my time roaming the woods alone, which may have had something to do with my innocence in these matters. Nature doesn't discriminate.

When we moved to a large city, where there were other faces, and other faiths, too, the vaccination had apparently taken. There must have been many examples of prejudice around me, but the group and race labels that prompted them were never very clear to me. Back home a man was a farmer, a sawmill hand, a tourist guide or a trapper and a Protestant, of course. Here, the choice of jobs was greater and so was the choice of religions. But a man was still whatever kind of man he was on his own account, as far as I was concerned, and it never occurred to me to take into account where he worshiped or how or even whether!

Most people, of course, arrive at this point of view as soon as they are old enough to start thinking for themselves; I have always been grateful that I never had to go through the painful period of reexamining and discording old and shallow thinking first. Again, I can claim no credit for this happy fact, it's just that I never met a man I didn't like until I was old enough to have a better reason for disliking him than the church he went to, or didn't go to.

All this has not been something I've thought much about, up until now. I'm not much on introspection, as a rule; but it's been ringing some bells for me, lately since I've been working on the role of Moses in Mr. DeMille's production of *The Ten Commandments*.

I'm a long way from any position of authority on Moses. The nine months I spent preparing before we went to Egypt to begin shooting last October and the experience of building the part since have taught me more than anything some sense of the infinity of this man. The only position from which I can speak with any voice at all is that of a man who has stood on Sinai, and who has worked for a year and a half on the character of the man Moses whose life was described by Winston Churchill as, ". . . . the most decisive leap forward, ever discernible in the human story."

Moses is proving a great experience for me, personally as well as professionally. It would be trite, and a little oversimplified besides, to say that the role was an inspiration for me; but you cannot spend a year and a half digging into a personality as vital as Moses, spend ten and twelve hours a working day trying to be that man, and still be the same when you've finished it. When we shot the sequences of Moses' exile in the terrifying Wilderness of Sin, a desert sojourn he seems to have shared with the prophets of almost every major religion, Christ, Mohammed, Buddha, I remembered my own early solitudes, and tried to relate them to what I was trying to experience, as Moses. My presumption is obvious, of course. My own wanderings had only served to preserve my innocence; Moses had come from his exile inspired with a philosophic concept whose impact on the world has never stopped echoing that Law can be more than the casual will of the government; that it can be an immutable code for men to live by, regardless of their beliefs or strengths. The *same* law, for *all* men.

Have you heard the popcorn song, "Too Pooped to Pop"? . . .
Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

I think this is the true strength of Moses' place in the life of Man, the loudest voice with which he speaks across three millenia. To Jews he is the Deliverer, to Christians he is the Lawgiver and to Moslems he is the First True Believer, but to all these faiths, and to men of no faith at all, he brought the Law by which men still try to live. You could go to church or synagogue or mosque, or be out of reach of any church, as I was as a child, and find this the same in every place.

To me there is a wonderful aptness in this: that Moses, whose message cuts so heedlessly across all the intricate barriers and lines of demarcation man has so painfully set up to keep him from his fellows, should also be claimed by all men for their own. He *is* all men, of course, grown a little taller.

As I said, I'm a lucky man, many times over. For Michigan, and Moses, and a little boy my wife bore me, this last Lincoln's Birthday. I've got a piece of those woods to take him to, pretty soon, too. Although he can't grow up there, our country's grown up, too, I think. We aren't so worried, even in the cities, about how a man spells his name, or what he calls his God. My son can live in the city, I think, without contracting that virus I spoke of. Oh, he'll come home some day and tell me about that awful kid in the next block, and how he hates him. But it'll be because the awful kid tore the tail off his Davy Crockett cap, not because the awful kid wears a St. Christopher. And when he goes back to take after the awful kid, the things he yells will be something like what I heard a little boy yelling after another outside just now, "Go fall in the garbage, you Maneaters I Have Known! A Bendix would eat you!" instead of the things little boys used to yell. I think this will be fine. **END**



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■ By bus, train or plane all gals are in a hurry to get some place—to work, to school, to out-of-town business or just back home after the gay and lazy days of summer! MODERN SCREEN solves your first wardrobe problems—chooses classic sweater styles, a versatile skirt, a honey of a coat, plus exciting accessories to give a pick-up to all your clothes—the new and the old!

Our favorite travel outfit for fall is worn here by beautiful, titian-haired Piper Laurie, who is currently appearing in Universal-International's Technicolor film hit Ain't Misbehavin'. *Our travel outfit features a treasured 100% cashmere sweater set by Catalina. The cardigan covers a short-sleeved slip-on. Imported wool skirt by Evan-Picone; the reversible great coat of* Ollegro *startlingly lined with Ocelot, by Swansdown.*

Our accessories feature a classic-designed, simulated pearl choker with matching button earrings by Volupté—a must in every girl's jewelry box (see close-up of pearls on page 64); new, wonder-washable LaunderLeather *kid gloves by Landel;* Shape 2-U *sheer stockings that fit the contour of every leg like a second skin in* Skin Tone *colors by Bur-Mil Cameo; stylish* Show Case *calf pumps by Deb Towners (see close-up and description on page 64). The three well-teamed pieces of famous* Streamlite *luggage are by Samsonite—hat box,* O'nite Case *and wardrobe. The* Sportster *portable radio by Philco. The luggage and the radio both constant companions for the busy girl.*

Our tips for your trips—go by National Trailways Bus System, Greyhound Bus, Union Pacific Railroad or United Airlines—all economical, convenient with service a-plenty.

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GOING PLACES IN STYLE

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MORE →

GOING PLACES IN STYLE:

IT'S THE LITTLE

■ Sweaters for school, for business, for travel, for play—day and night—this is the fashion story! *Below,* Debbie Reynolds, next in MGM's *Tender Trap,* wears a classic *Belgimere* (100% imported lambswool) sweater-set by Catalina. In new fashion colors—short-sleeved slip-on, $8; cardigan, $11. *Right,* Terry Moore, to be seen in R.K.O.'s film *Alison,* in a short-sleeved, scoop-neckline sweater of 100% *Zephyr* wool, right for dressy or casual clothes. White, pink, blue, black, flame, apricot, aqua or nutmeg. About $5. Also by Catalina.



Simulated pearls by Volupté. Earrings, $1 up; necklaces, $3* up.*



New Deb Towner pump of calf in basic and new fashion colors. $11.





THINGS THAT COUNT



Huskies *easy, hug-tight "sweater-flats"—pure comfort by Hussco. $6.*



Versatile steerhide handbag by Meeker. $21. Gloves by Superb.*

■ A shoe wardrobe of *Huskies* by Hussco—important shoe styles the world over for casual wear. Julie Adams, next in U-I's Technicolor films *One Desire* and *The Private War Of Major Benson,* features the new "sweater-flat" (see inset above). An elasticized band hugs the foot to avoid gapping and slipping. *Super-flex* sole and cute contrasting bow. Brown, black, red, avocado, charcoal or grey smooth leather, black or grey suede. Shoes in wardrobe under $5 and $6. Handbag, Meeker; *LaunderLeather* pigskin gloves, Leather Glove Industries; stockings, Bur-Mil Cameo; separates, McArthur.

**Plus taxes*

MORE→



Coiffure by Colesant

a new star is born



■ From every angle—for every fashion style in your all-'round wardrobe there is assured figure flattery when you choose Maidenform's smash hit, brand new *Pre-Lude Six-Way* bra (actually it can be worn seven ways). MODERN SCREEN has awarded it their Fashion Trophy for Fall 1955. This magic bra incorporates, of course, all of the famous structural features of Maidenform. In the large photograph on the left the straps of the bra are placed in the conventional position (use inside loops). The smaller photographs show the positioning of the straps for the multiple needs of today's many exciting necklines. The *Pre-Lude Six-Way* bra of embroidered cotton is available at the low budget price of $3. White only. Sold at all leading department and specialty stores.



Straps go in farthest loops for wide-set or scoop necklines



Inside loops for close-to-neckline halter fashions



Use farthest loops for more wide-set halter fashions



Straps crossed for criss-cross styles—day or evening



For styles that are bare on one side—use only one strap



Remove the straps completely for all off-shoulder styles

getting to know you

(*Continued from page 41*) suddenly I found I couldn't. My feet just wouldn't work."

"You know you want to get married more than anything else in the world," she said sternly to herself at last. "What's the matter with you?"

Those words broke the spell. Mitzi rushed down the stairs so fast that she caught the heel of her shoe on the bottom step and almost fell flat on her face in front of all the guests. She looked around in embarrassment and saw her future husband looking at her with an expression that seemed to say, "Oh, well, this is Mitzi. I kind of expect that from her."

Mitzi caught herself and walked forward more slowly. She got through the ceremony without further mishap but with a heavy heart. It seemed to her that all her worst misgivings about that terrible first year everyone talked about had been fulfilled. How could she ever get through it when she couldn't even start the first day properly?

Dread of that first year had haunted Mitzi from the moment she and Jack had begun talking about marriage. Mitzi had seen evidence on all sides of the havoc it could wreak upon young couples. There were the movies for instance.

"In the movies, in their first year of marriage, someone always goes home to Mother," Mitzi explains. "Either your mother or my mother or sometimes both."

Then there were some of Mitzi's married friends. They were happy most of the time. But occasionally Mitzi would find them glum and preoccupied.

"We had a fight," they'd tell her. "We haven't spoken for three days."

There was another source of information about that dreadful first year to which Mitzi turned. This was those magazine articles that attack the problem with an almost sadistic grimness. They give lengthy instructions for the prospective bride and are always accompanied by questionnaires and problems to fill out and solve.

So determined was Mitzi to find out if she was fit fodder for the marriage mill that she read all the articles in all the magazines. She even looked up the back issues. She worked the problems and answered questions like: "Do you know the color of your future husband's eyes? Does he like pea soup or not?" She studied all the rules.

The trouble was, according to Mitzi, that in each issue the article was written by a different psychiatrist or doctor. They contradicted each other. In the end her head was spinning.

One worry was foremost in her mind. Jack wasn't running true to form. He didn't do all the things the magazines said he should be doing. She, too, was falling far short of what was expected. The situation looked bleak to Mitzi.

Then a bright idea came to her. She remembered that Jack had a master's degree in psychology. He could use it to bring them around to the proper viewpoint.

"Darling," she said to Jack one day, "why don't you use psychology on us? Then everything would be fine."

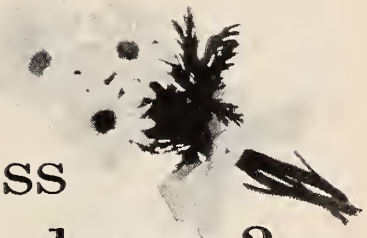
But Jack shook his head. "What you're really telling me is, 'Physician heal thyself,'" he explained to her. "And that's impossible. You can't work objectively either on your own problems or on those of someone you love and feel close to."

So, rebuffed, Mitzi went back to brooding over the articles, filling out the questionnaires and trying to make up her mind whether to marry or not. With the passage of these weeks of uncertainty she and Jack were getting more and more ir-



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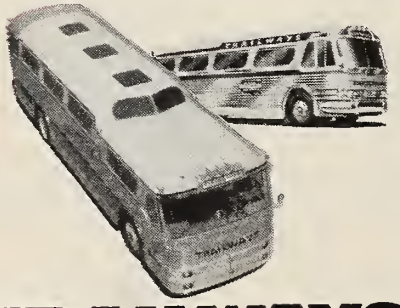
a Fresh girl is always lovely to love



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ritated with each other. It was a far cry from the first three months that he had dated her.

"Hysterical, happy, laughing, ridiculous months," Mitzi describes them. "I nearly died laughing at everything Jack said. And he thought every remark I made was *very* funny."

The second three months Jack wasn't so funny to Mitzi nor she to him.

"But they were awfully companionable months," says Mitzi. "He was nice and I was kind of nice, too.

"Then for the next six months we were desperately in love."

During those six months everything was tinged with the soft light of romance. Mitzi and Jack used to go to the Bublichki restaurant for Hungarian food. Sasha the fiddler would come to the table and play Hungarian melodies for Mitzi, who is part Hungarian. Mitzi would be so affected by the tunes that seemed to echo her own tender feelings of love that she would begin to cry. Then Sasha would cry, too, playing his fiddle with the tears rolling down his cheeks. And Jack would look on, touched by Mitzi's warmth and sweetness and the soft aura of romance.

It was only after Mitzi and Jack began talking about marriage that the irritation crept in. The more they discussed marriage, the more edgy they became toward each other. Mitzi just couldn't make up her mind whether she could get through that grim first year.

She and Jack no longer laughed and joked as in the first three months. The sense of companionship they had felt in the second three months seemed to have developed a strained quality. As for the feeling of romance, it had apparently evaporated altogether. Now when Sasha played and cried and Mitzi cried, Jack ceased to be touched.

"Do you have to be so schmaltzy, Mitzi?" he would demand, thus causing Mitzi to cry harder than ever.

At last Jack called for a showdown.

"You've got to make up your mind," he said. "Are you going to get married, or *aren't* you going to get married?"

"Yes, we are," Mitzi said waveringly, her eye on that first terrible year.

"But when?" Jack persisted.

"As soon as I get things straightened around," Mitzi answered. It was only after she'd said it that she realized she didn't have anything to straighten around. She was just procrastinating because she was so scared. So she set the date with Jack, but the decision seemed to increase her fears.

"I was so upset during the last two weeks that we almost didn't make it," Mitzi recalls. "Everything was so icky. By the time my wedding day came I was a nervous wreck."

It took Mitzi just two days of their honeymoon to decide that there is nothing so frightening about the first year after all. Those honeymoon days were, in her words, delightful, divine and perfect.

"Jack did a complete about-face," Mitzi recalls. "In those strained two weeks before we were married he'd shout at me, 'For crying out loud, Mitzi, hurry up!' But afterward he was so gentle and sweet and kind. I thought, 'What are they talking about, all those article writers? I don't know *what* they're talking about.'"

It was only after Mitzi and Jack came back from their honeymoon and prepared to set up housekeeping that Mitzi discovered there was something, after all, to the talk about the first year. The apartment they found was not by any stretch of the imagination one of those dream places into which the young husband is supposed to carry his bride. The former tenants had not been particularly good housekeepers. Everything was coated with dust. The woodwork was soiled. The floors were dirty. Jack looked around and said with masculine forthrightness, "What a mess!"

Mitzi looked around, too, but her eyes gleamed. The general dishevelment presented a challenge that delighted her. Mitzi loves to clean house because it's so different from anything else she's called upon to do. When she cleans she puts into it all the enthusiasm you see her displaying in a dance number on the screen.

"Here," she said to herself, "is where you can really show your husband what a fine housekeeper you are."

Mitzi got up at seven the next morning. She got out the Spic and Span, the Brillo, the mops, brooms, dust cloths and wax. She scrubbed and waxed the floors. She washed the woodwork and the windows. She polished the furniture. She unpacked clothes and put them neatly away. She house-cleaned steadily for two days while Jack worked at the office. At last everything was done. Mitzi surveyed her work.

"It's a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It'll impress him," she told herself with satisfaction.

Jack came home, and it must have been one of those days for him. He stood in the living room and looked about him. And then in that wonderful masculine way he said, "Will you look at this place? This is the crummiest place I've ever seen!"

Mitzi tried to recall all the advice she'd heard from older people.

"Remember, he's just a man," they'd told her. "Whatever he says or does, don't pay any attention to him. As long as you control your temper and laugh at him, you'll get along just fine."

Phil Foster claims that if these movie screens get much longer, theatres will soon be lined with wall-to-wall CinemaScope.
Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

But how do you control your temper when your meticulous handiwork of two long days has been not merely unnoticed but openly insulted? How do you keep calm when you feel like flying at your husband and throttling him?

"I got hysterical," Mitzi recalls. "I started to weep and wail. Poor Jack just stood there with his mouth hanging open."

At last Mitzi got her breath.

"Oh, how could you say that after I did all this work for two whole days?" she moaned.

Only then did Jack realize what was wrong.

"Honey," he said soothingly, "I don't really mind the place. It's just that I thought you didn't like it. So I wanted you to know I was in accord with the way you felt."

"Well, I like this place," Mitzi flared back. "In fact I love it. My fingernails are stuck in the wood where I broke them off scraping away the dirt. Those floors are patched with the skin off my knees. I like this place."

"All right, darling, all right, I like it, too," Jack said.

And that was how they weathered the first crisis. They didn't do it by rules. It just worked out by itself.

The usual bridal crisis over food didn't happen to Mitzi. She had found out about Jack's idiosyncrasies in the long courtship before they were married. The first dinner she ever cooked for Jack after they had become engaged was a gem.

"I'm not a bad cook," Mitzi says modestly, "even if I do say so myself."

Actually, she has a reputation as an exceptional cook. She inherited her talents from her Hungarian father, whose real profession is music, but whose avocation is the culinary art. Mr. Gerber is a genius

at preparing exotic dishes.

Mitzi called upon all the culinary wisdom she had learned from her father and, coupling this with her own talents, concocted a meal that would have appealed to a fastidious gourmet. The table literally groaned with delicious dishes. Jack was properly impressed. He sat down and ate everything that was put before him.

"It's just wonderful," he told Mitzi.

Mitzi didn't learn his real sentiments until just before he was ready to leave.

"You know, honey," he said then, "next time could we have hamburger?"

Mitzi was hurt. She had slaved all day, had turned out a meal that would have done credit to her father, and here was Jack asking for lowly hamburger. It could only mean he didn't like her cooking.

She brooded over it until she found out that Jack wasn't insulting her cooking at all. He really liked hamburger. It was one of his passions.

"In a way, that was a relief to me," Mitzi laughs. "I knew that when we were married I wouldn't have to break my neck dreaming up new dishes to please him. All those jokes about the bride turning out a bum meal couldn't even apply to me. I was saved one problem—the one some of the experts describe as the worst of all.

"That's what I like about long engagements. You can find out so much about your future husband before you're married. When two people are locked up in a very small area there's going to be some friction no matter how compatible you are. For instance, if you don't know your husband doesn't like pea soup and you cook enough pea soup to last a whole week, you're likely to run into real trouble."

But food did cause something of a tiff.

Jack, having been a bachelor for several years, had learned to cook for himself. The fancy dishes which Mitzi concocts aren't his specialty. He never works by inspiration. He cooks strictly by the rules of the recipe book. But he rather prides himself on being able to turn out satisfactorily the simple, standby dishes.

Once they were married, Jack insisted that Mitzi eat breakfast before going to the studio. Until then Mitzi had never bothered with breakfast. It was Jack who explained to her why she always felt exhausted. And it was Jack who did more than insist she eat breakfast. He got up and prepared it for her.

"It's a wonderful thing for him to do all by himself," Mitzi says proudly. "He still gets up at quarter of five before I do and turns off that awful alarm clock just so I don't have to hear it. Then he makes my breakfast and serves it to me. He fixes the eggs in new ways so they don't taste like eggs every morning."

It was over the scrambled eggs that the tiff started. Apparently Jack especially prided himself on the way he scrambled eggs, for he scrambled them for Mitzi four mornings in a row.

"Well, how is it?" he would ask.

"Just f-f-fine, dear," Mitzi would reply.

But Jack noticed the hesitancy in Mitzi's voice and he saw, too, that she didn't touch much of the scrambled eggs. When this phenomenon occurred on the fourth successive morning he decided to investigate.

"You don't like scrambled eggs much, do you, darling?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I love scrambled eggs," Mitzi answered truthfully.

"Well, is it the way I cook scrambled eggs?" Jack persisted.

"Darling," Mitzi answered, "do you really want to know the truth?"

"Yes, shoot!" Jack agreed.

"Look, dear," Mitzi replied, taking him at his word. "You're a wonderful husband, the very best husband anywhere in the world. But I don't think much of your scrambled eggs."



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Mitzi was giving her criticism with all the detached forthrightness of an inspirational cook and the daughter of a culinary genius. But Jack didn't appreciate it.

"Well, if you don't like my scrambled eggs you can make them for yourself from now on," he snapped huffily.

"Exactly as though it were all my fault that he cooks a lousy scrambled egg," Mitzi says, recalling the incident.

This tiff like the first one, however, blew over without benefit of rules.

"The way we straightened it out," says Mitzi, "is that he just doesn't make scrambled eggs any more.

"We have other tiffs, too," she continued, "just like every other married couple. But never about important things. Usually the reasons are positively ridiculous."

Sometimes Mitzi will get all dressed up to go out. She thinks she looks pretty sharp but Jack will take one glance and snort, "You're not going to wear *that*, are you?"

"At the beginning of our marriage that was enough to break my heart," Mitzi confesses. "I'd throw myself on the bed and cry hysterically. But now I know it's not the end of the world. It's just that Jack, like any other man, likes to have his wife look the way he wants her to look."

They settle this kind of tiff, too, without resorting to the rules.

Mitzi just says, "Yes, I am, dear."

But the tiffs, far from making their first years of marriage grim, have accented their happiness together.

Both Mitzi and Jack realize that one of their causes of friction is that they are extreme opposites so far as temperament is concerned. But they know also that this difference in their personalities has really served to enrich both their lives. Mitzi, with her wealth of cultural background, artistic, literary and musical, has rounded out Jack's deficiencies in those fields. Jack, with his practical outlook and good business sense, has helped Mitzi in the organization of all her assets. He also realizes her great need to relax, for Mitzi overexpends herself in nervous energy.

To help Mitzi relax, Jack resorts to those zany little things that are always sure to bring a laugh. He calls her from his office —a funny, kidding call reminiscent of those first three joking months.

Mitzi gets the message on the set where she's working, a note telling her that a Mr. Kronkite or a Mr. Fiddlefaddle phoned and left his number. As soon as Mitzi gets a moment off she dials the number.

"Is Mr. Fiddlefaddle there, please?" she says.

"Ya, dis iss Mr. Fiddlefaddle," he answers. "Vot iss?"

"Well, Mr. Fiddlefaddle," Mitzi replies, "this is Mrs. Brunoff that you called at the studio."

"Vot Mrs. Brunoff?" Jack says in his best German dialect. "I don't recall ever phoning you, Mrs. Brunoff."

And the conversation goes on like this for some time until finally Mitzi laughs and says, "Well, did you have your fun?"

And Jack answers, "Yes, I was good, wasn't I?"

And Mitzi exclaims, "Oh, you were wonderful!"

Whenever possible Jack comes round to the studio at noon to have lunch with Mitzi. If a business engagement prevents this he makes it a point to drop in once a day if only for a quick call. This means a lot to Mitzi, for Jack understands her mood, knows how to raise her spirits.

There was the time, for instance, in the days before Jack and Mitzi were married, that she snapped her ankle while doing an exacting number in *No Business Like Show Business.* They had to carry her into the dispensary to tape up her leg. There she sat, wrapped in a big sheet, for all the world like an unhappy little girl with the tears rolling down her cheeks.

Only Jack knew she was not crying from pain. It was from pure anger at herself for having allowed such a dreadful thing to happen. Mitzi is a great believer in good and bad luck. It seemed to her that she was being plagued by bad luck and passing it on to the whole company. Jack alone was able to cheer her with assurances that accidents will happen.

On her side, Mitzi has learned to understand mannerisms that betray a man's secret displeasures.

"I think I was pretty bright," she says a little proudly. "Most brides go a whole year or more before they learn to read the signs. And I know them already though Jack and I won't pass our first milestone until November 18th.

"I'd like to pass out a tip right here that will save other girls a lot of heartaches. It's this. When your husband comes home irritable from work and finds fault with this and that, don't take it too much to heart. Let him complain. He's not sore at you at all but at something that happened in the office. He has to get rid of his pent-up anger on someone. And he picks you because you're the one who's dearest to him, the only one he'd dare let down the bars to. His irritation is really just a sign of his love."

Mitzi can always tell if something has displeased Jack when he visits her on the set. As soon as he shows up she always runs to greet him with a "Hello, dear," and a kiss. When he's been disturbed by something at the office he says sternly, "Don't kiss me, Mitzi, you'll get your make-up all messed up."

Hear about the men from Mars who landed in a field in the Valley, marched up to a cow and said: "Take us to your president at once!"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

At first Mitzi was hurt by this strange reversal of character. Now that she knows it only means something has gone wrong, she's especially sympathetic with Jack at those times.

But when Jack is really depressed, says Mitzi, he acts in a far more drastic manner. He stands in front of the mirror and looks at himself for a long while as though what he saw staring back was something somewhat less than human. Finally he hits himself a resounding blow in the stomach.

"I'm getting fat," he says in a tone of disgust, whether it's true or not.

Mitzi knows that this is a sign of real unhappiness and that Jack can be cured of it only by going on a diet, even if he doesn't need it.

"So we go on a diet," Mitzi says in a resigned voice. "Ohhhhh."

But diet or no diet, tiffs or no tiffs, Mitzi has this to say about the first year of marriage that started with her almost falling flat on her face on her wedding day: "It's been wonderful, every minute of it. Jack has made me one of the happiest people in the world and I know he loves me too."

Sometimes after one of their tiffs Jack will say, with the bleak despair of which only a male is capable, "I don't understand it at all. Why are we so unhappy when we should be very happy? We've got the whole world in front of us. Life is beautiful. And here we are quarreling with each other."

Then it is Mitzi, remembering all those articles she read and all the groundless fears that almost prevented her from marrying, who comforts him.

"Darling," she says very calmly and quietly, "after all, this is our first year. Remember?"

END

what lana's really like

(*Continued from page 56*) could come to knowing what Lana Turner is like.

Lana was on time for our meeting at the Brown Derby. Conversation in the restaurant dropped from a babble to a buzz and every head turned slowly, as though watching a tennis match in slow motion, to follow her progress down the aisle to the booth where I sat.

She walked past the stares with a poise born of long practice, slid into our booth and removed the pale yellow cashmere coat that accentuated her sun tan and the blue of her eyes.

"Today," I told her, "we're not going to mention men. Not one."

"*Olé,*" she said. "That will be a refreshing change." She seemed genuinely pleased, and I thought how dreary it must be for her, being probed by assorted strangers about her life and loves, and husbands past and present.

I started by asking about twelve-year-old Cheryl, and Lana threw up her hands in a helpless gesture. "That one! She's taller than I am! You can't imagine what it's like to look *up* at a child and lecture her. The psychological effect is all wrong. I pace up and down when I have to scold her and know I'm getting nowhere, until finally I say, 'Sit down, young lady, sit down!' After that, it's better."

"You mean you're still having troubles?" I said innocently. "Five years ago she was pinching you and her grandmother."

"Well, I talked her out of it," said Lana. "I told her it was dull and unattractive and that seemed to get through to her. Now she's telling fibs—little fibs that don't even have a point. Honest to Pete, there's always something!"

She told me about the new governess, a Frenchwoman who has brought up two daughters of her own, and who is teaching Cheryl French and embroidery and old-world discipline. "Thank heaven for that woman! She keeps calming me down. She tells me that between eleven and thirteen they try to see how much they can get away with. And the other day I asked what happened after thirteen and she looked at me with a hopeless expression and said, 'Boys!'" Here Lana gestured again, waving her arms. "Already we've got boys. Every time I answer the doorbell there's some young, gum-chewing character in a leather jacket with hands stuck in his pockets." She sighed. "I guess no matter how old she is, I'll always have my work cut out for me."

"Does she see your movies?" I asked her.

"Some, not all. She can't understand why I won't allow her to see some of them, like *Flame And The Flesh.* But I never shrug off a question—about anything. I always try to explain. About the pictures I tell her many of them are dull to children, but that some day she'll be able to see them all."

"Is she getting accustomed to the idea that her mother is Lana Turner?"

"I think so. She's old enough to understand now. When I go to her school she gets a big kick out of the way the other kids stare at me. But it's funny you should mention that. Just last night she showed me a page from a magazine that one of the girls in school had brought her. For a minute I was scared. I thought maybe she'd got hold of some so-called exposé that swore I'd run away with a pearl diver in Saipan or something equally ridiculous—you know the type. Anyway, it turned out to be about Cheryl. Some youngster had written wanting to know her full name and age, and said he thought she was cute as a button. It was her first

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dip into notoriety and she tried hard not to let me know she was kind of pleased. Her main concern was that the magazine had misspelled her middle name. 'They left the *a* off of Christina, mother,' she said. 'Isn't that awful? They do things like that all the time, don't they?' So I told her now she knew how I felt. And I think she glimpsed for the first time the reason I get so upset when people sling my life and my feelings around any old way they want to."

I remembered that Lana had once said that the life of a movie star would be a perfect one if it weren't for all the slop that goes with it.

"You've had a pretty rough time on that score, haven't you?" I said.

She raised her eyes toward heaven, and the answer was far more eloquent than words. So I changed the subject.

"You can't cook, I suppose," I said, and the negative approach got a rise out of her.

"I certainly can! I make the best fried chicken you ever tasted, and furthermore I won't share the recipe!" She laughed. "I won't even allow anybody in the kitchen when I'm making it."

"Pardon *me*," I said.

"You know, nobody can do it like I can. I try to tell the cook and she waves me away as though I'd insulted her. I suppose she figures any idiot can fry a chicken. Well, not my way. I'm particularly fussy about the gravy. I suppose it's nostalgia or something, but I like it the way my mother used to make it when I was a little girl—old-fashioned country-type gravy. Once the cook made it for us and the gravy was like glue. And when I tried to tell her again she got huffy. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to make it myself one night and leave one paltry little wing for her to taste the next day. And when she asks me how to do it I'm not going to tell her. Let her figure it out for herself!"

Lana looked triumphant, and I laughed. "Nobody would picture you being such a domestic dragon."

"Me? Domestic? Ha!" she said. "I just said I could fry chicken, that's all."

"What about food in general? Do you *like* food?"

"If they could figure out a pill that would do it," said Lana, "I'd be happy as a clam. I'm one of those dull people who eat only to live. Making out the menus at home is my worst chore. It's bad enough deciding what to eat the same day, but how do I know on Tuesday what I'm going to want to eat on Saturday? Sometimes they want me to make up menus more than a week ahead, and then I fall apart and tell 'em to rotate. Just rotate and leave me alone."

"What happens if you're temporarily out of servants?" I said.

"I can stand it just so long, and then I'll pitch in and do it. But don't think I enjoy waving a dust cloth around."

"Do you have an economic streak?" I asked. "You're reputed to spend money like water, but you must call a halt somewhere."

"I don't spend *money*," said Lana. "You might say money is my economic streak. I can charge anything. I think I could buy a battleship and charge it without a qualm. But it's the funniest thing how I hate to pay cash. It kills me. I can't bear to see that green going across the counter. Now, checks are easy. A check for a thousand dollars doesn't look any greener than one for fifty cents."

"How's your temper?" I asked.

"It takes a long time, but when it finally blows, everybody should leave town. And then it's over in five minutes. The silliest little things will set me off after months of steaming about big things. You know, I've often wondered what it would be like to blow my top every time I feel like it. I suppose it would be fun, but I'll bet I'd feel like a fool."

"Are you a day person or a night person?" I asked.

"Night!" she said, and for emphasis slapped the table so hard that the silverware bounced. "Mornings are awful! And don't talk to me until I've had a cup of coffee. No—make that two cups. It used to be one, but now it takes two." She laughed. "I guess it's later than I think."

"If you hate mornings so much, you must crumble when you're working and have to get up at 5 a.m.," I said.

"I drive like a mole in the mornings," said Lana. "It's a wonder I ever get across town to the studio. If it's a bright day the sun hurts my eyes, and if it's a gray dawn I'm in danger of falling asleep at the wheel. I fixed it, though, for *Diane*. My make-up man had to go right by our house, so he picked me up every day. And he might as well have been driving a hearse for all the company he had.

"I read an article the other day that said different people are at their best at different hours. The author suggested that we should conduct our most important business at our best hour. All I have to do now is figure out how I can make all my business appointments for 11 p.m."

"What object do you own that means most to you?"

She thought a minute. "You know, I don't think I have an answer for that. If you'd asked me two or three years ago I probably would have said one of my pieces of jewelry. Or the Ming horses. I have some really lovely things. But somehow they don't mean much to me any more. I mean, I enjoy them and I'm fortunate to have them, but if something happened to them I don't think it would bother me very much. Why do you suppose that is?"

Jerry Marshall said of a certain actress: "No wonder she's afraid of her shadow. She's the one who makes it!"

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

"I'd say you were growing up," I said.

"I'm sorry I can't think of any particular thing," she said.

"No matter. The answer you gave me is better. I'd thought maybe you had a Mosaic backscratcher that used to belong to your grandmother, or a Florentine flagon you couldn't live without."

Lana laughed. "Heaven forbid," she said. "Things—things by themselves—don't count any more."

"Do you have a hobby?"

"Golf," she said, "if you could call it a hobby. But I don't have hobbies—they get in my way. I've never understood people who collect things. As for golf, I enjoy it when I get there, but the thought of having to get ready and get out on the course bores me. Unless I'm actually doing it, it strikes me as a lot of nonsense, chasing the silly ball all over the place. Come to think of it, once I get there I go through a lot of torture. Whenever I'm getting ready to swing I think to myself, 'Now I've got to hit this stupid thing,' and I can imagine it making faces at me. The whole thing would be much easier if I just picked up the phone and canceled the game." She paused. "I'm about to take up painting again."

"I didn't know you painted."

"Once, for three weeks, fire and water couldn't keep me away from the canvas. And then I folded up everything and put it all away in a closet."

"And you're doing it again?"

"Not yet, but I can feel myself going

over the hump, and maybe soon I'll drag it all out of the closet again."

"What's your earliest memory?" I asked.

"The railroad went by our house in Idaho. And my days revolved around the times the trains would come through. I remember if nobody waved back at me my whole world collapsed."

"How would you describe your humor?" I said. "Whimsy, or slapstick, or what?" I wanted to see what she said, because Lana laughs easily and has been described by others as their greatest audience. Not only that, when she laughs, she belts it clear across the room.

"Well, I guess I'd say my humor is all over the place. If something strikes me funny I'm off, and there's no stopping me."

"Where and how did you learn to love music?" I asked.

"A long time ago," she said. "When I was married to Artie I met a lot of musical people and naturally became interested in it. I grew to love all types of music. Almost all kinds, that is," and she laughed. "I can't say I dig Haydn, exactly."

"When you're ill do you run to the doctor, or do you figure that time and your own physical condition will effect a cure?"

"I used to see a doctor if I had a hangnail. And because I did I have the best stocked medicine chest in town. By this time I figure I know what to take for everything, and believe me, if it starts with anything from A to Z, I've got it in the medicine chest."

We spoke then of psychiatry, and Lana said that in her opinion lots of people, people who can afford it, go to psychiatrists unnecessarily. "Some people lean on others for help," she said. "This astrology business that says you can't put a toe out of bed until your star is in the right house or something. And numerology, what is that stuff? I think you're on your own, and everything you do and have comes from inside you. From you and God, and I think if you have to have somebody else to help, or use as an excuse, there's something wrong with you."

A long life, says Jack Lemmon, is what you get if you give up everything that makes you want one.
Jim Henaghan
The Hollywood Reporter

I plowed on with questions. "How do you feel about telephones?"

"Can't stand 'em," she said. "They're fine when they're necessary, but I don't like to yak for the sake of yakking. There's nothing worse than the woman who has nothing better to do than chatter. You can tell the type right away because they always start off by saying 'What're you doing?' I have the worst urge to answer, 'Wasting time, right now.' Wouldn't it be wonderful if you had the nerve to say what you feel sometimes?"

"What is your worst fault?"

"I procrastinate," she said promptly. "I tend never to do today what I can put off until tomorrow."

"What's your prime virtue?" I asked, and Lana was properly modest in saying she didn't think she had any. I thought I knew the answer myself, because if there's anything Lana is admired for, it's her loyalty. Those who were her friends years ago are still her friends.

"Do you intend to stay active in movies for the rest of your life?"

"No," she said, "but I'll stay with it until I have some other income equal to what I earn in pictures."

"If for some reason you could no longer act, what would you do?"

"Something with clothes. Designing, probably."

"Are you stubborn?"

"No," she said slowly. "I really don't think I am. I'm thinking of work now. I always give. Sometimes I think they shouldn't do a scene a certain way, but I never insist."

"What makes you cry in movies?"

"Loneliness, I think. It tears me apart. But of course I'm a patsy for tear-jerkers. I love to cry at the movies."

"What about your pet extravagance?"

"It's always been shoes and I guess it always will be. I have two salesmen who send shoes out to the house all the time, and I always buy them. I can't help myself. Last month Bill sent me two pair and I set my jaw and took them back myself. I thought I was being very courageous—until I bought four pair while I was in the department."

"If you were allowed three books on a desert island, what would you choose?"

She took a long time on that one and then she said, "I don't think I'd need three. If I had *The Prophet* with me I'd be all right. I've lived with it for years. It's so beautiful."

"Who is your severest critic?"

"Myself," she said without hesitation.

"How do you react to seeing yourself on the screen?"

"When you ask me that, all I can think of is that screen test with the tight sweater. I was just sick about it. I didn't know that was what I looked like to other people. It never entered my head that they would exploit it. I don't think I'll ever recover from the shock."

"Do you take to people quickly?" I asked.

"If they have warmth, I get along fine with them right away. But it takes a long time for me to get to know people—really know them."

"What do you first notice about people?"

"Whether they're loud or quiet. I hate loudness in people."

"Are you careless?"

"You could trail me by picking up hankies," she said. "I love beautiful handkerchiefs and I'm proud of the ones I own, but somehow when I get home I've always lost the one I took with me. Most women lose gloves and earrings. With me, it's hankies."

"Speak to me of hats," I said.

"Hats," she said. "Sometimes I think if I don't get a new one I'll scream. On the other hand, I often go without one. I say to myself, 'Nobody else will be wearing a hat,' so I don't either. Isn't that awful of me? And I should add that the hats I buy depend on the car I'm driving. I drive a big car and buy big hats and then I buy a little sports car and I can't get into it with the big hats, so I have to go out and buy some little hats." She grinned. "At least, it's a good excuse."

"Are there any advantages you feel you've missed?" I said. "For instance, do you wish you'd gone to college?"

Lana Turner smiled. "What I've learned in this business they don't teach at college. Six of them couldn't have taught me what I've learned in Hollywood."

And that about wrapped it up. Before she left, Lana thanked me again for excluding the subject of men, and said the interview had been fun for her.

To me, at least, Lana is a woman of great humor, of honesty and courage. She is one of the rare actresses who is not consistently labeled with the five-letter word used so freely in Hollywood to describe a nasty female. Lana has kept her balance and sense of values. If she has lost anything through these years of cinema fame, it has been her own happiness. It is something she seems to find only periodically. The important thing is that she has never lost herself.

END



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movie previews

(*Continued from page 24*)

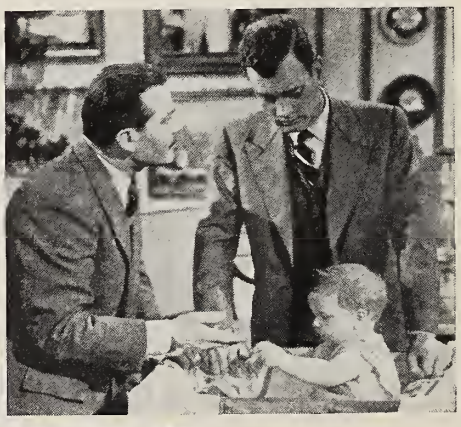
(Michael Wilding) that his loyalties are with the English; but he doesn't convince George Sanders, who keeps setting traps for him. One of these traps would've worked but for Anne Francis, who also switches loyalties (from Wilding to Wilde). Anyway, none of them there spies escape, although a touching friendship develops between Wilding and Wilde. I liked this picture fine. CinemaScope—MGM



THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH

Temptation of a summer bachelor

■ Most husbands are not lucky enough to have Marilyn Monroe for an upstairs neighbor even when the whole family is home. Tom Ewell's wife (Evelyn Keyes) and son are off on a summer vacation. Not only is Marilyn upstairs but she is more than willing to come downstairs to cool off (air conditioning downstairs). Naturally, this hardly cools off Tom Ewell. It very nearly drives him out of his mind. Tom has been married seven years—and there's the itch—he's ready for some kind of romance. But the only kind he can handle, being a very upright and timid editor of lurid pocket books, is the kind that never materializes. Marilyn in the flesh, or even in summer cottons, is much too real. And that's about it. Ewell fantasies what *can* happen, gets it all mixed up with what *does* happen and torments himself so hilariously you hardly notice that nothing much happens at all. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



SPECIAL DELIVERY

It's a boy for Uncle Sam

■ Boredom is rife in this U.S. Embassy nestled against the Iron Curtain. Things pick up considerably when a baby is lowered over the embassy wall. Joseph Cotten's paternal instincts are aroused and if you don't think that makes for "farce with an international background" you're right, but don't go away. Eva Bartok is coming. She is coming to mind the baby. The local Commie bigwig is sending her, and pretty soon he's going to send a mother to claim the child for the Soviet. But before this great climax occurs there's a lot of running around by the giddy embassy staff (four men, including Olaf the cook) for diapers and bottles and plenty of hot water. And, oh, yes, Joseph Cotten's amorous instincts are aroused.—Col.

ULYSSES

A great epic in Technicolor

■ When you read Homer's *Ulysses* at school you take it kind of seriously, but when you see Homer's *Ulysses* in VistaVision you laugh yourself sick. Especially at the sight of all those early Greeks stamping on a pitful of grapes to make instant Burgundy for the one-eyed giant, or at the sight of a rather catatonic Circe (Sylvano Mangano) turning all those early Greeks into plump pigs before Ulysses' (Kirk Douglas) very eyes. It's also pretty funny when Kirk turns to Circe after six months and says, "I must go." What's your rush, boy? You've only been away from home twenty years. Besides, Anthony Quinn has Ithaca and faithful Penelope in the palm of his hand. VistaVision—Para.

THE PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON

Forty boys and a blowhard

■ Major Benson (Charlton Heston) has been in the army fifteen years, but he still doesn't know enough to keep his mouth shut. In his opinion the only way to whip raw recruits into shape is to fill 'em with whiskey and a lust to kill. Too bad a national magazine quotes his opinion, because the next thing Benson knows he's commander-in-chief of a military encampment whose fighting men range in age from six to fourteen, and whose orderlies look suspiciously like nuns. Only redeeming factor for Benson is the lady doc (Julie Adams) who nearly always comes running at the cry of, "medic!" It's a cute movie, and the littlest tyke of all (Tim Hovey) walks right off with it. CinemaScope—U.I.



LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

Pageantry in the Pyramids

■ A marvelous opening spectacle—the return of the Pharaoh (Jack Hawkins) and his legions after the defeat of the Kushite tribes five thousand years ago—catches the whole sense of the strange, magnificent splendor that was Egypt. Here, too, as never before, you witness the building of the largest pyramid in Egypt—a task requiring over fifteen years to complete. The story is about the Pharaoh's obsession with his destiny; the pyramid is to be his inaccessible tomb and will house an untold fortune in jewels and gold. This obsession leads him from his gentle queen into the more passionate arms of Princess Nellifer (Joan Collins) who plots his downfall. The story's dramatic enough, but it can't compare to the magic of an ancient time so well re-created. CinemaScope—Warners

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING

Poignant problem love affair

■ In this movie you get the feeling that 20th Century-Fox is straining for the greatest love story of all times. Naturally, it misses, and some of the lines which undoubtedly are meant to be eternal sound all too transitory. Like: "Give me your hand," uttered tenderly by American correspondent William Holden to Eurasian M.D. Jennifer Jones. Being Eurasian, Jennifer is faced with the problem of living in two worlds, and you get a chance to see both of them. She is a physician in a hospital where certain British elements intrude with snobbery. If it weren't for this general air of solemnity hanging over Hong Kong *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing* might have lived up to Fox's expectations. Jennifer Jones has known only one love—her late husband's—and like she says to Holden, "Don't wake a sleeping tiger." Holden wakes that tiger, all right. And is sent to Korea. What happens next I won't say. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

Or, the glory that is Gable

■ Hong Kong: lots of old roués in the lobby of an old hotel. In walks Susan Hayward. She is looking for her husband (Gene Barry) but pretty soon she finds Clark Gable, and it's the measure of the girl that she keeps looking for anyone, let alone her husband. He, by the way, is an adventurous photographer who got himself caught by the Reds. Clark Gable is just an adventurer who made himself a million by an equal amount of shady deals too obscure for the police to prove. For the love of Hayward he sails right into Red territory and brings hubby back. The whole thing doesn't make much sense but The King can still put anything across with a flourish. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

THE NIGHT HOLDS TERROR

Chills in your backyard

■ Sad to report, there are maniacs loose in the world. Like the trio of youths who come across smiling Jack Kelly as he is driving home from work. Next thing Kelly knows he is lying face down on the Mojave Desert waiting for jumping John Cassavetes to shoot him in the back. Kelly's wife (Hildy Parks) and two kids are lucky to see him again. But the company he brings home makes life confining. Any second anybody may drop dead before this trigger-happy trio. As they say at Columbia—this nightmare can happen to *you*. So next time you're out in your Jaguar don't stop for *anything* but a red light!—Col.

FEMALE ON THE BEACH

Clear case of murder

■ All Joan Crawford wants is to be alone in her beach house, but a couple of next door neighbors (Cecil Kellaway and Natalie Schafer) sic Jeff Chandler onto her. Jeff has an arrangement with these neighbors, who raised him from a fisherman into a classy gigolo. In fact, that's the arrangement. All the rich, lonely ladies fall for him and he splits the profits with his benefactors. One of those ladies (Judith Evelyn) fell so hard she never rose again (stone cold dead, is why). And why is the question that haunts Joan, who's worldly enough to love a gigolo—but a murderer? No, sir! (If the suspense doesn't kill you, the dialogue sure will.)—U.I.

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GOING MY WAY with Oscar winners Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as the two famous priests. Remember Bing singing "Would You Like To Swing On A Star?"

THE WIZARD OF OZ Judy Garland in her top role, with Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, Billie Burke and a host of stars as the famous citizens of the land "Over The Rainbow."

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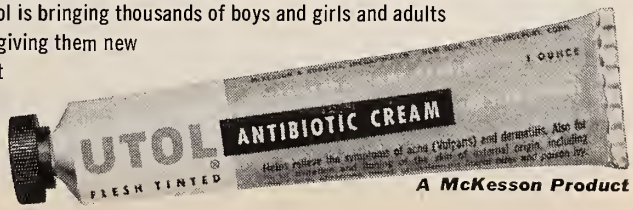
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clash of STEELES

When Joan met her new step-daughter, it wasn't like a movie!

■ Picture it as a Joan Crawford movie. The first dramatic contact between the young daughter and the glamorous step-mother, and in the shadowy background, invisible but ever-present, the scorned mother.

The beautiful step-mother should have taken the youngster in her arms, and amid tears and sobs cried, "My daughter!" And they should have been inseparable forever.

What actually happened was this. Joan and Al Steele were honeymooning in Paris. Sally Steele, Al's daughter by his first marriage (Joan is his third wife), was touring Europe with three college friends. She happened to be in Paris the same time. She contacted her father; he introduced her to Joan. It was all very casual.

The next day Earl (Celebrity Service) Blackwell threw a party for Joan and Al. He invited Sally.

When Sally entered the room, Joan made a dash in her direction. Gripping her arm, she cried out gleefully, "It's Sally. Hey, folks, look what I inherited. I only met her yesterday."

Sally looked embarrassed, but Joan was doing her best to introduce her into proper society. "Honey, how would you like to meet Johnnie Ray?" she said.

Sally, a cute, pert brunette in her early twenties, grunted in unenthusiastic consent, but it was quite plain that she wasn't much impressed by Johnnie. "Hi," she said, and then rambled on to a by-stander about the excitement of being in Paris.

"You really should try the metro*," —she turned to Joan—"It's sensational, just lots of fun." (*Subway, not studio.)

Joan, weighed down by her topazes and diamonds, looked slightly startled at the prospect. Chewing her gum vigorously, she eyed her step-daughter and said, not unkindly, "Listen, kid, you live your life, and I'll live mine, huh?"

There was quite a disparity between the way they lived in Paris. While Joan and her Prince Consort dwelled in the luxury of the Plaza-Athenée, Sally and her friends roughed it in a cheap Left Bank students' hotel. While her old man and his new wife patronized Paris' top restaurants, Sally and her chums had bread and cheese and dark red wine in their rooms. Joan and Al motored through Europe in a Cadillac, followed by a truck carrying Joan's luggage. Sally had a Peugeot (a little French car) her father had rented for her to make up for forgetting her birthday in January.

When asked how it felt to have a movie star in the family, Sally answered glumly, "I don't want to comment on that."

As the party waned, Steele turned to his daughter and said, "You're coming to dinner with us?"

Sally, probably thinking of the budget victuals in the days ahead, sighed and nodded. "Yes, I'm coming."



In Paris the Steeles pased as a happy family group—an one of their very rare meetings!

ten cupids tell all

(*Continued from page 55*) shared the house in Coldwater Canyon with him. Debbie never drove home from the studio that she didn't stop by, and there wasn't a time I didn't have to pitch in and help Eddie to coax her to stay a little longer. I was the third wheel—whenever I hove to, whether it was the living room or the pool, they'd drift away, holding hands and yakking.

Right away, even before Eddie told me he was serious about Debbie, I could see he was a dead duck. The guy couldn't even see straight. One sure tip was the fact that he got up early. Back in New York he always slept until noon, but in Coldwater Canyon he couldn't sleep. He was up every morning at the crack of dawn, singing at the top of his lungs. Nobody else could sleep, naturally. It sounded like a whole army of Hessians had just taken over. He used to barge into my room like a bull at eight in the morning and yell, "What're you sleeping all day for?"

And when I'd open one eye and inquire what he was up for, he'd just laugh and go galloping through the house singing, "I'm in love! I'm in love!"

I got to looking pretty haggard, but I didn't complain. Not too much, anyway. You couldn't be around that twosome and avoid having some of their happiness rub off on you.

I sold Eddie the ring

by GEORGE UNGER And it wasn't easy. Eddie wanted to buy a ring all right, but he wanted to be so sure it was something Debbie would like that it took him several moons to decide.

It figured that he would consult me about it. I work at Mendelsohn Brothers on New York's Diamond Row, and it also happens that I've known Eddie a long time. Ever since he started going with Debbie he and I have gone to the fights on Friday nights, and back in Burbank Debbie was always advised that she could spot Eddie in the front row, on her TV set.

Anyway, Eddie told me he wanted a ring and all he knew about it was that he wanted an emerald-cut diamond. He looked at rings and looked some more, and then there were conferences about it at his apartment in The Essex House. And there were conferences at Mr. Sarnoff's office (he's chairman of RCA) and more conferences at the office of Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager.

He finally picked one out, and then Jennie Grossinger saw it. She is the Jennie Grossinger of Grossinger's Hotel, where Eddie Cantor discovered Eddie singing. She didn't think it was good enough for Debbie and Eddie respects her and her judgment so much that we put the ring back in the case and started all over again. "After all," Eddie said, "she's a woman and she knows about these things." And when the two of them decided on the seven-and-one-half-carat stone, Eddie was really happy. He worried a little that the ring would be too big "on Debbie's tiny hand," but he told me after he had given it to her that it didn't look too large after all.

Now that it's settled, I'm happy that I had a part in all this. Knowing Eddie so well I'm sure he'll make a fine husband, and I can't wait until they have kids. He has been so wonderful with my three-year-old daughter—always sending her toys and dresses from wherever he happens to be—that I know he's going to make a great father. A little anxious maybe, but great.

The dinner burned, but who cared?

by LORI NELSON I think it was last September when it happened. Anyway, it was a month before Eddie Cantor's big party when the engagement was announced. Debbie and I were planning to cook dinner for Eddie and Joey Forman. It was a big project because neither of us can cook. We dreamed up the menu a week ahead of time, and when the day came we picked up the boys to go marketing with us. Debbie was somewhere around the canned soups and I was at the meat counter, trying to pretend I knew the difference between steaks. Eddie and Joey were with me, clowning around, and they looked like two cats who had swallowed two canaries.

Eddie said, "Shall we tell her?"

"Go ahead," said Joey.

Eddie was grinning from ear to ear. "Let's not," he said.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, what is it?" I said.

And then Eddie dug into his pocket and pulled out a beat-up piece of Kleenex and opened it carefully, and there was a ring with the biggest diamond I ever saw. Naturally, I screamed.



"Have you decided on the steaks, Miss?" asked the butcher. He must have thought we were nuts.

Eddie was holding a finger to his lips. "Sh! You mustn't tell her!"

I promised I wouldn't, and asked if he planned to give it to her that night. He said he hadn't decided, so of course I was in a purple snit for the rest of the day (and so was Joey) trying to act as though it were any other day.

Debbie tried to help with the dinner. She really did, but Eddie kept calling her out into the living room. So I struggled with the pots and pans and when things were

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almost ready we phoned Mother Reynolds to come over. We had wanted to fix this banquet all by ourselves and so we held her off until the last minute. Five minutes after she arrived, Eddie called Debbie into the bedroom, and two minutes after that there was a whoop that made me drop the beans all over the floor.

Joey came racing into the kitchen yelling for us to hurry into the bedroom. Debbie sat on the couch by the window, curled up like a kitten, holding the sparkler in both hands. Her face was red and she was laughing and crying at the same time, and from the expression Eddie was wearing you'd think he had just captured Debbie Reynolds for his bride.

Then Debbie came into the kitchen, where she was no help at all, and neither was I, because by that time we were both crying.

It was a great night. The steaks were cold, the biscuits were burned, the beans were forfeited, and the potatoes never did get done. But nobody seemed to mind. Joey went out and got a bottle of champagne and we all drank a toast and swore ourselves to secrecy.

None of us was really surprised. Not me, anyway. I'd been at Debbie's house when Eddie called her for their first date. And midway through the conversation she'd put her hand over the phone and said to me, "Guess who! It's Eddie Fisher! *Eddie Fisher!*" And her eyes looked like two Roman candles that had just been lit—and they stayed that way all summer.

So after all, it wasn't much of a secret. It was like not mentioning something the whole world knew.

Round and round we went

by FRANK GREENE As a New York cab driver, I've been asked questions by cops and old ladies, about criminals and lost umbrellas, but this is the first time a reporter ever asked me about the conversation of two kids in back of my cab. As it happened, out of all the cabbies in New York, I've taken Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher on two trips. The first time I didn't recognize them. Who looks at passengers, anyway? But these two kids climbed in and the boy told me to take them to Leone's and a minute after that this voice came up around my ears. He was singing to that girl like a regular Caruso, and maybe I'm forty-six, but there aren't many Americans, even forty-six, who don't know Eddie Fisher's voice when they hear it. It was a pleasant trip—like a concert on wheels.

The second time was last February. I remember it was cold as a deep freeze when I picked up the kids in front of the Plaza Hotel.

"Drive around," Fisher said.

"Around?" I said. "Around where, Skip?"

"The park," he said.

It had snowed that day, and the park's snow didn't have any orange peels or milk bottle tops in it, and it was a pretty night. You ask me what they talked about? To tell you the truth, they didn't talk about anything. Conversation, you might say, was out.

I gave the party for them

by EDDIE CANTOR If I say so myself it was a nice party. It wasn't meant to be a regular Hollywood blowout and it wasn't. I did it for the kids because I wanted to save them having to go around to the homes of 200 people (a mild estimate of their friends) and announce the glad tidings.

I found out myself when they were at my house working over a list of invitations, and Mrs. Reynolds said, "I guess this is kind of an engagement party."

"What do you mean—'kind of'"? I said. "Is it or isn't it?"

She smiled. "I guess it is."

And so we had the party in October at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Debbie and Eddie weren't nervous—just plain pleased. That's one of the great charms about these kids—they're so naive and wide-eyed and so surprised and grateful when anyone does anything for them.

I suppose everyone feels the way I do about them. They're a lovely couple: young America in love. I think that to the younger generation, they represent the modern version of Romeo and Juliet. And I think they're going to be very happy. This isn't going to be a typical Hollywood marriage; I don't believe they'll ever let show business interfere with love. END

P.S. *Back in 1953 Eddie told* MODERN SCREEN *that the one girl he wanted to meet when he went to Hollywood—he hadn't been out there at all—was Debbie Reynolds. She was the first girl he mentioned and Eddie has never been a name-dropper.*



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"DEAR JOHN" . . .

During the war I was working on the production end of the Fred Allen radio show. One day I was told that Victor Mature was slated for that week's guest appearance.

Contracts in hand, I rushed to the Broadway theatre where the U. S. Coast Guard was playing its Tars And Spars *revue. But on my arrival, Mr. Mature informed me that as an enlisted member of the Coast Guard he was not authorized to sign the contracts and that they'd have to wait for his superior officer. By the time the ensign was located I had spent almost the whole day backstage, chatting with Mr. Mature.*

Over Danish pastry and coffee, he commented on the miniature captain's bars I wore for an Army beau and complimented me on my loyalty. He remarked that he thought such loyalty almost always impossible in view of frequent wartime separations. His girl, he said, had waited six months for him, and far from blaming her, he felt grateful that she'd waited that long. With a start, I realized that the girl of whom he spoke was Rita Hayworth—who had just married Orson Welles.

Anita Raskin
Savannah, Georgia



music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 20*)

Foys." It's titled "*You're Here, My Love*" on the Capitol label. The Spencer-Hagen Orchestra on label "X" does the "Love Theme" instrumentally.

● Actor, writer, producer José Ferrer has added a new talent to his repertoire. While at work in *The Shrike*, in which he stars with June Allyson, José composed the background music for the picture. During the filming José bought a small sports car. His pet great Dane, a massive animal weighing well over one hundred pounds, likes to accompany his master on drives. Since he, when seated, towers above the top of the windshield, he fell out of the car one day when José swerved to avoid a cyclist. Luckily, the dog was unhurt. Now José has installed a safety strap that fastens around the dog, similar to those used in airplanes. José will join Rosemary Clooney in England when he makes the English production *Cockleshell Heroes*. Rosie is on tour with their son, Miguel José, through England, Scotland and the Continent, doing singing dates. She will return to do her radio show live the middle of September.

● Dimitri Tiomkin, three times Oscar-winning Hollywood composer and conductor, makes occasional bloopers which provide studio musical circles with some of their best laughs. Artie Bernstein, prominent bass-player who made history with the old Benny Goodman band in its heyday, tells a story about a sound-track recording session with Tiomkin. The maestro wasn't getting just the effect and response he wanted to out of the band. "I want you to play like—like—" shouted Tiomkin, searching frantically for the right words, "play like *Ken Stanton!*" Ken Stanton???! Bernstein relayed the story to Stan Kenton, who promptly implored his band to "play like Timmy Diomkin!" Incidentally, Tiomkin conducted the score, which he also composed, for the Howard Hawks production, *Land Of The Pharaohs* (reviewed on page 74).

Month's Best Movie Albums

DADDY LONG LEGS *by Ray Anthony and his Orchestra. Capitol Records EAP 1-597*

Four songs from the Twentieth Century-Fox Picture *Daddy Long Legs*. "Sluefoot," "Something's Gotta Give," "Dream," "Thunderbird." Ray Anthony fans won't be dissatisfied with these couplings. Ray really swings it out, particularly on "Thunderbird."

JOHNNY DESMOND SINGS MOVIE THEMES *vocal with orchestras directed by Don Jacoby.* Dick Shores and George Cates. Coral Records *EC 81123*

Four songs "The High And The Mighty," "My Own True Love (Tara's Theme)," "The Song From Désirée (We Meet Again)," "Wayward Wife." Very popular songs of sentiment and romance by Johnny, who sells with remarkable ease.

THE WIZARD OF OZ *vocal by Lee Forester. Orchestra and chorus conducted by Joel Herron. MGM Records EP-X1151*

Four songs from *The Wizard Of Oz* Re-lease of the old Judy Garland picture.

"Over The Rainbow," "We're Off To See The Wizard," "If I Only Had A Heart," "Ding Dong! The Witch Is Dead."

Formerly available on 78 r.p.m. only, MGM Records re-released these renditions for the fans buying EP's. This is not the sound track but a good buy anyway.

INTERRUPTED MELODY *by Walter Ducloux conducting vocal soloists and the MGM Orchestra. MGM Records EP-X304*

An original cast recording of musical selections recorded directly from the sound track of the MGM picture *Interrupted Melody*, starring Glenn Ford and Eleanor Parker. A memorable souvenir of the movie is provided by this fine album. Many of the brilliant scenes from the movie can be re-created in your home. The movie is based on the life story of Marjorie Lawrence, one of the Metropolitan Opera's great stars. Another Met star, Eileen Farrell, supplies Marjorie Lawrence's voice in the film.

DISC JOCKEYS' CHOICES: This month's best Music From Hollywood!



Wayne Cody—KALL—*Salt Lake City, Utah*

"My pick is Nat (King) Cole's great recording of *Blues From Kiss Me Deadly*" Cole's record is a great favorite here. Mickey Spillane and Cole make a great combination. This could be Nat's big hit for 1955."



Mike Woloson—WNOR—*Norfolk, Va.*

I choose *Summertime In Venice* by Dave Rose. It is one of the smoothest pieces of background music in some time. My listeners' initial reaction convince me this song will become something of a standard. It lends itself especially to the picture *Summertime*."



Irwin Johnson—WBNS—*Columbus, Ohio*

For me: *Not As A Stranger* by Frank Sinatra. The popularity of music like this is a happy indication that the rage for tuneless rocking rhythm may have run its course. *Not As A Stranger* seems almost like an oasis."



Ed Stokes—WMGM—*New York, N. Y.*

"I go for Jack Shaindlin's *Academy Award Favorites*. Jack is a first class musician who brings us lush music, the type that soothes the soul of all incurable romanticists, and judging by the mail I get, this is indeed a nation of sentimentalists."

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Kleinert's

Pity poor Leslie—she went home a star and found they don't know her in France!



CHERCHEZ LA CARON

■ Then there is the legend of the Prophet of Old who was shunned in his native land. . . .

Once upon a time a young French girl went to seek her fortune in fabulous America. By her rare talent she wrested fame and fortune from the Hollywood hills.

But what about her own country?

Alas, in France Leslie Caron exists in the minds of her countrymen only as a former very good ballet dancer who now makes films in America. Not enough of her pictures have been shown in France to stamp her face as a familiar label.

This was all too apparent when Leslie made an appearance at the "Kermesse aux Etoiles" in Paris. This yearly charity fair, held during the height of the Paris social season, sparkles with stars who sell their signatures in behalf of war wounded.

Night and day, for seventy-two consecutive hours, admirers stamped, pushed and shoved in the rain, wind and mud for an autograph, a cordial word, a smile from their favorites. Leslie's John Hancock was demanded, of course, but no police cordons were needed to keep away the crowds.

And when it was over, Leslie, dressed in a magnificent mink coat, made her way, in the rain alone, unrecognized, unhailed, through the Tuilleries, black with human forms.

A few yards away, women fainted, some lost their shoes, police panted in their efforts to protect Los Angeles-born singer Eddie Constantine, the Number-One film box-office draw of France, ignored and completely unknown in his native America.

Bella Darvi (who inspires in her fellow-Frenchmen a puzzled expression of non-recognition and a shrug of the shoulders) used her "star-card" to invade the booth of raincoated Marlene Dietrich to ask *her* for her autograph. Marlene, who had flown from London for the event, complied, but she showed no favoritism. She signed simply, "Marlene Dietrich," with no dedication. (Could it be that she has never heard of Bella Darvi either?)

ice-cold kelly

(Continued from page 29) She was wearing her white gloves once more—and that cool, collected Kelly look.

She admitted that, "Jean-Pierre has asked me. I haven't said no. He's awfully nice you know." Another time she flatly denied there was anything between them now but added the teaser, "There would have been two years ago."

Two years ago Grace Kelly was nobody. Today she's somebody. She would benefit little professionally from a romance with a star like Aumont. Now she knows her way around. She doesn't need to be tipped off on the right places and people. She's arrived, and she's gotten there on her own terms.

Jean-Pierre, although popular in France, is hardly a big name in the States. A link with Grace is invaluable to him, publicity-wise. He doesn't deny that. He doesn't even deny that his first interest in Miss Kelly was publicity-inspired; Jean-Pierre has always had a knack for headlines. But that was just the start. Now he is deeply, sincerely involved with her. His proposal was no joke, no attention-getter. Proof of his sincerity is the fact that he has stopped talking about Grace and his own feelings. Reporters have had, recently, a hard time getting statements from Jean—formerly the darling of the give-us-a-quote boys. "Please don't press me," Jean-Pierre begs now. "Grace's family is very proper, very careful. I do not want to make a bad impression. Any statements must come from them."

Grace's family hovers in the background of her every move, her every relationship. She may not be entirely typical of them, but her upbringing colors her life, her reactions to the world. The Kellys make a habit of success on their own terms. (In any field.) Grace went into acting. Being a Kelly she won without compromising herself. The Kellys have taken home Pulitzer prizes, Olympic gold medals, diamond trophies and now they have an Oscar on the mantel. It's just another trophy.

It's hard to believe Grace would have used Jean-Pierre two years ago to climb the ladder of success. She's always made it on her own. Natural beauty and competent acting have carried her to the top. Perhaps she only meant that two years ago she hadn't tasted success and so love and marriage would have appealed more.

Certainly Jean-Pierre has done everything he can to show her the delights of both. In Cannes they swam by day and romanced by night. They had amusing lunches, romantic, candlelight dinners, wine in sidewalk cafés. They held hands in the movies. In Paris, Jean-Pierre showed Grace every aspect of that varied and wonderful city. They night-clubbed. They danced. They sight-saw. Then he started on the joys of domesticity.

Grace had installed herself in a Champs Elysees hotel. She was seldom in it. Every morning she left for the country with Jean-Pierre. He owns a charming manor house near Malmaison—a town famous for the house Napoleon built there for Josephine. She died there five years after he divorced her, and the town has much that is quaint and curious and historic.

There Grace met Jean-Pierre's daughter Marie-Christine. She is a delightful child. Nine years old, she speaks three languages perfectly. She adores her father, loves playing hostess for him. She takes care of him like a little mother. Every night she sees that there is a snack and something warm to drink waiting for him. If he comes home too late for her to be up, she leaves a tray at his bedside.

Jean-Pierre returns her affection with interest. Once he gave her a mink coat. Nobody laughed. He was trying to relive the moment of pride and happiness he knew when he gave her mother her first. They have preserved as best they can the feeling of being a family. They look like two who have known a happy home.

Marie-Christine is a good hostess, solicitous of her guests. Grace was welcomed with dignity and aplomb. She must have reminded Grace of herself as a child, poised, not easily embarrassed. The picture could not help but be appealing.

But Grace loves her career. Not because of the money or the adulation. Because of the power. She doesn't misuse power. No temper tantrums, no regal commands, no ultimatums. The power Grace enjoys is the power to be her own boss, run her own show. Independently wealthy, thanks to her father, Grace could buy her way out of any film contract. And she needn't even mention it to Dad because J. P. Kelly has made his four children legally independent of him financially. He believes in letting them handle their own affairs and made it possible years ago. The Kelly family is more like a corporation with the children paying their parents their share of family expenses.

Happily, the role Grace wants to play privately fits her public personality. Or rather it did before Aumont. He managed to crack the Kelly composure, and even



Grace and Jean-Pierre were a brief, but steady twosome in 1952, when she was almost unknown.

though her armor looks as good as new Grace may well become dissatisfied with the life she leads and professes to love. Grace probably learned some things about herself in Paris. Having tasted romance briefly she may not be able to repress her basic feelings so successfully.

Hollywood's amateur analysts insist that Grace doesn't need a husband and knows it. They say she doesn't really want to be married and feels safer with men who don't want to be tied down either. Like Oleg Cassini, of whom Gene Tierney said, "I adore that man. I'm crazy about him but he doesn't want to be married and I can't live with him unmarried."

Grace may be one of those women, rare as they are, who will never need a husband. She may be slow to marry like Olivia De Havilland. Or she might arrange her life like that of Garbo or Katharine Hepburn. She won't be lonely, because she can take care of herself.

Grace likes men and men like Kelly. She enjoys being courted but shies away when the man gets serious. One observer suggests that Grace is practiced in the art of turning down a proposal, "We must be moving along—things to do—places to go—Oscars to win—you know . . ." Another says she's probably had few proposals because no man wants to take such an excellent chance of being rejected. And Grace looks so remote up there on a pedestal.

Who put Grace on the pedestal? Did she? Or her father? Does she feel superior to men? Or is she afraid of them? What about women? Does she want to be one of them, a wife and mother? Can she play the female part off-stage?

Significantly enough, one Hollywood wife commented recently that she never worried about her husband when he played opposite Grace. Grace would probably consider that a compliment where another woman would call it a crack. The truth is that Grace doesn't compete with women. Even in Hollywood, where you're supposed to. She's different. She's a lady. She's a law unto herself. If she has a fling it's in Paris. She assumes a man is free and able to take care of himself and his heart. Grace is no predatory female. Which may explain why some women consider her cold and insist she's disinterested in romance. Grace's code is very nearly a man's, unusual in Hollywood but conventionally Philadelphian, where girls play the game fair and square.

The only trouble is, Aumont is not a Philadelphia boy. Nor a Hollywood wolf. For all his worldly ways he is emotional, able to be hurt. His love is not given lightly. He loved his wife, Maria Montez, with all his heart. He grieved over her death for years. He began dating, eventually. He laughed and was gay and very French. That was publicity. Beneath the laughter he was still lost and lonely. Perhaps frightened. Afraid to risk such deep sorrow again by opening his heart to a woman. Then Grace walked in. His defenses crumbled. He offered her all the affection he had buried with his wife. He laughed because he was happy.

Between her clean white gloves, Grace Kelly holds that happiness. She can cherish it or crush it. So far she has done neither. Jean-Pierre has said, "I would give anything to have her give me her consent. I would give anything to have her give me an answer—one way or the other."

Grace's friends—and they are many—say she hasn't given him an answer because she doesn't know. She must reconcile love and career. She must decide if love means Jean-Pierre. She must not be rushed. Those who resent Grace say she knows she will never marry him. She keeps him dangling because he is a good escort, a charming companion. Because she might go to France again some day and what is France without an adoring man at your side? Jean-Pierre is a perfect escort.

Only Grace knows the truth about that. Jean-Pierre intends to fly to America this fall. He wants to meet her family. He wants to marry Grace. Perhaps he wants to see the white gloves permanently removed.

But that is not the Kelly way. The rest of the family may wear catchers' mitts instead of white gloves (they are all sports-mad) but the traditions are the same. Thoroughbreds don't cry—or fall madly in love. Old pros perform. No one can know what goes on inside. Feminine wiles are foreign to Grace's background and personality. She doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve. That, her friends say, is why people think she doesn't have one.

Maybe. But those who know Jean-Pierre have one thing they would like to say to Grace Kelly: If you can't love him, leave him. Step down from the pedestal long enough for that. Take off the little white gloves and do it—very, very gently. That will be proof enough that Kelly has a heart—even if it hasn't yet been touched.

END

Grace Kelly's next is MGM's The Swan.

Mort Weisinger went to Hollywood for a magazine story on Ralph Edwards' *This Is Your Life*. The story was about the way Edwards tricks his subjects so that they never know about it until the show is on the air. Weisinger went to the studio to see an actual telecast. In the dressing room Edwards said: "Mort, I'll level with you. You think you're here because you were assigned to do a story on me. Actually, you're here because we're doing your life." Then he laughed, and added: "That's how I'd have tricked you, if we really were doing your life."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

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Meet Itchy Tom—
also known as

THAT WORRYING EWELL

■ Tom Ewell, star of *The Seven Year Itch,* is an experienced worrier.

He acquired the habit while studying law at the University of Wisconsin. Tom spent more time working on college theatricals than he did with his law books and he was very worried most of the time—not because he was afraid he'd flunk but because he was afraid he wouldn't. His fond hopes of never becoming a lawyer seemed more than likely to come true when a tent show came to Madison. When it left Tom went with it.

For twenty dollars a week he played everything from Chinese warriors to aged English butlers, as well as a dummy trombone in the band (to make it look bigger).

Then he went to Nashville where he worked in a local little theatre.

At the end of a year, he set out for New York, where in no time at all he found himself washing dishes in order to eat. A later fling at pictures was equally unrewarding. He just worried along. Had he known how long this sort of thing was to continue he might have worried even more. For it did continue—through twenty-seven plays, all financial flops.

During the lean periods Ewell washed dishes, worked in drug stores, hawked magazines door-to-door and did any job he could that would keep him close to Broadway.

He enjoyed one good stretch of employment, the comedy *John Loves Mary* in 1952. And then came *The Seven Year Itch,*

By this time even success made him worry.

Wife Marjorie is hoping that *The Seven Year Itch* will break him of the habit but Tom's making no promises.

"I'll always remember how elated I was," he says, "that time I opened in a Broadway play and on opening night after the performance a visiting delegation from Owensboro threw a dinner for me at the Astor. I thought I had at last arrived."

But the show closed in a deek and some of the delegation who had lasted longer than Tom's current funds happened to shop at Macy's one day. And there was Tom—Owensboro's gift to the theatre—demonstrating model airplanes!

relax, bernie—you made it

(Continued from page 33) "Stay where?"

"New York. I've been awfully lucky, you know that? I wanted to be a movie star, and no matter which way I turned everything seemed to lead to it."

Janet giggled. "What do you suppose you'd have done for a living if you'd stayed back east?"

"I'd have ended up in the garment industry. Pushing one of those closets on wheels through the traffic." He lighted a cigarette. "As a matter of fact, I bet I would have. There was a girl—her father owned a pants factory or something—and I think she had her eye on me."

"Do tell," said Janet.

"I was adorable, didn't you know?" He flourished his cigarette in an exaggerated gesture. "No kidding, though, I bet I'd have ended up with her. We'd have had a batch of kids and gone to the movies on Saturday nights. I'd have played stickball on Sundays and shot pool on Wednesday nights. And then, because I was his son-in-law, the old man would have given me a good job and we'd have spent a month in Florida every year. And I'd have been miserable."

"At least you'd have had a month off every year. Out here you can't get more than five days to catch your breath."

Tony grunted in agreement. This time he had had five whole weeks. Time to catch up and look back. Time for a breather.

The garment industry made him think of the day, not too long ago, when he had addressed hundreds of members of the California Apparel Creators, who had given him an award as the best-dressed man of 1954. That had tickled him, that award. He used to be criticized for his clothes, and no wonder. He'd gone hog wild when he began making good money and gone out and bought a wild assortment of stuff. Once he'd even gone in for string ties. He couldn't figure why these people had chosen him and he thought to himself that they should see that drawer at home that was filled with bright red socks. Maybe it had been the fact that he'd switched to the new narrow trousers and shirts with pleated or lace fronts, the "Edwardian Look" that he'd taken to with some trepidation. Nonetheless, he'd made a speech to the people and ad libbed the whole thing. He'd told them his father was a *schneider,* the Hebrew word for tailor, and said when he got home that night and told Pop he'd talked to people from the garment industry, Manny would slap him on the back and say, "Congratulations, son! You've finally made it!" It had brought a laugh, and he wondered now at the ease with which he had spoken to all those people. Seven years ago he'd have dropped dead with fright.

He'd learned a lot, there was no doubt about it, and he was happy, really happy these days.

Hollywood, he mused, meant harder work than most people realized. Take the roles he'd played. *Six Bridges To Cross* was the only one for which he didn't have to spend months of learning to do something. For *The Rawhide Years* he'd learned to ride like a cowhand. *So This Is Paris* had required singing and dancing. For *Flesh And Fury* he not only boxed, but had to learn to portray a deaf mute. In *Purple Mask* he fenced, in *Johnny Dark* he drove a racing car, in *Houdini* he mastered sleight-of-hand. For *The All-American* he'd had to learn football for those bone-bruising closeups. The next picture coming up, *Trapeze,* was going to mean learning how to be an aerialist—if he didn't break his neck first. Even his screen test, he remembered, had required weeks of work with a stunt man, learning how to leap, dive and fall. He smiled to himself, thinking of the day he had gone home black-and-blue and Mom had covered her eyes with her hands and moaned, "Give all this up! It isn't worth it!"

Had it been, he asked himself, and knew the answer before the question formed in his mind. Sure it had been hard work, but he was doing what he liked. And furthermore his roles, difficult though they might have been, represented dreams come true. Hadn't he wanted to be a cowboy when he was a kid? And hadn't he daydreamed about the derring-do of fencing, of being a football hero and a fighter, of being a daring young man on a flying trapeze? Hollywood had given him all this, and he had found it stimulating and exciting. It was a challenge, he told himself, and a damned sight more interesting than he would have found the garment industry.

He thought of himself as he had been when he came to Hollywood seven years ago. A brash kid, consumed with ambition, who didn't known a camera from a mike boom, least of all the protocol of the town. He grinned, remembering how uninhibited he had been, how he used to walk into producers' offices unasked, and talk to them as though they were his uncles. How he even used to borrow money from them. They had seemed to take it with good grace, but it was a wonder he hadn't been fired twenty times over. In retrospect, he could see now why some people had looked at him askance and wondered what kind of a bit he was pulling off; how others, trusting him more, were bowled over by his candor and seemingly refreshed by it. He recalled the woman who had met him at one of the first Hollywood shindigs he had attended, and how he had overheard her say later, "How disarming that boy is!" He had wondered at the time what disarming meant. Without arms, he had figured, taking the word apart, and didn't know whether he should be pleased or angry.

He thought about the places he'd lived, that little house they had when Mom and Pop first came out, and how he used to ride to the studio on a bike, and then wash his clothes on Sundays to help Mom. And the second house, the one in the valley that he'd bought that furniture for. And then rooming with Marlon for a while, and what a ball that had been. He'd gone home again with his parents and brother Bobbie before he married Janet, and then they'd had the apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. Him, Bernie Schwartz, on Wilshire Boulevard yet. And then the penthouse with all those stairs, and a flash of pain crossed his mind as he wondered for the thousandth time if it had been those stairs that had caused Janet to lose the baby. And the last place, the one where they lived now on Coldwater Canyon. This was the best, and the happiest, he told himself. It had all been like steps—up, up, all the time.

It hadn't been easy, of course. Hollywood was difficult to absorb. It wasn't so much the elegant manners. Things like the proper silverware had never given him much trouble. All you had to do was watch your hostess and remember the next time that the funny little fork was the one to use for seafood cocktails. His mother had drummed it into him to always be kind and considerate of others and with training like that, being a gentleman came easily. The trouble had come with learning the complexities of the industry and most of all in controlling himself, in watching himself carefully, in not letting his job drive him nuts. The responsi-

bilities to all those people who worked with him, the living of days jammed with appointments; he had not been cut out for living by a schedule, but he had made himself do it. He realized suddenly that he had learned a great deal, that by now he had a pretty good grasp of the whole picture. He guessed he wasn't an idiot after all. He knew what he wanted now and knew how to get it. He didn't let people push him around any more. He wanted the right kind of publicity, something with class and a little dignity, and as the thought occurred to him he wondered why this kind of thing was more important to him now than it used to be.

The answer was probably his attitude toward acting. At first it had been a game. The athletics for the screen had been fun, real fun, but now he was more serious about it. He valued the rare chances he had to bring moments of truth to the screen. That's where Marlon was so smart. He never did anything hokey, he didn't use trickery in his acting, he brought the truth to the screen and people were impressed by it. Tony thought how much he really wanted to prove himself a fine actor, to have authority in his work. This life was his slot, and he was suited to it.

He crushed out his cigarette and lay back on the pad. It was silly of him even to question the disadvantages of stardom. Hollywood had gotten him out of the slums, and he no longer had to fight for a buck. That was a great part of it, he thought, that relief from chasing a dollar. He had found what he wanted to do in life, and he was suited for it. He could never be happy in a stagnant job.

Not that he disliked New York. He wouldn't change his background or his childhood for the world. People could talk all they wanted about country life for kids—the sweet-smelling hay, the clear air, all that poetic stuff. All they really got, he thought, was too much fat in their systems from all that gooey cream and thick milk. He'd been lucky if he'd had a bottle of skim milk every day, but what New York had given *him* was the education of its streets, the knowledge of how to get along with the other guy, the decency of knowing how to help the neighbor who's down and out.

He remembered going back and how it had saddened him. He'd gone around to some of the old neighborhoods, full of nostalgia, almost wallowing in it, and how shocked he'd been. The old landmarks were gone, the kids he'd known had moved away and nobody knew what had become of them. His initials had been traced in cement on that street in the Bronx, but now the whole pavement had been ripped up, and even old man Hauptmann's grocery store had disappeared. He'd located some of the old gang, but somehow there wasn't much to talk to them about any more. It was as if he had come from a different world. He had moped about it and it had been Janet who'd given him the answer.

"You can't go home again, Tony," she'd said. "Of course it's sad, but you're looking for things that aren't there. And as for the people changing, it's only natural. It's egotistical of you to think they have no right to change."

She had been right, of course. It had taken him a few days to get over it, but it had made him realize that his childhood was framed in one setting, his adult life in another. They were two things separate and distinct. New York to him now was a strange city, as much as Walla Walla—it didn't have the emotional ties it used to. The people had changed and he'd changed.

He demanded much more of himself now, demanded a better-paying job, a better understanding of his craft and of

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where he stood in the business. Writers had admired him, he remembered, for his drive, for his insistence on perfection. Actually it was nothing to admire, he thought, because it stemmed from a selfish motive. He knocked himself out only because he wanted to prove to himself that he could master something, and he got such great satisfaction out of doing a good job. Besides, it had brought him the roles he'd enjoyed so much. Would they have given him all those pictures if they'd had any doubts about his being able to learn riding and magician stuff and all that? Particularly, would they have offered him this role in *Trapeze,* under the direction of the great Carol Reed, if they hadn't known that he'd take to the trapeze like a monkey? Thank God, he thought, for his health, for without it all this would have been impossible. And thanks, too, for the sense that made him realize his body's value, how he remembered to take care of himself and rest his body once in a while.

There had been times when he had caught himself feeling pretty self-satisfied. He'd be stretched out by the pool at home with a couple of hours between studio chores and think to himself, "Boy, everything is real crazy," and then he'd stop and say, "Wait a minute. For every good day you're going to have a bad day, so come off the smug bit."

Had he gone Hollywood? Whatever that meant. He asked himself honestly and then told himself no. If it was sense of values they meant by it, he certainly hadn't changed in that respect. He was no different than he'd been seven years ago. Sure, he had a nice home and good food and an expensive car and servants and all those material things and it was great, but he still felt that he could drop it all tomorrow if he had to, and adjust to living in a cave without too much damage to his nervous system. As a matter of fact, he thought with a grin, should the bottom ever drop out of everything, he might take off for India and be a Yogi. The idea fascinated him.

The toughest part of Hollywood, he thought, was the pressure of advice and criticism. He had gone through what every other star had gone through—he had wanted people to like him and tried hard to please. Then he'd found he couldn't please everybody and had gotten angry with both himself and others. He'd told himself he didn't care, but the truth was that he *did* care. And finally he'd come to understand, like the others, that there was nothing he could do about it, that he simply had to fit himself into his niche, one that was true and comfortable, and stay there. And he had learned that no one could be depended upon for advice, that he had to make decisions himself. It was the last stage, he hoped, because he felt now he had the problem settled.

As for the criticism from Hollywood that never ended, the hell with it, he thought. The only people he really had to answer to were the fans. They were the ones who counted because they had put him where he was. It was that simple.

The interviews had been rough, sure, but the thing that made it easier was that he had nothing to hide. The lack of privacy might bother some stars, but he didn't feel it really bothered him. He didn't need much of it and if he did want it he could always get it. He remembered the number of times, particularly at Hollywood cocktail parties, that his eyes had glazed over. And it wasn't from the one highball that he limited himself to; it was merely a withdrawal into his own world. When he wanted to be alone, even in a crowded room, he always could be.

One bad thing about being an actor, it made you restless. You were never satisfied, always wanting a new kind of part, a new leading lady, always reaching. But then, on second thought, was that really bad? It was his nature to be that way. If he'd ended up in the garment industry, he bet he would have talked the old man into adding vests and knee warmers to the line.

He was happy where he was. He'd found his place. Brother Bobbie was growing up healthy and sweet, and his parents were happy living out here and gradually making new friends to replace the ones they'd left behind in New York. Come to think of it, he guessed they'd gone more Hollywood than he had. Momola sometimes nearly busted at the seams when she met new people, trying not to announce that her son was Tony Curtis, the movie star. And when they went to see his pictures, Bobby always punched Momola in the ribs and said, "Whyn't you tell the lady up front that you're Tony's mother?" And Momola would giggle and tell Bobbie to hush up.

He stretched himself and looked up at Janet and thought, she's another thing, the most important thing Hollywood's given. He couldn't imagine himself single any more. At first, after they were married he'd tried to keep his foot outside the door—he didn't like the idea of losing his bachelor freedom. But by now, for years in fact, he'd known that marriage was the only way for a man to live. When you came right down to it, he'd been luckier than anybody he knew. He valued his childhood, his family, his wife, his career—and his future looked rosier than ever. He began singing softly, "He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, the daring young man on the flying trapeze—"

Janet laughed and leaned over the arm of the lounge. "I don't have to pay you for your thoughts. Listen, promise me something. Promise you'll be careful when you make that picture. Don't get reckless sixty feet up. I love your neck."

"Sure, sure," said Tony.

"I don't know why it is you're always given these strenuous things. You'd think they could put you in a drawing room for a change."

"Maybe some day I'll be a basket weaver in a picture," said Tony. "Don't give up hope."

"Hmphh," said Janet. "If you are, they'll have you weaving your baskets in a submarine full of holes."

Tony laughed, and the laughter came easily. He was finally rested, even anxious to get back to work next week. He stood up and ran his hand over Janet's hair. "Let's go get a hamburger. And stop fretting. Life can be beautiful." **END**

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they dood it!

(Continued from page 52) It was Eddie who did most of the talking in Palm Springs. He had to. Debbie had said, time and time again, for him to read in print as well as hear in private, that she loved him, that nothing had changed but the wedding date, that she didn't know what was going on on the other side of the country. Eddie had said nothing—nothing but vague, off-the-record statements about the "wrong time for marriage." Statements that had managed to creep into the columns and leave Debbie as confused as anyone else.

Debbie does not relish confusion. For all her bubbles and her brightness, she's as level-headed as many far older women. She likes her life planned and well-defined; nothing is more unpleasant to her than vague, amorphic thinking. And if there was one thing that this great, unhappy to-do taught her, it was that when Eddie said he didn't know, he wasn't hiding anything—he just didn't know. That's worse than knowing it's all over to someone like Debbie. Her fiancé wasn't running his own life, he was letting his managers, his friends, his sponsors, his fans, half the world run it for him. He hadn't stood up to them when they told him that he didn't have it made yet, that he was still in the build-up stage, that he couldn't broadcast from the West Coast but would be on the road for at least a year. Was he unable to fight for his right to marry her?

So they sat in the house in the desert and talked. Debbie wore her ring, and if she twisted it nervously from time to time, at least it was still on. Temporarily, maybe, but a sign that things weren't over yet. Eddie told her how mixed-up he was, how harassed by the rumors and reports, how upset over everyone's thinking that those concerned with his career didn't want him to marry. He told Debbie that Milton Blackstone, his agent, liked her, had repeatedly denied stories that he was trying to break them up—had been particularly stricken over the rumor that he objected to the marriage on religious grounds! Debbie listened quietly.

Sunday night, still in Palm Springs, they watched television and heard Walter Winchell announce that Debbie had flown into New York to see Eddie. For the first time in months, they laughed together, realizing how easily mistakes are made. But in Debbie's mind that *if* loomed as large as ever. Something had happened once to spoil their idyll; she wouldn't have it happening again. She remembered it too well.

It had been a nightmare. From two who wanted above all to be together, they had become two who were apart. Apart in every way—and Debbie was at a total loss, so sick at heart that a doctor put her under sedatives for three days. Afterward she felt stronger, but what then? What does a girl say when she has talked about her plans for the wedding, the reception, the honeymoon they are going to have, and suddenly the whole picture begins to dim and act as if it is going to fade out altogether?

What do you say if you are the kind of girl who has not just a few, but hundreds of friends, and they all want to know what has happened, even if they have too much tact to ask? What do you say when you meet them?

That was Debbie's situation when the telephone in her home rang and proved an inspired interruption in her life. The caller was her good friend, Johnny Grant, one of Hollywood's most popular disc jockeys, and a man she has known even before she had gotten into the movies. Johnny was calling just to say goodbye. He was heading a planeload of Hollywood entertainers to put on shows for GI's in Korea, Japan, Okinawa and even Formosa. It would be his seventh such trip.

It was a Sunday. She was home and planned to stay home. She had no urge to go out and see people. Johnny said his group would be taking off on Friday, just five days away. And then—and as if he knew it would be a heaven-sent idea in her present mood—he asked, "Why don't you come along?"

It seemed only like a split-second before she heard herself answering. "I think you've got a deal," she told Johnny.

For the next few minutes they both did some busy telephoning from their respective homes. When it was over, MGM executive Benny Thau had given Debbie permission to take special leave from the studio. A fine dancer, Leon Tyler, had agreed to go into immediate rehearsal with Debbie to smooth out some routines they could perform together, and a half dozen other people, from musicians who gathered the proper song orchestrations, to doctors who prepared to inoculate her with shots, had promised their cooperation. Then Debbie phoned Johnny back and gave him her definite acceptance.

Debbie was in the air for stretches as long as ten hours or more on some of the jumps between California and Japan and Korea. The players would see her sitting alone, lost in her thoughts. Sometimes, she would try to break out of it. She would visit around, perch on the arms of their seats.

Once she was walking down the aisle when she looked at the hands of one of the fellows and saw that his fingernails were in a sad state of neglect. She plumped herself down on her chair, got out her manicure set and called out to him. "You poor guy!" she said. "You come here!"

There, some 16,000 feet above the Pacific, she did his nails. It was a diversion, but only for a while. When it was over her problems were still waiting for her.

When the big transport plane landed at the airport in Seoul, Korea, thousands of American GI's were waiting. The first passenger to emerge was Debbie, and there were mass cheers. But there was more than that, too. Debbie had flown 5,000 miles to raise their morale, but the boys acted as if they thought her own morale needed hiking. They called out:

"Don't worry about losing your Eddie!"

"You've always got us, Debbie!"

"We'll help you forget . . ."

She'll probably never admit that as she stood there and waved her eyes got misty with tears—but she wasn't sure forgetting was what she wanted.

Some of the Air Force kids staged a kidnaping in which she was the principal. They thought they would make better hosts for her during her stay than the regular Army escort assigned to her. Debbie found herself in a car being sped out of the airport, before a convoy of jeeps loaded with MP's headed them off and brought her back to the main party.

The trip to Korea and Japan lasted seventeen days and in that time Debbie did twenty-two shows. She also visited enlisted men's clubs, officers' halls, and attended special events in her honor. With the GI's she sparkled. But the troupe who traveled with her reported that much of the time she was quiet, lost in thought.

Eddie must have had a good hunch about the way things might be with Debbie. He sent word that he hoped she wouldn't forget to eat. Johnny Grant came back from the Korean trip weighing nearly ten pounds more than when he left. It seemed there was many a meal at many an Army luncheon or dinner in which Debbie couldn't do more than nibble at her main course. And, not wanting to hurt the feel-

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■ They haven't lost a father yet at St. John's Hospital, where most of Hollywood's famous go at baby time, but they were worried for a while about Spangler Arlington Brugh, otherwise known as Bob Taylor. A father for the first time at forty-four, Bob had good and sufficient reason to be nervous, for the baby had been expected in May. He was then on location for *Quentin Durwood* in Europe, talking every day by transatlantic phone to his lovely wife Ursula Thiess. The expected day arrived and passed. A nerve-ridden Bob flew the ocean the first week of June, expecting that the blessed event would certainly have occured by the time he arrived.

Friends reported that on the day before the event, Ursula had an almost uncontrollable desire to scrub the kitchen floor, and that she felt so lightheaded that is was almost like having one too many at a cocktail party. Bob, home at last, anxiously watched as the unborn baby periodically tried to poke a foot through Ursula's tummy.

"Honey," he said, "do you think the baby will come tonight?"

"You'd better relax, sweetheart." Ursula said. "I think it's several days off."

Ursula, used to retiring early, and realizing that Bob was dead tired, suggested that they turn in. But she lingered unduly long, hiding the pains that suddenly came on in the early evening. Not until shortly before eleven o'clock did she quietly tell Bob.

Pretending a great deal of calm, Bob backed the car out of the garage, only slightly sideswiping the shrubbery. They drove to St. John's Hospital where they'd had a standing reservation for days. As Bob signed the register, Ursula stood by, merriment mixed with the pain in her big dark eyes. Then they took her away to the mysteries of the delivery room.

There is a fine waiting room for fathers at St. John's, complete with television set, but Bob, knowing the fate of celebrities, retired to his wife's private room to wait. By 3 A.M. he was pacing nervously when a nurse poked her head in the door, suggested that he ought to go out and take a walk. Bob asked if there were any reporters snooping around, to which query the nurse is reported to have replied, gently, "Now what reporter would be wanting to talk to you at this hour?" Obviously, having encountered a half a hundred frantic fathers during the week, she didn't know one from another.

At 4:30 A.M. the nurse wheeled out a little glass enclosed cart, and in it an infant whose name was to be Terence Taylor. Terence, seven pounds, eight ounces of red, protesting humanity, was gazed upon by his father in utter silence. It was Ursula who had been under anesthesia, but it was Bob who recovered more slowly from the shock of parenthood.

The next evening, Bob was back, this time to join the dozens of folk who gather to peer through the plate glass windows at all the new infants. Dutifully, he scribbled his name on a card and held it up to the window so a nurse could wheel Terence up for inspection. Bob looked. Terry slept. A relative of a new mother, nudged him. "May I please have your autograph, Mr. Taylor?" For a moment, Bob looked angry. Certainly a man is entitled to some privacy when he's getting acquainted with his first born. Then he grinned slowly. "You must be mistaking me for someone else, Mother," he replied. "People say I look like some actor or other, but my name's Brugh. Father Brugh!"

ings of her hosts by leaving a plate practically untouched, she would appeal to Johnny to come to the rescue.

But now everything was wonderfully right again. Eddie was going back to New York to clean up shop and get ready for July 1st when his long awaited vacation would begin. And then, a little later, he and Debbie would be together at last. He wanted to tell his friends and the fellows he worked with that he and his girl had set the date. But Eddie and Debbie made a pact not to push their luck again. And so he kept his lips sealed through the lonely weeks.

Eddie could hardly force himself to get through the last week of broadcasts. One of the production team on his show described him as "a kid who just can't wait for school to be out." Eddie looked tired but only to those who saw him in rehearsal or at home. The show had to go on, and it did. And maybe those who watched him on TV figured Eddie for a hard-hearted guy who had let his girl down badly and with no regrets. They couldn't have been more wrong.

Those close to Eddie say the period following his split with Debbie was the only time they'd known him to be really depressed. "He just hasn't been himself," one man said. "This has really gotten him down." No wonder. Eddie had been called everything from a cad to a coward. The more charitable ones suggested that Eddie was behaving like a gentleman and giving Debbie a chance to make whatever announcements were forthcoming.

Nobody knew, not one of the crew he is so close to, that Eddie and Debbie had made their big decision. Let everyone wonder. They hoped maybe the curiosity would die down and they could go about the business of getting married quietly.

Of course it wasn't quite that simple. Letters poured in from anxious friends who wanted to know what had happened. Reporters put two and two together and came up at sixes and sevens.

Eddie made no secret of his intended trip. "I'm taking off after my last show. I'm going to drive west—see America first." When an inquiring reporter asked where he was going, he looked weary and shrugged, "I don't know where I'll end up. I just want to take off and explore the side roads if I feel like it." "Are you going alone?" the reporter asked. Straightfaced, Eddie answered, "No, I'm taking a friend." And nobody dared ask who.

The questions persisted but Eddie grew practiced in answering them; gently, diplomatically. "What are you going to do with yourself for two months this summer?" "I'm going to take a vacation." "No engagements?" Eddie played it straight. "No engagements of any kind." Nobody asked about weddings. And then someone said, "Is there anything you'd like to change about your life?" Eddie thought for a moment and grinned, "Not a thing, but I might *add* something." The final tip-off came when he was asked if he was going to keep his New York apartment open while he was away. He said he had decided to give it up. "Would you like to own a big country house some day?" the reporter probed. "Sure, some day," said Fisher. "Tastes change, don't you think? What I'm doing now I won't always do." He grinned a little teasingly. "I'll be back in September. If you'd like to ask some more questions, maybe I'll have something to tell you then."

It was a big secret to keep buttoned up, but Eddie managed. In Hollywood, Debbie kept her end of the pact. And so we close this report with the end yet unwritten—with the fondest hopes that *this* time, Debbie and Eddie will write the happy ending themselves. **END**

let me belong

(Continued from page 37) rainbow days, she thought she glimpsed her way in. When the teacher asked for Girl Scout candidates, she found the temerity to raise her hand. Then the matter of uniforms came up. Uniforms cost money. Who, Sheree asked herself fiercely, wants to be a Brownie? Brownies are corny. Tears stinging her throat, she bowed out of the promised land.

Disciplined to control her emotions, they'd overwhelm her sometimes in solitude and then sobs racked her thin body. "If they'd only like me. If I could only do something to make them like me." To achieve that end, she'd try every dodge open to a hurt and bewildered child. When two gangs on the block had a fight, she'd buddy up to both sides, running from one to the other, currying favor with each by knocking the foe. To gain even momentary attention, she'd lie. "I've got a pool underneath my house. I've got a closetful of candy." She lied plausibly, with imaginative flourishes, and the kids were impressed. But next morning some indignant classmate would pounce. "My mother says you're lying and I'm not going to talk to you any more." She never had the assurance to stick by her guns. Her only recourse was to dream up some better lie.

By the time she was twelve, she'd gained recognition of a kind. For one thing, the children were used to her. For another, she was a stand-out dancer who took part in all the school plays and was even allowed to put on some of the numbers. As a three-year-old, attending a Hollywood Christmas party where they gave you free toys, she'd climbed up on the stage and started whirling. At six, the Falcon Dance Studio took her in. In return for tuition, her mother did chores around the place, assisted by Sheree as she grew older. It wasn't so much the dancing that attracted her as the vistas it opened. That she'd be a great ballerina went without saying. This would give her a chance to wear sequins, feathers and shiny nails, representing glamor. Being glamorous, everybody would like her. That was the goal of all her dreams.

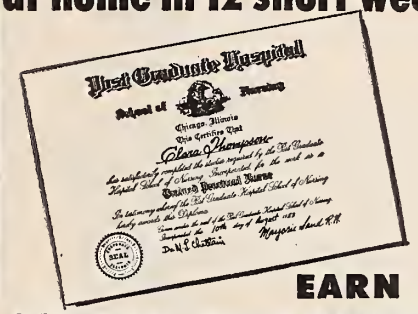
Through her dancing, through her skill in competitive sports, she derived comfort. But not enough to dislodge the heavy backlog of self-doubt and humiliation. Her triumphs were short-lived, touching only the surface. The kids, she felt, admired her as a dancer, not as a person. How could she know that, if they failed to like her, it was because she'd never learned to like herself? Nothing in her background or make-up had gone to build confidence, everything had combined to tear it down. Except for her well-trained body, she felt hopelessly inferior. In physical combat, if attacked, the adrenaline flowed and she'd defend herself like a wildcat. Psychologically attacked, she'd crumble.

Matters grew worse when they moved, just as she entered Junior High. It was kindergarten all over again, a whole new sea of strangers that had to be faced. Under their gaze, Sheree shriveled, sure they were making fun of her awful clothes. Any new togs squeezed from the Bethel budget went to Janet. Janet was four years older and needed them more. If Sheree protested, the answer silenced her. "You get to take dancing lessons. I don't." The misery of self-consciousness, of being more apart and alone than ever, proved too great. She changed schools and changed again, lying about her address, since you had to live in the district of the school you attended. Even she realized this was a futile flight but, like a tormented little animal, she kept running to

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cover till an understanding teacher talked to her one day. Shy about spilling all her woes, Sheree told enough to make the situation clear. The teacher offered a suggestion. "If your mother would write a note, giving the reasons, you could be excused from classes at noon and spend the rest of your time at dancing school. I think you'd be happier, don't you?"

"Oh *yes!*" breathed Sheree. And so it was arranged.

She was already a professional. The summer before, all of thirteen, she'd built herself up, borrowed a pair of Janet's high heels and auditioned successfully at the open-air Greek Theatre. She liked her first taste of independence, she liked knowing she was good enough to be hired, she liked earning money. Before season's end, disenchantment set in. You started at ten, you rehearsed all day, you cleaned up for the dinner break, you dashed back to get your make-up and costume on, you did the show, you flopped exhausted into bed so you could start all over again at ten. You wore sequins, feathers and shiny nails. Maybe it looked like glamour from the front. From where you hoofed, it was drudgery pure and simple.

She kept at it for three rugged summers because now it was her job. Winters she went to school for half a day. Until she drove down to the beach with the girl next door and met Fred Bessire. He took her to dinner and asked her to marry him. It was the third date she'd ever had. Perfectly willing to talk about anything else, this is one chapter she'd rather skip. At fifteen, knowing nothing about herself, she must have believed it was love. She must have felt joy that here was an older man of twenty-five who'd chosen and therefore wanted her, the unwanted, sealing his choice with his mother's diamond ring. Vistas opened again, but different ones this time—escape from the treadmill—escape from the derision, actual or imagined, of schoolgirls—escape into the lovely, secure pattern of wifehood. She'd cook and clean and market at the Safeway, she'd exchange recipes with neighbors and greet her husband when he came home at night and surprise him with an upside-down pineapple cake. She'd be like other people. She'd belong.

It didn't pan out. Some fifteen months later, as disillusioned with marriage as with dancing, she took her infant daughter back to her mother's. The daughter had come as a revelation. Married or not, Sheree remained an innocent. That you could have a baby at sixteen never entered her head. She refused to take the doctor's word for it. "I didn't feel like a woman," she explains, "nor any kind of human being. I simply didn't believe it could happen to me." But the scrap of humanity they laid in her arms was real. It filled her with wonder and a passionate protectiveness. At least they were now two against the world.

With Dawn as well as herself to support, she returned to the only work she was trained for. Chance led her to the Florentine Gardens. Passing one day, she noted the pictures outside and walked in. The place was loaded with girls. A man rapped for attention. "Okay, kids, get your bathing suits on." They scampered, leaving Sheree high and dry. "Well," he demanded, "why don't you get your suit on?" Her eyes widened. She'd just come in to look. Night clubs and what she'd heard of them frightened her. Unpaid bills frightened her, too. After a moment's hesitation, she ran out to the car for a sweater and pair of tights. As at the Greek Theatre, they hired her pronto.

The kids were nice to her. They really softened up when she started bringing Dawn to work, bedding her down in feather fans or a big hatbox she liked because she could see through it. Chorus girls are notoriously tender-hearted. Yet Sheree wasn't one of the gang. She was younger, more fearful, less hep. She'd been strictly brought up. At home you never started for school without reading the Bible. She'd studied Scripture hard. At first it was another form of competition, vying with sister and brother for their mother's approval. But whatever her childish motives, the teaching stuck. She clung to religion as something that wouldn't fail her, though people failed. She wouldn't touch liquor. Where the others sported glad rags, she showed up in Levis. She wouldn't go out front to mix with the customers. "I'm married," she said and technically she was, the divorce being held up for several years. "Anyway, you need someone back here to watch the wallets." The issue wasn't forced; she was too good a dancer to be fired. So between shows she watched the wallets, plugged in the iron she'd brought from home and ironed Dawn's diapers. Nobody'd ever told her that even Park Avenue babies wear their pants unpressed.

Followed the dreary rat-race for survival—modeling, a couple of TV spots, always the chorus line to fall back on. Against the harsh facts of life, dreams had long faded. Ballerina? Movie star? Career? Don't make her laugh. She was a thoroughgoing realist now. All she asked was the chance to scratch up enough for food and rent. When she took an out-of-town job, Dawn stayed with Grandma. While the baby's needs remained simple—feed her, change her—it wasn't too bad. But the baby grew older and, with Sheree away, naturally turned to others for love and comfort. "Your Mommy's on the stage," they'd tell her, and to Dawn Mommy became a kind of plaything who came and brought her toys and left again, but formed no part of the solid background of existence. For Sheree, this was a fresh wound on top of the old.

She determined to do something about it. She wanted more time with her daughter, and she wanted the safeguards of conventionality. Conventionality looked beautiful, symbol of the social acceptance denied her as a child. There was someone she knew whom she wistfully set her sights by. Like her, this girl was divorced. She had two children and worked as a secretary. Without being glamorous, she looked well-groomed, she had class, she seemed quietly sure of herself. People admired her, nobody called her a chorus girl. She was Sheree's ideal.

With Chris, her roommate, also pining to be an ex-dancer, she applied at the Hughes plant. They had openings for receptionists and secretaries. Secretaries got fifteen dollars a week more, which was plenty more. "Okay," said Chris, "let's hoof for the last time. Just long enough to save up money for trade school."

They got jobs at Macayo, where fate entered in the guise of Bob Alton, dance director, hunting material for the Broadway show, *Hazel Flagg.* He asked to see Sheree and told her what he had in mind.

"Thanks," she said, "but I'm quitting the chorus line."

"This might be more than the chorus line. You're good, you have talent." She shook her head. "Do you mind telling me why?" She explained briefly. He gave her his card. "I'd like to use you. I could use your friend, too. If you change your mind, let me know."

She had no intention of changing her mind and didn't let him know. But Alton wasn't easily dissuaded. He had someone call her. Meantime she'd broken a toe and gave that as an excuse. Another call came. Mr. Alton would like to see her at his home.

"I'm not going to New York," said Sheree. "That's up to you. He just wants to talk to you."

She went with Chris. The elegance of the house petrified her.

But the atmosphere changed when Mr. Alton came in. Bob Alton's a man of warmth and perception. Instead of ignoring Sheree's fears, he identified himself with them—told her how he'd once been in her position, divorced, with a child to raise, with a chance to take. It came out that he was of the same religious faith, which effected another bond. He understood the pain of separation from her daughter, he made no gaudy promises of the moon. "But if you do succeed, you'll be better able to provide for her."

They talked at length. In the end Sheree turned to Chris. They went through one of those if-you-go-I'll-go routines, and the bargain was struck.

Going home, Sheree felt flat, thinking of Dawn, feeling she'd broken a promise to both of them. "Cheer up," rallied Chris. "There's no other way we'd ever get to New York. So we'll be there two months and come back. Two months can't make such a difference."

It was more than two months and they made a difference. Sheree's *Salomé* dance put her name up in lights, and overnight she became Broadway's newest darling. So now she'd gained recognition, now she must have been popping with self-esteem. Guess again. "How does it feel to be a star?" they asked her. She didn't know, she didn't feel like a star. She lived in a broken-down room, sending money back to Dawn, she owned no grand wardrobe, she couldn't afford a rooted home for her child. The razzle-dazzle numbed her. What made her such a knockout all of a sudden? It was bound to peter out. She waited for the ax to fall.

A tyrannical director came back from lunch feeling poorly, and said: "Something I ate must have disagreed with me." Script girl, who was quitting that week anyway, said, "I don't think anything would dare."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

Yet it was in New York that the long road began to turn for Sheree. For the first time she met a group of stable, intelligent people who drew her into their midst, who enjoyed her for her own sake with no strings attached. They had nothing to offer nor gain but the gift of friendship, they were the friends she'd always wanted. Among them was a married couple, for whom she'd baby-sit. These two became the brother and sister she'd dreamed of. That they and the others found her a person of value heartened her more than all the applause that came roaring over the footlights. With them she felt secure, with them she belonged. Their minds stimulated her, their understanding affection gave her the strength to start searching herself for the seeds of misery.

Back in Hollywood things moved fast—the Martin-Lewis picture, the Crosby show—most important, the contract with Fox. Food and roof assured, some of the pressures lifted. There was space at last to think and plan and organize her life with Dawn, who had problems of her own, who needed assurance that her mother could be counted on. Sheree rented a house near a good school where there'd be plenty of kids to play with. She bought twin beds and at first slept in the same room with her daughter. After four years of coming and going, she had to give Dawn faith that Mommy was here to stay. She left the house as little as possible. She established a routine and stuck to it, consistent about the hour of rising, about meals, about reading and music time. Whether promising discipline or a treat, she never broke her word and knew they'd passed a milestone the day she had to go out and for the first time Dawn let her go without tears, sure that her mother'd be back at the given hour. "Thank God," says Sheree, "when they're that young, it doesn't take long." Within six months she had a well-adjusted child. Nowadays Dawn takes a bad dream in stride, wakes up, gets a drink of water, tells Mommy about the dream and goes back to sleep untroubled.

Working or not, Sheree means to keep her so. From the set of *How To Be Very, Very Popular,* she'd dash home to help with the reading and spelling. Daughter wasn't necessarily cooperative. Exhausted after being on her feet since six, it would take all of Sheree's control not to lash out. Control, plus the memory of another youngster, flinching under some grown-up's tongue. So she'd count to ten and, her voice gentle but firm, say, "Let's try it again."

Then there was the time during rope-jumping season when Dawn came dragging her feet, looking really low.

"What's wrong, honey?"

"Double Dutch. Everyone's doing it and I just get tangled up. I feel left out."

Left out was all Sheree needed to hear. "Bring on the ropes. I'll make you the best Double-Dutcher in town."

Her own re-adjustment was slower, more painful and held nothing dramatic. Through books, through talking with trusted friends, she began to know herself and what had happened to her. Instead of heeding her blind will to bury the past, which can't be buried, she faced it. That she'd been rejected was true and couldn't be changed. What could be changed was her understanding of the resentments, suspicions, fears piled up within her, natural enough, but damaging and corrosive. She began to rid herself of them. She recognized that the others in her family had also suffered. She learned that dignity comes of the spirit, not of what you wear nor how you earn your bread. She learned to respect herself for the good that was in her. In the old days she'd been the suppliant. "Like me, just like me, that's all I ask." Now she asked more. It was still pleasant to be liked, but not at the cost of integrity. The important thing was to set your standards as a human and abide by them, no matter who scoffed. The important thing was to live at peace with yourself.

It's a continuing process. You don't heal the hurts of twenty years in two. When the mother of one of Dawn's friends asks her to tea, Sheree's pleased, but shy with women whose backgrounds were so different. Through long habit she still shrinks from controversy but meets it nevertheless when necessary, taking a resolute stand for what she believes in. "I'm better equipped to defend myself," she laughs, "which is good, because I'm better equipped to defend my daughter. If someone's unjust to Dawn, I pick up my banner, march out and tell them off!"

She holds her head high and her shoulders straight. She's part of the community where she lives, of the industry she works in, of a circle of warm friends. She's a mother who makes her child happy. She belongs to herself, for she's found herself. It took grit, honesty and brains. Other kids have traveled equally rocky roads. Our courts are full of them, warped, rebellious or shattered. They're the responsibility of society. From the age of thirteen Sheree was on her own. At twenty-two, she's coming out whole, with compassion instead of bitterness, with love instead of hate. That's her greatest triumph.

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if you dated tab

(Continued from page 39) too seriously to go out "just to be seen," and he isn't trying to set any records for playing the field. If he asked you for a date, he would have known you long enough to be sure that the two of you were *simpatico*, so the odds are that he'd ask you out more than just once.

You'd have plenty of time to plan and anticipate, because he always calls well in advance. His calling would mean that he had some specific fun activity in mind and he wanted you, specifically, to share it. Tab never says, "Let's do something tonight," trusting that fate or inspiration will turn up something entertaining and he never calls a girl at random. You're blissfully aware that it's *you*, nobody else, whom he wants to see. And while you're basking in that pleasurable knowledge, he will ask, "Would you like to go to the theatre Thursday night?" or whatever—but he'll be definite.

Like as not your date will involve some studio commitment he has. Tab is asked to do such diverse and diverting chores as emceeing a TV show, putting in an appearance at the Hollywood Park race track, disporting his muscular self at benefits of one kind of another and attending Las Vegas openings. Because he likes people too much to enjoy doing things alone, he'd call and say, "I've got to do thus and so, and I think we could have a ball doing it together if you'd like to." And if it's to be an evening stint, he'll invite you for dinner first.

He'd be very thoughtful about that dinner, as he is about all phases of a date. He'd ask if there was a particular restaurant you favored or a cuisine for which your mouth watered. You might suggest something that appalled him (Tab detests rich, heavy foods) but he'd take you to the restaurant of your choice without a visible shudder. If you failed to come up with an idea, he'd have thought over what he knew of your likes and dislikes and made a few suggestions of his own. Among his favorites: the Beachcomber . . . rich and heavy, but good.

This boy would make a ready little steady, if you could nail him down. He's laudably punctual; if he says he'll pick you up at seven, you can count on it. He'd instantly notice what you wore and express his admiration. He always does. Whether you were single-dating or out with a crowd, he'd be attentive. His long arm reaches out to open every door, his lighter is poised before a cigarette is well out of a girl's bag. Your comfort and the kind of time you're having sincerely matter to Tab.

That very attentiveness contains a hint of warning, however. As happens the world over, there might be a girl in the crowd meeting Tab for the first time who considers that scatter of freckles across his cheekbones just too cute for words. Or those extra long, dark lashes. Or his slightly hoarse voice. Or that wide, little-boy grin. Even if she makes it abundantly clear that she thinks he's the living end, leave it be. His attention isn't going to stray—*you're* his girl for the evening—but if you feel compelled to remind your rival of that fact in certain feline, feminine ways, Tab isn't going to ask you out again. He hates possessive women. So, even if you're burned to a crisp, better play it cool.

In return for the very good time he expects to show you, Tab demands very little. Mostly, enthusiasm. You already knew what he had planned for your date—he told you when he called—and if you didn't feel bright-eyed and bushy-tailed about it, you shouldn't have accepted the invitation.

A sense of humor. This guy purely loves to holler and laugh, and it's impossible not to enjoy his enjoyment. He's a jokester. Although it's difficult for him to memorize lines for a scene, he never forgets the punchline of a joke—or claims it for his own. "That's one of Marilyn Erskine's stories," he'll tell you, adding, "Gee, but she's a witty girl! When she tells it, it's a lot crazier." Or, quoting writer Jerry Asher, another of his favorite sources, "Jerry must be the funniest man in the world." Not all of Tab's handed-down stories are as pure as the driven snow, but not one of them would offend the sensibilities of a young lady out on a first date, either. With him a joke is for laughs, so it's nothing but funny.

He'd expect you to have that sense of humor handy for the minor crises of life that occur from time to time. Like the goof he made at a spaghetti party he hosted for a bunch of his pals, including the John Ericsons, the Brett Halseys, Dick Clayton, Marla English and Lori Nelson. The kids were all sitting around on his living-room floor, having their dinner off a long, low coffee table, when Tab dumped his whole plate of spaghetti into Lori's lap. He couldn't have felt worse, of course—mortified by his own clumsiness, upset about her beautiful dress—and it could have spelled sudden death to an otherwise successful party. Except that the ethereal little Nelson girl has a solid sense of humor.

"Well, gee, thanks!" she said, deadpan. "This dress *did* need a little something to touch it up, didn't it?" And holding up a fistful of what she had a lap of, she broke them all up with, "Spaghetti, anyone?"

Tab loved her for that. Instead of wrecking his party, the accident added its own touch of hilarity. He was sure he could do something about the dress and sent Lori to change into a pair of his man-sized Levis and a shirt. Since she's so small that she has to stand twice to make a shadow, she was in imminent danger of walking right out of the britches every time she took a step, which fascinated Tab's other guests. They took turns devising reasons why Lori should be up on her feet, both hands occupied with something other than a defensive clutch on her waistband. But she never lost the Levis nor her sense of the ridiculous—one of many reasons why Lori Nelson remains high on the list of Tab's favorite dates.

If he asked you out dancing, he'd expect you to be a good dancer. This is something Tab really loves and, having the coordination of a natural athlete, does exceptionally well. But don't be surprised if you don't do your dancing in one of the more elegant joints on the Sunset Strip. Tab likes to hit spots like Ciro's and the Mocambo—"when I can afford it," he says truthfully—but he can be found much more often at small clubs around town where the other bugs are far more interested in his ability to jit than in his name as a movie star. Currently they have something new going called the Bop, which Tab hasn't yet got down cool. But since the day that he heard about Lori Nelson's young cousin being hip, he hasn't given her any peace. "Come on, Lori," he wheedles, "take some time and learn it from him so you can teach me."

Assuming that this was your first date with Tab and you wanted to make a memorable impression, you'd go easy on the make-up, wear something tailored in good taste and drop your voice down into low gear. The girl he calls for a second date is going to be conspicuous for nothing in the world except her natural beauty. Sure

he's human, he wants the other guys to notice his date—but not if they're asking each other, "Who's the dame in the fright wig, the one with Tab Hunter?"

He'd expect you to curb any tendency you might have toward bossiness. Although he's good natured about it, Tab won't hold still for a domineering woman. In the first flush of success, in his fire-engine-red convertible and I'm-sitting-on-top-of-the-world days, before they became interested in a couple of other people, he used to date Debbie Reynolds quite a bit. To call Deb "bossy" would be an exaggeration of the most unfair kind, but leave us face it: she has an orderly mind, she's a natural-born organizer and she isn't really happy unless everything runs according to totem. Which is merely intelligent. Only, sometimes a guy feels lazy and relaxed. Regimentation he needs like a hole in the head. This temperamental difference was never a problem with Debbie and Tab. When he had had enough of snapping to and she was still systematically itemizing things to be done, he'd say in his mild, unruffled way, "Hold everything gal, simmer down. This is a *date,* not

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the first day at boot camp," and Debbie's gamin grin would acknowledge a *touché.*

You wouldn't find conversation with Tab a strain. His mother has been ill and he spends a lot of time with her; if you knew him well enough to ask about her, he'd talk about that briefly. "She's getting so frisky I accuse her of taking hormones." About sports, certainly—he's so rabid about horses, skiing, skating and water-skiing that it's infectious; you'd find yourself wanting to do all those things with him. He might talk about or take you up to see the lot he bought above the Strip, where he hopes to build the house of his dreams someday. It's a cinch that there'd be some proud reference to the performance of the new, black Thunderbird in which you were riding, and probably a rueful comment, like, "I wish I owned it instead of its owning me." If you brought the subject up, you might spend the whole evening in absorbing shop talk. Or purely topical chatter. "I'm just an ordinary guy, and there aren't any subjects that I ride, particularly," Tab explains. "Whatever interests everyone else at the moment interests me, too."

Don't count either on being alone with him or on joining a group of friends; as far as Tab's concerned, it depends entirely on what's doing. If you did join a group, though, you'd find your date is an ideal guest, pitching in more than his share of the work, entering into the spirit of things with a zest that fairly sings out his joy of living. You'd find, too, that he's as popular with the other guys as with the gals. Not because he's a chest-pounding Man's Man, but because he's kind and considerate of *all* pepole.

"I hate a girl to be embarrassed by those stories—is *she* the one I'm going to marry—that come out every time I start dating someone new. Why do I have to get married? And, while we're on the subject, how *could* I get married? You know how much money I've got in my savings account? Fifty-four dollars! And they try to marry me off . . . Honestly!"

If something caused him to suspect that you're gullible, you'd find Tab a terrible tease on a date. In Anna Maria Alberghetti he netted himself a perfect foil for his gentle spoofing. The little Italian soprano, who is fulfilling her early promise of becoming one of the great beauties of Hollywood, is still wide-eyed over this country. She still gets a charge out of mere window-shopping, marvels over the gimcracks that pass for souvenirs, and will accept the tallest tale in the world as gospel truth because in America anything is possible. Everybody knows that.

Tab's devilment for the day, therefore, was to acquaint her with the wondrous history of old Malibu—the history itself not being very old, since he made it up as he went along. "Do you realize," he asked in a properly subdued voice, "that Balboa was standing on this very rock when he discovered the Pacific?"

Anna Maria, seated on a perfectly ordinary rock nowhere near the location of Balboa's discovery, gave a nervous little start. "Ought I then to be sitting on it?"

"Aw, sure," Tab said grandly. "They just don't want you chipping pieces off. Everybody who wants a souvenir starts chipping away, and pretty soon there's no more historical landmark."

"Of course," she murmured, duly impressed.

"And you see that spot up there?" He pointed it out with a cavalier disregard for the fact that Little Big Horn always has been and still is situated in Montana. "Well, that's where General Custer made his last stand against the Sioux Indians led by Chief Sitting Bull. Let's walk up; I want you to see it."

"I have read about that," Anna Maria stated—and if Malibu didn't figure in the account that she read, she was far too polite to say so. Besides, this tall, tanned American certainly ought to know about the history of his own country. She tiptoed over the hallowed ground as if she walked on eggs.

Taberoo was having a ball, though he nearly got caught up in his role of Baron Munchausen when they visited the general store in the little seaside colony. Anna Maria, attracted by a vivid display of postcards, read the legend on each and every one, a faint frown wrinkling her brow. "Is it not strange," she asked, "that they do not mention the rock of Balboa or even General Custer?"

He had to think fast, but he sounded elaborately casual. "Well, you know how people are. They sort of take things for granted after awhile. I mean, everybody *knows* about it, so they figure that they don't have to keep saying it over and over. Look, they've got some coonskin caps. Ever see a coon?"

Her attention diverted, Anna Maria admitted that she had not. "Very ferocious animals," Tab commented and proceeded to tell her a pack of lies about how raccoons hung from trees by their tails and dropped on unsuspecting people, strangling

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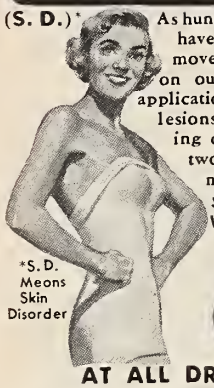
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them with the aforementioned caudal appendages.

"Oh, so?" She was round-eyed.

"Sure. That's the reason the coonskin cap is associated with Davy Crockett. He was about the only man who could best a coon, and he wore the skin to prove it."

"But there are so many caps now—"

Tab leaned in close. "Ummm, nice perfume. They're not really coonskin," he whispered confidentially. "Matter of fact, coons are so mean that they've been killing each other off for years, and by now they're almost as extinct as the buffalo."

And more . . . The seal they fed in the tank got her respectful attention because it was the oldest one in the world. Couple of hundred years old, maybe. And when Anna Maria decided to try her luck fishing off the pier, Tab thought he'd better lend her a little muscle for protection, because, "You might hook a shark seven or eight feet long that would pull you right off the pier." It was a baldfaced untruth for which the Malibu Chamber of Commerce would not have thanked Tab—but it gave him *such* a splendid opportunity to put his arms around a very beautiful girl whose breeding would not have permitted so much intimacy otherwise.

When he delivered her back home, Anna Maria thanked him for a most pleasant and educational day, and Tab said gravely that he thought they ought to do it again sometime soon. He added, "I'd like to call you again, if I may." He did—and you can bet that the first thing he did when he saw Anna Maria again was to tell her the truth, knowing they could laugh about it together, knowing they were *simpatico.* END

little girl lost

(*Continued from page 31*) It may not have been the best, but somehow June and Dick gave each other what they needed. As for careers, June was heading hard for stardom with no detours. Dick, whose career had been in something of a slump, couldn't help but profit from the publicity that followed his marriage, even though he said—and meant—that he hated every word of it. He's always hated publicity. But it was operating while he established himself as an actor and became as successful as he had been as a singer.

Their first home, small though it was, frightened June—it was the first real house she had lived in. The servants awed her. Although no one talked about it then, she fell into frequent black moods. The only real success she knew was on screen, playing to perfection the bubbly, tender, bright-eyed youngsters. Off-screen she felt gauche, inefficient. Gradually—how could she help it?—she began to carry her roles over into real life, looking for the same admiration and confidence that they brought her in the movies. She bubbled, she played at keeping house, she was perpetually young.

For a while it worked. But only recently one of Dick's friends felt forced to say, "I've never seen anything like Dick's patience. June is like a kitten, adorable when she wants to be. But when a husband has to keep getting his wife out of scrapes and defend her idiosyncrasies and repair broken friendships, the kitten act isn't charming any more. At parties she'd insist on going her own way, and many's the time I've seen Dick patiently waiting for her to stop captivating everybody and get in the mood to go home. It wouldn't be for me—not for long, anyway."

So that was an effort that failed. Not only did it hurt, rather than help her marriage, but it left June inconsistent and unreliable in most of her contacts, business and social. A photographer who has known her for years says frankly, "You can't help liking the little character, but neither can you help the feeling that she's insincere. She really doesn't like attention in public or to be bothered about pictures, and it's as though she liked the fact of fame, but was bored by the work that goes with it. She can always put on an act when she wants to, though. I've seen her greet people I know she can't stand as though they were her long-lost sisters, when it didn't even seem necessary. On the other hand, when she's in one of those steely moods of hers, she can freeze people who matter to her, for hours on end. I guess she thinks there will always be people to drool over her. She might be sorry one day."

Those are harsh words. Too harsh, perhaps, for June, who needed an act to support her ten years ago. Her great failing has been that she did not—or could not—know when to stop. Mothers have always told their children, "Don't make faces. You might freeze that way." Perhaps someone should have told June that, ten years ago.

They said instead, "It'll never work. They have no interests in common." It was true enough that their hobbies were different. But again, they tried. Dick had long since settled on sailing and flying and Junie took a crack at both. But you can't manufacture a passion out of thin air, and eventually Dick sold his boat and stopped insisting that June fly with him. Apart from her, he remained as enthusiastic as ever about both. June hunted diligently for something they could do together. In rapid succession she tried golf, painting, skiing, music, tennis. She bought mountains of the best equipment and propelled Richard into one fad after another. But June is and always was flighty and changeable. Her interest never lasted long enough to take root. She picked up one novelty after the next, played with each for a while, devoted the whole of her amazing energy to it, then discarded it for something new. Dick's friends felt that he couldn't share her interests—there was nothing really there to share. "Junie's easy to love," they said, "but hard to live with. Bubbles are pretty and enchanting, but no one ever caught a bubble."

Child brides are supposed to grow up and become wives. By the time the Powells moved to their second house, in Bel-Air, June had learned a lot. Dick had taught her to dress and entertain, to run a house and handle servants. Pamela and Ricky arrived while they lived there and the marriage was at its happiest. June made quite sincere statements to the press about the joys of marriage. "I wanted a career and a husband," she said, "and when I got Richard as a husband the career suddenly seemed unimportant." She gave a successful dinner party, all by herself, and was as pleased as if she'd won an Oscar. No one, certainly not June, suspected that she was only in another of her phases, that in a matter of months the role of Happy Housewife would have palled. It did. By the time they moved to Mandeville Canyon, their current home, things had changed for the worse.

"Mrs. Powell," one of her ex-servants reported about the subsequent progress of her mistress, "wasn't what you'd call a homemaker. I remember reading about how she went up to St. George in Utah when Mr. Powell was making *The Conqueror,* and how Mrs. Powell made such a home for him at the motel and waited on him hand and foot. I guess that was one of her spells. Most of the time he did every-

thing that had to be done around the house. He made all the decisions and maybe she resented it, but if she did all she had to do was pay some attention to running the house. I'm sure it would have been all right with him.

"There was something, too, about her redecorating the house recently. That's probably all publicity, because they have a decorator do most of that sort of thing. Mrs. Powell never did do much about the house. And nothing made her madder than to have Mr. Powell mention the fact."

Yes, things had changed, in more ways than one. For the growing-up that June had done, although perhaps inadequate for the needs of her marriage, was enough to change her attitude toward Dick. She still let him run things—but not because she couldn't handle them herself. She just didn't want to be bothered. At the same time, she resented her position as oldest child rather than wife. She resented Dick's decisions, but refused to make them instead. Dick is one of the best-liked men in Hollywood. No one has ever said a word against him as a husband. But he is also a successful businessman, now firmly established in his *third* career—as a fine director and producer. He works late hours and spends much of his time at home conducting business on the telephone. He's busy and often tired. But June no longer wants a busy superior being around the house. She wants romance. And her youthful dream of marriage as a perpetual romance does not quite fit the facts. Perhaps this is as much the fault of Dick Powell as of June. There is such a thing as giving *too* much—and it is not the healthiest thing only to receive. What Dick should have taught June was how to give, how to use the strength he gave her with wisdom.

Have you heard about Cigarettes Anonymous? When you just have to smoke you call up another member and he comes over to the house and gets drunk with you.
Jim Henaghan
The Hollywood Reporter

The crowning blow came recently. (No, not the rumors about June and Alan Ladd. Dick paid no more attention to those than to the stories circulated so very quietly in the past about June and Peter Lawford, June and Dean Martin. The greatest significance of these latest tales is that people believe them—and discuss them aloud. They didn't do that a while back.) It was over *The Shrike.*

Dick has always advised June about her career. Under his influence June became the number one box-office star in the country—and stayed there. One of the greatest stabilizing forces in their marriage has been her acknowledgement of his help and her real gratitude for it. When, with considerable self-confidence, she left MGM, she proved that she had a business head of her own and was capable of using it. But Dick was still beside her, offering reassurance and advice. But over *The Shrike* they disagreed.

"I think when June made *The Shrike* it was a real turning point in her attitude," a close friend says. "Dick didn't want her to do it, said she wasn't ready for such a subtle acting chore. But she went ahead and did it, and when the kudos came pouring in for the job she did, June figured Dick's advice wasn't any good to her any more. You can bet there was a lot of 'I-told-you-so' around the house after the reviews came out. This kind of thing happens a lot around town. I can name a dozen actresses who figured their husbands weren't worth much to them once there'd been talk of an Oscar. When they're really career-conscious, they'd rather have an Oscar on the mantel than a husband in the house."

Around town everyone knew that something was brewing—long before the Alan Ladd stories started. Friends noticed that June's moody periods, the tantrums that had almost disappeared, returned.

At Universal-International, where she made *The Glenn Miller Story* and later *The Shrike,* they said, "We didn't know what to expect. She's so darned cute on the screen that you can't believe reports that she's hard to get along with. But we found out. It depends on Junie's mood, you see. Sometimes she's a doll, and then one day she'll walk in and the fur will fly. And you wish you'd stayed in bed."

At Paramount, where she made *Strategic Air Command,* they said, "This kid is a show all by herself. It's amazing the way she can get what she wants. She seems to sense right away the best way to get around a person. If she has to be nice, she's nice. if she has to be cute, she's cute, and if she has to be nasty, she's nasty. The result's always the same, though—what Junie wants, Junie gets. In a way, you have to admire her for it, but I'll tell you this. I'd never want to get on the wrong side of that one. Br-r-r-r!"

And at MGM, when she returned to make *Executive Suite:* "Long before she left here she was starting to be difficult, but she's so damned cute that it's hard to hold anything against her for long. And then when she came back . . . well, I can't say that her working at other studios has improved her disposition. Let's just say that she's a moody character, and the guys on the set sort of hold their breaths each morning to see what frame of mind Allyson is in that day."

And finally an old friend of Dick's summed up the prevailing Hollywood attitude: "You know what I think? Maybe it isn't cricket to say this but I think it's true. I think that June used to figure Dick as a big important movie star and then when she hit the top herself and got all that publicity, she thought Dick got back in the limelight through riding on her coattails. When they were married, you know, Dick's career was in a slump. He'd just started on the upgrade again with *Murder, My Sweet* and proved that he was an actor as well as a crooner. That in itself wasn't enough to make him box-office, though, and with his marriage to June he naturally got a lot of publicity. I don't mean to say that June thought Dick had any ulterior motives. She knew better than that. But I think that June, once she'd become a big star, couldn't help thinking that she'd not only done it all by herself, but that she'd helped Dick as well. That's not a healthy attitude for a wife. I know I wouldn't want my own wife to feel that way."

Around town, many are saying it's only a matter of time until Dick Powell agrees with that final sentiment. By the time this is printed, they say, he may have echoed those words in a divorce court. Others say that the marriage will last—but only until the completion of *It Happened One Night,* which Dick plans to produce—with June as the star. But there are those who say that this marriage deserves—and will get—another chance. When two people have tried as long and as hard as June and Dick to overcome the obstacles in their way, there must be a reason, a great basic love and need for each other that causes them to keep trying. If they have failed it is not for lack of love, but because they have gone about it clumsily. If June can learn to use her new maturity and confidence as efficiently and wisely in her marriage as in her career, she and Dick may yet make a go of it. They have two children and a long life together to make it worthwhile. We wish them all the luck in the world. **END**



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five days for jean

(*Continued from page 34*) of the director, Joe Mankiewicz, that she do her own singing instead of using the voice of a professional artist. As if to convince Jimmy that she could do it, Jean had taken to singing around the house.

One morning she went through the whole song that would be hers in the picture, "If I Were A Bell I'd Be Ringing," while taking her morning bath, and she sang it full voice to make sure that Jimmy would hear her. When she came out she looked at him quickly for a verdict and he gave it.

"Wonderful, darling," he said. "It sounded good. But only in the bath, not in the studio!"

By coincidence, the scene due to be filmed the first morning Jimmy accompanied Jean to the studio was the Havana night-club number in which she sings this song. The song itself had already been recorded and would be played back as Jean mouthed the words in the course of her acting. As the scene began and Jimmy heard her voice coming over the loudspeaker system he stood agape.

"I not only couldn't believe that it was you singing that well," he told her later, "it was your accent, your American accent that astonished me. Getting that right would seem harder to me than working up a good vocal tone!"

And true to Jimmy's stubbornness, he contended that this still proved she was a better actress than a singer. Quite all right with Jean.

But there was more to the studio visit that morning than the surprise of her singing. Jimmy's eyes chanced to fall on her left hand when they were about to start for home, and he pointed to it.

"You've forgotten your wedding ring in the dressing room somewhere," he said. "I know you don't wear it in the picture, but where did you put it?"

"I didn't bring it," Jean told him. "I never wear it when I go to the studio for fear I might forget it and lose it."

Jimmy said nothing but his mouth tightened purposefully. Later that day he left her home and took off for an hour in the family Mercedes-Benz. When he came back he marched up to Jean and laid six wedding rings down before her.

"Here," he said. "Hereafter wear your ring whenever you go out. If you lose one, all right—put on another one. You've got spares now."

Jimmy had come back for only five days. But when the five days were up, he cabled for an okay to stay on for a few days more, and when these were past he stayed on. There was too much to catch up with, too much to say. Including telling Jean about Ava Gardner's little joke played on him in mid-air.

Granger's Hollywood-bound plane had barely taken off from the London airport when Jimmy was suddenly suffused with a terrible wave of airsickness. It happens regularly to Jimmy in spite of his many trips by air. He downed some dramamine and settled grimly back to fight the dizziness when suddenly the three stewardesses marched down the aisle carrying a huge, nauseatingly pink cake and gaily singing "Happy Birthday." Ava, his co-star in *Bhowani Junction* had remembered two things about Jimmy—that it was his birthday and that he is a notoriously poor air traveler.

He had arrived in Hollywood late in the afternoon after 6,000 miles of unjoyous flying and two days without sleep, but Jimmy hadn't gone straight home. He headed for Magnin's, one of Beverly Hills' smart shops and asked to see lingerie. He couldn't decide among the negligees and bought six filmy pink and white ones. As an afterthought he added three pairs of matching satin mules.

There is a standing joke in the Granger household that Jimmy can never buy one of anything. Apparently word had reached even the enterprising gift dealers in Pakistan. Each morning when Jimmy woke up in his hotel room the dealers would already be there, squatting on the floor around the bed.

And when he opened his eyes they began their spiel—holding up beautifully fashioned native jewelry, wonderful oriental carvings and richly woven saris, the brilliant wrap-around costume of Pakistan and Indian women. Jimmy would then sit up in bed and make his selections. He came to accept the idea of having his room converted into a bazaar, and gravely deducted a portion of the price as the rental he charged for the use of the hall. And just as gravely this was accepted as perfectly proper procedure.

He came home with a dozen saris. Jean can count herself one of the best-dressed women in Pakistan when and if she gets there.

Not until Jimmy had been home two weeks did he finally start back to London. Joe Mankiewicz broke down and gave Jean the second week off, too, and there were wonderful nights with old friends at home, the way it should be. Liz and Mike Wilding brought over their new baby. The David Nivens came and brought the gay banter of joy that always surrounds them. The Bert Allenbergs, the Mankiewiczes and the Michael Kidds. It was good for them, this week of domesticity. And before he left, Jimmy and Jean came to a decision. Never again, she decided. Never again these long months of separation. No more goodbyes.

Jimmy is home again and as you read this story, *Guys And Dolls* is in the can. Jean has decided to refuse any more roles for a while, at least long enough so she can go with Jimmy on his next junket. Jean can afford to be independent—she can pick and choose her pictures since she became a non-contract star. Jimmy's contract has fairly large print that stipulates he is to work when and where MGM orders.

Current orders send him to South Dakota, and as of today, Mr. and Mrs. Granger should be somewhere on the plains of the great northwest on location for *The Last Hunt,* with Robert Taylor and Russ Tamblyn.

After that they're fancy free, both of them, to start doing things together.

They may go on a *shikar,* a hunting expedition in India. While in Pakistan Jimmy took time off to shoot a renegade tiger and a black panther. For a long time he has wanted Jean to go along with him on such a trip. In preparation she has been holding target practice sessions with a .22 calibre rifle in the courtyard of their hilltop home in Beverly Hills.

They may decide on an African hunt instead. Jimmy has already been on two big game safaris, but he's convinced if she comes along this time it will all seem new to him again.

They may cancel hunting plans and just go to Switzerland to live for a few years because Jimmy thinks it is an ideal location, central to many picture-making centres in Europe—London, Rome, Paris—and close to their families in England. Jean has a mother, two sisters and a brother in London. Stewart's mother, Mrs. Frederica Stewart, lives not far away from London, in Bournemouth, and is quite elderly.

They may go on an extended deep-sea fishing expedition. Jimmy is the only sportsman in the world, according to his friends, who not only mounts trophies of

the game he shoots or catches, but also has models of the game he hopes to catch. On the wall of his den are the species of fighting sea fish, marlin, barracuda, giant tuna he is still after.

Or, and this is probably most likely because they have always been two hard-working people, they will return to Hollywood from South Dakota and resume their careers there. On the day Jimmy spoke about Switzerland and how serene and colorful it was there, and also tried to give Jean a feeling of the mysterious, romantic quality of Africa, he also looked around at their home and let drop the opinion that he thought they were perhaps already in the most beautiful place in the world. There was good reason for him to say this. Three years ago when he and Jean bought the house it was Jimmy who did most of the landscaping. Yet not once since then, until his recent visit from London, had he ever gotten a chance to enjoy the fruits of his work, to see it when southern California's flowers and shrubs bloom their best, in the early spring. For both the first two springs he had been away.

He enjoyed looking at his home when he got back, and he enjoyed it most when he could maneuver Jean into the immediate foreground.

To tell the truth they both think they have been living too much in the background of each other's lives ever since their marriage, Christmas of 1950, far too often apart than not.

As Jean sees it, there has been "Too much here and there" in their lives. "I here and Jimmy there," she went on. "From here hence it's to be *both* of us here or *both* of us there!"

END

joan collins

(*Continued from page 49*) from way back were unanimously "on the halls," which in the King's English means essentially the same thing as "in show business." Joan's grandmother, Hettie Collins, was a vaudeville star who did splits and high kicks when the Post-Victorians conducted those pretty daring maneuvers. Joan's aunts on her father's side were all musical-comedy dancers and singers. Will's dad was a theatrical agent, too. Why anyone thought the third generation would sit demurely in obscurity is baffling, particularly when she was as cute as Joan. "I guess," hazards Joan today, "they knew from experience the long odds and the rugged life and concluded it wasn't for their darling daughter." At any rate, they kept her hermetically sealed from any glamorous contacts throughout childhood—with a solid assist from Hitler's *Luftwaffe*.

Joan was just six when World War II broke in Europe, and from then on her most dramatic moments were dodging block busters. Elsa Collins spirited Joan and her baby sister Jackie all around England during most of their childhood, getting them away from the target areas. They went to Brighton, out in Surrey, to Cheltenham, Chichester and remote little towns like Ilfracomb and Bognor, living wherever they could find room. When the heat was off, it was back to London, where Will was in the Home Guard (and had dried blood on his bayonet to prove it). "Only," laughs Joan, "I found out it was really from the *First* World War. It hadn't ever been cleaned!"

Joan had a hectic and hyphenated schooling at no less than thirteen private institutions of learning—all for nice young ladies, exclusively. This sex segregation made boys an early mystery to Joan. In fact, until she was sixteen, the only romantic episode Joan can remember was the time an adventurous admirer climbed up the ivy-clad walls to her barred window and blurted, "I say—can't you get out and play?"

"Then the ivy broke and he disappeared," sighs Collins. "I never saw him again."

If you had caught a glimpse of Joan Henriette Collins in any one of the respectable young ladies' academies like St. Winifred's, Camden House, Aida Foster or Frances Holland she'd have probably seemed about the least-likely-candidate-to grow-up-and-shock-her-country. As she slugged away reluctantly at her Latin, math, art and English composition, togged out in demure gray skirt, cotton stockings, white blouse and maroon tie, Joan looked about as exciting as a dish of plum duff. She was skinny, pale and wore her black hair cropped in a junior-miss bob with bangs. But up close you might have caught a rebellious glint in her green eyes.

"I hated school, I was lazy and I was a bad influence," declares Joan shamelessly. "I used to tell the other girls all this upward and onward talk about good marks was a lot of bull." Already Joan had decided that she'd duck out of the academic world as soon as possible, live in a garret and pursue an artists' life. This gave way to a dancer's life and finally the stage—all in her dreams, of course. The one thing she never got too worked up about was being a movie star, oddly enough, although she was a fervent fan.

In fact, among the varied escapades on record in Joan Collins' girlhood were determined attempts to crash the "A" movies. In England films get various legal ratings and the law there is the law. An "A" means nobody under sixteen gets a look. Sometimes she made it. Then she would return to her scholastic jailhouses and dream. About that time she junked her paper cutouts of General Montgomery, her first hero, and started saving up Gene Kelly. "I wrote him a passionate letter," recalls Joan, "asking for a picture. All he said was, 'Best Wishes' but I could read true love between the lines." She also flipped for John Payne briefly but when she poured out her soul his way he didn't answer. She's still a little sore about that. Her next big schoolgirl charge was a handsome British actor named Maxwell Reed about whom, later on, as we'll see, she did something more important.

At twelve she was kicked out of one school for smoking cigarettes in the cloakroom. There are a couple of brief flashes of campus achievement on her dossier: Once, she edited the school magazine and another time they elected her captain of her class. But all in all, almost everyone—particularly Joan—was relieved when she turned sixteen. At that age you can legally stop school in England. Joan did after her sixth form at Frances Holland. But one significant thing occurred before that.

At a school called Cone-Ripman, which went in heavily for dramatics, she started fooling around with school plays, and one day a producer dropped by hunting two girls to play two boys (the sons) in Ibsen's *A Doll's House* on the London stage. After a quick audition he picked Joan for "Ivan," at three pounds-ten a week.

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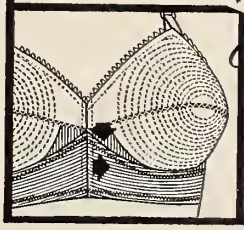


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room, he found her breathlessly engrossed in *The Madcap Of The Fourth Form,* a paper-backed teenage thriller. "I'll never have children in any play of *mine* again!" Joan remembers him swearing. But by then he was stuck—and so was Joan. She finished a four-week run ecstatically. "It was the greatest," she says now in American slang. From then on she knew what she wanted.

However, her idea to make a career out of it still drew a blank from her theatrically wise father who wanted her to be his secretary. He had to give in though when Joan announced she would aim for the top training—The Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts—a sort of West Point of the theatre in Britain. You just don't walk in there and take lessons, you have to qualify. But Joan was pretty convinced by then that she had the stuff.

And she was pretty good when she read Shaw's *Cleopatra* for her entrance audition at the Royal Academy—or at least the board of directors thought so—and since they were authorities like Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson you might say their opinion carried weight.

Joan studied at the RADA two years and while her stay there wasn't an unruffled dream—that's impossible with Joan—it was the first school she'd ever really vibrated to. The classes in dancing, dramatics, elocution, fencing and such were tough and the plays exacting. By the end of her first term she was right out of *La Boheme.*

The next summer holiday found her at Maidstone, Kent, playing repertory and wallowing in what Joan calls, "my repulsive period." Her hair was long and "usually dirty" and she proudly claimed membership in "The Slobs," as the troupe called themselves. Movie acting, by the way, was unthinkable to Joan Duse Bernhardt Collins then.

Most talented young actors seem to go through such a free-soul stanza—(look at Marlon Brando)—and Joan Collins is glad she got it out of her sytem early, although a sloppy hangover remained for some time. In fact, when a British movie agent named Bill Watts finally spotted and tracked her down at the Academy, his first suggestion was, "Wash your hair and take a good bath!"

Oddly enough, this break came about not through Joan's art—although that got to be pretty good very fast—but via a rather striking picture in a fiction magazine. A commercial photographer had offered her a job modeling at ten pounds a day. Next thing she knew she came out in *Woman's Own* and *Everywoman,* illustrating a couple of touching tales.

Her first movie job was a beauty-queen bit in a thing provocatively titled *Lady Godiva Rides Again.* Then she launched her film career as a juvenile delinquent in *Judgment Deferred.* Critics coined that name for her—"Britain's New Bad Girl," From then on Joan certainly earned that dubious honor.

In her next eight pictures for Ealing, Romulus, Associated-British, Rank and other English producers, Joan came on the screen as a juvenile delinquent three times, twice as a cheap chippie and in successive shockers as a fifteenth-century minx, a reckless play-girl and a prostitute just out of prison. "But all," she explains, "with hearts of gold." She got good critical reviews—because along the way she finished her Royal Academy schooling and knew her stuff. "But," she allows, "the press cordially hated me." One movie drew an "X" rating—the worst—and a London newspaper urged, "BAN THIS FILM!"

Joan didn't mind the first few drab and drearies, she says, although it became slightly depressing buying her wardrobe at second-hand stores, having her hair greased down and eternally talking in a Cockney accent. But what the press and the press agents dreamed up got a little out of hand after a while. Sexy pinups blossomed and whatever she did was promptly angled to fit her screen legend. More galling, perhaps, were the squawks that arose in England when she was considered by director Renato Castellani for *Romeo And Juliet,* an artistic picture Joan wanted badly. Critics howled at the idea and finally Susan Shentall was cast in that major success. This hurt, because despite the bad-girl movie roles, Joan remained a pretty serious young actress. She did plays in between at London's "Q" theatre—things like *The Skin Of Our Teeth, Claudia* and *The Seventh Veil.* And in private life, Joan was already respectably, if not happily married.

Joan finally met her schoolgirl idol, Maxwell Reed, when she was eighteen. Max was thirty, tall, dark and curly haired, obviously the Collins type. She was eating ice cream at a film-colony party and he teased her with, "Ice cream will make you fat!" Getting fat is a touchy subject with Joan, who can put on pounds just looking at sweets. That was in October. They were married on Joan's nineteenth birthday the next May and settled in a flat on Hanover Square. Shortly after they did a play together and a movie called *The Square Ring.* That's what Joan's wedding ring turned out to be—square. They were separated on their second wedding anniversary, which happened to be Joan's twenty-first birthday.

All Joan will say about that ill-starred union is, "It was all a silly mistake." But a lot of continental gossips concluded that Sidney Chaplin, whom Joan was seeing in Rome (while her husband was squiring beauteous Kay Lennard in the same city), had something to do with it. Joan says not so—actually she and Max had been squabbling, on stage and off, most of their wedded life. There seems no reason to doubt that.

Joan finally rebelled at the skin-tight gowns, sexy poses and crummy roles and was suspended by J. Arthur Rank. "I realized I was killing myself as an actress," Joan says simply. "You can't be bad *all* the time and get very good."

With her movie career at an impasse (she didn't work for eight months) and her marriage breaking up, Joan leaped at the chance to make *Land Of The Pharaohs* for Howard Hawks in Rome. Actually, the job wasn't such a switch to sweetness and light: the the Pharaoh's queen she killed her husband and her lover, too. Darryl Zanuck had a look at it and liked what he saw. About the same time Marilyn Monroe, his own best bad girl, sashayed out for the second time. Zanuck bought Joan's contract from Rank, and beckoned last November.

In a few short months this bundle from Britain has generated such a cloud of steam that she promises soon to obliterate the haunting memory of Marilyn Monroe.

Already she has starred sensationally in two big pictures, first *The Virgin Queen* and then *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* which was once scheduled for Marilyn and for which Darryl Zanuck blew more thousands on Joan's draperies—thirty-three changes in all—than he has for any Fox star since Linda Darnell in *Forever Amber.*

Hollywood photographers have snapped more artistic poses of Joan than of any recent newcomer—and they're queued up panting for still more. Ace directors like Henry Koster call her "wonderful," and just the other day Spyros Skouras, boss of all the little Foxes, gave her a hearty smack in public and cried "Joan, I'm proud of you!" (Then upped her salary to $1,250

a week.) By now, less prejudiced and more skeptical critics have called Joan everything from "a British Jane Russell" to "a young Ava Gardner." And when her latest picture, *Land Of The Pharaohs,* was premiered in Hollywood recently, one ordinarily sedate reviewer beat out on his typewriter, "Joan Collins had the authority of a Colt .45!"

Almost as soon as she landed Joan attracted the same kind of attention she ran away from in England—even in the dark.

Walking home one night from a corner drugstore, a Hollywood wolf accosted her, and when she ran in panic chased her all the way to her apartment house door! There's just something about this Collins girl that men can't seem to resist—which is the best insurance any talented young lady from anywhere can have for a rosy Hollywood future. Even now, the way things are going, English Joan Collins seems a cinch to wind up an American byword like a couple of other Collinses—Eddie, the immortal baseball player, and Tom, the drink. And, it really wouldn't surprise her too much.

It wouldn't be accurate to say that Joan Collins fell in love with Hollywood at first sight. She blew in on a fog bank so thick that her plane couldn't land for hours. A movie executive drove her inside the 20th Century-Fox lot and couldn't find his way out again—although he's worked there since the place began. Joan had no friends in Hollywood, no car and the Beverly-Carleton, where she stopped, served no food. The crowning blow came when *Lord Vanity,* which she was brought over for, got pushed back on the studio schedule, and she was told she was too young for the part anyway.

"At that point," states Joan frankly, "I hated everything about Hollywood and everybody in it!" After six weeks of tests and frettings she hopped the first plane back to Blighty. "I rode the Ambassador flight over," recalls Joan significantly, "but the Tourist flight home." Visits to Paris, London and Switzerland restored her morale enough to try it again last January when a definite job as Sir Walter Raleigh's sweetie loomed up in *The Virgin Queen.*

Things have been more satisfactory for Joan Collins in Hollywood since her second coming. But Hollywood is still far short of her dream city, Paris. "There's nothing to do here," she objects a little unreasonably, "except work." She's had plenty of that. Right after *The Virgin Queen* (where she's still a temptress, man chaser and all-around Elizabethan wolverine) Joan plunged into *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* with hardly time between to draw a deep breath. For that she lost her English accent to play Evelyn Nesbit, the Broadway *femme fatale* of the Harry Thaw-Stanford White Gay Nineties shooting scandal. She'd never danced a lick but doggedly mastered cake walks, splits and cartwheels to make a convincing Floradora girl, although exercise is still against Joan's principles.

A girl like Joan Collins finds Hollywood keyed too low for her taste, at least right now. She stepped out to Mocambo and Ciro's a time or two but was "choked" when the dance orchestra paused for twenty-minute intermissions. "They keep playing all the time in London," complained Collins, "aren't there any jazz parlors around here?" Someone tipped her off to the rat-race at the Palladium and she liked that better. She thought Palm Springs was very nice for elderly people with arthritis, but Las Vegas was "a kill," maybe because she won $40 at blackjack and almost got a cramp in her arm pumping the slot machines. Other American wonders that wow Joan are supermarkets, drive-in helpsie-selfsies of all kinds, crazy-pants, Ford Thunderbirds, rhythm-and-blues and the bull fights in Tijuana. She hates swimming pools—that is, to swim in, and the Hollywood mania for vigorous sports naturally appalls her. Someone talked her into tennis lessons when she arrived, on the argument that it would keep her figure down (always a problem). Joan took two—and quit.

"It broke my long finger nails," she explained. "I like my long nails—better than I like tennis."

Joan paints her daggered fingertips with platinum polish, wears her brown hair a seductive shoulder length, and when she does dress up steps out in smart Paris creations by Hubert de Givenchy. What stepping she's done lately has been on the arm of Sid Chaplin, in a transplanted chapter of their last year's Roman holiday. Mostly their dates are on the quiet side, because premières have terrified Joan ever since a fan got mangled underneath her car at a London first night. As for Hollywood parties—she took in one and found it boring.

But obviously Sid doesn't bore Joan and she doesn't deny it. However the pair have spent most of their time denying that they're altar-bound, especially after Joan blossomed out with a topaz ring, approximately the size of the Twentieth-Century Limited's headlight, and at the same time a mink coat. "Sid gave me the ring," she admits, "but I bought the mink myself." Actually, as Joan points out, the gossips are way off base predicting any imminent wedding bells for her although she frankly admits Sid is top man in her life. She's still officially and necessarily Mrs. Maxwell Reed because there's another odd law in Britain—you can't sue for a divorce until you've been married three years.

That deadline expired this past May and in July Joan flew off again for Britain. Winning her freedom is undoubtedly on the agenda before she comes back, although Joan will duck a direct question. "I'll go to Paris for some champagne and *pate de foie gras,*" she parries, "then take a tour of Europe, and visit my family in London. Hollywood's all right when I'm working. But when I'm not—well, there's lots to do and lots to see somewhere else. Just say I hope to commute between continents."

With this avowed off-again-on-again schedule of Joan Collins, along with her sleepyhead approach to Hollywood's diversions, it doesn't look as if she'll become the Naughty Lady Of Sunset Boulevard in person any time soon. The only fracas she's stirred up around town so far is a scrap with her landlord over raising the rent on her modernistic apartment. P. S., she won.

But anyone who doesn't need glasses can see—at least on the screen and possibly off—that someday Joan Collins has what it takes to ease the ache of Marilyn Monroe's departure—if she ever revs up to her old reputation for her new Hollywood opportunities.

END

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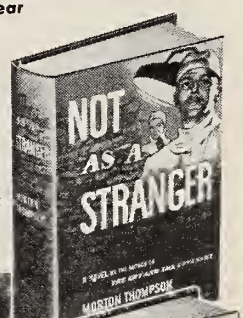
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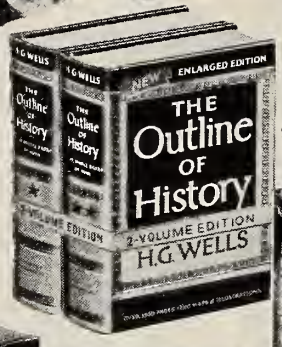
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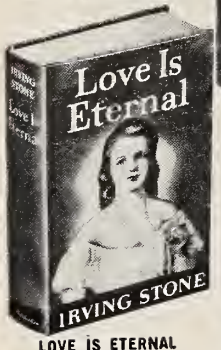


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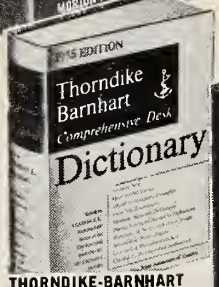




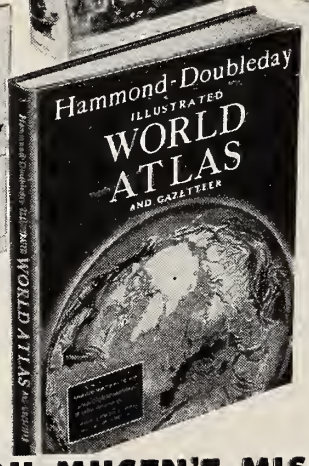
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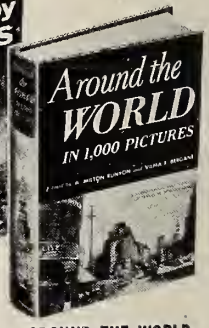


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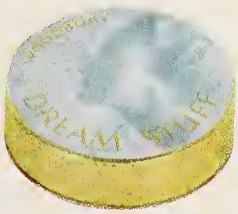
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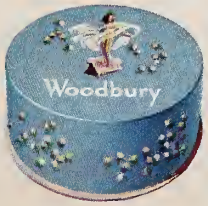
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Elizabeth Taylor's husband was once thrown out of a hotel training school in Lausanne, Switzerland? —C. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *Miss Taylor's first husband, Nicky Hilton, could not meet the requirements of the school and was requested to depart.*

Q. The major cause of the Martin and Lewis fights—isn't it really their wives? —D. L., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. *No, it's their individual temperaments.*

Q. Could you possibly reveal June Allyson's real age? —J. K., DULUTH, MINN.

A. *Approximately 37.*

Q. Would you name the man who has secretly been visiting Ava Gardner in London's Kingston House? —T. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Ava insists she is not in love; dates Primo de Rivera, many others.*

Q. That old Detroit scandal involving Johnnie Ray—wasn't that purposely covered up by his motion picture employers? —H. H., DETROIT, MICH.

A. *No; they knew nothing of it.*

Q. When Edmund Purdom met Linda Christian in Bilbao, Spain, recently, didn't these two decide on a winter marriage? —B. L., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. *Chances are they will never marry.*

Q. Can you tell me why Bob Hope knocks himself out promoting his pictures, such as *The Seven Little Foys?* —H. K., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Hope owns at least 30% of his films, likes to see them make as much money as possible.*

Q. Is it on the level that Dick Powell is suing two scandal magazines for stories about him and his wife? —J. H., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *Yes.*

Q. The romance between Kathryn Grayson and Oreste Kirkop—true or phony? —E. L., BUTTE, MONT.

A. *Phony.*

Q. The meetings in New York between Terry Moore and Ty Power, I've been told, are a prelude to a love affair between these two. Weren't they secretly in love once before? —B. E., MIAMI, FLA.

A. *Never.*

Q. Can you tell me which is more important to movie producers—the star or the story? —N. J., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. *Currently, the story.*

Q. Would you give me any information about Anthony Dexter, who played Valentino some years ago? —N. U., OLYMPIA, WASH.

A. *Dexter's real name is Walter Craig; he has two children; he is being sued for divorce by his wife, Marjorie. He is 42 years old.*

Q. What is the trouble with Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis? —H. E., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A. *They work too hard.*

Q. Is it true that Pier Angeli and Vic Damone have had all the rooms in their new house sound-proofed to prevent baby noises from interrupting Vic's musicals? —B. E., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. *Some of the rooms have been sound-proofed.*

Q. I've been told that Jack Webb's ex-wife Julie London hates him with a passion and won't see him ever. True or false? —H. Y., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Julie London saw ex-husband Jack Webb for the first time in two years when he showed up recently at the 881 Club where she was singing.*

Q. Warner Brothers, I've been told, objects strenuously to Jimmy Dean's automobile racing. Does he plan to give it up? —S. J., EL PASO, TEXAS

A. *No.*

Q. Every time Mario Lanza rents a house, he is sued for damages. Is he a home-wrecker? —C. T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *When he is frustrated or angry, Lanza throws lamps, destroys furniture.*

Q. Has the reconciliation between actor Don Taylor and his wife Phyllis Avery taken? —M. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *No, there will be a divorce.*

Q. The true story, please, about Kim Novak and actor Ted Cooper? —N. L., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. *They were once close friends; no longer speak to each other.*

Q. Is Ann Blyth pregnant again? —H. E., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Yes.*

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TV TALK

Her neighbors say that **Martha Raye** had so many fires at her Connecticut home that the fire department finally refused to answer them! This must be an exaggeration, of course, but things are really hopping when Martha's home. And it's true that she puts on a show for the commuters in her car on the train. She's just plain irrepressible! . . . **Elia Kazan** is so taken with **Pat Hingle's** acting in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* that he is going to put Pat into his next movie—and this time with more than the bit part he gave him in *On The Waterfront*. Watch for Pat. We predict he's going to be a Hollywood star as well as a TV and theatre one . . . **Kathy Godfrey** and her brother may not be too close, but it was **Arthur** who got Kathy her summertime job on CBS radio . . . It has gotten so that TV writers are as famous as the actors that star in their works. **Gore Vidal,** for instance. A young man who is handsome enough to be his own leading man, Vidal spent several years being a critically successful but financially impoverished novelist. Nine novels and $15,000 later, he switched to TV. Now, after a few hit scripts—including *Visit To A Small Planet*—he is almost guaranteed some $35,000 a year from TV alone. And that doesn't count the money he may make from the Broadway version of *Visit* next fall. It, you know, will be produced by author **George Axelrod,** the young man who wrote both the stage and movie versions of *The Seven Year Itch*. Vidal lives in a big old Victorian house up the Hudson River from New York City—a house built for entertaining and used for it . . . Another author who is on his way up is **Reginald Rose,** the little sandy-haired man who wrote *Twelve Angry Men, The Incident At Carson Corners* and *Crime In The Streets*. He, although still in his early thirties, has sold both *Men* and *Crime* to the movies, and is doing well enough to insist on having his favorite TV director do his movie versions, too. His choice: **Sidney Lumet,** the estranged husband of **Rita Gam**—and, it might be added, the one man who's been linked with **Gloria Vanderbilt** who does have a romantic interest in the heiress. The feeling is mutual, too. Besides being top man professionally with Rose and romantically with Gloria, Lumet also has been signed by **Jack Barry** to direct *Conflict,* a big psychiatric show that's coming up in the fall. It'll be a sort of mental *Medic* —and the whole idea was conceived when Jack Barry started going to a psychiatrist. Barry, who couldn't seem more at ease on *Juvenile Jury* and *Life Begins At Eighty,* is probably the last man in TV you'd expect to find going to an analyst. However, he not only did and does—but is producing a show on the subject . . . You may not believe it, but **Sid Caesar** came That Close to playing *Marty* . . . We'd be willing to bet that you wouldn't recognize **Thelma Ritter** if you bumped into her—especially if you heard her talk. Believe us, there's no connection between the parts she plays, with their dowdy make-up and nasal voice, and the charming, urbane Miss Ritter of private life. The on-stage and off-stage Thelma Ritter have a sense of humor in common; that's about all. **Jan Clayton,** who plays the mother on *Lassie,* was invited to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" for the General Federation of Women's Clubs—unescorted by canines. But fate dogged Jan's footsteps and as she stepped on stage so did a local pooch. Turned out to be a collie, too!

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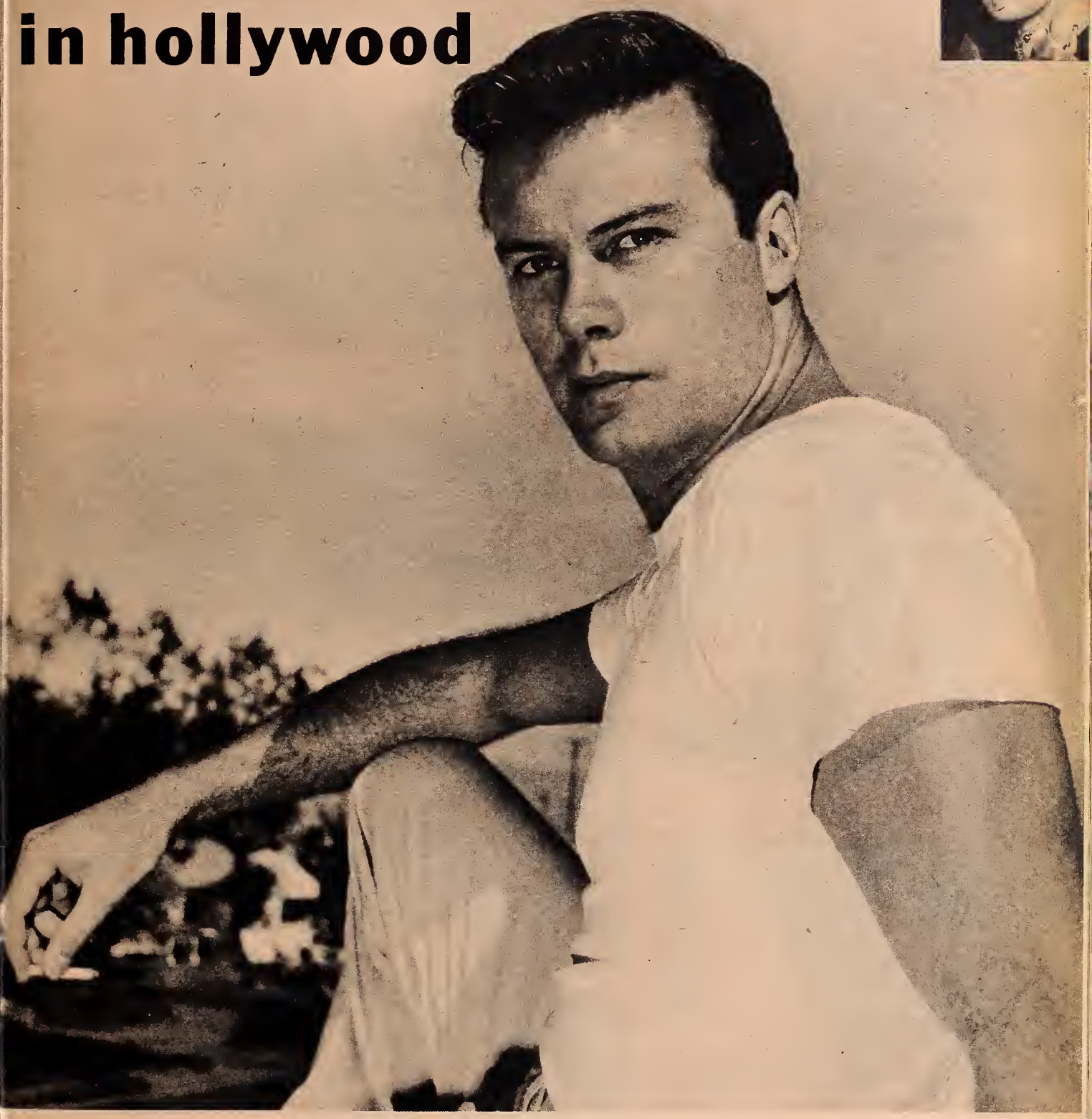
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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood





HOLLYWOOD HEARTBREAKS (see page 14)

BOB FRANCIS: Not many young men leave such a warm, friendly memory

SUZAN BALL: Her greatest comfort was love and devotion

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
Listen to me, Kim Novak
Judy does it again
Close-up of Richard Egan
The letter box



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer looked wonderful when I saw them in Europe—and so very happy together. This photo was taken at a bullfight, but mostly they don't leave their beautiful villa near Rome.



Kirk Douglas chatted with Mrs. Billy Wilder (she's surely one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood) at the Moulin Rouge shortly before Anne Douglas gave birth.



Sheree North was taken to the Stork Club in New York by Baron Polan. Last time there, in Hazel Flagg, *she was so lonely—but this time she had a ball.*

Jerry Lewis looks a little mournful here—but don't you believe it. He and Patti are just walking on air now that Patti's expecting a baby—due in February.





I hope no Western-fans will be offended by this! Roy and Dale have been married 8 years and this is their first kiss for the cameras!



Here's another child star grown up. Remember Natalie Wood? She's become quite a beauty —and popular. She dates Hugh O'Brian.



Doris Day got back from her travels all aglow. It seems as if all my friends were abroad this year—and we all had a wonderful time.

REPORT ON AUDREY AND MEL: I hope you aren't falling for the gossip that Mel Ferrer is bossing Audrey Hepburn to the point that she can't make up her own mind about anything and that she minds him like a baby rather than a bride. I know whereof I speak.

While I was in Rome, I was the guest of Audrey and Mel at the historic villa they leased in Vigna St. Antonio, just twenty miles from Rome. If these two aren't ecstatically happy, then there's no such thing.

Frankly, I was flattered by their invitation, for the Ferrers live completely to themselves, going into town only on business and while they were making *War And Peace*.

As we lunched in the garden, completely surrounded by flowers in full bloom and the beautiful fig and olive trees casting cool shadows, Mel suddenly turned to me and said:

"I doubt if anyone knows how very ill Audrey was at the time of our marriage. She was completely exhausted from picture making in Hollywood and our long run in Ondine on Broadway. The poor baby was so fragile, she had lost so much weight, that I made up my mind I was going to protect her from *everything* until she was well."

I stole a look at Audrey, who now looks so healthy and happy it was hard to believe Mel's words that she was on the verge of complete collapse.

She must have sensed my thoughts because she laughed as she said, "Oh, I'm as strong as an ox now, believe me. Do you know we grow all our fruits, vegetables and melons here, we have stock in the pastures, there are chickens, and beautiful vineyards —just everything necessary to good living if we never went outside the gates.

"I spend so much time in the open, taking walks in the gardens or pastures or basking by the pool, it has given me a big appetite." She smiled that cute elfin smile of hers as she indicated her plate of chicken and rice, fresh asparagus and side dishes of cheeses and fruits in aspic. But Audrey's particular pride is slicing the hot buttered homemade bread and serving it on a huge wooden paddle.

These two are so happy and content together that they do not realize how often they instinctively reach out to touch one another, Audrey to hold Mel's hand and he to caress her cheek.

Picture-making will keep them in Europe until late in '56—but wherever they work —they will be together—both assured me they would not permit their careers to separate them.

JERRY LEWIS is so happy about becoming a father again for the first time in ten years (their second son, Ronnie, is adopted) that he tells me:

"I keep checking with Patti every morning to see that she's still feeling *terrible*, thank heavens!"

Where his partner, Dean Martin, is concerned (as of this writing) Jerry's only comment is, "No comment."

I heard—and I'd like to believe—however, that when Dean heard the happy news about the Lewises expecting, he and Jean sent a telegram expressing their happiness.

I DOUBT IF ANYONE can kid Clark Gable as successfully as his bride, Kay. She keeps The King chuckling even about himself.

When they returned from their honeymoon, they accepted the invitation of their friends, the Ray Hommes, to go to the Mocambo.

As expected, the autograph hounds nearly ruined their evening both outside and inside the night club.

In the midst of furiously signing menus and what-have-you, Kay leaned over and whispered in Clark's ear, "See what you got by marrying *me*?"

WHEN DORIS DAY RETURNED from her European holiday she sent charming little notes to the press—including the Hollywood Women's Press Club members who had voted her the year's most "uncooperative star." Doris said she had had a wonderful time but was glad to be home with her friends.

There were some rather red faces here and there!

LAUGH ALL YOU WANT about Liberace's eccentric sartorial splendor, his fancy coats, pants and vests. He would win hands down if it came to a popularity contest at Warner Brothers' studio where he's making his first movie, *Sincerely Yours*.

When it came time for the usual farewell party, Liberace asked that the telephone girls, who had never before been included, be invited; also the guards at the doors, the commissary waitresses and, of course, the full technical crew and the cast.

In all, there were 200 on the big stage.

Making a speech to his guests, Lee said, "I thought you'd enjoy some home cooking, so my Mom cooked the hams, turkeys, spaghetti and meat balls. Besides, it's cheaper!"

Moreover, the entire company that worked with Lee is quick to tell you there wasn't a single squawk out of him about anything all the time he was making his picture. And believe me, this is very rare in movie town.



Listen to me, KIM NOVAK:

■ I was disturbed to hear, not long ago, that you are postponing your marriage to handsome Mack Krim until your career is on "solid ground."

I've also heard that Mack is unhappy about this.

If this is true, I'm afraid there is danger ahead. No man in the world wants to think that he is playing second fiddle in the life of a girl he loves.

A career is great, particularly where there is great talent involved, which is so true in your case.

At Columbia, where you are under contract, they believe they have the next big woman star in you. They believe you are destined to take your place among the rare ones, Crawford, Turner, Gardner, Hayworth.

But I know that each one of these glamour girls could and would tell you that all the fame in the world is empty without love—a home and children and all the wonderful things that word means in the life of a woman.

Unfortunately, there is no such thing as "solid ground" where a career is concerned. Other girls have made great starts—and then lapsed into mediocrity with a bad picture or two.

I'm sure this will not happen to you because you have real talent. If you are in love, and I am sure you are, this is the really "solid" influence in your life and I say grab your happiness and treasure it *above everything else.*







MORE ABOUT ROME: Gina Lollobrigida was in Sorrento making a picture during my visit. But I got an earful from all the reporters who interviewed me in my first days in Italy.

Gina, they love. They think she's God's gift to womanhood. But her husband, Miklo Skofic, you can have as far as most of them are concerned. They feel he bosses her life completely. She won't make a move without him.

The Rome newspapers were full of Gina's tax troubles. She paid something like $4000 and the government claims she owes something like $96,000. But Gina's not the only one to get hit over the head. Other top Italian stars are in the same uncomfortable condition.

LAST MONTH in this department I told you something about our trip to Istanbul to attend the opening of the Istanbul-Hilton Hotel. But I find I have a few thousand





Tony Curtis is really learning to "mix it up" these days.

Tony Curtis is getting instruction—the hardest way, I'd say—in the manly art of self-defense. It's in preparation for his role in The Square Jungle, *in which he plays a prize-fighter—and it's no joke to Tony or his sparring partner, John Day, who's also in the picture. Tony's dad and his 14-year-old brother are usually on hand to lend moral support—and carry him home if they have to. And I hear Janet has taken to calling him "Punchy Schwartz" around the house.*





I never saw such funny pictures as these of Gina in the crazy-house!

Gorgeous Gina Lollobrigida and her handsome husband (you'll just have to take my word that he's good-looking because you certainly can't tell here!) got such a kick out of their first trip through an American penny-arcade. If you ask me, nothing can make Gina look bad—or stop her from getting what she wants. She's actually learned to sing opera for a movie role and when she really learns English—and she will—I bet she'll be just as big a star here as she is in Europe.

more words to say, particularly about Ann Miller.

You have to hand it to Ann. She literally dropped pounds making speeches, appearing at luncheons and dinners, charity events and heaven knows what. The astounding part is that they'd never heard of Ann in the middle-east before she arrived.

Believe me, they knew her before she left!

She learned to say, "I'm pleased to see you. I love your beautiful country," in Turkish, Lebanese, Arabic, Italian and Spanish. When all else failed, she said it in English!

Ann was given a fabulous wardrobe by MGM and she had her big studio back of her in every city we visited.

I'd now like to give Ann just one word of advice: You can play a good thing into the ground and the continuing beating of the tom-toms publicitywise can defeat its own purpose and become laughable rather than helpful.

Mr. Peepers goofed! *Poor Wally Cox opened with such high hopes at the Dunes in Las Vegas—and got fired twice for flopping! His old friend, Marlon Brando, flew down. Eileen Barton, singing on the same bill, cheered him up—but the act just didn't go.*



LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



ONE OF THE BIGGEST heartbreaks Hollywood has ever known is that valiant, courageous Suzan Ball, again the victim of cancer, this time of the lungs, has died.

This beautiful twenty-year-old girl just months ago lost a leg from the same disease. Her studio, Universal-International, does not want it known, but $60,000 in "salary" was paid to Suzan during her illness.

However, her greatest comfort was the love and devotion of her husband, Dick Long, who has won the respect and admiration of an entire industry for the way he held up and bolstered Suzan's own spirits even when the hours were the darkest.

My hat's tipped to Wallace MacDonald, a producer at Columbia, who did something practical and gave Dick an important part in his new picture, *Law Of Gun Sight Pass.*

Hospital authorities report that the day Dick told Suzan about his good break was her best and happiest.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Next month we will tell you the story of the faith that sustained* **Suzan Ball,** *the legacy of hope she gave to the world. And give you an unforgettable portrait of* **Bob Francis** *in the last interview he had.*

TRAGEDY has stalked Hollywood many times; but in my memory nothing has so shocked our town as the fiery death of twenty-five-year-old Robert Charles Francis, who rose to fame almost overnight.

Bob was untouched by all his success—unspoiled—a wonderful boy.

In my first story about him, I spoke of his gratitude to his teachers, Mrs. Botomi Schneider and her husband Benno Schneider, drama coach at Columbia Studios where Bob's first picture made him a star.

Bob never quite believed his good luck and he never got over being grateful. Perhaps if he had lived longer he might have become blasé, hardened, conceited, as many another young

My girl Judy Garland kicked off her shoes again and sang. Everyone in Hollywood went to see her and no



Frank Sinatra's chartered bus brought Humphrey Bogart, Debbie and Eddie, June Allyson, Betty Hutton—a busload of stars to Long Beach for the show.



Kept singing for almost three hours (she was scheduled for two!) Judy begged for help. She got it. Dean Martin sang, Sammy Davis, Jr. made like Jerry. Sid Luft, Mike Romanoff, David Wayne, Edgar Bergen and Judy roared.



Judy sang "Over The Rainbow." "That gal just takes your heart and breaks it. Isn't it wonderful?" a fan wept.

Frank was a self-appointed Save-Our-Judy committee, kept order all evening.



Hollywood actor has done; but I sincerely doubt it.

He came to see me several times to ask my advice about certain things, and he never failed to thank me if I had written something favorable about him. And I never found anything but good things to say about him.

Destiny played a cruel prank in snuffing out the life of this young actor, who was headed for even bigger things. But not many young men leave such a warm, friendly memory.

one would let her stop singing!



In robe and slippers, tired, almost crying with happiness, Judy begged Frank to sing, but he wouldn't. "This I cannot follow," he said.



Leslie Caron came backstage afterward. "I was crying and cheering," she said. "Everyone was!" So I say—who needs an Oscar?



Richard Egan met Dana Wynter while making View From Pompey's Head.

Close-up of RICHARD EGAN:

■ He has a wonderful romantic line. When he takes a beauty to dine, which is quite often, he devotes little attention to what he is eating. "I'd rather look at you," he explains to the flattered femme.

In this age of treating women as equals, he's almost old-fashioned. He always sends flowers thanking a girl for a delightful evening. If she lives at home, he always asks to meet her parents before leaving the house.

Even on the set, where manners become very careless, he always rises as his leading lady comes on the set. He makes a point of finding out thoughtful things about the women he works with and has delicacies they like brought on the set at tea time.

When he dates he prefers a quiet cafe to a night club. The music *must* be quiet in the background.

His most serious Hollywood romance was with Ann Sothern. It lasted about two years.

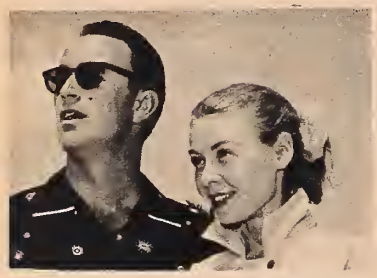
He is deeply religious. One of his brothers is a priest. It's not unusual to see them in the bleachers at baseball or football games.

Recently, he has been seen much in the company of lovely Dana Wynter, but if I know this handsome young man, one of the most eligible young bachelors of our town, he will think long and seriously before he marries. Because in Dick's case it will be forever.



the letter box

MRS. CELIA HEFLIN *(any relation to Van?) has some perfect casting she offers free:* "Burt Lancaster is the perfect co-star for Grace Kelly. He's physical. She's ethereal. Another meant-for-each-other twosome—Guy Madison and Marilyn Monroe. He's shy. She's bold."



"I have been sick for four months and the doctor says I must remain in bed longer. But one of the things that really cheers me is the happiness of my very, very favorite Vera-Ellen and her husband Vic Rothschild," *writes* GAIL WINGEFELD, WALNUT CREEK, CALIF. *Why don't you happy Rothschilds send this nice child a picture?*

EVELYN CARSTAIRS, KANSAS CITY, MO., *asks:* "Is James Dean snooty and rude as I've read?" *James is a rugged individualist, Evelyn, but I've never heard him described with your pungent adjectives.*

DON RUGGLES, *from* BROOKLYN, *sounds off:* "I think I deserve to be heard because I'm one person who doesn't give a you-know-what whether Debbie and Eddie *ever* get married!" *Consider yourself heard, boy.*

"JEAN," DETROIT, MICH., *is a teenager:* "But I want to lift my voice to sing the praises of the finest and best picture to come out of Hollywood in years, *A Man Called Peter.*" *You are not alone, Jean. Even 20th Century-Fox was dubious about how this religious film would fare at the box office and it has been successful far beyond their expectations.*

Well, I guess this is all the space we have for the letters this month. But please keep writing. I'm always glad to know how you feel about pictures and stars.

I'M SO GLAD FOR GAIL. The news of Gail Russell—is far more cheerful. The guests who accepted Bob Stack's invitation to a barbeque on the terrace of his home could hardly believe their eyes when Gail arrived, looking well and happy, on the arm of Andy McLaglen!

It's the first party Guy Madison's ex-wife has attended in over two years.

Gail is just as pretty as ever and she was wearing a white linen strapless cotton that set off her suntan to perfection. She sipped only Coca-Colas and laughed often.

I don't know whether she's still interested in a career, but several directors present seemed very impressed by Gail.

I personally believe she would be happier if she returned to work. It's the greatest healer of all, except prayer.

EVERYONE LOVED IRENE: I am more than ever convinced that it pays to talk in a calm, well-modulated voice and to be a lady. Irene Dunne, a real credit to Hollywood, was received like a queen everywhere we went abroad.

In Rome, Princess Pacelli, niece-in-law of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, gave a luncheon in Irene's honor and then took her guests into the tomb of St. Peter.

I can't begin to tell you how many offers Irene had to make pictures in Italy, but she will not leave her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, long enough to make a picture there.

Believe me, she is adored by the fans of all the countries we visited. In America, we go into raves over the youngsters, but in Europe the mature actresses are the real idols, loved and respected by all.

LEAVE IT TO MAMIE VAN DOREN to steal the thunder when twenty "Miss Universe" contestants from Long Beach came visiting in a body at U.I.!

Until the unscheduled appearance of Mamie, the beauties from all over the world were having a ball, posing for pictures with Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler and other studio heroes and heads.

Then, into the commissary (where the festivities were taking place) entered *la Mamie*—and I mean, entered. In a gold lamé dress that was just shudderingly clinging to her ample form, shimmering and undulating like jelly, Missy Van Doren "explained" that she had been posing for stills in the gallery and thought she'd just amble over to meet the beauty queens!

(A check with the portrait gallery revealed that Mamie was *not* scheduled for pictures that day!)

Anyway, it was most obvious that the varied and assorted beauties did not appreciate Mamie's unscheduled visit.

Claudi Petit, "Miss France," snapped: "That dress she's wearing would be banned even in Paris. How in the world did she get into it and *what* is keeping it up?"

Apparently no one knew the answer, except Mamie—and she wasn't telling.

IN CONTRAST to Linda Christian, who seems to have done considerable traveling around with boyfriend Edmond Purdom. Tyrone Power didn't make the mistake of traveling with his new girl, Mary Roblee, while they were in Europe.

Tyrone, slimmer, more handsome than ever, sent me flowers in Rome. He was there for just a few days and he is very popular, whereas Linda has been bitterly criticized for her flightiness and extravagances.

I was very pleased that Miss Roblee came to see me. She's blonde, very pretty, probably in her early thirties, and a charming, cultured woman. She, herself, has just obtained a divorce. She's a career woman and has a job on one of the fashion magazines.

She met Ty in Rome. Then he went on to pick up his two little girls in London while Mary went to Madrid to visit her identical twin, Peggy, who is married to General Donavan, of the U.S. Army.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



On her way to Spain for a film, Linda Christian spent the week end in London with daughters Taryn, two, and Romina, three.



The kids were in England with Papa Power at the time. Ty has them for two months a year and is one of the fondest fathers I know.



Often a bridesmaid . . .

never a bride!

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

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the case of the missing germ

■ It started on the set of Columbia's *The Queen Bee* where eighteen-year-old Lucy Marlow had just finished a tense scene with Joan Crawford. "I feel weak," Lucy said. Miss Crawford commiserated. "Stomach turning somersaults?" Lucy nodded. "You worked yourself up to a high pitch for that scene. You just go in my dressing room and lie down." Lucy went, fell asleep and didn't wake until two hours later. She didn't feel much better, but she was prepared to do her job. Back on the set, Barry Sullivan choked. "Your face," he said, "is spotted." The doctor diagnosed Lucy's germ as measles, sent her home and informed the cast and crew that they would break out within the next two weeks. "That," said Barry, "is what we get for working with child actresses." He said it as a joke, but along with everyone else he was thinking of all the plans that a case of measles would disrupt. Joan took her place quietly for the next scene. "There's another scene to do," she said. As always Joan had the situation well in hand. No mere case of measles could bother her. Actually Joan Crawford was the most worried of all the people on that set. At that time she was the only person in the world who knew that in a few days she would be married. And it was unthinkable that she should come down with measles on her honeymoon. The sensible thing, she thought to herself, was to wait and make sure. But when the moment for decision came, love triumphed. She crossed her fingers and took the plane to Las Vegas. And because even germs have some respect for true love, the measles passed her by and continued its path to the next set where three actors, two cameramen and an assistant director caught it instead.

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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD.



I'll Cry Tomorrow, new movie based on the best-selling autobiography of Lillian Roth, features Susan Hayward as Lillian Roth. Susan will sing for the first time on the screen. Heretofore undiscovered, her naturally rich, throaty soprano will be heard in four songs identified with Miss Roth's career on Broadway, in supper clubs and in Hollywood. Since announcements were made of Susan's singing ability, she has received offers from hotels in Las Vegas. Susan says, "At the moment I'll sing only in the movies for such roles as *I'll Cry Tomorrow*." But don't be surprised if Susan cuts popular records of songs from this picture.



Vic Damone will play the part of the Caliph in MGM's *Kismet*, and Monty Woolley will break a four-year film retirement to play an important role. Howard Keel, Ann Blyth and Dolores Gray will also star in this picture. Dressing the set, among other things, while Ann Blyth sang "Baubles, Bangles And Beads," was a sacred cow, idly chewing its cud. The scene was almost complete when suddenly and without warning the cow jumped to its feet and dashed toward a group of vendors, picturesquely grouped to one side. In one gulp the cow removed nine-tenths of their wares—pears, avocados, grapes, oranges, grapefruit and lemons. But the snack proved more colorful than tasty since everything was made of wax.



Don't be surprised if John Agar's name turns up on the list of Hollywood leading men eligible for top singing spots in musicals. Agar, currently playing opposite Mara Corday in Universal's *Tarantula*, spends several hours a day practicing vocal exercises with Johnny Scott. Scott predicts a great musical career for Agar and claims that the actor has the rare ability to croon and sing classical. Scott is the man responsible for training Piper Laurie's voice so successfully that the studio let her sing all the numbers in *Ain't Misbehavin'* without using a voice dub.



Some of the weirdest background music ever brought to the American screen will be heard in Columbia's *Sergeant O'Reilly*, and the music came about by sheer chance. Director Richard Murphy had obtained permission to shoot a dramatic sequence between Aldo Ray and Phil Carey in Heian Temple, oldest and most sacred Shinto shrine in Japan. Shooting had to be halted for one period while the priests held a Shinto service, which included music of ancient flutes played by exotically-garbed priests. Sound engineer George Cooper had the presence of mind to record the flute music while the rest of the company stood silently by during the service. Now the music will be heard as an off-stage background for the scene.

Names have always played an important part in the life of theatrical people. Remember the record of "Timptayshun" by Cinderella G. Stump? Well, Cinderella was Jo Stafford; and the reason for this change was twofold. The singing style on this record was so unusual that the record company decided to release it under a nom de plume to see if the public really liked the style. Another reason for the name gimmick was that the records were sent to America's disc jockeys to see if they and their audience could guess who did the singing. The promotion paid off and "Timptayshun" sold over one million copies.



Name changing is in style today. Remember Vinni DeCampo of a few years ago? Well, Decca Records is now building Vinni under the name of Joe Barrett. Karen Chandler, also at Decca, used to record for London Records as Eve Young. Columbia Records is promoting a new find called Steve Clayton. His real name is Pat Terry, and he's been around in night clubs for years.

Guy Mitchell used to record under the names of Al Cernik and Al Grant. Tony Bennett once sang as Tony Bennedetto. MGM Records has a "new" recording star called Robbin Hood. Last year Robbin's name was Wendy Waye, and she recorded for Coral. And MGM's Ginny Gibson used to be Ginny Blue.

Coral Records has Marco Polo on wax. He used to sing as Jimmy Saunders. Jeffrey Clay, who used to sing with Sammy Kaye's band, was signed by Coral for a build-up. He used to (*Continued on page 70*)

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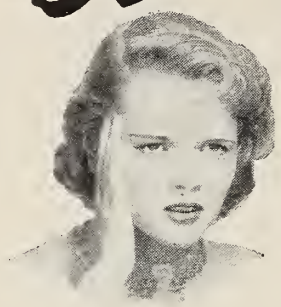
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NEW MOVIES

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WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR SHIVERS
Trial
House Of Bamboo
Rebel Without A Cause

FOR LAUGHS
How To Be Very, Very Popular
The Man Who Loved Redheads

FOR SPECTACLE
The Virgin Queen
The Kentuckian
Pete Kelly's Blues

FOR LOVE
To Catch A Thief
The McConnell Story
Kiss Of Fire



***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** Pete Kelly's Blues *presents not only Janet Leigh, Peggy Lee, and Jack Webb, but a host of top jazz numbers like "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," "Bye Bye Blackbird."*

PETE KELLY'S BLUES

Melodrama of the flaming twenties

■ Melodrama, romance, hot jazz and the cool singing of Ella Fitzgerald and Peggy Lee ought to satisfy most of the customers. That's what Jack Webb thought when he put together this film of the "flaming twenties." It takes place in Kansas City during the prohibition era when racketeers like Fran McCarg (Edmond O'Brien) were always flanked by a couple of thugs who didn't need brass knuckles, they were so tough to begin with. Webb's a band leader (Pete Kelly) in a speakeasy. All he wants to do is make music. But there's a rich flapper named Ivy (Janet Leigh) who'd rather make whoopee; and McCarg is bent on taking over all the bands in Kansas. Webb's drummer (Martin Milner) doesn't scare easy, so McCarg's men wipe him out. Webb isn't happy, but he's afraid to fight back (besides, Ivy's always around, wanting to neck). Against a backdrop of wild, expensive parties (Ivy's parties) and long, jazzy nights (offered by "Pete Kelly and His Big Seven") the vice lord and his victims spin out the blues. Climax comes when Webb and McCarg turn an empty ballroom into a shooting gallery (while a player piano blares). Peggy Lee's fine as an alcoholic chanteuse who winds up in the loony bin. With Lee Marvin, Andy Devine. CinemaScope—Warners

THE KENTUCKIAN

Compelling American history

■ When you consider what made our country great, think of The Kentuckian and men like him, whose dreams embraced a continent. In 1820, civilization was closing in on The Kentuckian (Burt Lancaster) and his rugged spirit called for new land and vast boundaries, so he headed for Texas. He almost didn't get there. This movie tells why. An untutored pioneer whose innate nobility was well concealed under buckskin, he was easily embarrassed into believing that his small son (Donald MacDonald) deserved a gentleman's education. The soft ways of a school teacher (Diana Lynn), the hard business sense of his brother-in-law (John McIntyre) and his own inability to cope with citified customs all conspired against his dream. To say nothing of the feudin' Fromes, a couple of brothers hot on his trail, who conspired against his life. An indentured servant girl (Dianne Foster) is his only real ally. There is a wonderful flavor of American folklore in this movie, also a warm, deep feeling for humanity. With Walter Matthau. CinemaScope—U.A.

TRIAL

The meaning of freedom

■ A teen-age girl dies at a moonlight beach party and a Mexican boy, Angel Chavez (Rafael Campos), is accused of her murder. More than a mere trial, his case sets the American idea of justice against the forces of race prejudice and the subtler demon, Communism, which manipulates both sides to achieve its own end. Lawyer Glenn Ford prepares Angel's case while his associate Arthur Kennedy goes to New York to raise funds. "Free Angel Chavez!" is Kennedy's rallying cry, until the Party bosses decide that hanging Chavez would be smarter, since it would increase the race prejudice on which Communism thrives. Unwittingly, Ford becomes Kennedy's dupe, but his own integrity saves him. It also strengthens Dorothy McGuire, law secretary and ex-fellow traveler, who loves him. *Trial's* only flaw is that in

(*Continued on page 24*)

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movie previews

(*Continued from page 22*) saying so much its emotional focus becomes a little blurred. Still, it is an important, finely acted drama that everyone should see. With John Hodiak, Katy Jurado, John Hoyt and Juano Hernandez.—MGM



TO CATCH A THIEF
Intrigue, romance and Grace Kelly

■ A black cat slinks over Riviera roofs and where he goes his master follows, stealing jewels worth millions. An American hero of the French Resistance (Cary Grant) known as "The Cat" used to earn enough money that way to buy himself a villa. The trouble is, the French police are not convinced he has left the profession. The only way he can convince them is by nabbing the thief himself. So he finds a likely victim (Jesse Royce Landis) who wears rocks on her chest (diamond rocks), and her slightly spoiled, thrill-seeking daughter (Grace Kelly). All the time Grant is being enchanted by Grace, she thinks she is cleverly provoking him to crime. Not that she cares if he's a criminal. She has too much money and gorgeous clothes to care. Now the question is: Is Cary crooked? That is a question director Alfred Hitchcock nimbly tosses to and fro as he leads us through this charming and very expensive movie. VistaVision—Para.



THE VIRGIN QUEEN
Costume drama deluxe

■ The glory that is Bette Davis glows in this costume drama of 16th-century England. She is Elizabeth Tudor, the Virgin Queen, arrogant, clever, frustrated, lonely—but never resigned. Into her court of fawning hypocrites strides Walter Raleigh (Richard Todd) a Devon man, lover of the sea, who requests three ships to sail on it. Ships, indeed, scoffs the Queen. I'll make you captain of my palace guard. Captain yes, but no slave, Raleigh. He falls for a lady-in-waiting (Joan Collins) and secretly marries her. Elizabeth, meanwhile, dubs him Knight and gives him one ship to sail to the New World for treasure. But, oh, she is loathe to let him go. And when she discovers his deceit (marriage) she has him hauled to the Tower of London, the better to cut off his head. It is a swaggering, romantic film you'll love. With Herbert Marshall, Dan O'Herlihy. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE
What makes a juvenile delinquent?

■ You can understand the kids who take to the streets because there's no food at home, but it's hard to figure out the ones like James Dean whose mother (Ann Doran) and father (Jim Backus) think they're doing the best they can. When Jim's hauled, drunk, into a police station for questioning about a recent case of teen-age brutality, he falls in with Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo who come from disturbed, if middle-class, homes, Jim is propelled into a world of hot rods and switchblades where he tries to act big, to make up for the weakness he resents in his own parents. It takes some doing, and a lot of violence ending in tragedy before this rebel comes to peaceful terms with himself and his family.—Warners

KISS OF FIRE
Western with a twist

■ The heiress to the Spanish throne (Barhara Rush) is living in Santa Fe when she gets word to come home and be queen. Easier said than done, m'boys, for New Mexico is rife with traitors and hostile Indians through whom Barbara must beat a path to the sea. Not only that. She insists on lugging her entire wardrobe along. Well, it's quite a trip. The Duke of Montera (Rex Reason) keeps pressing his suit (proposing, that is); Barbara's cousin (Martha Hyer) keeps throwing herself at their fiery guide (Jack Palance) and their fiery guide, when he is not beating a trail, is tossing those fiery kisses away like candy. It's fun. Technicolor—U.I.



HOUSE OF BAMBOO
TNT in Tokyo

■ What might have been the Chicago underworld moves to Tokyo in this film, with Robert Ryan calling the shots. He heads a gang which is quickly divesting Japan of all its currency and much of its population by the old stick-'em-up method. Along comes Robert Stack—unshaved, unsung and apparently unscrupulous. He joins Ryan's club—for laughs, one presumes. Shirley Yamaguchi tags along, too (not for laughs, but for the love of a man this mob killed). The plot's complicated, but whenever the gunsmoke clears you glimpse some lovely views of that ancient country. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

HOW TO BE VERY, VERY POPULAR
A free-wheeling farce

■ A couple of chorus girls (Betty Grable, Sheree North) in flight from a murderer, land on a college campus where Charles Coburn presides like an m.c. at a benefit. He will give you *any* degree at all for money in the till. It is through sheer charity that Robert Cummings, Orson Bean and Tommy Noonan are allowed to attend classes. Tommy hypnotizes Sheree, who spends the rest of her time in a coma (except when you say salami, then she dances). Aside from the title, only the scantily-clad forms of said girls are apt to keep you entranced. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



THE McCONNELL STORY
Legend of an airman

■ Obviously, Alan Ladd (McConnell) is not the man for June Allyson. He wants to fly; she wants to feather a nest. But marry him she does, and off he goes to become one of the most famous aces in air force history. Between wars, they manage to have a family, and are presented with a beautiful home by citizens of California who know how to repay a hero. Now we'll settle down, Allyson thinks. Ladd would—if he could. But he's off to test jet planes with his old buddy James Whitmore. There are thrilling scenes of flying, also scenes that tug your heartstrings. CinemaScope—Warners

THE MAN WHO LOVED REDHEADS
A sophisticated comedy

■ At fourteen, future peer and diplomat John Justin swears eternal love to a redhead. Naturally, he marries someone else, but the image of that redhead (Moira Shearer) lingers on. Balancing a wife, son and brilliant career in one hand, and a love nest in the other is a trick only a diplomat could manage. Justin manages superbly with models who remind him of the original Moira. But there's a moral here: you can fool some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool your wife. Nevertheless, by the time that good lady (Gladys Cooper) confronts Justin with his past he's nearly seventy-five! It's a delightful comedy. Technicolor—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

MY SISTER EILEEN (Col.): One of the best musical comedies in a long time is this hilarious and famous story of Ruth (Betty Garrett) and Eileen (Janet Leigh) who came from Ohio to seek their fortunes in New York. What they find is Greenwich Village, the Brazilian navy, and a wonderful assortment of people, including Jack Lemmon, Kurt Kasznar, Robert Fosse and Tommy Rall. Technicolor. CinemaScope.

TO HELL AND BACK (U.I.): This is Audie Murphy's story, a magnificent tribute to the unit with which he served in the Second World War. An exciting experience, it is one of the most honest movies ever made about war and the men who fight. CinemaScope.

THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH (20th-Fox): This is the happy tale of a summer bachelor and the Girl Upstairs. It's done in CinemaScope and belly-laughs, with Tom Ewell (of the original Broadway hit) and Marilyn Monroe (who should live upstairs from everyone). Color by DeLuxe.

SPECIAL DELIVERY (Col.): Another good comedy. The movie revolves around a baby left at a U.S. Embassy too close to the Iron Curtain for anyone's comfort. It features everytbing from Joseph Cotten to a Communist baby sitter, played by Eva Bartok.

THE PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON (U.I.): Charlton Heston is splendid as the blood-and-guts Army man who finds himself in charge of a military encampment whose fighting men range in age from six to fourteen. Julie Adams is around to look pretty, and little Tim Hovey to steal most of the scenes. CinemaScope.

LAND OF THE PHARAOHS (Warners): The plot of this spectacular film revolves around the building of the largest pyramid in Egypt and the Pharaoh (Jack Hawkins) for whom it was created. Joan Collins is the princess who plots his downfall. CinemaScope.



Modern Lowboy in blond oak. Storage compartment opens at top; drawer in base. Model #2920. Also in Seafoam Mahogany, #2929; or in Charcoal Mahogany, #3247.

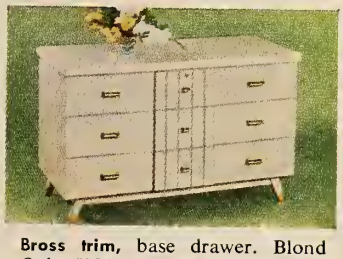
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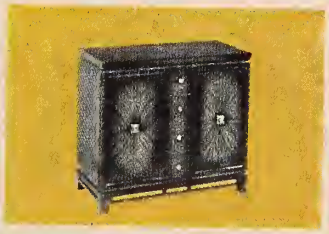
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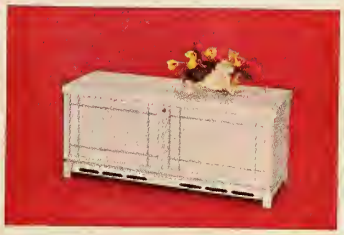
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18th Century, Satin Mahogany, drawer in base, simulated drawers above, #2221. Similar design, Casual Mahogany, #3173.

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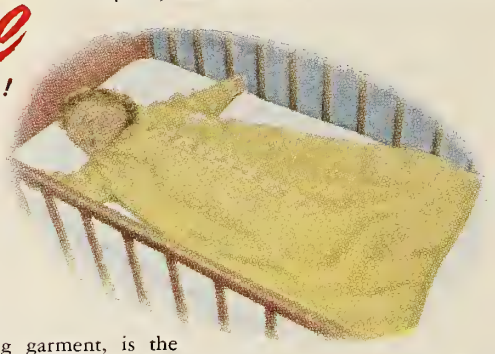


Rosemary DeCamp reads a bedtime story to 3 of her daughters. Miss DeCamp is featured on television's "Bob Cummings Show" (NBC) and the "Death Valley Days" series.

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COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

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Herewith the tale
of young Jeff—who
loved not wisely,
but too well!

MY FIRST LOVE

by Jeffrey Hunter

■ Forget Joy? Forget that pretty, plump, black-haired, blue-eyed, smartest girl in the class, who never had to crack a book? Never! She was my first love and even if it only lasted about three months, that has to go down as the steamiest one-sided romance of my life. I went steady—all by myself. Come to think of it, I can't remember Joy taking any active interest in my callow courtship, but that was beside the point. I *loved* her.

The big thing was the love letters I wrote her when I should have been applying myself to my lessons. I must have written a thousand of them, and every time it was so thrilling that I could hardly stand it. First, the anticipation, composing the immortal lines I would pen. Then, the actual writing: "Dear Joy. I love you. I hope you love me, too. Love, Hank." This part was so exciting that I had to keep a vise-like grip on the pencil to hold my hand steady, the result being a few holes dug through the paper and dirty, sweaty smudges here and there. Then, the bit of sneaking the note into her desk without being seen by her or anyone else; by this time my heart was too big for my chest. And then—oh, beautiful climax!—I watched her read what I had written. She never answered the notes, she never even acknowledged them by looking at me. But right around here, around the cheekbones, she'd turn all pink. Never has a man gotten so much from so little.

After school I used to ride my bike back and forth in front of her house, willing to expend my last energetic erg in the forlorn hope of seeing her, which I never did. This patrol of mine wasn't entirely pure in motive, though. A friend of mine named Jimmy, who also had a crush on Joy, had the advantage of living right across the street from her and, what to my way of thinking was worse, he had a basement with a pingpong table in it where they could get to know each other better.

I didn't have a pingpong table, but I had something else: a gasoline-powered train that my father had built me, big enough to seat two kids in the locomotive cab and a few in the passenger car behind. On the outskirts of Milwaukee, where we lived, there was only a dirt road in front of the house and no traffic, so I could run my train up and down the block all day long. Joy liked that. We'd sit up in the cab together, and it didn't matter to me that we weren't talking or holding hands or anything. She was *there*.

The train reminds me of something that maybe I shouldn't tell, except that it's so funny. One day Joy was riding in the passenger car with another girl while I was engineer, and my father took movies of us. Well, the first time he ran that film off, it nearly laid me out on the floor because when Joy got out of the car you could see at least an inch above her knee. Of course, I saw her in shorts very often without giving a second thought to anatomy, but this time she was wearing a dress. Wow! I must

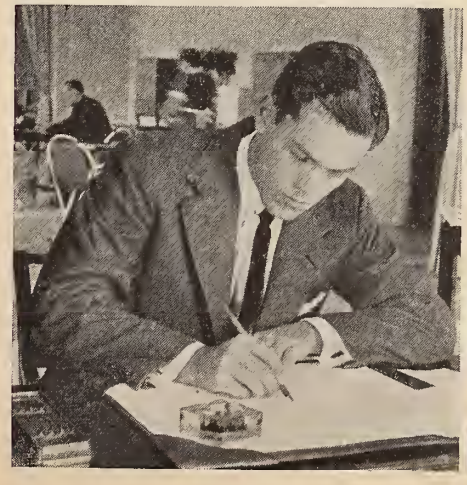
have run that reel until it was in tatters, and every time, that perfectly innocent, grubby little knee practically finished me. Finally it was too good to keep to myself; I had a showing for the other guys in the neighborhood, and for about 1/64th of a second they, too, got a view of Joy's knee. Stag reels at the age of twelve.

Except for that normal lapse into little-kid curiosity, we were a remarkably innocent bunch. If we went down to Jimmy's basement to play pingpong, for instance, that's exactly what we did. Not even spin-the-bottle or postoffice. Pingpong.

There was one day, though, that Jim went upstairs to get us some cokes, giving me the opportunity I had been waiting for, and I did something very daring. The minute he left the basement I tiptoed over to the record-player, put The Record on, and stood at my own end of the pingpong table, breathing hard, while Joy and I listened to the beautiful strains of "I'm Falling In Love With Someone." Her reaction? She probably beat me 21-0 while I was still overcome by my own audacity. After all, how forward can a guy get?

The greatest romance of the century ended as it had begun three months before: without an indication of pleasure or displeasure from Her. What happened was simply that football, which was to occupy me for some years to come, took over my life and left no time for girls. Whether Joy minded my forsaking her I never knew—but I'm sure that my parents, who had been suffering silently through it all, were greatly relieved. Even if I did come home bloodied and bruised now and then after a football game, at least the walls of the house no longer billowed in and out with my pensive, lovesick sighs.

Jeff Hunter can next be seen in Seven Cities Of Gold.



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These are the hands of Mrs. Anderson after she took the soak-test. *This photograph is unretouched.*

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the secret love that haunts jimmy dean

Her name is Lili Kardell. Not so long ago, when no one else cared, Lili and Jimmy fell in love

by IMOGENE COLLINS





■ Now that James Dean is Somebody in Hollywood, everything about him has become newsworthy. Nationally syndicated columns make note of his daily habits, his moods, his current companions. A girl he dated once was interviewed about him for newspapers throughout the country. But not so long ago, Dean was Nobody anywhere. Last October, he was just an obscure young actor lately arrived in Hollywood to make his first movie. Because Pier Angeli was interested in him, a few photographers snapped pictures of them together, but for all that, Jimmy Dean was just one of the anonymous, hopeful faces that make up the Hollywood landscape. It was then that he met Lili Kardell. She was another young hopeful. Both she and Jimmy were under contract to agent Dick Clayton. He introduced his protegés to each other. Right away, it clicked. Lili is a nineteen-year-old beauty with soft blonde hair and big blue eyes. She stands five feet, four and one-half inches tall, weighs 108 pounds and has a figure that offers the best of Marilyn Monroe and Anita Ekberg combined. Her *(Continued on page 78)*



I HAD IT ON MY MIND FOR . . . . . JUST ABOUT A YEAR . . . . . I KNEW I'D MARRY HER . . .

CLARK GABLE:

let's say she's just a friend of mine (and then they eloped)



Gable has always been a man for quiet elopements. After the ceremony the couple honeymooned in a friend's hideaway, then met the press.

by STEVE CRONIN

■ It happened on *The Tall Men* location a few months ago. It was down in Durango, Mexico. Clark Gable and a reporter were sitting on the patio of the Hotel Posada Duran, nursing a couple of beers.

"When are you and Kay Spreckels getting married?" the reporter asked.

Gable put down his beer and ran the index finger of his right hand across his moustache. His man had just trimmed it that morning.

"Why don't you cut it out?" the actor demanded. "Always trying to get me married." He half-smiled. "Why should I want to get married?"

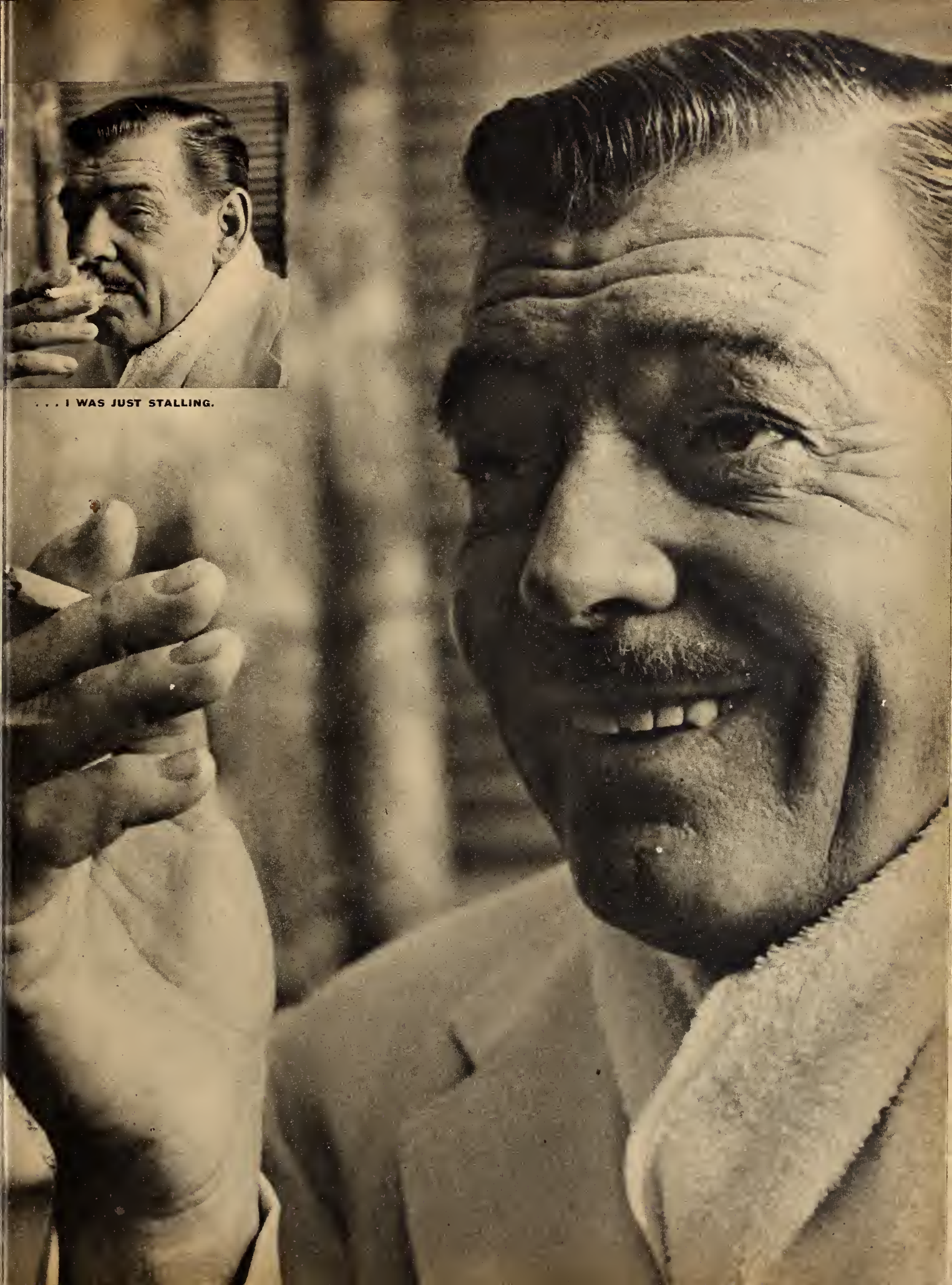
"Because you're a creature of habit," the reporter answered. "Your whole life you've been a sucker for marriage."

Gable took another swig of beer and rolled a cigarette for himself.

"Maybe so," he agreed. "But a man learns. From here on in I'm staying single."

"Stop kidding."

"On the level," Clark insisted. "Kay's a great gal. But we're both at least three-time losers in this marriage routine. Better we stay friends." (*Continued on page* 32)



. . . I WAS JUST STALLING.



NIGHT CLUBBING *has never attracted Gable as much as the outdoors but he's a smooth dancer. He and Kay will keep right on getting around.*



FIRST NIGHTER *Gable squired Kay to* A Star Is Born *and other premières, adding to rumors which pre-dated elopement by several years.*



GOLFER GABLE *played with Kay at Palm Springs. Friends say Kay is more like Carole Lombard than any woman he has known.*

CLARK GABLE *continued*

It had to lead to a wedding. Kay Spreckels has always been in tune with Gable's moods and pleasures, the friend he turned to



RANCHER GABLE *took Kay on location for* The Tall Men. *Quipped Kay after wedding, "I read that I'm good for Clark because I'm an outdoor girl. Maybe we should pitch a tent and move outside with the bed rolls."*

(*Continued from page* 30) "Is that why," the reporter asked, "you've been calling her in the States every day?"

Gable finished his beer and got to his feet. "Have to get over to Raoul Walsh's place," he announced. (Walsh directed *The Tall Men.*) "Have to talk about tomorrow's scenes." And with that the fifty-four-year-old king of the leading men picked up his little tobacco bag and slipped it into his shirt pocket. "And I'm not getting married." He bobbed his handsome head up and down as if to emphasize the point. The reporter was impressed but not convinced.

"Your father's moustache," he said.

A week later the same reporter was sitting in a Hollywood night club called the Mocambo when Kay Williams Spreckels walked in.

Kay is one of the most cheerful, best-natured women in Hollywood. Always smiling, always pleasant, always ready with a quip. She reminds everyone of Gable's third wife, the late Carole Lombard.

"When the King gets back from Mexico," the newsman suggested, casual-like, "you two kids tying the knot?"

"You a professional match-maker or (*Continued on page* 90)

The story of a little girl who didn't want to grow up but had to / *by Kirtley Baskette*

LIFE BEGINS FOR MAGGIE



It was just another morning recently when another picture started at another Hollywood studio. But for Margaret O'Brien the day held a special promise. She was up at 5:30 and at the RKO gate by 7. The cop checked off her name without a glance of recognition. Five years is a long time to be out of pictures. Besides, maybe she'd changed.

She sat in a boxy, portable dressing room waiting for the first scene of her comeback picture, *Glory*—and it was a tough one. She was to cry. She'd never had much trouble crying. She used to ask her directors, "How do you want the tears—inside or out?" But now a brief flicker of anxiety crossed her pretty, quiet face and centered in her expressive sherry-tinted eyes. The middle-aged woman with her noticed and averted her gaze.

"Come on, Mother," urged Margaret. "Talk to me—you know, like you used to."

But her mother replied, "I can't, I'm afraid. Not any more."

So she walked out alone when they called her into the scene. The director who watched her closely remembered something Lionel Barrymore said: "She's the only actress in the world, outside of my sister Ethel, who can make me pull out my handkerchief." The director's name was David Butler, and he has been around Hollywood a long time. Once, his specialty was directing kid actresses. Somehow he'd skipped this kid until now, but he knew what to say. When the scene was over he put his arm around the dainty five-foot girl. "It was great—just great, honey. You're the same wonderful kid—the same Margaret!" *(Continued on page 35)*


"You'll never ask me
to do this again,"
Maggie gloomed, gazing
at this charming photo,
her very first pin-up.
"I look just like you'd
expect Margaret O'Brien
would look!"



Overly dependent on Mama, Maggie has just learned to stand alone. . .



and to talk to boys like Harold Selson, Bob Allen, who watched her graduate.



Last year considered "too naive to date," Maggie is now in demand . . .



and has learned to dress and make up for her grown-up eighteen years.

(*Continued from page* 33) But that wasn't quite the truth.

Margaret O'Brien obviously retains the same amazing talent which made her Hollywood's wonder child of the forties. But today she no more resembles the fabulous pigtailed moppet of that lost decade than a butterfly suggests a caterpillar. Today Maggie's a young lady, and a very lovely one indeed—but a lady with a problem. Briefly, she faces creating a new life for herself, a new career and—to make both a success—a new maturity. For far too long pretty Maggie has been holding back tomorrow because she couldn't forget her wonderful yesterday.

As a result, at eighteen Margaret O'Brien finds herself at least three years behind her age and on the spot to catch up. Only last year she had her first date with a boy, and only a few weeks ago her first without her mother by her side. As recently as last January 15, on Maggie's eighteenth birthday, Mrs. Gladys O'Brien had to get on the phone and rustle up a date (Tab Hunter) for her coming-of-age dinner party at Chasens, because her daughter didn't know whom or how to ask. Although Maggie's been eligible to drive a car for over two years now, she learned how only two short months ago. Just this past May—halfway into her nineteenth year—did she graduate from high school, at which formality she knew no one else in her class. Only in recent weeks has Maggie conducted a press interview without her mother, shopped for a dress, made a business decision, fallen halfway in love or fixed herself a sandwich. And she parted with her long, girlish tresses, never cut before in her life, just a few weeks ago, but only after her agent handed her an ultimatum: "No haircut —no parts!"

All of this is unique even in Hollywood, but still understandable. Because as far back as Margaret can remember she was no normal growing girl but a box-office treasure wrapped in cotton batting. Nonetheless it poses a crisis in her life today as she tries the near impossible—to be as great as an adult as she was a child. To pull that off Maggie must measure up to her present and break with her past. On that challenge hangs her future. And for her it's a pretty large order.

Because Margaret O'Brien has been Mama's girl ever since she was born in Los Angeles nineteen years ago come next January. She never knew her father, Larry O'Brien. A daring circus rider, he was killed in an accident in Mexico City a few weeks before she arrived, a fragile baby weighing (*Continued on page* 74)



Way back in the forties, when Maggie was the brightest child star ever, she was never without Mama, had few friends. But she met former child stars like Shirley Temple (whose on-screen growing-up was none too successful) and Liz Taylor (who grew up quite nicely). She also met Mr. Gable, who found out fast who she *was!*

Husband, father, home-owner, Guy feels proudly possessive of wife Sheila, red-haired baby Bridget and the solid, normal life he's earned.



GUY'S DOLL

by TONI NOEL

He married her when his world had fallen apart; she helped him build a new and better one

■ Sheila Madison can best be described by the lyrics of a recent song: "A doll I can carry the girl that I marry must be." The girl that Guy married is a doll, for sure. Add to that the following: lively as a cricket, piquant of expression, droll of wit, feminine without any compulsion to rub the noses of nearby males in an awareness of same and completely at home in the world.

Sheila is most frequently compared to Elizabeth Taylor, probably because they're both girls and in Hollywood you've *got to look like some star* unless you have two heads, and Sheila is small and brunette.

A surprising type to attract Guy Madison? No, the right type exactly, according to his friends. "Sheila's very good for Guy," commented Rory Calhoun's wife Lita. "He's getting from her what he never got from anyone before. She shows him the way because she's so outgoing with people and they respond to her warmth. He's learning to relax more with them.

"There was a time, before they met, when Guy had dinner with us almost every night. When Billy Daniel and I were at the Mocambo, Guy even came there with Rory—and neither of them is the night-club type. Guy was terribly gay then, he *seemed* happy living it up, but I know that it isn't his nature. With Sheila he can be himself. You know, quiet-like."

Probably one of the first qualities that attracted Guy to his bride, aside from the fact that he had all of his hormones, was her self-sufficiency and an honesty that insists on the truth, just the plain truth. If Sheila were Hollywood-struck, she might say of her father, "He owned the biggest racing stable in all of Ireland." Instead of which she states with complete aplomb, "He was a jockey."

Similarly, though any good press agent would tell her not to discuss a conflict in religions, she does, because it explains how she came to be born in America. "When my mother and father fell in love, her parents nearly had a fit, they being Protestant and he a Catholic. They came up with a great idea: separate the two, send her to New York to visit *(Continued on page 80)*



Guy and Sheila stay out of the gossip columns, are infrequently photographed out on the town.



She eats with playwright Michael Gazzo at a backstage party. . .

The very private life of MM

. . . strolls to Childs with actor Jack Lord. . .



by William Barbour

Marilyn Monroe is gone forever. Hollywood will get her before the cameras every now and then, but they won't keep her. What they'll be getting is a shell—the same dazzling shell their own publicity magicians created—but their girl is gone. It is even possible they won't recognize Marilyn when she walks in. This year in New York has wrought an incredible change in her looks, her personality, her inner being. It's the kind of reverse switch that would be outright fraud in anyone else, but in Marilyn it is the first breath of reality in her strange, bewildering life.

Unlike so many people running away from themselves, Marilyn knows exactly what she is running away from and where she is going. Much has been written about Monroe's New Life, much of it sarcastically critical of a supposed attempt to be arty, intellectual, bohemian. But Marilyn is too sure of herself to be hurt by criticism. She is simply appalled by her own image, the Myth of Monroe, the near-parody (*Continued on page 40*)



. . . talks with Eli Wallach and students.



These photos, completely unposed, were taken during and after class hours at The Actors' Studio, where Marilyn is studying theatre in the company of other professional actors. Neither Marilyn, the other students nor school director Lee Strasberg (holding scripts in first row of picture below) was aware of being photographed. At first Marilyn found the other students unfriendly; now, convinced she's one of them, they accept her.

photos by Roy Schatt

Broadway's curtain of anonymity drops over Marilyn. Minus make-up, she passes for another stage-struck kid



Under the glare of floodlights

The Legend of Monroe blossoms like

a blast of heady perfume

but The Smoldering Siren is only a pose,

a part she plays but can't live





(*Continued from page 39*) of sex she has become. She isn't looking for a new personality. All she is seeking—desperately—is the real one. The woman buried beneath layers of make-up and years of posturing, long hidden from everyone, hidden even from herself.

For the first time, Marilyn is fashioning a life without love. As always her closest friends are men—men have always guided her life—but today friendship is just that. No more, no less. Marilyn has learned to shed The Myth like a Cinderella gown, and with it all the frightening insecurity that brought her to this year of decision.

A few months ago, she was escorted on the spur of the moment to a small, intellectual party in Brooklyn Heights. Introduced simply as "Marilyn," she wore a plain outfit and no make-up, and none of the guests recognized her.

For all they knew, Marilyn was a young actress trying to get a break in television, or perhaps a model with strangely simple, almost sloppy taste in clothes. She entered freely in the conversation, which was mainly about art and literature.

As the party was breaking up, one of the lady guests asked innocently what she did for a living.

"I'm an actress," Marilyn said, with equal innocence.

"Oh?" said the other woman. "Stage or television?"

"I'm in pictures," said Marilyn.

"What name do you use?" the woman asked politely.

"Monroe," she said.

"Monroe," (*Continued on page 60*)

...and the very public life of MM

photos by Sam Shaw





A good wife is hard to lose

by RUTH LOUGHLIN

■ Had you asked anyone-in-the-know a few years ago about the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell marriage, you would have been told, "Not so hot."

Friends said divorce was imminent. They mentioned mother-in-law trouble, an overseas infatuation and too much foreign travel as the possible causes.

Today, however, as Glenn and Ellie approach their twelfth wedding anniversary (on October 23) theirs is one of the most secure and happy marriages in Hollywood.

"We're so much in love," cries Ellie Ford, "you'd think we were newlyweds."

"I don't know," Glenn agrees, "when things have been better. I've just finished *Trial;* we sneaked it a few nights ago and it's quite a good picture. I'm a happy man these days."

What's happened? What new and strange magic rescued a marriage teetering on the precipice of disaster?

Who and what changed Glenn Ford from a moody, frequently sullen and unfulfilled human being into a man of stature, warmth and good nature?

How come things are jumping in the Ford household these days?

To these many questions there are many answers, major and minor, but the two really important ones are love and religion.

The trouble was, Glenn was taking "good old Ellie" for granted. Something had to bring him back to his senses









"Any time you bring religion into a marriage you make it better," says Ellie. The Fords televise a weekly Sunday School class called Faith Of Our Children. *They audition participants, stage-manage sets, rehearse and write the show—without pay. Deeply religious himself, Glenn devotes free time to the project, supervises Ellie's performance as teacher (below) with help of son Peter.*

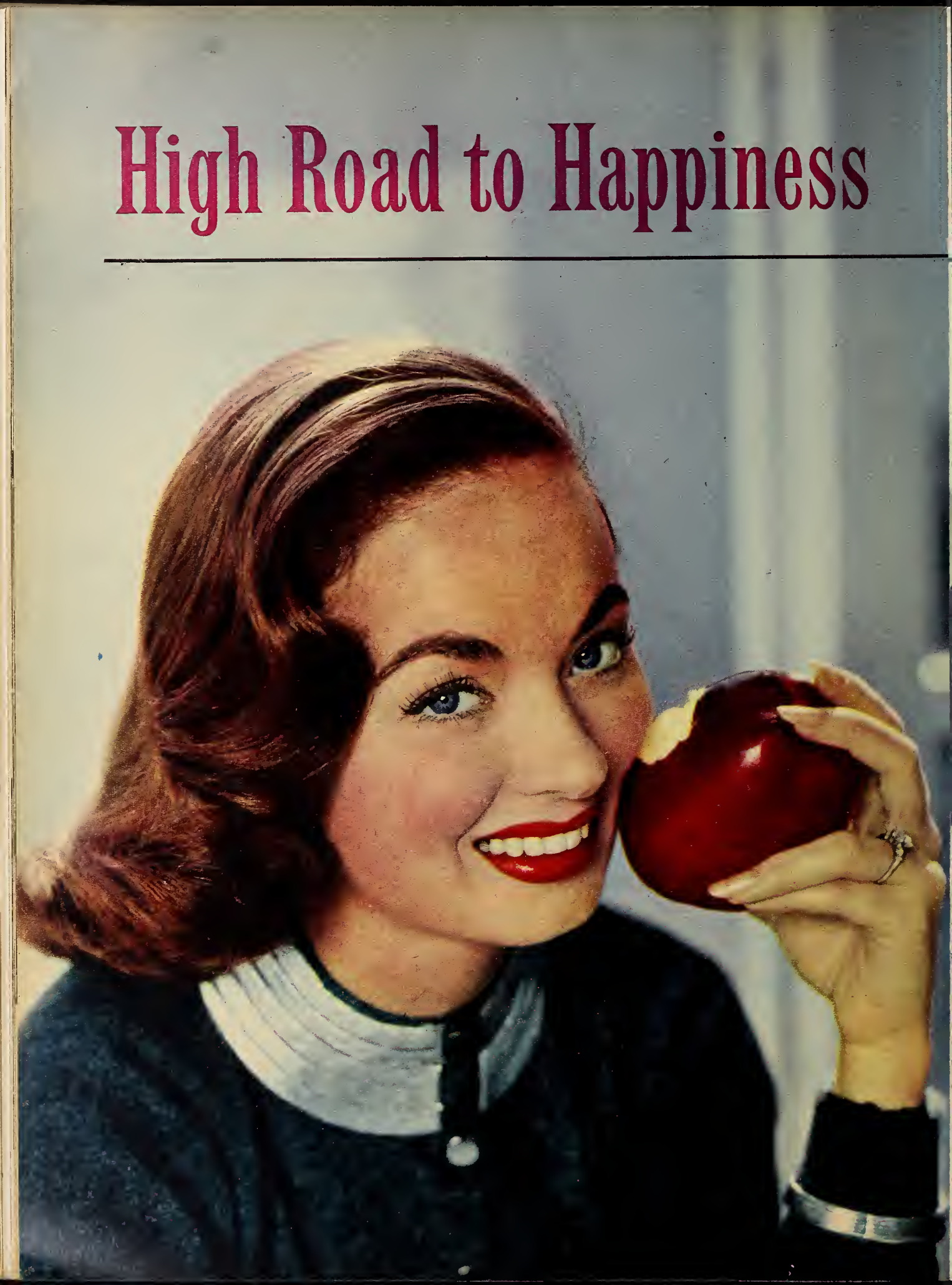


Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford—Glenn to you—is a basically religious man.

It is significant, for example, that he proposed to Ellie in the old Methodist Church in Santa Monica. It was on a Sunday afternoon a dozen years ago. The church was empty. Glenn walked Ellie down the aisle and gently edged her into a pew.

"This is where I've always attended services," he *(Continued on page 88)*

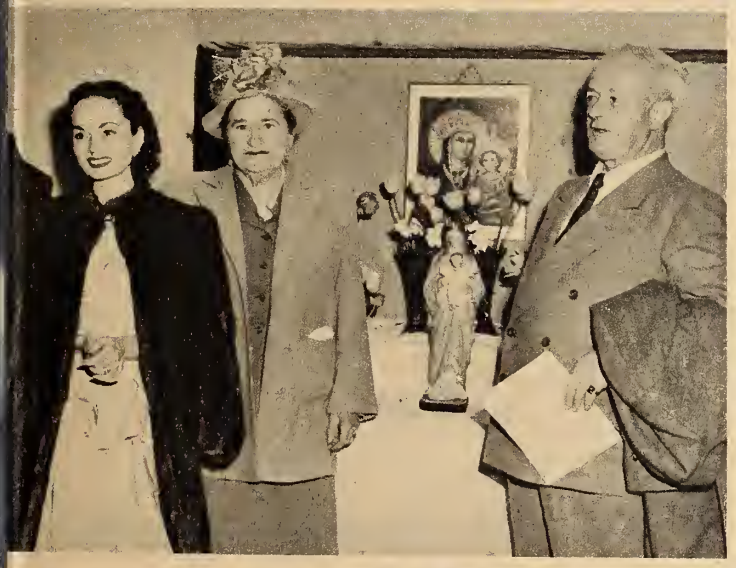
High Road to Happiness



From Ann Blyth to her children: The gift of joy her mother gave her, the same loving childhood she knew



At ten, when Ann was confirmed at St. Pat's in New York, she had been singing on the radio for five years, loving every minute—especially the knowledge that her pay check meant "Mommy doesn't have to work so hard."



A few years after the death of her mother, Ann made a sentimental pilgrimage to Ireland with beloved Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat (above). There she worshiped at her mother's family church, met her Irish Aunt Liz (right) and other relatives for the first time.



by IDA ZEITLIN

■ They're hoping the new baby will be here for Christmas. They're no less thrilled over the second than the first. Ann doesn't have to say so. The lovely way her face lights up speaks for her. "It's a new miracle," she adds simply, "every time it happens. Another link in that precious little family circle." They'd love to have a daughter, but a son will be just as welcome. They've already picked probable names—Terence Michael or Maureen Ann—Ann for Ann's mother, whose real name it was, though she was always called Nan.

Her mother's love, her mother's influence surrounds Ann always. At St. Vincent's Hospital last year after Timothy was born, the past stepped strangely forward to join hands with the present. On a quiet evening one of the Sisters came in. Ann smiled in greeting, and felt suddenly that this was no casual visit, that something significant was about to happen.

The nun drew up a chair. "I'd been hoping to catch you alone for a few minutes. I've long wanted to write to you, but I am glad now that I waited. For I have a story to tell you and this seems a most appropriate time.

"It goes back to when I was a child in rather poor health and was sent to stay with my grandmother in New York. She lived close to where you and your mother and sister lived on East 49th Street. One day I went to the candy store where you used to buy candy and ice cream—do you remember?"

"How well I remember!" breathed Ann. "I remember the owner. He knew my Mommy."

"Exactly. He knew how religious she was and how she loved praying for other people. She happened to be in the store that day. He said to her, 'This little girl hasn't been very well.' I'll never forget her look of loving kindness as she asked me my name and where my grandmother lived. 'I'll say a very (*Continued on page 46*)



ANN BLYTH *continued*

Tragedy came in Ann's seventeenth year—but her nineteenth found her again hopeful, surrounded by friends



While Ann, recovered from the shock of her mother's death, was celebrating her first home with Liz Taylor, Jane Powell, other friends, Hollywood was playing Let's Marry Ann Off. "I'm in no hurry," Ann said, happily bridesmaiding for her friends.



Then she met Dr. Jim, brother of Dennis Day. "Right away I loved his face," Ann said. She was still in no hurry. Two years later, she and Jim were in love; a year after that Ann's friends went to a wedding.







The following year Timothy Patrick (Tim because they like the name, Pat after Jim's dad, Ann's uncle) was born. Now Tim's growing up and Ann is awaiting her second child, due to arrive as a Christmas present for the McNultys.

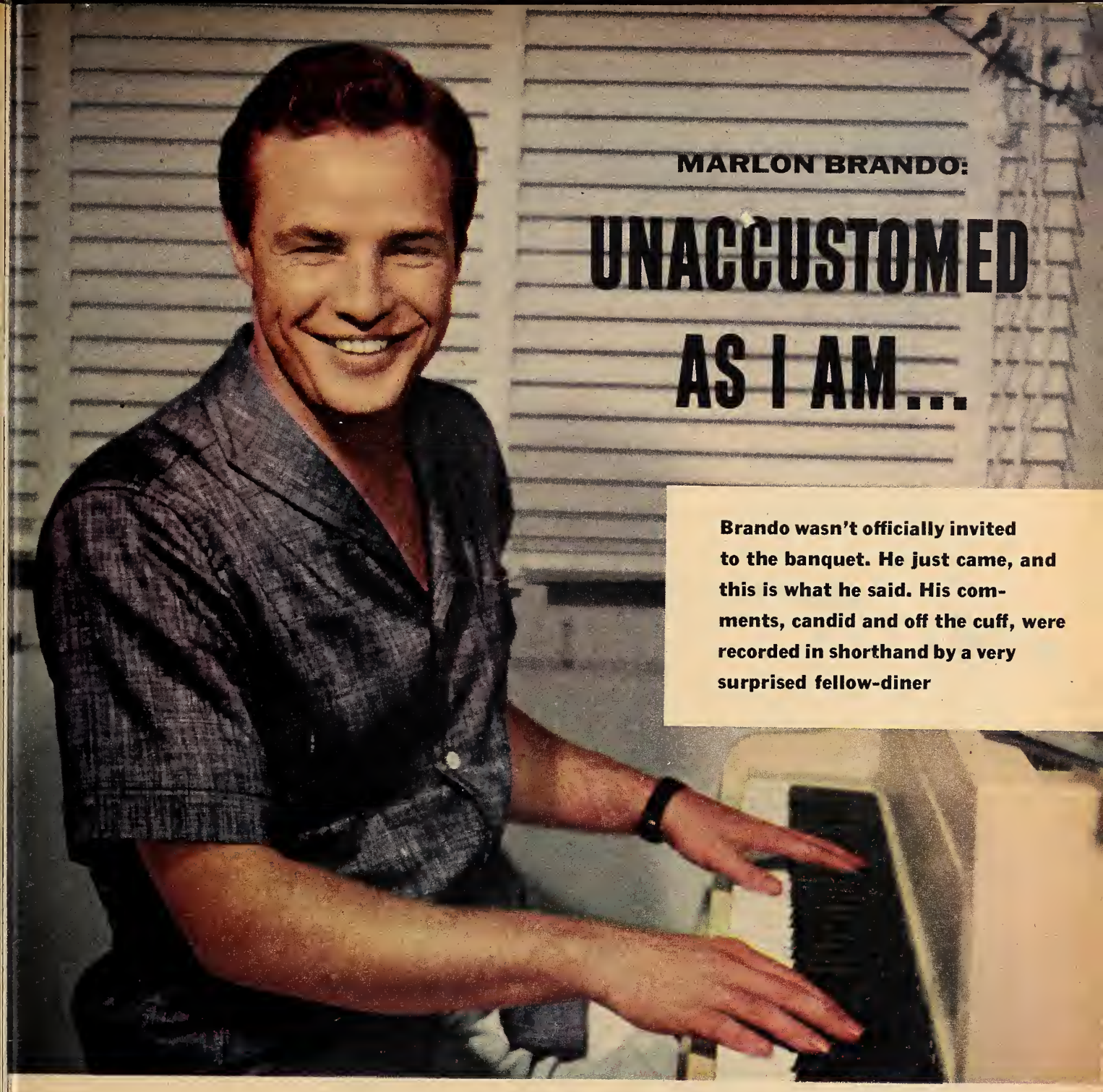
special prayer for you,' she promised, and the promise gave me comfort. A few days later someone knocked at our door. It was your mother. She'd brought me a little gold medal of the Blessed Virgin and Jesus, Her Son—on a gold chain, so I could wear it around my neck. She'd had my initials engraved on the back. I wore it for years."

Out of her pocket she drew a small tissue-wrapped object and laid it in Ann's hand. "To be quite honest, I hate giving it up. It means a great deal to me. But I feel still more strongly that it belongs to you now."

Eyes blurring, Ann tried to thank her. She was grateful that no one else came to see her that night. Shaken by memories sad and sweet, she needed solitude. Alone, she unwrapped the medal with its holy figures, turned it over and stared incredulously. For the initials of that long-ago little girl had been A.M.—which stood for her own name, too—Ann Marie. Her heart lifted in almost unbearable thanksgiving. To Ann this was no coincidence, but God's mysterious way of performing His wonders. It was like a gift from Him through His servant and like a benediction from her mother on Timothy's birth.

"She was my great inspiration," says Ann. "By her teaching, by her example. By her supreme gentleness and compassion. She had the kind of charity that doesn't presume to judge. And a faith that never failed. This was her strength, and she did her best to instill it in me. Often when I'd read for a part I didn't get and maybe grow a little disheartened, she'd put me right. 'Setbacks are a necessary part of life, they make you try harder, they help to build character.' Most of all, she'd say over and over again: 'God in His wisdom has a reason for what He does and He always knows best. Even though the reasons may be difficult for us to understand.' " Ann paused for a moment, looking back. "There are some things we never *will* understand. But we accept them as part of His plan. That was the essence of my mother's faith. It's the essence of mine."

So her childhood was spent in an atmosphere of *(Continued on page 82)*



MARLON BRANDO:

UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM...

Brando wasn't officially invited to the banquet. He just came, and this is what he said. His comments, candid and off the cuff, were recorded in shorthand by a very surprised fellow-diner

■ *It happened at the annual UCLA Theatre Arts Banquet at Scully's Restaurant in Los Angeles. The Sam Goldwyn Award was to be presented, and one of the drama students invited Marlon to attend. No one really expected him (they didn't even have a cameraman!) and when he did show up, the delighted boys and girls turned the banquet into a forum and peppered Brando with questions—some of them loaded!*

BRANDO: I've never made an after dinner speech in all my life. Most of them are pointless and boring. Let's dispense with preambles and get to it.

QUESTION: *Do you feel that James Dean copied your style in* East Of Eden?

BRANDO: Jim and I worked together at the Actors' Studio in New York and I have great respect for his talent. However, in that film, Mr. Dean appears to be wearing my last year's wardrobe and using my last year's talent.

QUESTION: *Have you ever been psychoanalyzed?*

BRANDO: Yes, I was psychoanalyzed. It broadened my scope. I was frightened because actors are neurotic. This is due to their intensity and depth, their low irritability. Just for self education, psychoanalysis is important.

QUESTION: *How did psychoanalysis affect you as an actor?*

BRANDO: What draws most of us to the theatre is a neurosis to begin with. When I contemplated analysis, I had the fear that my level of sensitivity or "low irritability" (*Continued on page 73*)

Unlucky at Love

Leslie Caron has been hurt three times. Will she ever learn to stop falling in love with the wrong men?

by SUSAN WENDER

■ For the third time, Leslie Caron has lost at love.

At twenty-three she has been through a broken marriage and two subsequent, serious romances, each of which ended with Leslie's man marrying another girl. At twenty-three the sparkling, open, joyous child has become moody, unapproachable, absorbed only in her work. At twenty-three she is unloved and unloving. Why?

The unwitting villain of the piece—his motives perfectly innocent—was undoubtedly Geordie Hormel. He met her when Leslie was new to Hollywood and fame, new, in fact, to the world. He seemed then to represent the dream of every young girl—and most particularly of every French girl, brought up to believe in marriage and family life as the ultimate joy of life.

Geordie proposed on the second date. Leslie was swept off her feet with comparative ease. They were at the beach at the time, the night after they met. "Let's get married," Geordie said. "You must be crazy," Leslie remarked. "No," Geordie said. "I'm not crazy. I'm in love."

Leslie was in her teens. Geordie was charming, wealthy, very personable. The proposal had all the romance of love-at-first-sight. He took Leslie home to meet his parents, remarkably fine people. She knew he wasn't just talking—he meant it. The next thing she knew, they were in Las Vegas, getting married. But she didn't know Geordie. There hadn't been time for that. *(Continued on page 86)*



Worried friends say Leslie is too quiet, too much alone these days, devoted only to her dancing.



Here are the most important men in—and out of—Leslie's love life.



Geordie Hormel married her—too fast.



Roland Petit discovered her—wed another.



Robert Petit consoled her but had a girl.



Jack Larson is the latest but is he the one?

how it feels to be very, very Beautiful

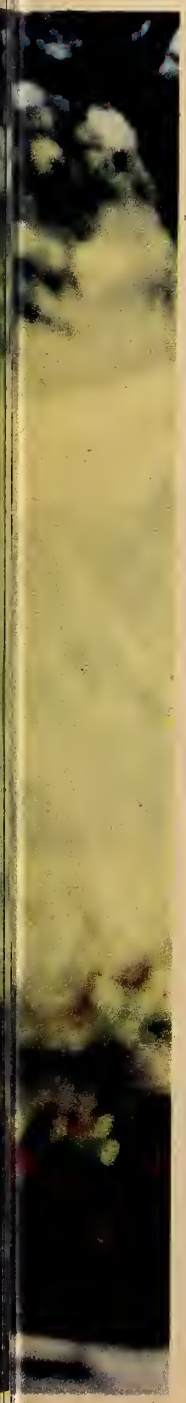
Beauty is a mixed blessing—even a handicap—but these

Peter Basch



Their next pictures: Kim in Columbia's *Picnic;* Liz in Warners' *Giant;* Jeanne in UA's *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*

famous beauties have learned to live with it at ease



KIM NOVAK distrusts beauty. She remembers the painful years when she was too tall and too shy to be at ease. Ignored by her classmates until she won a modeling contest, Kim pointedly observes, "I was the same girl I had been the day before but then no one talked to me. My picture was in the paper and everyone became friendly." Flattery is still hard for Kim to handle. She has finally learned to take beauty in stride but warms only to people who accept her looks with a casual lack of concern.



Bob Beerman

ELIZABETH TAYLOR ignores beauty. Indisputably one of the most beautiful women of our time, Liz Taylor was a beautiful child, a beautiful adolescent, a *femme fatale* at twenty. Liz wears her loveliness comfortably and assumes everyone else is similarly endowed. Completely informal at home, she is enormously susceptible to beauty in other forms, clothes and jewels in particular. Liz pays them the respect they deserve by taking pains to wear them well. "That's why Liz is always, endlessly, interminably late," observes Mike Wilding.



Wallace Seawell

JEANNE CRAIN worships beauty and always has—beautiful art, music, people. But not just surface beauty. Recalling her first acting role, in the eighth grade, when she played a scarfaced Indian girl, Jeanne says, "But she was beautiful inside." Jeanne values beauty enough to cherish her own face and figure. She enjoys being "admired just as a woman." Ten years of marriage and four lively youngsters have only enhanced the fabulous Crain looks. A cherished tribute from son Paul, Jr., proves it: "Sure people like to write to Mom. She's so beautiful."

ROBERT WAGNER WRITES:

A letter to the girl I want to marry



Darling;

First of all, my name is Wagner. Robert John Wagner, Jr. My friends call me "R. J." I'm an actor—in motion pictures.

Somehow, because life is a tricky, complicated and uncertain thing—confusing to all of us at times—I haven't met you yet. So I don't know who you are.

I wish I did. I've been thinking about you, as best I can, for—well, for years, I guess.

But somehow, somewhere, some day we'll meet. And when *it* happens we'll know.

It may be your laughter, the nice, rich kind, that will make me turn and see you, all of a sudden.

It may be the way we look at each other for that one bit of a second that neither of us will ever forget all the hours and days of our lives.

Whatever it is, I'm sure that for a while only two people on earth will know we're in love—you and me.

But before I go further you ought to know why I write a long letter like this to the girl I want to marry and then allow it to be printed in a national magazine to be read by millions of persons.

Most Hollywood people wish it were simply a matter of the public's seeing a picture and deciding only that the actor was good or not good "in that picture."

But it just isn't *(Continued on page 67)*

He doesn't know who she is. He hasn't met her



Career-conscious and proud of it, Bob spent half his rare day off (on location for A Kiss Before Dying*) signing autographs, before taking off for his blind date with a University of Arizona coed.*



The long hair he needs for his roles is the bane of his life. "Hey, Delilah!" he cautioned Ginny. "Hands off the property. If it comes loose they'll have to hold up shooting while I grow it again!"

Photos by Bert Parry






Esther and Ben admit, adding that with Susan turning into a prize comedienne and the boys into athletes, the household is hectic, somewhat wacky!



As a mother, Esther has been termed, "A Brahms lullaby played by Stan Kenton!" All of her free time goes to her kids—and Ben.



Saying a temporary goodbye to Susie, Esther and Ben took the boys with them to Bakersfield for a full-day family excursion!

Ten years of marriage—

plus motherhood—have made Esther

an old hand at playing

the Gage home show for laughs

■ When Esther Williams first started to go out with Ben Gage, she used to do some planning about him —to herself. For instance, she would study him out of the corner of her eye and take in the big, black cigar that usually angled out of one corner of his mouth. "You don't know it, Ben," she would think, "but that cigar will have to go."

That was ten years ago.

Well, the other day they were driving out toward Palm Springs, and sharp words suddenly developed, as they will occasionally among the marrieds (and the unmarrieds, too, for that matter!) In the course of the debate Esther, as if seeing it for the first time, noticed something about Ben that carried her back to their courting days. There was that cigar again!

"Take that filthy thing out of your mouth and throw it away!" she blazed, and trained her eyes pointblank on him, as is her way when angry.

"Yes, dear," he replied soothingly, and made utterly no move to comply.

Having had her say Esther felt better, as wives will, and with serenity returning, found herself thinking about her marriage.

The fact that Ben still smoked cigars was symbolic of certain failures in her marriage, she realized. But then again she knew of certain satisfactions. Together they gave a pattern to her position as a wife and mother; a pattern that meant to her that she was living a pretty happy life.

She had not only married the man she wanted, but she still wanted the man she had married. She had the children she had always dreamed about having as a young girl, and, what's more, her real-life children outdid their dream counterparts in filling her heart with the warmth *(Continued on page 70)*

More pictures on next page

ESTHER WILLIAMS: *"I haven't won any victories over Ben, but at least my flops are minor! I watch*



"I don't like business unless it's pleasure," Esther said. Her idea of fun being family affairs, she took Ben and the boys on her charity junket to Bakersfield, California for motor-boat races.



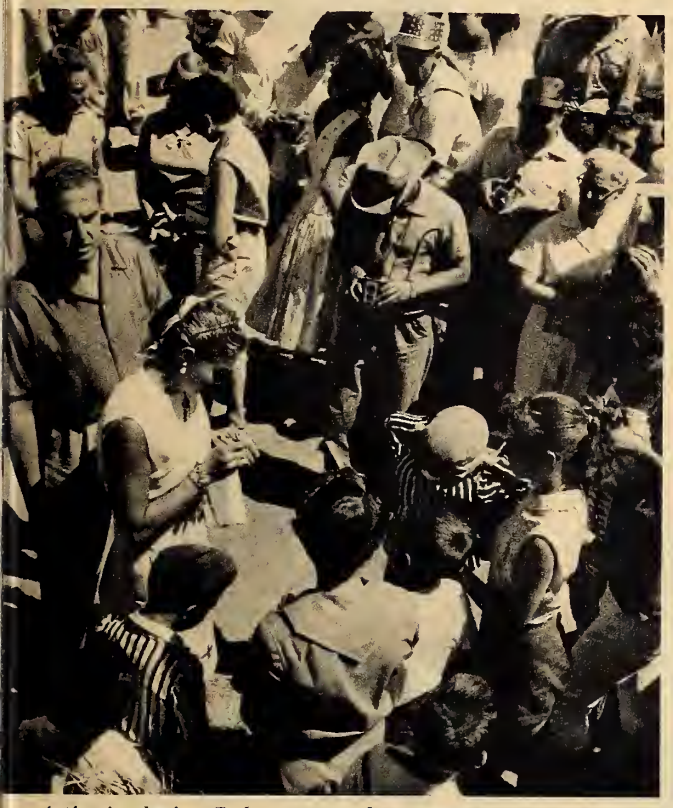
"People think I keep in training because I'm an athlete," Esther told Ben. "Really, it's just so I can keep up with boys!" But the thrill of the plane ride had kept the kids up all night—so they dozed through the flight.



Ben keeps a watchful eye and a protective arm around his family. Though Esther has both feet on the ground, the movie business does get hectic. "Then Ben is the Rock of Gibraltar."



my sons like hawks for psychology to use on Ben!"



Active in charity, Esther teaches blind children, does benefits like this one for City Of Hope Hospital (where Suzan Ball was at the time). Stars raised over half a million dollars for the fund.



Eating a box lunch, Esther mourned. "That's the one trouble with being a star. I don't get to cook enough." "Any time you want," Ben offered, "you can quit and be a chef at The Trails!"

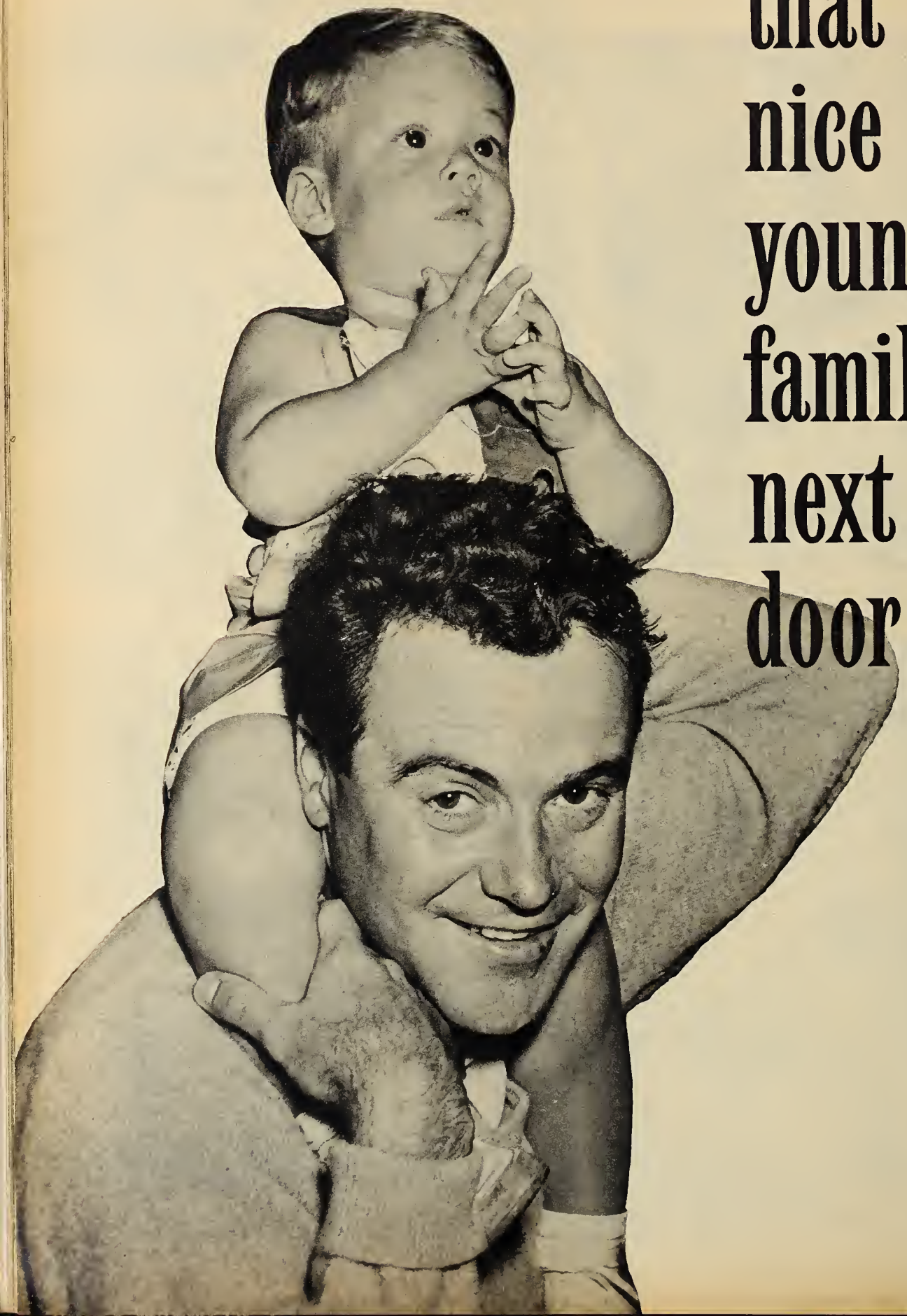


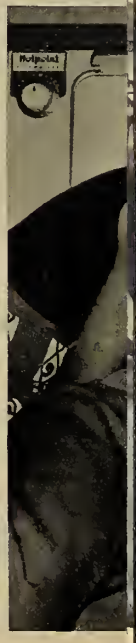
Her boys helped Esther judge the races. She has brought them up to regard the water as their second home and all sports as their best kind of play. "That way we can do things together."



Blushing, Benjie asked for an autograph from one racer. "I'm proud of the way you behaved today," Esther told her sons, beaming. "It was a nice day," she told Ben. "But it'll feel awfully good to get home."

that nice young family next door







Enthusiastic chef Jack organizes big barbeque.

This couple's for real—normal as burnt hot dogs on the grill, regular as the 8:05, corny as any doting parents. The brighter Jack's future gets, the more old-shoe his habits become

by ALICE FINLETTER



Showman Jack keeps family baby grand tuned.



Family man Jack recalls recent memories with wife and disenchanted son Chris.



Handyman Jack tackles do-it-yourself job.

■ If a household loaded to the eaves with talent is within the realm of normalcy, the Jack Lemmon residence must be said to be absolutely normal. The house itself speaks for the people who belong there: airy and sunny, with just enough formality to reflect the tastes of a man from down east and a girl from the midwest. Nobody walking in cold would guess that a movie star lived here.

In fact, you'd be hard pressed to find anyone who thinks of Jack in those terms. "That nice young family," is what the neighbors call Jack and Cindy and Christopher Lemmon—and it isn't because they don't know that Jack works in pictures. When he leaves for the studio of a morning, Jack looks just like a prosperous young banker—or the doughnut salesman he might have been if he had entered the family business.

Between pictures the neighbors see him in slacks and what Cindy calls "the worst-looking shirt I ever saw," puttering in the garden or his workshop, practicing a chip shot with one of his short irons. They meet the Lemmons in a nearby supermart where *(Continued on page 91)*

the case of the mysterious wedding gown



MODERN SCREEN *detected that Crosby and Grant were in cahoots!*

■ Back in June, MODERN SCREEN stuck its neck way, *way* out and predicted that Bing Crosby would marry pretty starlet Kathryn Grant within two years. At the time, Hollywood had seen them together only once, at the Academy Awards dinner, but MODERN SCREEN produced a photograph of Bing and Kathy taken at his ranch months before—proving that their friendship was more than a passing fancy. As we go to press, indications are that our one boo-boo was allowing for as much as a two-year wait. The marriage may take place much sooner than that.

Word has it that Kathy has actually gone out and bought herself a wedding gown. Designer Danny Lanson is whipping it up for her, and Kathy hasn't made any secret of the fact that he has orders to finish it up before September 10. Many insiders still find it hard to believe that Bing would make such a momentous decision in such a hurry, but Kathy is reported to be taking instructions in the Catholic faith (to eliminate the big obstacle to their marriage). It's said the couple plan to post the banns in Bing's parish, The Good Shepherd, although the actual wedding may be in a more obscure place to avoid a wild mob scene.

Bing and Kathy were together at the National Open Golf Tournament to watch Bing's buddy Ben Hogan play, and reporters who asked the inevitable question got the inevitable answers. Bing said he had no plans to marry anyone, and Kathy wouldn't say anything. (Since the start of her romance with Bing, in fact, Kathy has developed a facility for side-stepping questions that is worthy of the master himself. Ask her if she's in love and she smiles at you blankly. "I made the most delicious baked beans for lunch," she says —and considers the subject closed.)

All *we* have to say is, if Kathy really did order the wedding gown—who else might she be marrying?



Annoyed by persistent reporters at the golf matches, Kathryn and Bing felt their privacy was being rudely invaded. Always conservatively dressed, quiet-mannered, Kathy never uses the romance for publicity, although it would help her own movie career.

private life of mm

(*Continued from page 40*) repeated the guest thoughtfully. Then she looked more closely at her and did a double take. "Good heavens! You don't mean—!"

Marilyn chuckled self-consciously at the guest's surprise. There was a good laugh all around. But for Marilyn it had been a pleasant evening because the secret was slow in coming out. She was accepted as a person, not doted on as a movie star. No one had even mentioned the dirty word Hollywood.

One of the principal reasons New York delights Marilyn is that it readily affords such anonymity. Although great crowds turned out to welcome her at public appearances, she could lose herself at will—and did—among its teeming millions. Without face powder and mascara, she became just another pretty blonde among thousands.

This vacation from fame, with all its time-consuming responsibilities, allowed her to pursue her dramatic studies. She had barely settled in New York when she was admitted to Actors' Studio, a sort of post-graduate school for established performers. It was in this atmosphere of dedication that she hoped her talent might at last mature.

Actors' Studio is a unique institution. Today, it may well be the single most important influence on the American theatre. It has helped to shape a whole raft of young actors, from Marlon Brando to Harry Belafonte. Its main emphasis is on realism, but not at the expense of imagination. Marilyn's great dream is to become a part of the school's tradition.

Not that she will ever forsake Hollywood. Far from it. Marilyn appreciates the rewards of success as well as the next girl. She is simply resigned to playing the dual role of movie queen and earnest student of drama. If the contradiction bothers her, she refuses to admit it. But a double life has obvious pitfalls.

Marilyn expects to commute between Hollywood and New York, making her money out west and improving her acting back east. It is significant that when one of her colleagues at Actors' Studio asked how long she intended to remain in New York, she blandly replied: "Why, I live here now."

The basic aim of her studies is versatility. As Brando has turned to song-and-dance after years of heady dramatics, so Marilyn wants to try her hand at serious roles. When she announced last winter her ambition to play Grushenka in *The Brothers Karamazov,* scoffers hooted from coast to coast, but the laugh was really on them. They neither appreciated how well-cast she might be in the part, if a movie version were ever made, nor did they understand what she had in mind.

"I wasn't talking about the present," she patiently explains. "I don't want to turn my back on anything. I want to do good musicals, good comedy, or anything good. Grushenka is just the juiciest part I know."

And it so happens, despite her disclaimers, she *does* know how to spell Dostoevski.

Marilyn's intellectual bent is nothing new. She has long tried to compensate for a sense of inferiority by improving her mind. Her well-educated musical taste runs from Beethoven to Bartok. Back in 1951, she was taking literature courses at U.C.L.A. Visitors to her home have often marveled that her library contained books by Rilke, Wolfe and Robert Browning.

When Dame Edith Sitwell came to Hollywood a couple of years ago, she was

(*Continued on page 62*)



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LIZ LETS HER HAIR DOWN

■ "Me?" Liz Taylor said, giggling. "No, I haven't got any beauty secrets." Which statement is indicative of Liz' best secret—for beauty or just living in general: She refuses to be concerned. She doesn't hurry, she doesn't worry, she relaxes right and left—and everything gets done. A good example is the way she handles her hair.

(*1*) When working, Liz has her hair and nails done in her studio dressing room. During the shampoo she chats with the operator (often Joan Roberts, but, "I don't fuss over who does my hair. They're all good at MGM.") or studies scripts. Hair stylist Sidney Guilaroff usually does the trim.

(*2*) When not working, Liz does her own hair, even "combs it with a pair of scissors" instead of having it cut professionally. Then she washes it under the shower, sticks a couple of bobby pins in to keep her natural curls in shape while damp, and dries it by hand in the sun.

(*3*) The combing into place is a long, unhurried bit, like all of Liz' dressing. Usually tan, she wears no make-up but lipstick and her expensive, well-cared-for clothes fit her perfectly. Still, it's hours before she's ready to go out. "Don't rush me, darling," she tells Mike. "Go look at TV. I'm tuning you out." Then she returns to her casual manipulations. Once ready, she forgets her appearance entirely, never primps in public or fusses in powder rooms. Why should she? She's Liz Taylor, The-Unbothered-By-Anything!

1





2



3

(*Continued from page 60*) asked to invite a movie star for tea. Her instant choice was Marilyn Monroe.

The invitation was duly extended as a lark. It was expected Marilyn would wonder who the devil Dame Edith was. Instead she proclaimed herself a great admirer of the British poetess and would be honored to attend. The two women hit it off famously.

This year, Dame Edith publicly invited Marilyn to visit England so they might meet again. "Of course I'd be delighted to play literary mother to her," she said. "Marilyn is a serious-minded girl."

Her native intelligence is similarly recognized by other students at Actors' Studio. At the start, her position was admittedly difficult. Not only is Marilyn retiring by nature, but her classmates were prejudiced by her notoriety as a movie siren. Furthermore, after years of being fawned over, she had to adjust to being treated as an equal, if not a downright inferior.

ON HER FIRST day, she arrived while class was in progress. All the chairs were taken, so she had to slump down on the floor as inconspicuously as possible. No one stood up to offer her a seat. Uncomplimentary remarks were made behind her back about her hair, clothes and profile.

When class was over, she was a lonely figure, unapproachable because of her reputation, yet anxious to make friends. Waiting on the sidewalk for her limousine, she looked for all the world like Little Orphan Annie abandoned by Daddy Warbucks.

She made plenty of friends, however, in the weeks that followed. Her colleagues found her bright, charming and self-effacing. They came to respect her motives, though many doubted she could attain her goal. Skepticism dies hard, especially on Broadway.

Marilyn turned up for school looking like an unemployed ingenue. After classes, she often had a bite to eat with her fellow students. Among her warmest friends were Eli Wallach and Ben Gazzara, both noted Broadway actors, with whom she had heated discussions at Childs about theatre and art.

One Sunday, she accompanied Wallach, his wife and their four-year-old son Josh on an outing to the country, where the youngster had the enlightening experience of going swimming with Marilyn Monroe. Wallach's straight-faced report is that no one batted an eye.

YET HER ROLE remained decidedly ambiguous among her new-found friends. On the one hand, she was no less dedicated than they, and earned their admiration for it. On the other, she came down each day out of the clouds like a fairy princess—down from her suite in the Waldorf Towers. And sometimes her descent had the impact of dynamite.

At the opening of *East Of Eden*, which was a benefit to raise money for Actors' Studio, a host of Broadway actresses obligingly volunteered to serve as usherettes. So did Marilyn, who stole the spotlight the instant she appeared, dressed to the teeth as a Hollywood star. There is a quality about Marilyn in that guise—part herself, part publicity build-up—which is positively explosive. Without her presence, the event wouldn't have been anything like the walloping success it was.

This public magnetism constantly reminded her classmates that, unlike them, she had already gone west and struck gold. What they perhaps didn't appreciate was her mixed feelings about California. Whereas they had migrated to New York for professional training, Marilyn had come east, in a (*Continued on page 64*)

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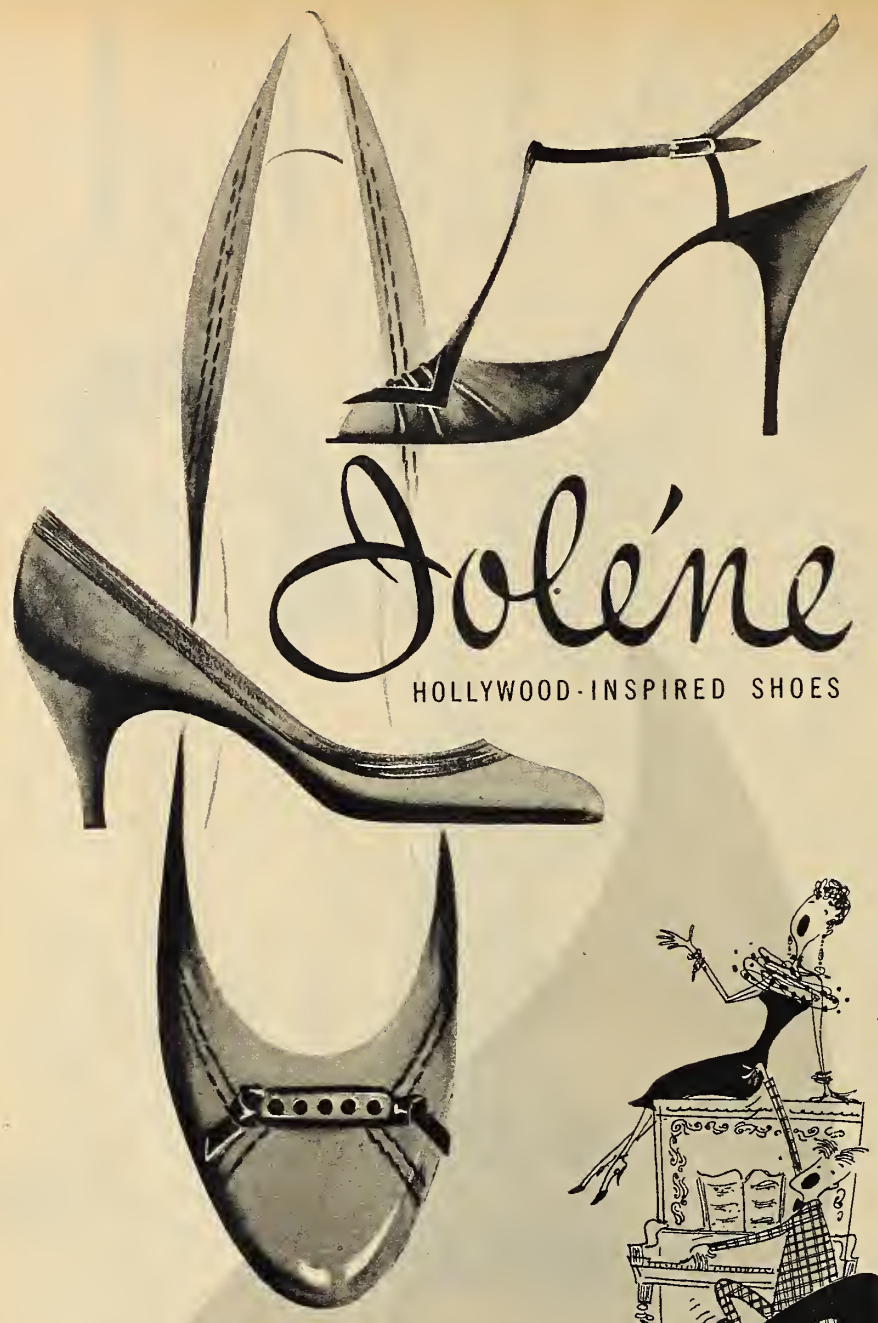
Center: *For your active life...Ringlet-Action with s-t-r-e-t-c-h-y non-shrink dacron lastex in the bands, sides, back. Feel free as a breeze! Cotton, dacron. $2.50.*

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(*Continued from page 62*) tual uplift, perhaps even salvation.

Whether consciously or not, Marilyn couldn't help resenting California. It was there, twenty-nine years ago, that she had been born in the charity ward of a Los Angeles hospital. (Her mother is still alive, supported by Marilyn in a nursing home.) Until her first marriage at sixteen, she was brought up by eleven different foster parents, passed around like a piece of goods. Naturally, such experiences left her starved for affection and grimly determined to prove herself.

For a long time, self-justification amounted to little more than keeping her head above water. Her first job was in an orphanage pantry, at five cents a month; later she was promoted to setting tables, at ten cents a month. In 1949, she posed for the famous nude photograph to earn enough money—a grand total of fifty dollars—to pay the rent.

MARILYN was almost indistinguishable in those days from hundreds of Hollywood starlets, all striving for recognition. She seemed to have neither the extra talent nor beauty to reach the top. But she was fortunately befriended by the late Johnny Hyde, an agent for the William Morris Agency. He gave her the will and contacts to get ahead.

Although she was put under contract by several studios, nothing much came of it until John Huston picked her for the brief role of a trollop in *The Asphalt Jungle*, which sent her stock skyrocketing. Huston and Hyde were the first of several masterminds who shaped Marilyn's career.

Her primary need has always been outside guidance. Lacking parents who might have instilled self confidence, she had to look beyond herself for values. Often life seemed chaotic and morality a hoax. In her drive for success, she was ready and willing to adopt whatever personality seemed to promise the biggest pay-off. With Hyde's approval, Huston came up with just the right model.

Like a chameleon, Marilyn readily adopted the character, so different from her own, which Huston's script called for. When Darryl F. Zanuck, production chief at Twentieth Century-Fox, signed Marilyn to a long-term contract, he was not signing the indecisive starlet of former days, but the open-mouthed blonde he had seen on the screen. Marilyn was stuck with it.

BUT HER SUDDEN success didn't give her the satisfaction she had expected. Plagued by illness and self-doubt, she took two hours to put on make-up for public appearances — including her celebrated press conference to announce her divorce from Joe DiMaggio—because she was terrified of being revealed as a fraud. That was the basis for what Hollywood cruelly called her "Narcissus complex."

As an actress, Marilyn relied heavily on her coach, a short, gray-haired woman named Natasha Lytess. She became critical of her own performances, and began to think of her talent as wasted on second-rate scripts. Gradually she discovered material rewards were not enough to compensate for her deep-seated guilt complex.

Meanwhile, Zanuck had managed to project Marilyn's image on the public as almost a parody of sex. People started laughing at Marilyn, rather than respecting her. On her trip to the Orient with DiMaggio in 1954, a Japanese radio commentator referred to her as "the honorable hipswinging actress." In February of this year, twenty-three California stockholders in Fox publicly requested her removal from the payroll as "a blight on the company." Her flaunting of sex

had gotten out of hand, and Marilyn knew it.

That was the background for her battle with Fox. She turned down their offer of $100,000 a picture in preference for "some voice in the selection of stories." After they had wrapped up *The Seven Year Itch*, Marilyn fled to New York until the hassle was settled, hoping to find there what the west coast had denied her.

"Marilyn looked upon New York as a shrine of culture," says one of her intimates. "If only she worshiped reverently, all her dreams would come true."

THE CHIEF STRATEGIST for her revolt was Milton H. Greene, the *Look* Magazine photographer. A brash, intelligent man of thirty-two, from the first time Marilyn sat for him he treated her as a human being, not a papier-maché idol, and gained her trust for it. Together they set up Marilyn Monroe Productions to handle her business affairs. Marilyn spent much time as a house guest of the Greenes.

But for artistic guidance, Marilyn turned to still another mastermind—Lee Strasberg, the most respected drama coach in New York. One of the co-founders of Actors' Studio with Elia Kazan and Cheryl Crawford, Strasberg conducts private dramatic classes, which Marilyn also attended as an observer. She saw a good deal of Strasberg, including week ends with his family on Fire Island.

At last a serious artist of the theatre was taking Marilyn seriously. It was precisely the boost her morale needed. Now, by applying herself, she could scale the summits of pure art. But huge obstacles remained—and remain to this day.

Strasberg is a hard taskmaster. There is no "right" and "wrong" in his method of instruction, but only individual honesty. Under relentless prodding, the actor must project his deepest feelings to the audience. All else is phoniness.

Although Strasberg pales at the thought, his technique resembles psychiatric therapy. He strips his students emotionally bare and then forces them to parade in public. Several of his protegés, far less high-strung than Marilyn, have recoiled against self-exposure and fallen by the wayside.

IS MARILYN capable of facing the truth about herself? An old friend responds: "Perhaps this is one more case where truth is deadlier than fiction."

Her whole experience has been an escape from reality. It is her way of overcoming the spectre of her origins. As an orphan, she has adopted a long line of "fathers" to fill the void in her life—from Johnny Hyde to Lee Strasberg. But if Strasberg is to keep faith with his own system, he must change all that and liberate Marilyn.

Most of her classmates sincerely hope for the best. They are touched and awed by her personal courage, which they recognized as one of her unsung traits. Success or failure is almost beside the point—the effort itself is tribute enough.

But the risks involved are very great indeed. It won't be easy, at this late date, to change the vision her public has of her. The tightrope of her double life stretches dangerously from New York to Hollywood, and she won't get down for love or money. At the dizzy height of stardom, her whole future hangs in the balance, both professional and private.

This is a crisis that Marilyn has long foreseen. Several years ago, she made a prophetic observation: "Women who put on an act are going to reach a time—everything is just a matter of time—when they'll have to put up or shut up." Now that time has come for Marilyn, and she has gallantly chosen to put up. END





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(*Continued from page 52*) that simple.

People all over the world have a wholesome, honest curiosity about the lives of actors and actresses. It doesn't always please an actor to have to answer questions about his private life, but he does the best he can and hopes he says the right thing.

For people are my audience and, I hope, my friends.

That's why, to give you some idea of what it's like, I'm writing this to you and letting people see it.

I won't say everything, though. Because everyone knows there are some things a man can say only once in his life—to the woman he loves. There are some things he cannot say even once—only know.

These things I'll keep for you alone.

AND THERE'S something else we might have to face. There'll be a few persons who may not approve of our marriage.

They'll have reasons which they believe are sound. They'll feel, because they are older and wiser in the ways of the world than we, that their judgment is better.

We'll marry anyway and have good times and bad times and children and furniture and love each other.

Now, so you'll know what kind of a guy you'll be getting for a husband, I'll tell you a little about him.

Like David Copperfield, I was born. In Detroit, on February 10, 1930.

Nothing much happened to me until I was five. Then I saw my first motion picture. I don't remember how I got there, or what the picture was.

I do remember that I was fascinated watching the people on the screen. They moved and talked and got angry and got happy. And I guess in a childish way I realized that, through the movies, I could go places.

Actually I'm not sure what really happened to me in those few hours. But when I left the theatre I wasn't quite the same little kid anymore.

I was about nine years old when I made the big decision. When I grew up I was going to be in the movies.

AT JUST ABOUT that time the fates waved their wands over my life and moved my parents to Los Angeles.

During my school years I read every book on acting I could find. I read plays I didn't even understand and still don't. And I went to the movies. Hundreds.

When I was fifteen I got a job caddying at the Bel-Air Country Club. I guess I cartwheeled around all eighteen holes when I discovered that movie stars, including Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, played golf there.

Two years later, with more nerve than sense, I bulldozed my way into the offices of Solly Biano, casting director at Warner Brothers.

I learned later that Mr. Biano was more amused than impressed, but he did give me the chance to read for a part in a picture he was preparing.

Well, as you probably can guess, I goofed.

It was three years before I had the courage to even think about trying for a part in a picture again.

During that time my dad, who had tolerated my "kid stuff" ambitions for so many years, decided that I should consider something else as a life's work, just in case I never made it in Technicolor.

Since he had worked all his life in the steel business it was only natural that he suggest a look at the steel industry.

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Terry Moore wears the long torso line in Pat-a-Crepe (acetate and rayon). Curved collar held with a rhythm of rhinestones . . . splash of velvet. Garnet Red, Brown, Pageboy Peacock. 14½ to 22½. About $9.00

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So we visited the plants in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Missouri and Maryland.

After the trip I still didn't go for the steel business, but I did learn one thing and I'm a little embarrassed to admit it.

For all the years of my life I had had a really great guy for a father. A man who cared for me deeply, not just as a son, but as a person. It was only because I knew this that I had the courage to tell him that I still didn't think I wanted a career in steel. (I didn't know until recently how much that decision had disappointed my father.)

But Dad didn't bat an eyelash. We had a long talk and agreed that I would have another year. If I didn't make some kind of real progress in twelve months, I'd give up my ambition to be an actor.

Dad even helped by talking to Director William Wellman, who got me a bit part in *The Happy Years.*

I KNOW there are thousands of kids my own age who have prayed for a break like that. But, as you'll see, "influence" doesn't really count. I had one bit line and a quick appearance on the screen in a catcher's mask in a baseball game.

Well, the film played all over the country and no one in Hollywood seemed the least bit concerned with the identity of the guy behind the chicken wire.

But a few months later, my parents and I went to a dinner party at a Hollywood restaurant. Strictly for kicks I joined an old buddy of mine, Lou Spence, at the piano and we clowned our way through a couple of songs.

When I got back to the table my father handed me a note from actors' agent Henry Willson.

It said: "If you are interested in a motion picture career, see me at my office." I was there at nine the next morning.

From that moment on things got rough.

IT WASN'T until I had appeared in more than fifty screen tests with other aspiring actors that 20th Century-Fox felt I was worth using.

Five years have passed since that first one, *Halls Of Montezuma.*

Now I'm working on a different kind of picture, *A Kiss Before Dying.* In it I play a killer and murder a very nice blonde girl named Joanne Woodward. (You'll be seeing more of Joanne in the movies, because she is a fine actress.)

So at twenty-five, with fourteen pictures completed, I guess I've done pretty well. But none of it would have been possible without the directors, cameramen, technicians, plus the all-important dramatic coaching of Natasha Lytess and Helena Sorrell. It has been work for them. I hope I'm worth it.

MOTION PICTURE acting is a full-time job. It demands nearly all the days of your life. If you're not working on one picture you're thinking hard about the next one.

Now we're talking about marriage. And I've seen too many Hollywood people regard that in much the same way as they regard a picture. If they aren't in the middle of a marriage they're thinking hard about the next.

That may be the reason I won't marry an actress. Acting would take as much of her time as it will of mine and we'd end up being strangers to one another.

I am the son of a man and a woman who have shown, not talked about, the kind of real happiness that God planned for the beings He made in His own image. My parents' affection for each other and their children will be part of me for the rest of my life. We can only try and hope for their kind of love. And it isn't that I'm pessimistic about marriage. Just cautious.

Sometimes I get the feeling that newspaper and magazine people are a little annoyed because I haven't picked the girl yet. Why should they be?

I date a lot. And for one of the best reasons a man can have. I like girls.

And I like them feminine. Lace, perfume, fluffy dresses, big smiles, bright eyes—and all the accessories.

And I like them gentle. Not only with me, but with everybody.

Your figure? It really doesn't matter if the guy loves the girl. I've never seen a woman yet who didn't have curves.

And because I'm the kind of a guy I am, we'll laugh a lot.

You will have all those things, I know.

BUT I DON'T think you'll be at all like a few of the girls I've dated.

I remember one date not too long ago. She is an actress. Young, happy and well-liked by everyone. But when the first date was over I knew I was through.

When I called her "Honey," she stood up and did the Charleston. When I said, "Baby," real casually, she sang "Tweedle-Dee." I was afraid of what might have happened if I called her "Darling." She may never get married. She won't sit still long enough for a man to say, "I love you."

She's the kind of a girl who tries too hard to be the life of the party. It may be that she reflects the attitude of a lot of girls these days. They just don't seem to want to settle down. Everything's got to be jumping. If it isn't, it's a bore.

There's the other kind of girl, too. The one who takes eight reels to get dressed for a date and then needs a lap dissolve and color close-up for an entrance. This kind of girl will brush her hair one strand at a time and take at least a year to answer a simple question like, "Will you be my wife?"

Arnold Stang visited the set where Cecil B. DeMille is completing *The Ten Commandments*. He reports: "As of last week, they were only up to 'Thou Shalt Not Steal'."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

I WANT TO devote my life to acting. An actor's career, if he takes it seriously, can be rich, satisfying and full of excitement. It will let him look back when he is old and say, "I wouldn't have lived my life any other way." But to survive in the acting profession you must, somehow, learn what people are like.

What makes them laugh, sing, dance and cry? Why will one man curse the day he was born, and another love the future more than the past?

What gives two people a love so great that nothing on earth can destroy it?

If I ever expect real, honest, lasting success in my chosen profession, I must get to know the answers soon.

So I try to find them.

One newspaper columnist recently stated that I refused to be friendly with anyone who couldn't do me some good.

I think what this writer meant to say was that I deliberately sought to spend my time with persons who know a great deal more than I do about life and my profession.

A man interested in a career in politics would be a fool if he did not take the opportunity to sit down to dinner with a U. S. Senator, if he had the chance.

My associations with men like Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark and Clifton Webb are the kind that started out on professional ground and developed into real man-to-man relationships. They happened not because I was Robert J. Wagner but because they found that I needed help as an actor. They know how important this assistance can be, because they've been through the mill themselves.

When I made *Titanic*, I met Barbara Stanwyck. My part called for plenty of emoting as a young man in love for the first time. She knew I needed help on this and showed me, word by word, through a long screenplay, what a woman should see in the character I portrayed. No male actor could have explained this to me.

And it isn't the first time Barbara Stanwyck has helped a young actor. William Holden never misses giving her credit.

Those are the simple, honest-to-gosh reasons why I spend as much time as I can with people who know more than I do.

BETWEEN NOW and the moment we see each other and fall in love you'll read other things about me which probably won't be true, either.

Try to read between the lines. For instance, some writers say I'm difficult to interview. I am. In the beginning, though, I wasn't. I had new questions tossed at me so I had answers.

Now some of those questions are pretty old.

Like the favorite: "Wagner, when are you going to get married?" At first I replied, because it was the truth, "I don't know." Then I tried, "When I fall in love." This prompted another question: "When will that be?" So there we were, right back to "I don't know," again.

What bachelor *can* answer that question?

One thing I do know. I will fall in love. And it will be with you.

I can only hope that you fall in love with me.

You'll have to put up with a lot though, not only with me but with the business I'm in.

For instance, R. J. Wagner has never been known as a model of promptness. I'm late for dates, dinners, dentist appointments and early curtains. I'm extravagant. I spend more money than I should.

But a very old rich man once told me a story about spending money.

He said that when he was young and had money he *saved* more than he should. Now that he was old he still had the money, but he couldn't spend it because people would think he was foolish.

"Now," said the old man, "it is the same as if I had wasted the money."

I'D RATHER wear sports clothes than suits, but I'll probably change on that. I dislike phony books, phony people and phony conversations. I'm crazy about golf, shredded wheat, milk and soft-boiled eggs.

I guess I'm not much different from any other guy my age.

The real problems of our marriage will occur during the shooting time. With transportation as speedy as it is in this modern age, movie companies go just about any place in the world to make pictures. And sometimes take months to complete them. That means long separations. But somehow we'll manage.

Well, honey, so much for me, which isn't too much when you get right down to it.

But I've been wanting to write this letter for so long, and I feel better, now that I have.

Keep happy, keep beautiful and keep hoping, with me. And some day when destiny is in a good mood we'll find each other.

If we don't, just remember this: A guy named Wagner wanted and loved you. It's his tough luck that he wasn't around when he should have been.

Always and always,
R. J.

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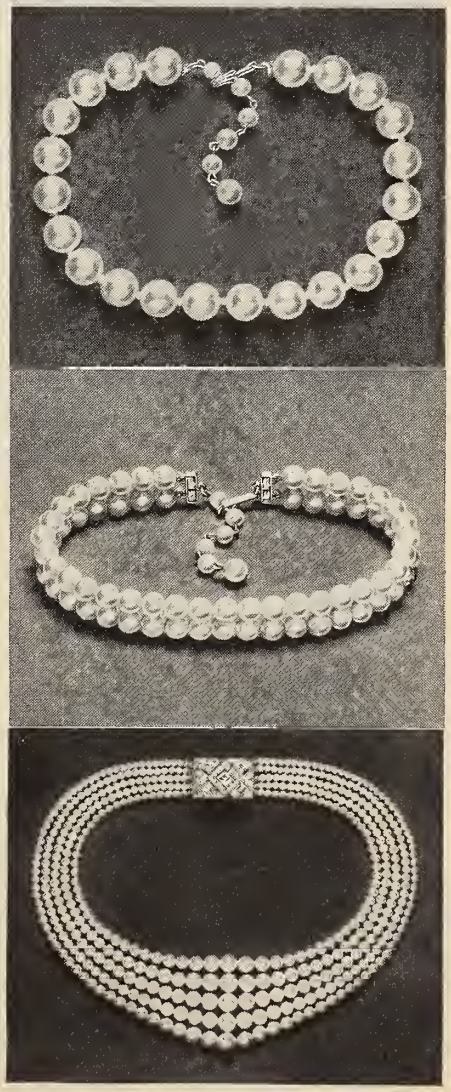
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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 20*) record as Jeffrey Clef.

Tommy Lynn, who sang with Charlie Spivak's band, is now at Mercury as Tommy Leonette. And did you know that her nibs Miss Georgia Gibbs, who just had one of the hottest songs in the country, "Dance With Me Henry," sang in night clubs as Freda Gibson?

● Betsy Palmer, who is appearing with Joan Crawford and Barry Sullivan in Columbia's *Queen Bee*, has her heart set on singing in a musical film. The blonde actress is taking singing and dancing lessons like mad. "Twice a week I go to ballet classes," says Betsy, "and twice a week I study tap. The singing lessons are sandwiched in between." She adds, "I hope to develop a sexy style of blues vocalizing."

● Back in 1930 two young musicians playing in the pit band of a New York musical got together in the band room and were discussing their abilities to lead bands. One, a sandy-haired trombonist wearing glasses, looked over the black-haired clarinetist, also wearing glasses, shook his head sadly, and declared firmly: "You'll never make a bandleader. You don't have the right approach." The New York musical was *Strike Up The Band*. The sandy-haired trombonist was the late Glenn Miller. The clarinetist whom Miller believed did not "have the right approach" was Benny Goodman, whose fabulous rise as the King of Swing is the basis of Universal-International Pictures' *The Benny Goodman Story*. Valentine Davies, who scripted the stories of both bandleaders for the screen, did not use this incident in either for fear that the public would say: "There goes Hollywood again, lousing up somebody's life with corn." But it's the truth.

● The television networks are begging Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl to become the next Mr. and Mrs. Video comedy team. Currently starring with Rosalind Russell, Eddie Albert and Gloria De Haven in Paramount's new musical *The Girl Rush*, Lamas revealed that he and Arlene have received several attractive offers to do a comedy series on TV. The offers have been pouring in since their recent appearance on the Milton Berle show. "Frankly, the money is good but we just don't know if we care to tie ourselves down to a steady series," he explained. "We don't mind an occasional guest shot but a weekly show might be too difficult. If we did it, it would have to be on film. We would never consider a live series." Grinning, Lamas added: "Arlene suggested the title *I Love Lamas*."

Month's Best Movie Albums

LOVE THEMES FROM THE CINEMA *by the Spencer-Hagen Orchestra Label "X" 45 EP EXA-161.* Four songs: "Not As A Stranger," "Forbidden Love" from the film *Tight Spot*, "How Can I Tell Her?" from the film *Lucy Gallant*, "You're Here My Love" from the film *The Seven Little Foys*. Four lovely renditions by the Spencer-Hagen Orchestra treated in a light and suave manner.

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MGM E313. A ten-inch 33⅓ LP with contributions by top MGM artists of current hits, most of which are from the movies.

MUSIC FROM JACK WEBB'S MARK VII LTD., PRODUCTION *Pete Kelly's Blues. Ray Heindorf directing the Warner Bros. Orchestra and Matty Matlock and his Jazz Band. A twelve-inch 33⅓ LP issued by Columbia Records CL-690.*
"Pete Kelly's Blues," "Smiles," "Sugar," "After I Say I'm Sorry," "I'm Gonna Meet My Sweetie Now," "Somebody Loves Me," "He Needs Me," "Breezin' Along With The Breeze," "Hard-Hearted Hannah," "Bye Bye Blackbird," "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," "I Never Knew." Not a sound-track record from the picture, but it might as well be since it's the same musicians and the same songs. This album is a feast for lovers of jazz and the blues. Excellent record fare.

Disc Jockey Choices "My Favorite 'MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD' "



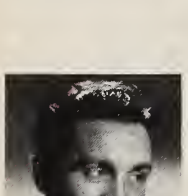
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Ed Meath—WHEC—*Rochester, New York*

"My favorite music from Hollywood is 'Honey Babe' by Art Mooney. I'm an ex-Marine, and every time I play the song it reminds me of many happy moments. It's high on my listeners' request list."



Stan Dale—WJJD—*Chicago, Ill.*

"My favorite music from Hollywood is 'Rock Around The Clock,' as it brings out the current heartbeat of America's teens. Well chosen for *Blackboard Jungle*. If anyone didn't know who Bill Haley was, they know now."

happy though married

(*Continued from page 55*) she knew would come from them. And she had her work; work for which the financial rewards, as she had come to learn in these days of super taxes for super salaries, were not half so important as the opportunities it gave her to be useful. No, things hadn't turned out badly at all. Not at all.

So she swung back to Ben and said, "Oh, go on and smoke it if you like." And, of course, with the cigar still firmly clenched between his teeth, Ben had to act as if he were surprised he *hadn't* thrown it away. Which is the kind of play-acting which goes on between lots of happily married couples—the Ben Gages included.

ESTHER WILLIAMS has learned, as she has told many of her friends, that there are no clear-cut victories in marriage, as there are none in life. She is happy that she and Ben are in business together, setting up their lives for a future after her career is over, yet she is sorry that this means too much of their time is spent talking dollars and cents, instead of just Ben and Esther. In the middle of an important discussion with him one night recently, dealing with their plans to tour Europe next summer with a mammoth aquacade show in which Esther will star, she interrupted him suddenly to cry, "Oh, Ben, I don't want to hear any more!" And she got up from her chair to walk through the house, checking the furnishings, the linens, pulling the covers up over the children in their beds, and finding a deeper comfort from attending to these little things in her life than in the so-called important moves to which she and Ben had committed themselves.

Such sudden reactions are not unusual in the lives of professional people, Esther insisted, when she told about this incident. "Marge and Gower Champion, whose whole lives revolve about dancing, tell me there are days when they must talk and think about everything *but* dancing," she said. "They just have to turn their interests to ordinary things, the more ordinary the better."

The reason Esther hasn't wanted Ben to smoke cigars, she said, is that he is a big man, and a big cigar in a big man's face gives him an arrogant air. "But then, if Ben were a small man I'd say he looked ridiculous smoking a cigar," she shrugged. "I better let well enough alone, and take my gains with my losses."

BEN IS BY instinct a night owl, a man who would have time turned into just nights, instead of wasting half of it on days. For a wife who is also a movie star and has to report to work at sunrise, having such a nocturnal-minded mate has its awkward aspects. "You could spend your whole lives passing each other going in different directions," Esther points out.

But on the other hand, when they ran their restaurant The Trails, a place that didn't close until the small hours of morning, Ben made an ideal manager. He was the most wide-awake man in the place, with watchful eyes on every detail of the operation.

Just as Esther has had to compromise with developments as a wife, so has she had to be satisfied with less than a whole loaf as an artist. She was gratified to be invited to the Cannes Film Festival as a guest star early this year, she says, but vain enough to be a bit piqued because the Cannes judges rarely look with favor on the popular type of films in which she usually stars. And being Esther she even took the subject up with the director of the festival, an imposing Frenchman named Favre Le Bret whose regular post is that

(*Continued on page 72*)



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of director of the beautiful Paris Opera.

"We love your films," he explained to her at their first meeting, "but the critics who make up our judging body always choose the 'art' form of movie when it comes to awarding the prizes."

Esther looked around at a number of stars standing nearby and directed the Frenchman's attention to them. "Yes," she murmured, "but I can never understand why it is that the stars the critics invite to Cannes are rarely those from the art films they profess to like, but instead those generally seen in the lighter kind of pictures."

Monsieur Le Bret was looking. A dozen feet away stood Doris Day. Near her was Van Johnson, talking to Grace Kelly. And also in the room was the curvacious Lollobridgida. Monsieur Le Bret took them all in and turned back to Esther to say something in French that she hoped was, "I see what you mean." But when he spoke again in English, it was merely to say, "Ah-h-h!" which could mean anything, of course.

WHEN SHE got back to the United States she met a fan, the father of several youngsters, who gave her a new slant on the kind of movies she made.

"He called them 'Drive-In Movies,'" she says, "and while I was still trying to figure out if I should feel insulted he elaborated on what he meant and made me feel pleased as punch. He said that about the only place he and his wife could go for entertainment was a drive-in, and, not being able to afford a baby sitter, most of the time they had to take the children along. 'You may not realize it, Miss Williams,' he said, 'but half the children in this country are being raised on movies, and to be able to find entertainment that is always fresh and young in its appeal, rather than a quick and sometimes frightening course in the kind of abnormal beings people can sometimes become, is a lifesaver for us. No matter how well some of these psychocinemas are done, the kids hate them. They hate them so much they won't even sleep through them!'"

Anyone who talks children is talking Esther's language, of course. She thinks that whether Ben and she have always been aware of it or not, their lives have revolved around their youngsters, and will do so more than ever from now on.

When people ask her why she recently modified her contract with MGM so that she can have six months a year to herself, she replies, "Benjie, Kimmie and Susan," the names of her three children. She means, of course, that by achieving semi-independence for herself as an artist she and Ben can direct their activities toward building up a business for themselves and their children against a day when there will be no salary, "Unless we can pay one to ourselves."

The times in her life which mean the most to her, Esther has learned, are not necessarily related to her position in the show world. She remembers a moment which became very vivid for her, about a week after her return from Europe.

Jack Palance, the screen villain, tried his first Shakespearean role, as Cassius in *Julius* Caesar for the American Shakespeare Festival. Palance was conscientious at rehearsals, and followed all the director's orders—except that he refused to be photographed stabbing Caesar. "I went into Shakespeare," he explained, "to get away from being photographed as a killer."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

IT WAS EVENING and she was alone in the living room with the children. She was at her typewriter making like a writer. Little Susan, nearly two, was lecturing six-year-old Benjie and five-year-old Kimmie. Benjie didn't know Susan was talking to him because he was watching TV. Kimmie didn't know it because he was busy approaching Esther with a loop of nylon thread he wanted pulled, as she could tell out of the corner of her eye, because the other end of it was attached to a loose tooth in his mouth. The telephone was ringing and Esther knew it must be Ben calling with word that he would be a little late for dinner. And in the back of her mind she was already deciding to feed the kids early and eat with Ben later on their TV trays in front of their set.

"What more could a woman want than to be so completely and intimately involved with the business of living as I was at that second?" she asked later.

The fun of recapturing their full family life is probably the reason why Ben and Esther were seen at very few parties and premières after their return from abroad.

And even more, for the first time in her career, Esther has been turning down pictures proposed to her by the studio. Her reasons, officially, have had to do with the parts offered, and their unsuitability to her, she claimed. But she admitted that it was nice to spend more time at home.

THERE ARE a few surprise benefits arising from the extra time she spends with her children, Esther is discovering. For one thing she is getting some good tips from Benjie and Susan on how to handle her husband.

"Psychology that works with Benjie is apt to work on Ben," Esther reports. "And the tricks that I notice Susan working on her father I can use—sometimes!"

Their children will accompany Esther and Ben when they invade Europe next summer with their giant swimming show. Not only that, but the home they will use as headquarters in London, while fulfilling engagements in Paris, Berlin, Rome and other cities yet to be chosen, was selected by Benjie.

He told his folks when they sailed for England, leaving him in Hollywood, that he would like to live in a house with a balcony on which red flowers grew in boxes. It may seem silly, but Esther and Ben spent days looking for such a place, and they found one, not far from the Mayfair section, in the city. Ben took a picture of it.

And when Benjie saw the photo and cried out, "That's the place I meant!" Esther and Ben knew they were repaid for all the time and effort they had spent.

A writer once asked Esther if she didn't owe most of her happiness to her career. Her answer came promptly. "My career brought me a great immediate happiness. But my enduring happiness I owe to my marriage and to my motherhood." END

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I VOTE FOR _____ MY FAVORITE MALE STAR OF 1955

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1955 ARE:

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2. _____ MALE
3. _____ MALE
4. _____ MALE
5. _____ MALE

1. _____ FEMALE
2. _____ FEMALE
3. _____ FEMALE
4. _____ FEMALE
5. _____ FEMALE

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_____ FEMALE

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marlon brando

(*Continued from page 47*) would be lost that I might lose my touch as an actor. But you don't go into analysis because of concern over your acting ability. It is usually some other concern that draws you there.

Q: What is the basic difference between the stage and the screen?

B: What aspect? The money? Personally I would prefer to act on the stage. On the stage there is a feeling of integration within the company which is lacking in films. On the stage you're dealing with art, pure and simple. Remember, you're on the stage three hours a night. You have continuity you can't get in films. On the stage you are encompassed in your own world. On a sound stage there are fifty or sixty people standing around, and a camera right in front of you. There are more elements to distract you in movies. As a result, only concentration can stabilize you. I think I've confused the issue enough on that question.

Q: On the stage—what about doing the same part over and over again?

B: A good point. I was in *Streetcar* for three years on Broadway and was transformed into a scratching baboon. It certainly is a drawback to an actor. I attribute this largely to economic factors. To get your money back a play must have a long run, but after a while nothing is new to you in the part. Then you have to rely on technique. It takes the "juice" out of a role. It reminds me of what Jacob P. Adler used to say: "When you come to the theatre, feel 80 per cent of the part and show 50 per cent. If you feel 40 per cent, show only 20 per cent. And if you feel 20 per cent, don't come at all.

Q: I hear you collect jokes about other actors—can you tell us some?

B: I guess every actor collects jokes about other actors. Do I know a clean one—that's the problem. Many funny things happen on the stage. You mustn't break down, though, because the stage manager is glaring at you. I recall a night I was playing with Paul Muni in *A Flag Is Born*—a great, fine and sensitive actor, Muni. Anyway, one night he became so enthused with his part that he blew his false teeth right out of his mouth. He turned around and kept right on with his role. In the same play he died. When an actor like him dies it's like the birth of an elephant. It took him a half an hour to die! Another night he said to me before we went on, "I don't want to catch cold lying on the stage. Please cover me with the flag." When it came to the point in the play, I did so, and a moment later noticed a small tugging at the flag as Muni pulled it slowly down from his face so he could keep an eye on the audience.

Q: I read in a movie magazine . . .

B: (quickly) . . . You're dead!

Q: Have you had disappointments?

B: Yes, the making of *The Wild One* was a disappointment to me. There are so many kids who are confused today. This problem has not been intelligently articulated in entertainment today. *The Wild One* script ambled and was not focused. At that time Stanley Kramer was having difficulties with Columbia Studios and was not able to oversee the production as he usually did.

Q: Are you going to do a live show on television?

B: It wouldn't interest me at this time.

Q: What is the relationship between an actor and a director?

B: In films you are at the mercy of the director. He decides what "take" to print. You have no choice. Again, concentration is most important.

Q: How do you feel about building a personality such as your own?



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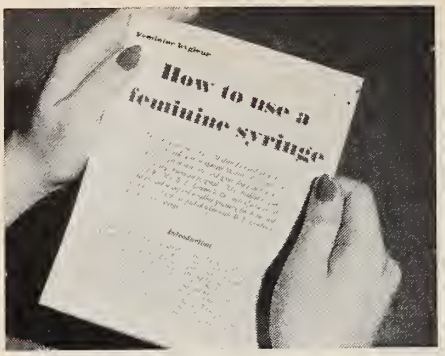
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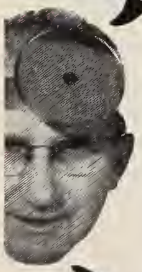
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B: I'm not in position to answer that very fairly. I didn't accomplish what I wanted to in *Guys And Dolls.* The only time I got a feeling of uniform style in a production was when the Kabuki Theatre came to this country recently. I sat there transfixed.

Q: Were you pleased with Désirée?

B: Do we blow up 20th Century-Fox or not? Remember, when you're acting on the stage, your whole face is the proscenium arch. In movies, you have a big camera stuck in your face.

Q: Would you identify your style as realistic?

B: I would say up to this point in my career it has been and at the moment still is realistic.

Q: With whom did you study?

B: I studied with Stella Adler and I highly recommend her. I also studied with Lee Strasberg. I feel that, as in any specialized field, it is important to get a good teacher.

Q: What is your view of the American theatre today?

B: The trouble with the American theatre is that we have no place for actors to work, just to keep working. If there isn't any specific part to do, they're out of luck. Year in and year out you find so many actors with nothing better to do than sit on a stool in Walgreen's Drug Store or hang around Radio City. There is no place for the actor to be recognized because there is no repertory theatre in America today. It is a dreadful situation.

Q: I understand there is an organization in New York designed to help actors called the Actors' Studio. What is it?

B: Actors' Studio is a non profit organization headed by Elia Kazan and Lee Strasberg, located in New York City. It is geared for the professional in a workshop setting.

Q: How do you get in?

B: Five times a year they hold general open auditions. You work out with a partner. If you pass this preliminary, you are given an audition with Kazan and Strasberg. If you pass that one, you're in.

Q: Do you want to direct yourself?

B: For an actor to direct his own production, it takes a very rare talent. It requires a tremendous objectivity and a sense of theatrical acuteness. A director often times is the only one with a sense of "the whole." The actor can lose this perspective when directing himself or others.

Q: Have you started your own company?

B: Yes, I've started my own film company. Yes, I want to direct. But I don't want to get caught trying. I don't want to make a half-elbowed attempt at it. . . . I must go now. I'd like to come to your school again. It was most refreshing. I am as indebted to you for being here tonight as you are to me for being here. Good night. **END**

life begins for maggie

(*Continued from page 35*) only three and a half pounds, but not insignificant. In fact, the obstetrical nurse ventured a prophecy as she deposited the tiny bundle in Glady's O'Brien's arms: "Here's a little lady who's destined for big things." Gladys never forgot that. It fitted right into her dreams. She was a circus dancer herself and had kicked her legs up until an hour before her baby was born. Her ancestors had been entertainers in Spain.

WITH THAT heritage and maternal resolve, it's not surprising that with *Journey For Margaret* the journey of a very uncommon child through a very uncommon childhood began. Margaret O'Brien was only four when she posed for magazine covers, just five when she made the appealing picture that made her a star. It isn't too strange that Margaret finds herself faced today with a very uncommon adult problem. If the memories of her childhood glories cast a shadow on her future, it's because she's afraid she can never match them. Yet it's also understandable why her mother says now, "If I had it all to do over again, I'm not sure I would let her be a child actress." Gladys O'Brien can see, if Margaret can't yet, the handicap this has placed on her daughter's development. What is harder to figure is how a critic could write at the height of Margaret's kiddie fame: "Her face is a perfect mirror for the sharp, deeply felt emotions of childhood." Because all the while Margaret had no real childhood in the normal sense of that precious word.

But he was strangely right. There was no one like her. Not even Shirley Temple had been able to tug such smiles and tears from a world-wide audience, as Margaret did in *Journey For Margaret, Lost Angel, The Canterville Ghost, Meet Me In St. Louis, Three Wise Fools* and the parade of pictures that are still pointed to as classics of juvenile acting. She was a hit from the start; she never had a bad review. Charles Laughton called her "the finest actress in the movies," and Lionel Barrymore, watching her perform, muttered unbelievingly, "If Margaret had lived two hundred years ago they'd have burned her for a witch!" She still treasures a pearl and diamond brooch the great Barrymore gave her, one his famous grandmother, Ellen Drew, had worn. "Until now," he said as he bestowed it, "I've never met anyone else fit to wear it."

There's no indication whatever that Margaret rebelled at any of this or was dragged by her mama into anything she didn't thoroughly enjoy. On her sets she slipped into her scenes with the delight of a child playing make-believe. Never an obnoxious tyke, still she revelled in her precocious importance and in those days often exhibited spunk and a wicked sense of humor. When Captain Clark Gable of the Army Air Force came back to Hollywood on leave, spied her in the MGM commissary and asked who she was, said Margaret, "Mister Gable doesn't get around much, does he?" Louis B. Mayer, boss of the studio, asked her once to name what she wanted for a present and Margaret came back cannily with "Busher!"—then the pride of Mayer's racing stables and worth around $150,000 on the hoof!

So it's no wonder that everything about those glorious days is still bathed in rosy hues for Margaret O'Brien. Life was a juvenile ball, on the set and off. General Marshall wrote her fan letters. Harry S. Truman gave her a Presidential Citation in person for helping sell $17,000,000 worth of war bonds. Eleanor Roosevelt asked her to lunch. On a tour of Europe Prime Minister Atlee entertained her at dinner at 10 Downing Street, and she sat in the House of Commons before Queen Elizabeth did. The Pope blessed her in a private audience. She even dragged her mother to Algiers and visited the Casbah, just like Hedy Lamarr, even though they got scared afterward and hired a guard to stand outside their hotel room door—and then couldn't sleep a wink, afraid of the guard!

By the time she was twelve it would be hard to think of much that little Margaret O'Brien hadn't collected in world-wide adulation, honor and fame. In addition, she had climbed to the top ten of Hollywood box-office attractions, collected a

special Academy Award and earned $5000 a week. But there was one important thing she sadly lacked—social contact with her own generation.

Because all this time, while Margaret's public world was wide, her private one was painfully narrow. She grew up, but she didn't "wise up," as the kids around her would put it. Until the night, this past June, when she donned a white cap and gown to officially graduate from University High in West Los Angeles, she had never been inside a school, public or private. She had only tutors—women tutors. The only club she ever belonged to was the Brownies—and that was an "honorary" membership. She never shared thrilling secrets with girl chums or had boys frisk around to tease her. Kids outside her buffered world loomed as menaces, who mobbed her in public and tried to cut off her pigtails for souvenirs. Once her mother snatched away a pair of scissors on the brink of that desecration. She never had a sweetheart. All Margaret's girlhood crushes were movie stars—Burt Lancaster, Clark Gable, Laurence Olivier—idols as unreal as she was.

"I was always somebody else instead of myself," Margaret recalls wistfully, and that was too true. She could be somebody else so realistically that often she confused herself. Once she informed an examining county health officer that she'd had scarlet fever, thoroughly believing it. She hadn't —but Beth, the character she'd played in *Little Women*, did. And sometimes when she did try to be just Maggie, well, that was against the rules.

LOVING HORSES and inheriting a talent for riding, Margaret wheedled affable Wally Beery into letting her ride his spirited horse once on location in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. The horse bolted off across the prairies and it took four cowboys to catch him and snatch Maggie to safety. But after that the taboo went out—no more horseback riding. Only recently has she dared take it up again.

Margaret sublimated her craving for friendship by harboring all sorts of less formidable companions—mice, parakeets, kittens, pups and colonies of dolls. But actually her two best friends were MGM and Mother. Of the two Mama was the closest. Until right now Gladys O'Brien has been protector, playmate, mentor, slave, right arm and very often her daughter's brain. Mother prepped Margaret for her next day's scenes every night, then hovered near her on the set. Wherever Margaret traveled Mrs. O'Brien was necessarily, but eternally, at her side. She prepared her food, picked up her clothes where she dropped them (she still does that) woke her in the morning, tucked her into bed at night. When she couldn't, Margaret's Aunt Marissa did, so often for one stretch that rumors flew around that she was Maggie's true parent. The trio lived together until Marissa Bogue left for Paris a few weeks ago, with her husband and eight-year-old daughter, named after Margaret.

But whoever took over, the result was to surround Margaret O'Brien perpetually with an all-feminine directorate and to make her completely helpless and dependent. Today she confesses, "I can't even make a cup of tea."

Then all of a sudden Margaret turned thirteen and into the inevitable awkward age. It was no smooth transition for her as it was for Liz Taylor or Janie Powell. With no parts for gangling girls, MGM dropped their great child star. One world was gone—but not forgotten. That left only Mama for Margaret.

To Gladys O'Brien's credit it must be said that when this happened she tried



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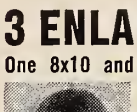
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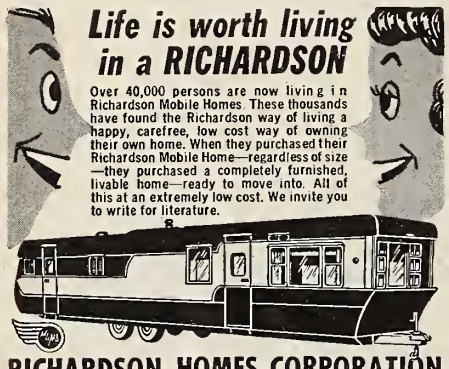
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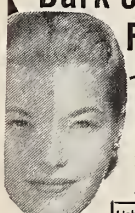
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to do something about it. "I wanted to leave Hollywood," she has said. "I wanted to take Margaret to New York and put her in school. I felt she needed it; she was too dependent on me. She needed relationships with girls and boys her own age. Besides, I believed we had had all that Hollywood could give Margaret. In New York she could have studied the theatre and by now been a fine young actress. But Margaret wouldn't leave Hollywood. She couldn't believe she wouldn't go on there somehow as she always had. Sometimes I wish there had been a man to tell her what to do and make her do it. Our house needed a man."

BUT WHEN Gladys found a man, Margaret acted up pretty outrageously.

If you remember the headlined episode, back in 1949, he was a handsome bandleader named Don Sylvio—and on the record it seems he got a pretty frustrating deal out of the brief alliance. Apparently he couldn't get past Margaret's pouts to get acquainted with his new wife.

At the wedding in Miami, Florida, Margaret stained her white taffeta dress with tears, and when reporters asked her if they were tears of happiness or sadness she cried, "Oh, I don't know—I don't know!" When photographers asked her to kiss her new stepfather she whirled away in flat refusal. Next morning the bride rode off on a trip to Boston—not with her husband—but with her daughter. Four months later Mrs. Sylvio asked an annulment stating that the marriage had never been consummated, a claim which Mr. Sylvio vigorously denied, adding, "I don't know what this is all about but I'm not going to let Margaret or her mother make a sucker out of me!"

In the subsequent welter of charges and counter charges, Don Sylvio laid the rift squarely to Margaret's unwarranted jealousy. "Whenever Gladie and I wanted to go out, Margaret was hurt and sulked," he said. At night, he revealed, Margaret climbed into her mother's bed. In September of 1950 Gladys O'Brien won a divorce, charging that Sylvio had demanded $200 a week for himself, a new car, a grand piano, a house for his mother and had declared, "I'm going to handle Margaret's affairs from now on."

BUT WHOEVER did this or said that, Margaret O'Brien came out of the mixup for the first time in her life with an unpleasant portrait—that of an ungrateful daughter who had wrecked her devoted mother's chance for happiness. Mail swamped her, some taking her side, but a lot calling her brat. In Chicago, one man stamped up to her on the street and hurled, "You bad girl! You ruined your mother's marriage!" Margaret gasped and ran. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before and the effect was shattering. About that time Margaret was supposed to be the voice of *Alice* in Walt Disney's *Alice In Wonderland* but the job was called off. Her mother said, "All this publicity has cost Margaret thousands of dollars in contracts." Around this time, coincidentally, Margaret was up for her first bad girl role in a stage production *The Intruder*. She played a stepchild scheming to destroy her parent's second marriage. When the parallel to what had happened in real life was pointed up by critics, Mrs. O'Brien was not pleased. But, "I've done more to hurt her than she has ever done to hurt me," she stated loyally.

Actually, few psychologists, in the light of Margaret O'Brien's life up until then, would have expected her to act any differently. She had only her child acting career—and her mother. One had started to tumble. A rival appeared threatening the other. Unreasoned panic at an age when security is all-important seized her; a mature outlook was impossible. Mrs. O'Brien's tug between loyalty to her talented daughter and the desire for a life of her own is not hard to comprehend either. But the most significant revelation from it all was this: That while Margaret leaned on her mother and her mother depended on her as much, both were already subconsciously resentful and rebelling.

THERE WERE other signs of conflict. Mrs. O'Brien bought the Beverly Hills duplex where they still live. But Margaret was unhappy that her mother owned it. So Gladys O'Brien sold it to her daughter, although she says she could have gotten $18,000 more on an open bid. Gladys wanted to move to New York; Margaret refused. Dresses, hairdos, lipstick, apartment decoration, career plans, etc., etc. became controversial issues. Margaret stayed in her room more and became "harder to reach." Mrs. O'Brien, it was noted, was often indisposed with headaches, particularly after her upset marriage. And there was the constant tension about Margaret's money.

Margaret left MGM with a fortune of around $200,000 in government bonds. But under California's "Coogan Law" (enacted after Jackie Coogan's parents notoriously dissipated his fortune) it was administered by the courts. Each year she came up for an accounting (and will until she is twenty-one, unless she marries first). Periodically, judges noted that Margaret's fortune was dwindling too fast. Only last year for instance, one observed sternly that the principal had dwindled $34,623 in the previous two years. Particularly he singled out items to question like frequent trips to New York, where each time expenses had exceeded her earnings. "And what," he demanded, "is that item of $46 for lunch at Romanoff's?" At the end he ordered Margaret and her mother to cut expenditures drastically.

The uneasy implication was that Gladys O'Brien was being too free with Margaret's money. Actually, this was never quite so. Mrs. O'Brien got paid well all during Margaret's MGM contract for being a movie mama and she saved most of it. Today she has her own money and some comfortable annuities. Yet in the closest of family setups money matters are a not so subtle disturbance. Mrs. O'Brien explained that it was necessary to spend money to keep Margaret before the public and added, "Margaret wants *nothing* out of life other than to be a great actress."

At that point, and for too long before, that seems to have been only too true.

AT AN AGE when most girls discover the wonders of themselves, Margaret kept on striving to be somebody else. At a time when most girls dream, explore the opposite sex, the world around them, rebel and fashion brave new patterns, Margaret wanted most of all to do the same old thing. At the period when most teenagers are impatient to cast their childhood into limbo, Margaret clung to her golden years.

When Hollywood forgot her—after a teenage Columbia effort called *Her First Romance* which didn't set box-offices afire—she toured the East and Middle West in stock companies. Gladys O'Brien went right along, as ever, and so did a tutor. Demure and dainty, Maggie played juvenile roles in road show standbys like *Peg O' My Heart, Smiling Through, Gigi* and *Kiss And Tell*. She was as good a young actress as ever. In fact, after opening in Clare Boothe Luce's play, *Child Of The Morning*, one critic called her, "a young Helen Hayes." The story was the same on radio and TV—in *Studio One, Climax*,

Robert Montgomery Presents, Lux Theatre, Toast Of The Town, and others. She showed no more temperament than a turtle, was so confident and calm that one colleague remembers, "She made everyone *else* nervous!" She played Juliet to José Ferrer's Romeo without batting an eyelash. And when she flew to Japan to make *Girls Hand In Hand* she babbled the whole script in phonetic Japanese although she couldn't carry on the crudest conversation in that language.

But Margaret came home happily clutching a collection of Japanese dolls.

THE FACT IS that during the years when most girls eagerly grow into women, Margaret O'Brien stayed a child at heart. She clung stubbornly to her badge of girlhood, the long chestnut tresses. She dressed demurely, conversed primly and acted, as one disillusioned boy complained, "as if she'd just stepped out of a convent instead of fifteen years in Hollywood."

Although she delighted in dressing up and going to night clubs and cafes, Mama was always at her side. She went to Barbara Billingsley's New Year's Eve party at the Stork Club but left discreetly before midnight. Boys like Sean Downey (Morton's son) who danced with her found nothing much to talk about. Her first date was with a handsome young West Point cadet named Dick Bentley. Her mother arranged that introduction, knowing his father. He took Margaret out in New York and asked her up to the Point, but she declined. He didn't call again. Mrs. O'Brien, curious, asked his father, "What happened?" He grinned wryly. "He says she's too naive."

Right now, of course, Margaret O'Brien *is* too naive, but she's far from being unattractive. On the contrary, biology has outdone itself in transforming the rather plain little whiffet into a gorgeous young woman. With her burnished brown hair cut in a cute Audrey Hepburn bob, her dark eyes and creamy complexion with a dimple dotting her upturned lips, actually she's ravishing to behold. There's nothing wrong with her 32-20-34 figure either. The whole trouble with Maggie's charms to date is simply that she's lacked a provocative personality and a touch of adult sex appeal to bring it all to life. If she can just forget her little girl image and let nature take its course she shouldn't have any trouble at all. Fortunately there are some pretty sure signs that that's exactly what's taking place at last.

MAGGIE STILL lives with her mother, but the picture isn't quite the same as it was. For one thing, the phone jingles constantly and, as Gladys O'Brien sighs, "The chatter goes on and on." A herd of Hollywood stags, apparently just waiting for Maggie's awakening, are on the other end of the wire—young actors Rad Fulton, Harold Selsen, Richard Davalos (before his marriage), studio technicians Hal Belcher and Dennis Kingsley, to name a few. In fact, the extended courting line sometimes piles up on itself. One evening Maggie stepped out with Dick Davalos to the graduation dinner her mother gave her. When she came home, late date Bob Allen was waiting to take her for her first look at Mocambo. It was also her first excursion without her mother along. "I just locked myself in my room and hoped for the best," admits Mrs. O'Brien. But she needn't have worried. When Margaret came home she asked her how she liked the floor show. "Oh," her daughter came to, "I don't know. I didn't notice it."

But Margaret is noticing a lot of things recently that never absorbed her thoughts before—"Mainly Margaret," says her mother, "thank goodness!" She spends hours before the mirror testing this and that make-up and worries about her hips to the point of counting calories and taking poundings at Terry Hunt's. New dresses already pose a closet problem, and undoubtedly will draw a reprimand from Maggie's court guardians when the bills come in. She goes for very bouffant-skirted numbers, size seven, shops for them herself and sometimes guiltily hides them around the house from her mother. Costume jewelry is another vanity kick she can't resist lately. She has stacks of gilded bracelets and one hundred pairs of earrings.

Since her driving lessons, Margaret guns around Hollywood with new freedom in a sporty white Ford crown convertible. In only two months at the wheel she has collected four traffic tickets and a smashed headlight. She also collects Eddie Fisher and Perry Como recordings and nurses a secret crush on Rock Hudson. Still a rabid TV and movie fan, she drags most of her dates to theatres and recently complained, "There's not a show in town left to see!" She still doesn't smoke or drink but right now she doesn't need to. She's always in a hurry, usually late and chronically vague and scatterbrained.

BUT ALL THESE things—even the tickets—are considered healthy signs by everyone who knows Maggie—including her mother, who knows her best. They just wish it had started earlier. Sometimes Margaret gives evidence that she does, too. When she posed for MODERN SCREEN in a bathing suit recently and viewed the results, her reaction was definitely not what it would have been only a few months ago. "Well, you won't ask me to do *this* again," gloomed Margaret. "I look just like you'd expect Margaret O'Brien *would* look!" But she's wrong there, fortunately.

So far, the one important thing lacking to rev Margaret O'Brien's life up to speed is an all-out, absorbing, real-life romance. Right now the most likely candidate is Bob Allen, the dark-haired, personable young Douglas Aircraft worker who late-dated her on graduation night and has repeated many times since. But twenty-one-year-old Bob has just picked up his Service greetings and chances are she won't be seeing him much for the next two years.

"I'm not in love, anyway," Margaret nails down the subject. "Marriage? Not for two or three years, anyway. Right now I'm having too good a time to think about that. I don't want to rush things."

But time and events are rushing things for Margaret. With such a late start, there's still a lot of catching up ahead. The biggest threat to her half-hitch on maturity is still that she'll pass over the very necessary business of living her life to the full as she chases her new adult ambitions. Even as she makes her comeback picture, Maggie's praying each night to her patron saint for the chance to play Esther Costello in the story of that amazing deaf and dumb Irish girl, soon to be filmed in Ireland.

If she wins it she'll play, as in *Glory,* a girl younger than her own years. But soon, to realize her ambitions, Maggie O'Brien will have to tackle much more mature roles. Ironically, she can never act her age convincingly on the screen until she acts it in her own life.

As one old Hollywood hand, watching her breeze through her Kentucky farmgirl part in *Glory* observed, "I never thought I'd see a kid star who could do it again. But this one can, and be as great as she was before. Only, she'll have to be a woman first."

That seems to be the all-important first port of call on the second Hollywood journey for Margaret O'Brien. END

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love haunts jimmy dean

(*Continued from page 29*) measurements: 38½-21-35.

When Lili met Jimmy Dean she was under contract to Universal-International. They were introduced by Dick Clayton, a handsome young agent from the Famous Artists office who handles both of them.

"It was outside the Warner studio," Lili recalls. "I was with Dick at the time, and he said to me, 'Lili, I have to pick up Jimmy Dean. Have you ever heard of Jimmy Dean?'

"I said, 'No, I haven't. Is he nice?'

" 'He is the most wonderful guy,' Dick Clayton said. 'Just wait and see.'

"Well, Jimmy came along in a few minutes, and we were introduced, and Jim said, 'Let's go across the street and get a cup of coffee.' There is this drugstore right opposite Warners'. And that's where we went. And right away I was struck very much by Jimmy.

"I do not know how it is with American girls, how they judge a man. But in Sweden it is not the looks that mean the most. It is the intelligence. And a girl gets the feeling with Jimmy, right away, that he is very sensitive, a very intelligent young man. He does not lead with wisecracks. He is natural, quiet. After a while he looks up at you and grins. It makes you feel very warm.

"I was very impressed," Lili continues, her speech remarkably American for a girl who has been in this country only a year. "And I remember saying to myself, 'I hope he gets my telephone number from Dick Clayton and rings me and asks for a date.' "

A FEW DAYS later, when he got some time off from *East Of Eden*, James Byron Dean did exactly that. Back then he was earning very little money and had neither the car nor the motorcycle he now has. So on their first date they used Lili's car, a '52 Ford. Jim took Lili to dinner at the Villa Capri, one of Frank Sinatra and Vic Damone's hangouts.

"Just being with Jim," Lili remembers, "gave me a feeling of warmth and relaxation. I cannot explain it too well. But Jim is a man who does not like phonies. You must be yourself. And being yourself is much easier than trying to be someone else. Do I make it clear? When you are with Jim, it is all so easy. You do and say what you feel. You are not trying to impress."

That first night they went up to Earl Felton's—he's a writer, a friend of Dean's. Jim played the bongo drums. He plays them with a mounting intensity. His eyes become two narrow slits, his hands flail away, and he's really with it, cool, mad, crazy-gone. When someone else takes over on the beat, Jim likes to dance. He sways and beats his palms.

Bongo drums are rapidly becoming a standard prop for the Hollywood young set. If they're mentioned in any future history of this era it must be admitted that Jimmy Dean and Marlon Brando did more to popularize them than any advertising agency around.

Jimmy and Lili had a ball up at Earl Felton's that night. The newness of their friendship, the magic that springs up between two young people ("It is all so good and exciting and filled with promise.") brought about a growing fondness for each other.

On the way home they said very little. Dean often sinks into long silence, absorbed in the emotional depths he usually hides. When they got to the Valley Sands where Lili was living at the time, Jim took his date to the door and kissed her good night on the cheek. "Good night and thank you," he said.

"Good night, Jimmy. Call me."

He called her again, of course. And he saw her night after night. On the way home from Warner Brothers he would stop by the Valley Sands and pick Lili up. They would go riding and eating and dancing. And then when Jim got his Triumph motorcycle, they would go speeding down Sunset Boulevard, Lili astride the cycle, her arms around Jimmy's midriff, holding on for dear life.

WHEN *East Of Eden* was shown at the studio, and everyone said the picture would make Jim a star overnight, Jim shared his joy with Lili. He took her to Chasen's, to the Crescendo, up to Arthur Loew's house. For a while they were inseparable. But there were no items in the columns. Neither kid was known in Hollywood.

Then *East Of Eden* was released. Jimmy went east. He proved the prophets correct. Critics touted him as "the most talented young actor since Brando."

Lili was ecstatically happy for Jimmy. She knew he wouldn't write. He never does. But she knew that the moment he returned to Hollywood, he would be out to see her. She thought of him all the time, too much of the time, in fact.

Billy Wilder, director of the film version of *The Seven Year Itch*, working in CinemaScope for the first time, described it "as that dachshund of a screen."
Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Out at Universal-International where she was enrolled in the dramatics school, they said Lili showed great talent, that she photographed beautifully, that what she most needed was lots of experience and hard work. Lili worked hard because the training ground for stars-to-be is no cinch, with elocution, diction, dancing, riding, singing and dramatics classes six days a week. But she could not stop herself from thinking about Jimmy. One night he called from the east. She was out and when she found out about the long distance call, she was furious with herself.

BUT CAME January and Jimmy was back in town, living as usual in his one-room apartment over a garage in the Hollywood Hills. Jim had something new: a gleaming white Porsche automobile. "I'm going to race it down the desert this Sunday," he said to Lili one afternoon. "Wanna come down and watch me?"

Studio executives tried to prevent Dean from racing. "After all," they said, practically, "You're starting *Rebel Without A Cause*. Suppose something happens to you? We'll have to strike all the sets, lose all that money."

Dean paid no attention. Fiercely independent, he always goes his own way. He and Lili drove down to Palm Springs. He won the event for novice riders and placed third in the race against the top veterans, all impressed by his racing ability.

Waiting for Jim at the finish line was Lili, proud and beaming. That week end in the desert with Jim and Dick Clayton and Lili's friend, Karen von Unge, was a wonderful one. After that, the two kids had dating time only for each other.

Then U-I failed to pick up Lili's option. "We simply don't have any pictures for the girl," her agent was told. He, in turn, advised Lili to head for New York, "where at least you can get some television experience."

Lili talked it all over with Jimmy. At

nineteen her acting career means more to her than just about anything else. She is too young to get married, and Dean feels the same way.

Any experience she could pick up in New York, Jimmy told his girl, would add to her stature as an actress. After all, most of her pre-Hollywood experience was work in Swedish musical comedies.

So Lili kissed Jim goodbye and went off to New York.

Jim went into *Rebel Without A Cause.* It was ridiculous for a young actor to sit home and brood about a young actress when it was obvious that their careers were going to keep them apart. Jimmy started dating. He went out several times with Marilyn Morrison, Johnnie Ray's ex-wife. He made a date with Ursula Andress, Paramount's new blonde beauty from Europe, and since Jim was most newsworthy by then, a columnist extracted a sizzling interview from her.

"He nice boy," said Miss Andress, "but he come by my house hour late. He come in room like wild animal and smell of everything I don't like.

"We go hear jazz music and he leave table. Say he go play drums. He no come back. I don't like to be alone. I go home.

"He come by my house later and say he sorry. Ask if I want to see motor-sickle. We sit on walk in front of motor-sickle and talk, talk until five."

Now, Jim Dean's a lad who, if not exactly conventional, has been brought up to have good manners. Why should he behave this way on a date?

Possibly because Jim's mind just wasn't on Ursula—nor on Marilyn nor on any of the other Hollywood girls. His thoughts were with a blonde Swedish girl, a continent away.

In New York, Lili Kardell was introduced to Aly Khan. This connoisseur of female talent took one look at the cute Swedish blonde, and he flipped. He was en route to Europe at the time, having arranged final custody agreements with Rita Hayworth concerning their daughter Yasmin. But he canceled his sailing to spend some time in New York with Lili. Separated from Jimmy, Lili went out with him. He took her to the Stork Club, to El Morocco, to all the night spots she had read so much about. He rushed her, no doubt about it. And she was immensely flattered. But her heart and thoughts were with the guy from Indiana.

When Lili heard that Jim had finished *Rebel* and was about to take off for Texas and the *Giant* location, she felt she had to see him. She flew back to Los Angeles.

"When do you leave for Texas?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," Dean said.

So they had one night in which to talk and catch up on what had happened. They went to the Villa Capri. Lili told about her New York experiences, the TV work, the big city, Aly Khan. Jim filled her in on the Hollywood data. Next day he took off for Marfa, Texas.

"See you when I get back," he said.

This was not exactly the farewell scene Lili bargained for. No protestation of love, not even an "I'll miss you!" After all, she had come all the way from New York to see Jimmy. Now he was disappearing with the most casual goodbyes. Piqued, she decided that this time she wasn't going to brood. She was going to get the elusive Mr. Dean out of mind.

So Lili started dating. She saw Jess Barker, Susan Hayward's ex-husband. She was given a whirl by Frank Sinatra, one of the most charming men in town. She met and spent time with other men entirely unconnected with the world of



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show business. To casual observers Lili Kardell was having a ball.

The only trouble was, she couldn't get Jimmy Dean off her mind. Every time she spotted a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, a motorcycle, even a leather jacket, she felt a pang.

Partly to provide diversion, she moved from her Valley Sands apartment to a new one south of Sunset Boulevard. The new one had no memories. Lili told herself she was glad. Then one morning, she woke up thinking "But how will Jimmy find me? He doesn't know I have moved!" At that point she capitulated. If she couldn't forget him, she couldn't. So she called her agent.

"Don't forget," she told him. "As soon as Jimmy calls, give him my new phone number." Then she sat back to wait patiently, somewhat buoyed up by the knowledge that she probably wouldn't have to leave Hollywood again. Twentieth Century-Fox was prepared to test her "just as soon as Darryl Zanuck gets back from Europe."

In Texas, Jim worked hard. After all, work was just what a young actor—a *serious* young actor should think about. He refused to answer any questions about his love life. Especially questions that went, (as by this time they did), "Is it true that you're in love with Lili Kardell?"

When they asked him that, Jim just turned and walked away. But he couldn't get the name out of his mind.

One evening in the middle of this past July, the phone in Lili Kardell's apartment jingled. Lili answered it, unaccountably nervous. "I had a strange feeling," she recalls. "Something told me."

"Hi! Cat!" said a voice.

Lovely Lili threw herself tummy-flat across the bed. "It's you, Jim," she cried. "You, Jim." Then she swallowed hard. A lump welled up in her throat, and it wasn't easy to keep from crying. **END**

guy's doll

(*Continued from page 37*) relatives. They didn't know my Pop. All he did was to follow her to New York, where it was much easier to talk her into marriage. It's funny. My mother was a convert and she became the best Catholic of us all."

A romance could, perhaps, be broken up, but an established family could hardly be made to disappear into thin air, so after Sheila was born her father felt safe in returning to the Ould Sod, where his name was already well known in the racing world. And there Sheila grew up knowing the costumes, the customs and the ways of a little Irish girl. She was not to see the land of her birth again until she was fifteen. Her first impression? "That school here was so hard. I thought I should never catch up."

SHEILA'S INTEREST in acting was awakened in a curious, somewhat comic way. The first job she ever applied for was that of an unglamorous, ordinary telephone operator. She learned the mechanics of a switchboard easily enough; but perplexed customers of the telephone company were unable to translate her impenetrable Irish brogue. So Sheila learned to speak English. Dramatics was also taught at the school where she studied elocution and so she only had to take a single step in the direction pointed out by fate.

Before long her heart was set on Hollywood. Sheila worked regular shifts as a long-distance operator and picked up extra money as a beautiful model. "It didn't take long to save enough," she points out, "because I didn't need so very much. Friends had already invited me out to pay them a long visit."

Sheila got a screen test at Paramount by the simple device of walking in and asking for one. The clouds were her stamping ground—but only for the sweetest, briefest moment. Nothing came of the test, nothing came of anything. A few minor TV bits, but scarcely enough to keep beans in the dinner pot. When her resources were reduced to the price of a ticket home, she bought one.

Guy Madison didn't meet Sheila on her first trip west. He was busy surviving a pretty rocky time himself. Back in 1946, when he made Cinderella look like a piker by the magnitude of his overnight success, Guy told a reporter, "I felt a tap on the shoulder and I was in. I'm not expecting any joyride and I intend to work hard. Because all I need is another tap to be out again."

The trouble was, he hadn't time for all the hard work he planned before the second imperceptible tap came. With the total experience of about seven minutes on film in *Since You Went Away*, Guy was immediately cast in big-budget pictures which demanded far more of him than his limited knowledge of acting could produce, and he fell on his face with a thud heard around the world. Guy suffered. His audiences suffered. His boss David O. Selznick did not. While Guy was distinguishing himself by spectacularly wooden, self-conscious performances, he was on loan-out to other studios and incidentally earning Mr. Selznick some $150,000. By comparison, his own top salary at the time was $600 a week.

After three or four pictures that had best be forgotten, Guy Madison was washed up.

The incredible masculine beauty remained, the animal grace remained, but how did you sell them to an industry convinced that their possessor was the world's worst actor? Two people were not convinced: a very stubborn young man named Guy Madison, and Helen Ainsworth, the agent whose persistence had brought him to Hollywood in the first place. There was a difference, they believed, between a lousy actor and an inexperienced one, so the kid from Pumpkin Center, California, hit the road to learn the rudiments of his craft.

FOR EIGHT months Guy played summer stock, tackled any form of theatre that came to hand. Stubbornly, he held on until TV gave him the break that put him back in business. (TV and Sheila, too.)

With his comeback assured by the phenomenal success of *Wild Bill Hickok*, and picture studios making their usual preposterous efforts to outbid each other for his services, Guy's personal life became a trial by ordeal. His deeply-felt marriage to Gail Russell was admitted to be a failure. This is the time friends remember Guy's being feverishly gay. He had won one tremendous battle against all odds, only to find that he had lost another.

The stage was set for love when the lovely little Irish girl came riding back to Hollywood on a new and reinforced bankroll. Sheila and Guy met on April 15, 1954, when the annual Sportsman's Show was held at the Pan Pacific Auditorium. It figured that Guy Madison would be at any sports show anywhere, but Sheila Connolly was there only by chance. A friend of hers worked for the show's publicity director and got her in for free; otherwise she might have been ten other places that night.

They were strolling around from one exhibit to another when Barbara nudged her. "Look! There's Guy Madison!"

Sheila looked. She recalls thinking that he was extraordinarily handsome, even for an actor. They were introduced, inspected each other briefly and went their separate ways. "Ah, but *then,*" as Sheila tells it, "we were invited to a little cocktail party upstairs, which was Guy's doing. He wanted us there. As soon as we came in, he came over and started talking. I never remembered to ask what happened to my friends that night. It was Guy who took me home."

To hear Sheila tell it he was a regular little old chatterbox on the drive to her apartment, musing over the sound of Ireland in her name, teasing her about the probably low flash point of her temper, talking about his own family, enthusing about hunting, fishing, Andy Devine and sundry other subjects. "He talked so much that I was surprised to learn that he had a reputation as the strong, silent type!"

One of the things they talked about was her phone number. Guy found a piece of paper, then slapped his pockets in disgust. "No pencil."

"Oh," Sheila's hand went to her purse, "I always carry one." Except this time.

"Okay, I'll remember it, anyhow."

Sure you will, Sheila thought to herself as they said good night. An hour later the phone at her bedside rang, and she murmured a drowsy, "Lo?"

"You see?" said the triumphant voice of Guy. "I told you I'd remember!"

All of a sudden she was wide awake again. It was a distinctly pleasurable feeling, talking to him a little while longer, even if he said good night the second time with a vague, "I'll call you."

BETTER THAT she didn't hold her breath until he did call. She read in the trade papers the next day that he was off on a hunting trip, she read about it when he got back to town. She thought it was nice of the columnists to report his activities, since she obviously wasn't going to hear about them first hand. Guy maintained his silence for two months, until the interlocutory decree in his divorce case was handed down. Sheila can take comfort from the fact that she was the first girl he did call as soon as he was free. By the time they were ready to leave her apartment on their first date, he had already learned that she wasn't much of a cook. At that point the telephone rang; it was Sheila's father, calling from New York.

"I want to talk to him," Guy said, and after identifying himself, announced to the astonished Hibernian across the country, "This is a pretty nice little girl you have here, sir, but she needs some training around the house, for sure." Sheila doesn't know what her father answered, only that their masculine agreement must have been instantaneous. Guy grinned hugely, and the last thing he said to his future father-in-law was, "Well, I think a couple of good beatings ought to do it."

How long did he court her before they decided to marry? "About twenty-four hours," Sheila will tell you, because she always teases a little first. "No, actually we went together for months. What I mean is that it *could* have happened in twenty-four hours. Have you ever met someone whom you felt you'd always known? That's the way it was with us. When he told me something happened before I knew him, it was like having something I already knew confirmed. And I didn't really have to tell him about my childhood in Ireland; he might just as well have grown up with me."

Guy never actually proposed—"He sort of got around to it by degrees"—but it had been his decision to obtain that Mexican divorce so they might be married without further delay. When Hedda Hopper reminded him that Mexican marriages and divorces end up sometimes yea and sometimes nay, Guy answered, "Hedda, you're talking to a marrying kind of man who is really in love. I've been alone too long." And, having summed up his life in those few poignant words, Guy took his girl down to Juarez and got married.

GUY HAS changed since he first hit Hollywood. Many men fall apart under stress; Guy found unsuspected strength and maturity through pain, hardship and professional humiliation. He isn't an impossibly beautiful, golden-haired boy anymore, but a dynamic man tested and found true. To his credit, bitterness is still a stranger to Guy. Recalling the stark years, he is apt to shrug and say, "Hollywood gave me the chance to make more money than I could any other way. I have reason to be grateful."

Guy's still taciturn, but there is the steel of self-assurance behind his wariness, the diffidence has developed naturally into reserve and the naiveté is long since gone. More recently departed but equally unlamented is the solemnity; the slow smile starts so often in Guy's hazel eyes these days that his more intrepid friends presume to call him Laughing Boy.

The change has come about partly because Guy feels his responsibility toward the enchanting girl he wooed and won. (From his attitude toward redhaired Bridget born to them this year you would think no man had ever been a father before.) Partly because he is a settled, domesticated, brand-new home owner. And partly because he learned his trade the really hard way—from the top down—and isn't likely to make the same mistakes twice.

AS FOR THE GIRL that Guy married—she hasn't tried to change him, being as how she fell in love with the man that he is. There is the possibility, though, that he might be influenced by what she gives him: the simple life he craves, a sense of emotional security, her own love of life and her priceless gift of laughter.

One friend described Sheila's influence this way. "Guy is basically simple. He doesn't feel like a movie star and he doesn't like to live like one. Sheila's good for him in that way, too. I believe he has bought her a little station wagon of her own now, but when they only had one car, she used to drive him to the studio like any other housewife driving her husband to his job. She looks after his clothes; when he comes home at night, she cooks for him. At the end of the day he's as tired as any other working man and has the same reluctance to go out on the town, which Sheila understands. That way life makes sense. Maybe he earns his living in an unusual way, but the normalcy of their personal life keeps everything else in focus for Guy."

Certainly not the least of Sheila's gifts is the ability to make Guy feel that he is her lord and master. Take last week, for instance. Guy had been on location for a fortnight, putting another TV series on film, and Sheila hadn't seen him for that long. She wore a properly doleful Irish face (just short of wurrah, wurrah) as she sighed and said, "He gets back tomorrow, but he's leaving right away to go boar hunting. But I know he won't let me go along; he thinks it's too dangerous."

Next day there was a brief item in one of the trade papers which said, "Sheila and Guy Madison are over on Catalina Island, hunting wild boars and things." Of *course* Guy's the boss. Everybody knows that.

END

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"The third day I was taken to the middle of the ocean and 'rescued' from a life raft by the Coast Guard. I was so seasick I burned up myself and everybody else setting off flares.

"An editor wanted a shot of the skyline from the thirty-fifth floor of a building with me in a bathing suit. When I recovered from my faint I was told the pictures turned out fine.

"The publicity department sent me to the Barbizon School of Models to teach the girl how to walk on Fifth Avenue with a Siamese Cat on a leash; they appointed me Queen of the Rock 'n' Roll and then sent me to a beauty contest at Coney Island, not as a judge but to pick contestants; then when I truly got sick from the heat everyone called it a cheap publicity stunt.

"But, the capper came when they wanted me to pose in a theatre lobby in front of Marilyn Monroe's *Seven Year Itch* poster. There was a fan down low to blow my skirts up like Marilyn's. That was one picture I refused to pose for.

"The next day I went to a party in Connecticut and Marilyn's friends, the Milton Greenes, were there. When I walked in they walked out. I guess a gal just can't win!" **by Joe Hyams**

high road to happiness

(Continued from page 46) love and faith, fostered both at home and in the Catholic school she attended. It was therefore a happy childhood, despite hardship. Their father had left home while the girls were little. Ann barely remembers him. Mrs. Blyth worked as a laundress, as a hair stylist, at whatever she could find. "She had beautiful, talented hands," her daughter recalls. She managed so Dorothy could take violin and piano lessons—so that Ann, who'd sung and danced joyously from babyhood, could go to the Ned Wayburn School for training. "I think she hoped something would come of it, because she felt in her bones this was work I'd enjoy. And how right she was!"

Something came of it when the little girl was five. Through a friend, Mrs. Blyth heard that NBC was auditioning children for Madge Tucker's *Sunday Show.* "Let's go over and see if they'll listen to you sing." As Ann talks about it, the memories come clear—how she had to mount a big box to reach the mike, how she sang "Lazybones," how they stood outside anxiously awaiting the verdict, how the man appeared smiling and said, "We'd like to have you on our program." They kept her on it for seven years. Milton Cross was the announcer. Every time she hears his voice nowadays, she's back there for a moment.

For ANN these were sunlit years. She had her mother. She had her Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat, like second parents. Each summer the family went to their Connecticut farm, away from the hot city, where she could romp as she pleased.

By the time she graduated from the grammar grades, her plans had taken serious shape. Along with the *Sunday Show,* she was working on Miss Tucker's Saturday program which produced little plays. She wanted to be an actress. So it seemed advisable to transfer to the Professional Children's School, where they were just as strict about your lessons but gave you time off when a job came along.

There Herman Shumlin, casting for *Watch On The Rhine,* found the dark-haired twelve-year-old with the blue eyes.

On opening night she wasn't scared a bit. Not after all the rehearsals and try-outs, when Paul Lukas and Mady Christian—whose daughter Babette she played—and everyone else had been so wonderfully kind. It was simply the most exciting night of her life. With telegrams and adorable little corsages delivered backstage, so she felt like a real actress. With the warmth of the audience flooding across the footlights, so they knew they had a hit. With a midnight supper among family and friends at a small restaurant off Broadway, and by the time supper was over, the papers were out. Ann read them and wept. She won't tell you, but the papers will, that Babette reaped a goodly share of the raves. "It meant so much for so many reasons," she explains. "It meant that for the first time in years my mother wouldn't have to work so hard."

The play ran for eleven months on Broadway, and on tour for a year. Henry Koster, then with U-I, saw it in New York and again in Los Angeles. "The child," he said, "is as enchanting as I remember her. I want a test." To the Biltmore Theatre came a phone call from Mr. Koster, followed by a visit from the casting director. He told Ann she could choose her own scene for the test. At the studio a few days later, she did one of her favorites—the scene from *Peg O' My Heart* in which Peg leaves her father. The powers-that-be seemed pleased. But Ann, not yet fourteen, was well trained in self-discipline and control. "What looks good to the eyes," she commented sagely, "sometimes doesn't come off at all on the screen." Refusing to set her hopes too high, she returned to work and to the paycheck envelopes that turned up in the mail regularly with her school assignments. The tour took them to San Francisco, where U-I called them. "We're sending a contract for your signature, to take effect as soon as the play closes."

How did she feel? "I guess everyone dreams about being in pictures. I was no different. I loved the stage. But children's parts, especially good ones, don't come along too often, and pictures promised at least the chance of a steady income. So Mommy and I said some prayers and signed the contract. Once it was signed, we felt everything would work out for the best."

It was a wrench to leave Aunt Cis, Uncle Pat and all their friends for a wondrous place called California where they didn't know a soul. They continued to miss the family. That never changed. But new friends certainly helped. There was Donald O'Connor, with whom she made her first picture, *Chip Off The Old Block*—Donald the pro who gave her so many tips and such moral support. The sneak preview was shown way out in Glendale. It took forever to get there by streetcar and bus. Ann sat low in her seat and pulled on a handkerchief. Mommy liked it. "She probably realized I had a lot to learn, but there for the first time on the screen was her daughter. Her daughter made little impression on anyone else. Nobody recognized me outside. Nobody asked me for an autograph."

Inspired by the success of *Davy Crockett,* George Jessel is writing one about "Ca-rrie, Carrie Nation, who knocked all the barrooms down." The middle part goes: "She worked on all the boys, and then on their pops—who wanted to drink up a bottle of schnapps" . . . Jessel plans to make the recording himself and is optimistic. "They'll buy a million copies," he insisted. "It'll be a 59c recording, which will be made of salami."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Another early friend was Al Rockett, the trusted agent who guided her career from the start. He realized that, along with her sweetness, she had fire and spirit. In short, he believed in her as an actress and kept his eyes open for a chance to prove it. The chance came with *Mildred Pierce,* the Joan Crawford starrer at Warners. "The part of the daughter is open," said Al. "She's a bad character, and one of the juiciest roles I've ever read. U-I will lend you. Whether Warners would take you is another story. It stands to reason they'd rather use someone under contract. But I'll do my best to talk them into a test."

Mildred Pierce won her an Oscar nomination and a prominent spot on the Hollywood map. All horizons looked rosy. She started a second picture on loanout to Warners, called, curiously enough, *Danger Signal.* But Ann wasn't superstitious then and isn't now. Any link between the title and what followed was coincidental.

Some close friends had come visiting from the east. Though it was April and past the heavy-snow season, they decided to go to Arrowhead for the week end. Once in the mountains, they found a place called Snow Valley which showed enough snow to promise some fun. They rented

a toboggan. The older folk, including Mrs. Blyth, stayed behind having coffee.

Ann was last man on the toboggan. First time they went down, it felt kind of bumpy. A doubt crossed her mind. "I don't think it's supposed to feel like this." But the sun was shining, the kids were shouting, pulling the toboggan uphill again. Nobody realized how shallow the snow lay. Down they went for the second time, but fast. One of the bumps pitched Ann into the air and back against the hill. Pain stabbed through her. Instinctively she felt at her throat for the medal she'd been wearing, but the chain had snapped. Her hand went groping into the snow, found it, held it tight while she lay there, waiting for the pain to subside. For of course it would subside. It couldn't be anything really serious. A pulled muscle maybe. Pulled muscles, she told herself, hurt very badly.

The others had been tossed off, too, but with less violence. They came running now. One of the boys helped her up and over to a tree stump. "Just let me sit here a minute. I'll be all right." But in a sitting position, the pain grew worse—so excruciating that it forced a sob to her throat, which she forced back. Because she had to prove to them and herself—and especially to her mother, unknowing down there in the ski shop—that this was nothing, that presently it would pass. How she managed remains inexplicable, but manage she did to walk down the hill and into the shop.

"What's wrong?" asked her mother.

"Oh, we were bumped off the sled. No harm done, though."

Nan Blyth took one look at her daughter's paper-white face. Turning almost as white herself, she assumed quiet command of the situation. They had friends in San Bernardino. "You can rest there. Then, if you feel better, we'll drive on home." Again Ann walked to the car. But by the time they reach town, she couldn't move and had to be carried into the house. There was no longer any possibility of pretense. All she could do was try to bear the pain. They got her to the hospital, where an intern, hearing that she had been able to walk, decided this must be a case of a strained back and taped her up. After which, on her mother's insistence, X-rays were taken. A mass of quivering nerves now, Ann heard the doctor say: "Well, young lady, that tape will have to come off."

She remembers flinching, she remembers his gentle "I'm sorry," answering the mute plea in her uplifted eyes, she remembers how they began peeling the tape off—then she remembers nothing.

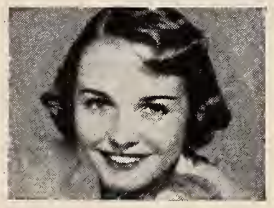
THE X-RAYS showed a compressed fracture of the vertebrae. In a special bed that supported her back while her head and feet hung down, Ann lay stunned and incredulous, all the rosy future shadowed by dread, all her thoughts driven toward one she could hardly face—would she ever walk again? The physical discomfort was intense, but nothing compared to her emotional turmoil. She was little more than a child. Early hardship had been softened by her mother's care. She'd worked from the age of five, but at work she loved. Life, kind until then, now showed itself harsh. Lying there day after endless day, her head spun with the question all humans ask themselves when some seemingly senseless misfortune drops from the sky. Why should this happen to her? Why *now*, with everything in life going so well?

Each of us finds or fails to find the reply. Ann found it in her mother, who never left her side. Mrs. Blyth wrestled with her private anguish in private, resolved

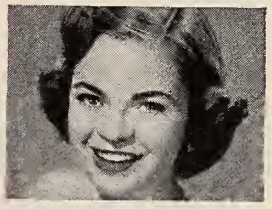
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not to add its burden to Ann's. Courage and cheer entered the room with her. Her belief in God was no reed to break under storm. Faith isn't faith that doubts at the touch of affliction. What He sends one accepts, though one doesn't understand the reasons. And the power of prayer is great. Through her mother, the seventeen-year-old gained new insight, new maturity, new spiritual strength.

In the end their prayers were answered. Ann would walk again, though not tomorrow nor next week. For four months, the doctors told her, she'd wear a cast, and a steel brace for eight more. She couldn't go back to work for at least a year. But there'd be no permanent after-effects. Not only would she walk—eventually she'd swim, play golf, ride horseback again. To one of her age, a year seems longer than it is. But Ann was too grateful, too busy counting her blessings to lament on that score. Her head turned on the pillow, her hand sought her mother's. "I'm the luckiest girl in the world," she said.

Before she'd completely recovered, tragedy struck. During those months in the little apartment on Highland Avenue, while she nursed her daughter back to health, Nan Blyth began feeling ill. Not only did she keep the knowledge from Ann, but tried to dismiss it from her own mind, ascribing it to shock and strain. Once Ann was well, she'd be all right again too. But the time came when she could no longer dismiss it. One day they went out to San Bernardino for new X-rays of Ann's back, which showed the fracture to be all but healed. At home again, Mrs. Blyth steeled herself to the task ahead—the task of dealing her child a bitter blow. What had to be done, she did. "Honey, I've seen the doctor. He says I need an operation." The color drained from Ann's face, her heart froze within her. "I'm going to be fine, dear. But I don't want you here alone while I'm in the hospital. So I think we'd better phone your auntie and uncle and see if they can come out to stay with you."

After the phone call, after Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat had promised to come right out, Nan Blyth's face dropped into her hands. For the first time in her life, Ann saw her weep. With the world crashing around her, with the nightmare sense that none of this could be happening, she cradled her mother in her arms.

Through the weeks that followed they hoped against desperate hope. But the operation came too late. Ann's beloved mother died.

SUCH WAS Ann's grief that she cannot talk of these things today. In her first desolation, even prayer didn't help. The same heartbroken cry went up. "Why, why? Why should it happen to her, so good, so dear, so needed?" But she was fortunate in her dear aunt and uncle. No two people could have loved her mother better. To them, her loss meant less only than to Ann. Yet, once the first shock lay behind them, they refused to stand by, watching her shatter herself against the inevitable. Out of their larger experience, out of their clear good judgment and honesty they spoke. "Ann, we can go just so far with you in your grief. You must find your own way. Your mother isn't lost to you if you seek her through prayer and faith and the knowledge that she's still with you forever and ever. But you cannot find her if you nurse a sense of betrayal."

It couldn't happen overnight. But little by little Ann did find her way through the blackness back to the gates of prayer, where she drew close to her mother's spirit again. Again the beloved voice sounded in her ears. "God in His wisdom has a reason for what He does, and He always knows best." Why it was best for her mother to be taken, she'll never understand. But she understands that it's not for her to question. As a child of faith, she need only accept His word.

She'll never forget how Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat left their farm and all their ties in the east to answer her need, to give her solace and support through the dark days, to make a home for her here, warm and sunny as themselves. They found a little house in the valley—Ann's first house with her first bedroom to herself—and none of your Murphy beds, but a real one.

When she was well enough, she returned to U-I and life began to resume its normal round. Her career throve on loan-outs. Goldwyn borrowed her for *Our Very Own*, MGM for *The Great Caruso*. Even Lanza's brilliance failed to dim Missy Blyth's. Who that ever saw her will forget the lovely little figure dancing and singing "The Loveliest Night Of The Year?" Certainly not Leo, the astute Lion, who from then on made a habit of borrowing her—for *All The Brothers Were Valiant*, for *Rose Marie* and *Student Prince*. Last November, her U-I contract up, she signed with MGM, where she's just finished *Kismet*, first of her pictures under the new contract.

MEANTIME, Hollywood was playing a game called Let's Marry Ann Off. To be objective, she wasn't its only victim. For her name you can substitute Terry or Rock or Tab, since it's a game played with all eligibles. Ann didn't care for it. Speaking of the period when she was being tagged, her soft voice takes on an edge of firmness. "This is a phase of your life—even if you're in pictures—that's quite private and special. Not that you're unwilling to share a certain amount, but only so much. It took me a little while to get used to these stories which I knew were untrue both about myself and others—and in many cases, unfair. Of course I went to parties and dances and had wonderful fun. It's the natural way of youth all over the world. Yet in Hollywood some people seem to believe that girls and boys can't go out without marriage in mind. They seem to urge it on you. But it was *my* life, and I felt no sense of urgency. When I fell in love, I wanted to marry. Until then I had no intention of marrying, whatever anyone wrote."

It's been reported that Ann met Jim through Dennis Day. Not so. Five years ago during the holiday season she'd asked some friends to visit. They were also friends of Dr. James McNulty and thought these two might enjoy knowing each other. "Perhaps he and his mother and dad would like to come over," Ann suggested. So it was in her own home that she met him first and remembers that she loved his face at once. "Such a kind face, so warm and happy. And I loved the sweetness of his manner to his parents. I can't describe it but, if you knew him, you'd understand its quality. He had it then, he has it now, he'll always have it."

A week later he phoned. Would she care to go to the christening of Dennie's new baby! She's found out since that he asked her with some misgivings. Despite his brother's place in show business, it was a business foreign to the young physician. They were reminiscing about it last Father's Day. "I liked it," said Jim, "that you seemed to have such a good time, just playing and singing and talking. I didn't feel that you had to be entertained. I began hoping it wasn't true what they said, that movie stars live in a different world."

Through the next two years they dated on and off—went dancing when they could, since they both loved dancing, or just to a movie. But Jim was busy establishing

his practice, while Ann flew off to England on a picture commitment and to Hawaii and Alaska to entertain the troops. Therefore long periods elapsed when they didn't see each other at all, When they did, it was on the same basis of friendship.

Till a summer's day in 1952. Friends invited them down to Balboa for some deep-sea fishing. Their friends described the excitement of latching onto an albacore. But before day's end, something more exciting happened. Ann discovered that she was deeply, truly and beyond any shadow of a doubt, in love.

Aunt Cis had awakened her at 3:30. Jim came knocking at 4. They took along a picnic lunch of sandwiches and fried chicken. Out on the boat it was wonderful, the sky so tranquil, the air so sun-drenched, the hours with Jim beside her so perfect. Why the revelation should have come that day rather than another is one of love's mysteries. Ann only knows that come it did, with some new and poignant sweetness stirring between them as their eyes met, quickening her pulses. On the way home Jim held her hand. Both were rather silent, though Ann's frank to admit she kept hoping the man would speak up. He didn't. Not in words, anyway But for the first time he kissed her good night. With a hug. It was enough, she told her joyously beating heart. The words could wait.

Not until almost Christmas time did Jim venture to say them, and then only with a spirited assist from his mother. At a family party his eye caught a pretty necklace worn by one of the guests, and his thoughts were on a Christmas gift for Ann. "Mom," he asked, "d'you think she'd like something like that?"

Mrs. McNulty's a woman who minds her own business but this was too much and she gave it to him straight in her rich Irish brogue. "Now, Jim, why don't you stop all this foolin' around an' give the girl a ring?"

The slow smile gathered, yet left his face grave. "Suppose she doesn't want it?"

His mother eyed the son whom she once called the tenderest of her children. "If I were in your boots, lad," she said gently, "I'd take the chance."

He carried the ring in his pocket for a week, still incapable of shaping the question that might bring him high happiness or the end of hope. On the 18th he helped Ann and her folks trim the tree—always an intimate family ritual. Maybe the fact that he was drawn into it lent him heart. The hour grew late. He took leave of Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat. Ann walked him to the door. They made a date for a couple of evenings later. He kissed her good night, started down the path, paused and turned back, reaching into his pocket. "I have something for you, Ann. Will you wear it for me?"

The box was blue, the diamond beautiful, the moment more so, as she threw her arms around him and whispered, "Oh, Jim!"

The rest of the story's been too well and recently covered for re-telling here. Ann will carry with her forever the memory of her wedding day in June. The honor of having His Eminence, Cardinal McIntyre, marry them. The good feel of dear Uncle Pat's arm as they went down the aisle. The smile on Jim's face at the altar as he stepped up to claim her. "Such a sweet smile," she recalls. "So sweet that apparently everyone noticed it."

With the birth of Timothy Patrick a year later—her cup brimmed over.

Now they're waiting for the new baby—the new link in their precious little family circle. Ask her how many links they hope for, and her head goes back in laughter delightful as Tim's. "Who am I to tell the dear Lord His business? As many as in His wisdom He chooses to send." END



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"TWENTY-FIVE WORDS OR LESS..."

by Van Heflin

■ I'm a born contestant. Whenever I see a contest that starts off "I like movies because . . ." and the contestant has to tear the top off a neighbor and send it in, along with twenty-five words, I always want to enter. Unfortunately, I'm a cinch to be disqualified since I make my living acting in movies. The judges figure that's reason enough for anyone to like them.

But that's not why. I spent a great deal of my childhood being an avid fan of serials. Every single Saturday I went to our local cinema palace and watched the adventures of *Scotty And The Scouts* and other such educational films. This single-minded devotion made me a movie expert who was absolutely nonpareil on our block. Of course, the other kids were experts, too, but I was better.

Now I've got thirty-six movies behind me and number thirty-seven, *Patterns*, is about to be released. But my movie memories aren't about pictures I've been in. No, mine concern other voices, other plots.

The best part of a serial was that you could see the spine-chilling end of last week's episode over again to refresh our little minds. No one ever bothered to tell producers of serials that kids sat in movies until their mothers dragged them out. There was less chance of my forgetting what had happened the week before than there was of having the hero really run over by the Cannonball Express. Just to be sure, I committed every word to memory. That way, seeing the ends over wasn't a refresher, it was a pleasure.

El Brendel was my favorite serial comic. He said things like "Ay bane hongry, Ay eat with yew?" And I can remember one vivid scene from *Scotty And The Scouts* when an old bi-plane was taking off and Scotty's kidnaped dog was aboard. Scotty, always prepared, raced across the field and leaped onto the tail of the plane. That week I almost went crazy trying to figure what would come of it all. On Saturday I got seven cents together (a little ingenuity and two deposit bottles) and raced to the Drury Lane to see what had happened. Well, you just don't fool with Scotty. He grabbed the tail and was steering the plane and the kidnapers didn't dare shoot him. So, when they ran out of gas, they landed and gave him his dog back. I can't remember how he got home from there but he had tail-steering down pat and probably fooled the dog with the same trick.

I'm sorry serials aren't what they used to be. *Tim Tyler's Luck* and *Atlantis, The Lost Continent* are no longer seen on the silver screens. Instead they give you Van Heflin playing a vice president and kissing the girl. I'm sorry for all the kids but my children gotta eat, too.

unlucky at love

(*Continued from page 48*) Leslie had always glowed and at first marriage increased her aura of happiness. "To be married," she told reporters ecstatically after her honeymoon, "is the most wonderful thing for a girl!

"My career? What is my career compared to marriage? Geordie is now the most important thing in my life. He will be the father of my children. Oh, we want so many, eight, ten, twelve. Remember I am French, and French women like large families.

"Why, if Geordie asked it, I would give up my career. If he says, 'We go to Minnesota,' then we go to Minnesota. Geordie is my husband. I follow his direction."

But Geordie's direction led up a blind alley, and Leslie walked straight into tragedy. When misery came, she was unprepared to meet it. Nothing in her past had taught her what to do when her dreams disappeared, and when she and Geordie lost touch, she was lost, utterly bewildered.

So when she and Geordie knew they were through, decided to separate, see other people, Leslie did the only thing she could. She fled. She went home to the only two things she still loved and trusted —France and her career. She re-joined Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris. Perhaps it was just a simple matter of being on the rebound. Perhaps it was because, the world of domesticity having let her down, she deliberately chose the least domestic man around. Perhaps it was because life just wasn't complete without a love. Whatever the reason, last year Leslie fell very much in love with Roland Petit.

SHE HAD KNOWN him for years. It was he who had given her a start when she was fifteen, a Paris kid who wanted to dance more than anything else in the world. Now he gave her stardom as a ballerina, choreographing a ballet just for her. It was called *The Beautiful Widow*, and with her hair plastered dramatically about her forehead, Leslie danced it all over the world. She and Petit, who traveled with the show, were together much of the time. Leslie began to smile again. She dated other men, made the columns often, but only with Roland did she look happy, animated. "I want to lead the intense, artistic life," she wrote Geordie, believing it. "I don't know what that is," Geordie said, and filed for divorce. He charged mental cruelty and Leslie did not contest the action. Columnists reported that the divorce did not seem to affect her appetite, nor her excitement over being nominated for an Oscar for *Lili*. When she failed to win it, when Geordie blamed her for the failure of their marriage, Leslie had someone to turn to. But he was the wrong man.

Right from the beginning, her friends knew it was no good. "Yes, Leslie fell in love with Roland," one of them said then. "She admires and respects and maybe hero-worships him. They were together in London, North Africa, New York, Washington, Monte Carlo. But the rub is that Roland Petit is in love with another dancer, Jeanmaire."

The friend was right. Only weeks later, Roland Petit married Jeanmaire, and Leslie had lost again.

Very few people go through two such experiences and come out sparkling. Leslie couldn't. More and more she withdrew into herself. She, who had always told everyone who would listen of her joys and loves, suddenly refused all interviews, was never available to the press. When her contract called her back to Hollywood, she went with the greatest reluctance. Hollywood

was filled with memories, and Leslie had no use for memories.

So she threw herself into her work. She made *The Glass Slipper* with Michael Wilding and couldn't help noticing how differently Liz Taylor had reacted to her first failure in love, when her marriage to charming, wealthy young Nicky Hilton went wrong. Elizabeth's second choice had been a stable, adept, confident, slightly older man, able to comfort her, take care of her and provide her with the home and family she wanted. Leslie had for her comfort a one-room apartment. She painted it grey and white to match her mood, and refused to date. "I get up early and work too hard to be out late at night."

It was true that she worked hard. Fred Astaire, himself almost indefatigable, marveled at Leslie.

"I've never met anyone who was willing to work harder," he said. "This girl has got a wonderful sense of organization. She listens very carefully as you outline the routine. She won't dance until she's sure she understands it. Then when she does, she insists on perfection. She is a wonderful girl and a marvelous dancer."

But as soon as she could, Leslie ran away again. This time she went to Paris. There she opened in Jean Renoir's play, *Orvet*. "I'm not sad at all," she told friends, shivering in her backstage dressing room. No one believed her. The blue eyes were dull, the once tousled hair sternly pulled back from the drawn face.

A French newspaperman was asked how his countrymen felt about Leslie.

"She is a strange girl," he said. "But that is true of all ballet stars. They live in a strange world, surrounded by men who care more for dancing than for anything else. Leslie, we feel, has been unlucky in love. She is again in that in-between-stage of getting over it."

"Then she is still in love with Roland Petit," the American said.

The Frenchman smiled. "You have got your Petits mixed up," he said. "I think she is very fond of Robert Petit!"

Leslie had done it again.

Robert Petit is the manager of the Ballets de Paris. Of late he has become its producer. Throughout Leslie's romance with Roland there had been rumors about Robert—talk that he was Leslie's real love. Just when she turned to Robert no one really knew. But turn she did. At that time, he had a lot in common with Leslie. There was only one trouble. Robert Petit already had a girl.

Her name was Lillian Montevecchi. Like Leslie, she was a ballerina, a Roland Petit discovery, a member of the troupe of the Ballets de Paris, a girl who had danced with Leslie many times. Like Leslie, she was under contract to MGM. Unlike Leslie, Lillian managed to keep her man.

She had to act to do it. When she heard that a deep friendship was developing between Leslie and Robert, she got back to Paris in a hurry. After all, hers was the prior claim. Her return was a success. Immediately, the usually affable Robert started snapping at reporters who asked him about Leslie. "That rumor is false!" he would bark, refusing to be photographed or interviewed. Lillian and Robert are to be married any time now.

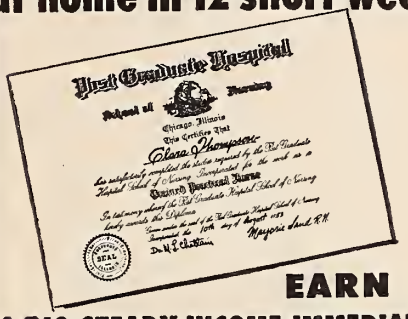
And that leaves Leslie where? "It leaves her," a Parisian friend relates, "without a man. She sees Jeanmaire with Roland Petit. She sees Robert with Lillian. She thinks back over the days of her marriage to Hormel and it is only natural that she is sad. But she is young, attractive, there will always be others."

The point is, which others? Leslie has indeed been unlucky at love. But could it be that she has made her own luck? Three times she has loved the wrong man. Not

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one was the man to give her what she wants most—the home and family she has dreamed of all her life. Geordie came closest, giving her for a while at least the illusion that her dream had come true.

She had loved housekeeping. When she first married Geordie they moved into a small apartment in Laurel Canyon. They paid $125 a month for it and Leslie did all the cooking and the housework. Eventually her in-laws sent Boots Shershing, a housekeeper, to help out. It was nice to have Boots there, leaving Leslie free to rest after her movie chores. But she would have been perfectly content without her. French women like housework, she said.

But when the idyll was over, to whom did she turn? Neither Roland nor Robert Petit was the sort to provide Leslie with a house to clean. Did the fact that Geordie had disillusioned her about her perfect love-nest mean that she must give up forever her dream of a home?

French women are economical. During her marriage Leslie saved money right and left, building a family nest-egg. She even made her own clothes, and did it happily. "Heck," Geordie told her, "I'm in debt to the tune of $40,000!" But Geordie could afford to tease. He'd always known great wealth. Leslie had lived through a war and an occupation and had seen her father lose his pharmacy, leaving them in bitter poverty. But because her savings could not save her marriage, must Leslie feel that she should turn to that strange world of dance in which money is lavished freely upon luxuries, where material things count so highly?

Shortly after their marriage dissolved, real scandal broke over Geordie. He was accused of taking dope and tried for the offense. He was acquitted, but the names of many of his friends became headline news for weeks. He is home in Minnesota now, under the watchful eye of his family, forgetting the jazz career for which he longed, and settling into a prepared niche in their fabulous meat-packing business. But because Geordie proved unstable does not mean that Leslie should give up her need for a stable man. Because a dream goes awry one does not have to give up the deam. But that is what Leslie has done.

Her first marriage having proved a failure, she seems to have given up the idea of ever making another one work. She has turned to men to whom her dream is foreign. The pendulum has swung too far.

Back in Hollywood for *Gaby,* Leslie is dating again. This time he's Jack Larson, a handsome, twenty-six-year-old actor she has known since 1951. Oddly enough, Roland Petit had originally introduced him to Leslie, and before her marriage they had dated. Now they have resumed their relationship. They dine together, spend much of their free time together. It was Jack who motored with Leslie to Long Beach to catch Judy Garland's show. He is an actor, regularly appearing on the TV *Superman* series. And he seems to care very much for Miss Caron.

"Leslie is a wonderful girl," he has said. "Sure, the years have changed her, made her more sharp, more alert. But I'll do anything to make her happy. She sure deserves a little happiness."

It sounds good. For Leslie's sake, we hope that this time she chooses wisely. Certainly one of Cinderella's gentleman callers should turn out to be Prince Charming—if only Cinderella learns to recognize him when he rides by. **END**

a good wife is hard to lose

(*Continued from page 43*) said softly. "I wanted you to see it, Ellie."

Eleanor Powell, the most famous tap-dancer of the decade, put her hand in his. "It's a very nice little church."

"I love you very much, Ellie. I want you to marry me. Will you?" The words tumbled quickly from the young actor's lips.

Ellie nodded. Glenn took her in his arms. He kissed her long and hard. His fingers traveled down to the right hand pocket of his coat. He took out the engagement ring and slipped it on Ellie's finger.

Glenn and Ellie are probably the only Hollywood couple who were both engaged and married in a church.

To GLENN there has always been something holy about love and marriage. He has never treated either very lightly. The mistake he made a few years ago was to take Ellie for granted.

This is no great crime. Married men do it all the time. They get so accustomed to having a wife answer the phone, take the messages, lay out the clothes, do the cleaning, pay the bills and look after the children that they forget the small niceties, the little private attentions every wife must have.

In addition, Glenn was working an awful lot overseas three years ago. At the time there was a lull in Hollywood production, and if an actor wanted work, it meant only one thing: work in Italy, France, England or some other foreign country.

Glenn did *The Green Glove* in Paris and *Time Bomb* in London and *White Tower* in Switzerland. And there was talk, all of it unfounded, that the European sirens were throwing themselves at him.

Ellie says now, "I didn't mind any of the gossip. It's part and parcel of show business. It's just that I was lonely without him. I had our son Peter and Glenn's mother to look after, and they kept me company. But there's really no substitute for a husband."

Friends say that when Glenn got home and pretty much took for granted that Ellie would be waiting for and on him as usual, she blew her top. He, in turn, grew sullen and moody. And it looked for a while as if both parties were fed up.

But then Glenn signed a deal to make *The Americano* in South America. This time Ellie decided to go along. She and Glenn and Peter, then nine, caught a tramp boat at New Orleans.

When the boat pulled into Rio de Janeiro there were signs on the pier, "Welcome to Rio de Janiero, Eleanor Powell. Rio greets Eleanor Powell."

Waterfront reporters rushed Mrs. Ford. How long did she plan on staying? Did she know that her pictures were still playing all over South America? Did she realize that she was still one of the most popular Hollywood stars?

Ellie introduced Glenn Ford. "He's going to star in a picture called *The Americano,*" she explained. "He's my husband."

"How do you do, Señor Ford?" The newsmen gave Glenn a quick brushoff. They were interested in his wife, not him. Glenn was more than a bit taken aback.

In Sao Paulo, the same thing happened.

On the beach at Copacabana this concentration on Ellie reached fantastic heights. "Each morning," she recalls, "I would go down to the beach with Peter to catch a little sun.

"The very first day I was amazed when a boy came over to where we were sitting. He delivered a large bouquet of flowers. Attached to it was a card. It read, 'You have the most beautiful figure I have ever seen. Is it possible for us to have a talk together?' A few minutes later I received more flowers. Then men began coming

over, began to make small talk, then serious talk. It was great for my ego."

Day after day Ellie was stopped by male admirers on the streets of Rio. It made no difference to them that she was a married woman, that her son was with her. Some of their propositions "were alarming, to say the least. They told me not to worry about Glenn, he could take care of himself."

Glenn could see what was happening. A member of *The Americano* troupe remembers. "The most amazing transformation came over the guy. He suddenly realized that he had one of the most sexy, beautiful, well-built wives in existence.

"Here were a thousand guys, many wealthy and handsome, who'd give a right arm for a date with Ellie. It came to Glenn that in some corners of the globe his wife was more famous, more desirable than he. She was loaded with charm, personality, tact, good looks and talent.

"Of course when Glenn married her, he knew all that, but over the years a man loses perspective where his old lady is concerned. Ford certainly regained his.

"All of a sudden he became possessive. Ellie belonged to him, and nobody was moving in. He became more attentive, more loving than I've seen him in years, and I don't think he's stopped since."

ELLIE'S ANALYSIS is a bit different.

"When Glenn married me," she points out, "I was a fairly big star. As a matter of fact I had been offered $40,000 for a three-week appearance at the Music Hall in New York. Instead of accepting the money I went off with Glenn to La Jolla. He had joined the Marines, and we rented an apartment over a garage—it cost $60 a month—and I did all the cleaning and cooking. And that's how we spent the first year. I retired from show business.

"Glenn didn't ask me to retire. But I'd been in show business since I was fourteen. And I learned one thing. No woman is wise who dominates a marriage. The husband has got to be the leader.

"When the war was over and Glenn went back to pictures, he was not a top star. He struggled and he worked hard. And because he's a fine, sensitive artist success for him was inevitable.

"As for me I was so happy when Peter was born—it opened up a brand new vista—I can hardly describe my feelings. Marriage, however, is not all excitement. And sooner or later things fall into a pattern. A husband begins to regard his existence as rather humdrum and boring. Where I was once the glamorous dancer, I guess I became 'just good old Ellie.'

"I am sure that Glenn has never stopped loving me any more than I have stopped loving him. The love we feel for each other is deep and enduring. But like all love it occasionally needs a shot in the arm.

"Ours got one on that trip to South America. After those Romeos down there began making a play for me, Glenn sat up and took notice. Today he won't take any overseas jobs unless his family goes.

"The other saving grace in our marriage has been religion. Anytime you bring religion into a marriage you make it better. The TV show that Glenn and I put on each Sunday has brought more satisfaction and mutual respect than any other family project I can think of. Our son Peter, for example, isn't impressed by Glenn's standing as an actor. Doesn't mean a thing to him. But the fact that his mother teaches Sunday School and his parents put the Sunday school class on television—well, we've reached new highs in his estimation."

Eleanor Powell Ford started to teach a Sunday School class for children at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church in 1949.

"She came to us," says Reverend Sam Allison, "with no fanfare, no fuss, no bother. She's a girl who loves church work and has that rare faculty of arousing the interest of children. In six years I don't think Ellie has missed a single class. She and Glenn and Peter are persons who give themselves and find pleasure in it."

About a year ago Reverend Clifton Moore, who heads the local presbytery, said to Ellie at a meeting, "Do you know that there are thirty-five church programs currently broadcast and telecast throughout the nation? Practically all of them are beamed at adults. What we need is a religious program for children, for young people. I wonder if you'd be willing to teach your class on television?"

Ellie thought for a moment.

"I'm extremely flattered, Reverend Moore," she said. "But I don't think it would work, not with me, anyway. You see, I've been connected with show business. So many people feel that show business and regilion don't go hand-in-hand."

Reverend Moore insisted. "There are just as many," he stated, "who think they do. Won't you discuss it with Glenn?"

That night Ellie and Ford discussed the project in their living room.

"I think it's a great idea," Glenn insisted.

"Will you help me if I go ahead with it?" Ellie asked.

You know what Glenn's answer was.

THEY CALLED the program *Faith Of Our Children*, and they broke it in on KRCA, the key station of the NBC Pacific Coast network. That was in November of last year. This year the show is scheduled for complete network presentation.

Glenn and Ellie do all the work, the casting, writing and auditioning, together.

The program, a half-hour show, consists of a choir, visual Bible aids, participating children, and guest appearances by show people and sports stars such as Jane Russell, Jeanette MacDonald, Ralph Edwards, Bob Lemmon, Henry Armstrong and Bob Richards. They talk about their religious experiences, and the audience is enthralled.

Half of the children on the program are replaced each week, and those auditioned represent all the different faiths.

While the show is being telecast Glenn usually stands in the wings or the control room, occasionally supported by son Peter.

Glenn receives no pay for his work but Ellie receives in accordance with union regulations, $23.10 for each TV appearance. What's left of her salary after taxes goes into the fuel fund to transport the children from the church to the TV station.

A friend of Glenn's says, "I honestly believe that Ford gets a bigger bang out of that kid TV show than any picture he's been in. Of course he won't say that. But his enthusiasm for the program and his admiration of Ellie—you can read them in his eyes. This guy is so proud of his wife he's going to bust wide open one of these days."

When I checked this with Glenn, he grinned in agreement.

"She's an altogether wonderful woman, wife and mother."

As for Ellie, now that she's on TV, she's been bombarded with more show-business offers than ever.

Only a few weeks ago she was offered $10,000 a week for a series of personal appearances.

"I'm very sorry," she politely told the booking agent. "There's not enough money in the world to make me give up my church work or to leave my husband and son—not even for a little while."

That's how great things are over at the Glenn Ford homestead these days. END



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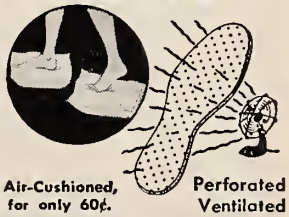
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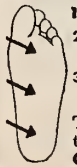
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(*Continued from page 32*) something?" Kay demanded.

"Level with me, Kay."

"I'm leveling with you," the blonde beauty said flatly. "I really am. Look at my arm." She held up a well-formed limb. "Full of holes. I've been taking shots, all kinds of shots for typhoid, cholera, yellow fever. I'm going on that junket to Istanbul. You know, the opening of the new Hilton hotel."

"Gable going with you? Maybe on a honeymoon?"

Kay Williams shook her head. "You must be sick, boy."

THAT WAS the official line the lovers took. They were "just friends, old, old friends." By the time Clark got back from Mexico, Kay would be off in Turkey. And probably it would have happened that way. Only when Gable flew up from Durango he had marriage on his mind.

He had spent a lot of time with Kay in Palm Springs before taking off for *The Tall Men* location. They had played golf together, visited old friends.

In Durango, Gable missed his "old, old friend" acutely. He refused to date any of the dozen Mexican beauties who made a play for him night after night.

Instead he spent his spare time and a small fortune gabbing with Kay on the long-distance phone. When the location work was over, the King flew up to Los Angeles where Kay, dutiful and pleasant as ever, was waiting at the airport.

That same night, out at Gable's Encino estate, he proposed.

"After this picture is over," he recalls saying, "why don't we get married?"

Kay smiled from ear to ear. "That might not be a bad idea," she agreed.

They kissed in the garden. And that's how Clark Gable proposed. Short, sweet and simple.

"Actually," he now admits, "I had it on my mind for about a year. I knew for a year that I'd marry her. But I was just stalling, just waiting for the right time."

ONCE GABLE popped the question, Kay stopped taking shots for the Istanbul junket. The plane-load of stars and celebrities and correspondents took off for Turkey without the thirty-seven-year-old Kay aboard. That was the tipoff.

But Clark is an old hand at marriage, and he wanted this one pulled off in complete privacy. So he phoned his best friend, Al Menasco, up in Northern California.

Gable told Menasco to scout around western Nevada "for some quiet place where we can get married."

A few days later Al was back with the vital information. Minden, Nevada, he reported, forty-five miles south of Reno, was a likely spot. There was a courthouse in Minden where Gable could get a marriage license very quickly, then scoot over to a nearby justice of the peace.

Gable talked it over with his bride-to-be. She said that she'd like to have her sister along as a witness, Mrs. Elizabeth Messer of Beverly Hills.

Clark agreed happily. He just didn't want to make a three-ring circus out of the ceremony with reporters, photographers and newsreel cameramen following them all over two states. Gable has always been a man for quiet elopements.

"We finally decided," he says, "that we would drive up to Gardinerville—Kay, myself and her sister—and rendezvous with Mr. and Mrs. Menasco under a large grove of cottonwood trees. Then we planned to drive down to Minden for the wedding. Everything came off according to plan. We got the license, popped in on this justice of the peace and went through the ceremony."

It was a two-ring ceremony. As a result Gable now wears a gold band on the little finger of his left hand. He hurt the knuckle of his ring finger in an accident and just as soon as it gets better "I plan to move the ring over." Following the wedding the newlyweds chartered a private plane piloted by Caesar Bertagna and flew to Menasco's ranch, named Top Of The Mountain, in St. Helena, California.

"This pilot Bertagna," Gable affirms, "is a peach of a fellow. He was the only outside man who knew where we were honeymooning. If he wanted he could've spilled the beans. He didn't. If you ever want to elope, ever need a plane, don't forget his name, Caesar Bertagna."

The honeymoon lasted ten days. Then the Gables came home to their twenty-acre Encino estate and Kay's two children, Adolph, six, and Joan, four. There were dozens of congratulatory telegrams awaiting them. But what thrilled Kay the most was "the welcome feeling, the feeling of acceptance I got from all his friends."

Hollywood ordinarily regards marriage with a jaded and sophisticated eye, but in this case the film colony is convinced that Kay is right for Clark.

THEY HAVE known each other for at least a dozen years. They met at MGM when Gable signed up for the Air Force during World War II, and they have been constant friends since Clark's divorce from Lady Sylvia Ashley.

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Intimates of Clark's once said that Gable would "lay off marriage because he is afraid of being taken to the cleaners." But Kay is wealthy in her own right as a result of her various divorce settlements.

She has been married three times, to Charles Capps, Martin Unzue (known as Macoco) and Adolph Spreckels, the sugar heir. Unzue, the Argentine cattle king, has long been known as one of the most lavish spenders in the international set. How much he lavished on the blue-eyed, shapely blonde in their eleven months of marriage, no one knows. But it was a considerable fortune. At one time Macoco sued Kay for the return of his extravagant gifts while they were married. Subsequently the suit was called off, and Kay got her divorce.

TWO YEARS later in September, 1945, she became the fifth wife of Adolph Spreckels, who fathered her two children, and showered her with stocks, bonds and jewelry. Subsequently, however, he beat her mercilessly, and was jailed for it.

The only thing Kay wants, so she says, is to make Gable a good wife. And there is no one who doubts her word. She landed Clark by insisting that all she wanted from him was friendship on whatever terms he cared to give it.

BECAUSE SHE wanted nothing from him and proved it, Gable fell for Kay. In her presence he felt relaxed, at ease, always amused. She has the knack of handling him cheerfully, without his noticing that he was being handled at all.

For example, after they came back to the ranch, she suggested a possible press conference to Clark. Now, Gable hates to answer personal questions. They always embarrass him. As a rule he shies away from all but a few reporters. Finally he agreed to talk to three or four reporters from the wire services. Soon the television network asked if they might cover it, too.

Gable has never appeared on any TV show, and he's wary of the medium. Came the day of the press conference, however, and the TV cameramen were parked outside his estate. They sent a message. Couldn't they come in?

Kay looked at Clark. "You're not going to keep those guys out there in that hot sun," she said good-naturedly. "Not you."

Gable grinned. "Of course not. Let 'em all in."

Clark beamed with pride as Kay wisecracked with the newsmen. "Every time I pick up a newspaper," she began, "I read that I'm good for Clark because I'm such an outdoor girl. Maybe we should pitch a tent and move outside with bed rolls. That's a great way of beginning a marriage."

"Tell me," a girl reporter asked, "how did you manage to win your husband?"

"In a crap game," Kay muttered beneath her breath.

"I beg your pardon?"

Gable interrupted politely. "I popped the question a few months ago."

"We understand your wife is a very good cook."

"Sure," Gable nodded. "She makes very good soup, also very good cole slaw, the kind the Pennsylvania Dutch make."

"That's true," the new Mrs. Gable chimed in. "But I always put in too much vermouth. That's when I'm making a martini," she quickly added. "I sure make lousy martinis."

KAY WILLIAMS GABLE bubbles over with an irrepressible sense of humor. She's witty and trigger-sharp but she never presses, never pretends.

Hedda Hopper, a few weeks after the marriage, rang her up one afternoon. "Well, dearie," she began. "Tell me, how did you propose to Clark?"

Kay answered forthrightly. "You've got that twisted, Hedda. He proposed to me. I've never proposed to a man in my life."

About her children and their stepfather Kay is equally frank. She realizes that for the first time in his life Clark will be living with two children.

"It will call for adjustments on all sides," she explains. "But basically what counts is that the children adore him, and Clark feels the same way about them. We plan to add on a couple of rooms for them. We also want to find a school out here. We want them close. Clark has been nuts about kids, and I know that I'm going to have a job in keeping him from spoiling ours. He's a man who loves to ride and hunt and fish. And you can imagine what that means to a pair of youngsters."

When I asked Gable how he felt getting a ready-made family via marriage, he smiled and his blue eyes shone brightly.

"You just write," he said, "that Clark Gable is one lucky son-of-a-gun."

With children to enrich it, Clark Gable's fifth marriage will undoubtedly be his last. The Gable ranch house, empty so long, is now alive with the voices of the young. Where once he owned a house, Gable now has a home. END

the jack lemmons

(*Continued from page 59*) Jack is just another guy hefting lettuce instead of lotus blossoms, carrying a carton of Cokes instead of a case of champagne, patiently waiting his turn behind you at the checking counter.

Even people who are impressed by stars find it difficult to think of Jack as one. As Cindy tells it: "This girl I went to school with came down from Santa Barbara with her husband—she's a close friend of mine—and we gave them the full treatment. Ciro's, the Mocambo, everything. She was terribly disappointed, though, because there didn't seem to be any movie stars out that night. After she remarked a few times that here she was in Hollywood and not a single star in sight, I leaned over and said, 'Dear, you're *with* one.'

"She recovered fast enough afterward, but when she asked, 'I *am*?' she was only half-kidding."

DESPITE HIS everyday manner, Jack Lemmon is a major talent. He can sing, dance, play a straight role, pie-in-the-face or hearts and flowers flawlessly. And has done so on stage, screen, television and radio. Negotiations are underway for him to direct a major TV presentation next season. In New York Jack produced three TV series co-starring with his bride-to-be.

"Those were the days!" he says as if they were fifty years past instead of five. "We had one camera and, most of the time, two characters: Cindy and me. That was the show. If there was too much action, we'd lose the camera—and maybe you don't think it's hard to sustain pace with just a couple of people talking for ten or twelve minutes. But we did it and we must have been all right; we made a lot of money out of it."

It's typical of Jack that though there were some times in New York he had to scratch for an existence, he couldn't see asking the family for help. "No, I did borrow five or ten dollars a couple of times," he admits, "but I paid it all back—including the original investment." (Lemmon, Sr. staked his Harvard-bred, stage-struck son to $300.)

While making the professional rounds in Manhattan, he met a fine young actress named Cynthia Stone. She is tall, too thin, a true blonde with clear blue eyes, clear tanned skin and impossibly perfect white teeth. When she first encountered Jack Lemmon, she was engaged to a Harvard law student.

"I did not break up their romance," Jack insists blandly. "Maybe I had an advantage because Cindy was interested in the theatre and I was the only actor she knew." He grins. "I just gave it a little nudge."

Cindy's version, related when Jack is elsewhere, does less fiddling with the facts. "Well, we *were* planning to be married, even though the engagement wasn't official yet. But, from the first time I met Jack, I knew it wouldn't be right for me to marry anyone else when he attracted me so much. Not that I let him know it at the start, since he didn't even give me a tumble—but I had to do some quick revising of my plans."

Sporting fellow that he is, Jack has enormous admiration for his erstwhile rival, chiefly because the guy had imagination. The night that he and Cynthia opened in an off-Broadway but nonetheless legitimate production, Jack walked his leading lady home. And in front of her apartment building they found a titillated crowd gathered about a gentleman who wore a sandwich board proclaiming in large black print the beauty and superb talents of one Cynthia Stone. He had been hired by the law student.

Cindy, who had hoped that her serious dramatic aspirations were impressing the handsome actor with the thick, dark eyelashes and the impudent grin, dissolved into tears of embarrassment. Jack howled.

"Not only that," he'll tell you admiringly, "he was going to hire a sky writer, too, except that Cindy said she'd never speak to him again if he did."

SHORTLY THEREAFTER Jack gave Cynthia that earth-moving tumble for which she yearned. They did exactly what you would expect of two well-brought-up youngsters; they bided their time until they could go back to her home in Peoria, Illinois, to be married on May 7, 1950. It was like them to have a proper wedding, chapter and verse, rather than a hasty civil ceremony performed by a justice of the peace. They still go back to Peoria to celebrate Christmas every year. Nice and normal. Besides they miss the snow.

"I remember," Cynthia says nostalgically. "You're walking at night in New York either because you can't find a cab or can't afford one and it's winter, so cold that you almost can't stand it. There isn't anything more wonderful than turning in at the old brownstone house where you live, running upstairs, and putting a match to the logs in the fireplace. Or driving to Long Island or Connecticut on a clear, nippy day when the colors of the leaves make your throat ache. Or, after a bad winter, waking up on one of those spring days that only happen to Manhattan—crisp, clean, brilliant and, well, just exciting. It can't be explained; it's something you have to feel."

But the Lemmons aren't about to swap the warmth and friendliness of California for nostalgia. This is home now. "We love it and, besides, it's perfect for Chris. Where else could a baby be outside practically all day?"

Master Christopher grows so rapidly that Jack cautions Cindy. "Don't antagonize him, honey. He might turn on us." He wouldn't, of course, being a nice little guy who retires at seven in the evening and doesn't assert himself again until seven the next morning. And has followed this highly desirable schedule since he was six months old. "We didn't do it," his parents concede. "When he came home from the hospital, he had a nurse who allowed *no* one in Christopher's room after he went to bed. It seemed severe at the time, but she was the best thing that ever happened to us. We, being new parents, would have heard him stir and leapt up saying, 'He's awake! Get him up, change him, feed him, do something!' Since he was trained from birth not to expect all that attention, he entertains himself. If he wakes up during the night, he sings, laughs, talks to himself, plays with his toes until he falls asleep again. It's as simple as that."

The routine of the Lemmons' daily life revolves pretty much around Chris, as

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could be expected. Most important of all, the family has breakfast together every morning—a big one, too. Jack eats because he works so hard during a day's shooting. Cindy eats like a trencherman because she would otherwise disappear into thin air. But Chris is privileged to throw his food on the floor at such an early hour because it's his only chance to be with his father. He has retired for the night by the time Jack comes home from the studio, so breakfast is a big deal.

Now that Chris is a year and a half old, Cindy plans to resume her acting career but says, "I'll make my appointments and read for parts in the morning whenever it's possible; I want to be home by two or two-thirty if I can. That's when Chris is getting up from his nap. I like to have those hours with him, and I try to give Impi every afternoon off because she's so wonderful about the rest of the time."

Impi is the fourth talent in the Lemmon household, and you'd meet a shotgun head on if you tried to lure her away. "She's fantastic," Jack said recently. "Nobody ever tells her to do anything and nobody can figure out when she sleeps. If you get up at six o'clock in the morning, you find the kitchen stove in sections on the floor: Impi's cleaning it. If you get up for a drink of water at midnight, Impi is doing something to the silver. As for Chris, he loves her so much that we might as well not be around."

LIKE MOST geniuses, Impi is not without foibles. She runs like a deer at the sight of strangers and has an aversion to telephones that borders on a compulsion. Jack is making headway in overcoming this latter bit—but not very much. A few weeks ago, when the phone rang and Impi pretended that this hateful thing had never happened, Jack remained seated, asking gently, "Impi, would you answer the phone, please?"

Her dark, almond eyes were momentarily imploring, then Impi drew a deep breath and picked up the instrument. "Lemmon residence. Please call back later," she said, hanging up before he could stop her.

She's scrupulous about their other needs. Jack is still a little keyed-up when he gets home at night, and it's Cindy's custom to relax him with a leisurely cocktail and an hour or so of civilized conversation before they dine. This means that they will not sit down to dinner until eight-thirty or nine, but almost as often as Cindy says she will serve them herself, Impi is there. She'd rather do it herself.

On such an evening the Lemmons watch TV for a while after dinner, always with one eye on the clock if Jack has an early studio call. Even when he isn't working, they aren't much for living it up in the Hollywood sense. They like to go to the neighborhood movies; they enjoy having small groups of friends over for one of Jack's barbeque specialties or Cindy's mouth-watering spaghetti, after which, believe it or not, they practice the lost art of conversation.

Cindy has been trying to teach her boy to play bridge, but one of them is hopeless. "I know he'd be a sensational player because he has such natural card sense," she says. "In New York we used to play canasta with another couple every Saturday night because we were too poor to go out anywhere, and Jack was terrific at that. But bridge is so hard to explain. 'Yes, dear, I *know* you did that last hand and it was right, but you shouldn't have done it this hand.' He's perfectly reasonable; he just asks why not, and I'm lost."

When they really have some free time, like a week, Cindy and Jack slip into the station wagon and take off with a minimum of fuss. Last time they went up into the High Sierras on a fishing trip, leaving Chris in the capable custody of Impi.

On the afternoon before, Jack came ambling through the house to find Cindy sitting on the study floor in a pair of crazy pants, surrounded by oddments of one kind or another. "Hi," she greeted him. "I have news for you, sweetie. We aren't having guests for dinner, after all."

"Oh? Why not?"

"I called and told them not to come."

"But, honey," Jack said mildly, "You've already made all that spaghetti. *Why* won't you let them come?"

"Well, you said you wanted to get an early start in the morning, and there's all this to sort out," Cindy gestured at the litter of boots, fishing gear and whatnot.

"Oh, sure. But we can go to the moom pitchers after dinner, can't we?" Reassured on that score, he went about his business. If Cindy wanted to invite people for dinner, that was swell. If she wanted to disinvite them afterward, that was perfectly okay, too. Jack's a happy man, not given to worrying about women and their whims of iron.

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BUT, about that trip his eyes fairly sparkle with enthusiasm. "Man, if this isn't it! See, you make arrangements with this packing company; you bring your own groceries and equipment, then they supply you with all the essential things you left at home. They put you on horses, load your stuff on a couple of mules and take you up to some spot that's absolutely inaccessible any other way. After they pack you in, they leave, guides and animals. You're on your own until whatever date you told them to come back for you. We had five days there."

"You mean you can't get back and there's no means of communication?" asked the studio representative to whom Jack was relating his tale of adventure.

"Nope."

"But suppose a snake bit you?"

Jack thought it over. "Perfectly all right," he said, "they'd come up after my remains four days later."

Happily, they didn't encounter any snakes. "But I got claustrophobia," Cindy admitted in an unusually small voice.

"Top that one if you can," invited Jack, shaking his head. "We're so high up in the mountains that there isn't a building for miles around, and *my* wife gets claustrophobia!"

CINDY CAME to grief because of an Alaskan pup tent, in which there is barely room to sleep two people. Since she is quite tall and Jack is a lot of man, they were really wedged in. "Everything seemed all right until I turned over," she said. "Then there was the tent against my nose and right over my head, the ground underneath me, and Jack like a rock at my back. I was suddenly terrified; I felt that I couldn't breathe, couldn't move, that I'd die if I didn't get out."

Feverishly she clawed at the small opening of the tent, and by the time she did find it, she was so badly panicked that getting her head and shoulders out wasn't enough for her. She had to be free of that tent.

She stood in the open a long moment, shivering, sweating, panting, before the sleepy head of the man she had promised to love, honor and cherish emerged from the tent and his sleepy voice asked what was up.

"When she told me, I thought that the altitude had affected my hearing," Jack said, giving himself a demonstrative belt on the head. "Claustrophobia!"

He disappeared within the tent once more, and the grateful Cindy thought he had gone to fetch her a blanket. "Not *my* man! He put on his own pea coat and came back to ask me what this was all about."

"Well, Cindy, it was about a thousand degrees below zero, and I didn't want to catch cold. After all, I *do* have to sing in *It Happened One Night*."

What it was all about was exactly what she had said, claustrophobia, and no amount of persuasion was going to get Cynthia back in that tent. After a time Jack gave up and brought her sleeping bag outside. When he wormed his way into the tent a second time, Cindy assumed that he had gone after his own sleeping bag but he hadn't. Jack had simply gone back to bed.

"Warmer in there," he pointed out. But he couldn't sleep, thinking of Cindy lying outside by herself, so he hauled his sleeping bag out and, without a word, lay down beside her.

Cindy was feeling a little foolish and largely apologetic. "Jack, I'm sorry."

No answer.

"Jack, it never happened before. You know it didn't."

Practically tearful, Cindy turned her head to look at him. Jack was sleeping like a baby.

They don't tell you how the grandeur of the Sierras moved them to awe—that might sound phony. They don't say how wonderful it was to lie under the stars, talking about the things that matter—that would be too personal. They don't even tell you how many fish they caught, because there were so many that that might seem boastful. They tell instead about the problems.

Jack says. "We came back to find a little stranger in the house. Before we went away Chris and I had a great father-and-son relationship going. We were Pals. Now he's in that total-independence phase. We got home, I rushed in with outstretched arms, at which time Chris said, 'Glub gluow,' and staggered off to keep an appointment with two other guys."

Wanting a better topic of conversation, Jack might even tell you about the tribulations Impi had with Duffy while they were gone. Duffy is the fifth and last member of the family, a pooch, and her outstanding talent is for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time.

But anybody who's spent a day at the Lemmons' can read between the problems to see that Jack, Cindy and Chris haven't really got a worry in the world. **END**

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WINSTON is the cigarette selected by Capital Airlines to serve passengers aboard the new VISCOUNT.

WINSTON changed America's mind about filter smoking! This cigarette gives you real tobacco flavor — the full, rich flavor real smokers want. You know what they say: "Winston tastes good — like a cigarette should!"

Winston also brings you an exclusive filter that really does the job. It filters so effectively that the flavor really comes through to you — smoothly and easily. Have fun — have a Winston!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



Smoke **WINSTON**
the easy-drawing filter cigarette!

'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

OCT 2 1955

modern screen

V. 20c

DELL

a great story to remember

SUZAN BALL'S

legacy of hope

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
NOV - 1

ONE HOLLYWOOD SECRET
THE SCANDALMONGERS
COULDN'T SMEAR see page 29

Liz Taylor

AT LAST! A LIQUID SHAMPOO THAT'S EXTRA RICH!



IT'S LIQUID PRELL FOR *Radiantly Alive* Hair

It's marvelous!—with radiant beauty in every drop—exciting, new Liquid Prell! It's extra-rich—that's why it leaves your hair looking so 'Radiantly Alive'. . . feeling so angelically soft . . . behaving so beautifully! You'll love Liquid Prell and its unique, *extra-rich* formula that bursts instantly into mounds of richer, more *effective* lather. Try it today!



JUST POUR IT...and you'll see the glorious difference!

Never too thin and watery like some liquid shampoos . . . never too thick with a "filming" ingredient that dulls hair like others. Extra-Rich Liquid Prell has just the right consistency—it won't run and it *never* leaves a dulling film!



PRELL—
the Radiant Shampoo now available 2 ways:

There's the exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And, of course, children and grownups alike love famous Prell in the handy tube! Won't spill, drip, or break. So economical, too—ounce for ounce it *goes further!*



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

OCT 3 1955 B 558336



She was losing him...

and she didn't know why

SHE HAD ADORED HIM from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him . . . and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

What she didn't realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but they'll get you nowhere if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

No tooth paste kills germs like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste



THE GOOD NEWS TRAVELS!

Women in more than 70 countries use Tampax

In such far-flung places as Suez and Madagascar, and right here in the United States, the story about Tampax is the same. *One woman tells another!*

In fact, internal sanitary protection is the only kind of sanitary protection that has any real advantages to talk about! It's both invisible and unfelt when in place. It does away with the cumbersome, uncomfortable belt-pin-pad harness—does away with chafing and irritation, too. It prevents odor from forming. It eliminates disposal problems. It's so protective in such a natural, normal way that you keep right on wearing it while you take your shower or tub. Even its smallness is an advantage; it's easy to carry "extras" with you.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Is it any wonder that the use of Tampax has grown steadily, year after year, as more and more women find out about this modern protection? Don't delay trying it yourself a single month longer—for the only way you can appreciate the freedom it gives you *is* to try it! Choice of 3 absorbencies at drug or notion counters (Regular, Super, Junior). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

November, 1955

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

stories

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*On the Cover: Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by Wallace Seawell, Liz can soon be seen in Warners' *Giant* and MGM's *Mary Anne*. Miss Taylor's furs by Al Teitlebaum. Other photographers' credits on page 90.

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OVERWHELMING THE CINEMASCOPE SCREEN WITH ADVENTURE AND VILLAINY, ROMANCE AND HEROISM! A SIR WALTER SCOTT STORY FROM M-G-M, PRODUCERS OF "IVANHOE"–AND TWICE AS THRILLING!



THE TERRIFIC ACTION-CLIMAX!
Mortal duel with deadly Battle Axe and Dirk in the flaming Bell-Tower!

Forbidden to love! Famed star Kay Kendall makes her American film debut in an exciting role!

M-G-M PRESENTS

The Adventures of Quentin Durward

IN CINEMASCOPE AND IN COLOR

STARRING

ROBERT TAYLOR · KAY KENDALL · ROBERT MORLEY

SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT ARDREY · ADAPTATION BY GEORGE FROESCHEL · PHOTOGRAPHED IN EASTMAN COLOR · DIRECTED BY RICHARD THORPE · PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN · AN M-G-M PICTURE

The problem every woman faces

There's a certain kind of body odor that perfumes can't conceal, deodorants can't help. Because of its embarrassing nature, *women won't even talk about it among themselves.* Therefore many girls grow up in complete ignorance of the need for douching—and *the particular need for a special kind of douching.*

The wise, the informed, have already found in "Lysol" the *right* answer to this problem. For *"Lysol" kills odor-producing bacteria rapidly, on contact.* Just a teaspoonful added to the douche water both cleanses and deodorizes—gives you long-lasting daintiness. Yet the new improved "Lysol" is bland and harmless to feminine tissues. Actually, its antiseptic action is beneficial as well as gentle. And it spreads into each fold and crevice to give you complete assurance of personal cleanliness.

There are, of course, especially important times to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant. Married women naturally use more. But every woman faces the problem of "waning days," of extra secretions, of times when it just seems sensible and *right* to use it.

And don't ignore that feeling. Don't risk being guilty of "embarrassing odor." Not when "Lysol" is so gentle, so effective, so available, so easy! ...Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. DM-5511



"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant ®



THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q: Can you tell me whatever happened to Montgomery Clift? Where is he, and will he ever make another movie?
—H.F., Henderson, Ky.

A: *Clift has been touring Europe with singer Libby Holman, returns shortly to star in* Sons And Lovers.

Q: Is it true that Edmund Purdom is unbearable, that he tried to direct Linda Christian in a picture, that he will marry her? —E.L., Los Angeles, Cal.

A: *Purdom is highly opinionated, ran into trouble in Barcelona where, on a film, he tried to tell Miss Christian how to play a love scene. Linda claims she has no marriage plans.*

Q: I read that the late Suzan Ball's medical bills came to $72,000. Who paid them? —V.Y., Chicago, Ill.

A: *Universal-International Pictures.*

Q: Recently I dialed a phone number in this city and listened to a voice that claimed to be Jimmy Stewart. Was it really Stewart? —C.L., New York City

A: *Yes, Stewart has been making recordings requesting the public to see his latest picture. When you dialed the phone number you heard the recording.*

Q: Can you tell me how Tyrone Power can afford to pay his first wife Annabella $87,000 a year in alimony and his second wife Linda Christian $50,000 a year? —D.O., Boston, Mass.

A: *Annabella has agreed to a reduction in payments and Linda gets only $15,000 a year.*

Q: Is the Frank Sinatra-Anita Ekberg love affair the real thing? Will it last?
—E.E., Miami, Fla.

A: *It seems to be cooling.*

Q: Does Olivia De Havilland really wear her husband's ties around her head—you know, as bandannas?
—S.W., San Jose, Cal.

A: *Yes.*

Q: I've been told that Jimmy Dean and director George Stevens fought all through the filming of *Giant.* If this is true, why? —H.F., Dallas, Texas

A: *Dean is temperamental.*

Q: The Judy Garland personal appearance tour, the Eddie Fisher personal appearance tour, the Martin and Lewis personal appearance tour—I understand that all of these summer tours were financial flops. How come?
—B.T., Memphis, Tenn.

A: *Promoters claim the guarantee to the stars is too high, which means seat prices are too high, which means the public doesn't attend—especially when it can see these people perform pretty nearly the same act on television for nothing.*

Q: What is the connection between a dancer named Rita Green and Walter Winchell? —B.F., Newark, Mo.

A: *Miss Green was Winchell's first wife.*

Q: I understand that Liberace is the best-liked personality in Hollywood. When he gives a party, they say, he invites everyone, even the janitor. True or false? —H.T., Ely, Nev.

A: *True.*

Q: Can Jane Russell act? What do directors really think of her talent?
—E.S., Minneapolis, Minn.

A: *Her performances are considered quite adequate.*

Q: They tell me that Bob Hope is buying up as much California property as possible. Only a few weeks ago, I understand, he paid $400,000 in cash for the ranch of Fibber McGee and Molly in Ventura County, California. Why is Hope doing this?
—J.R., San Francisco, Cal.

A: *Hope is a shrewd investor who believes staunchly in the future growth of California.*

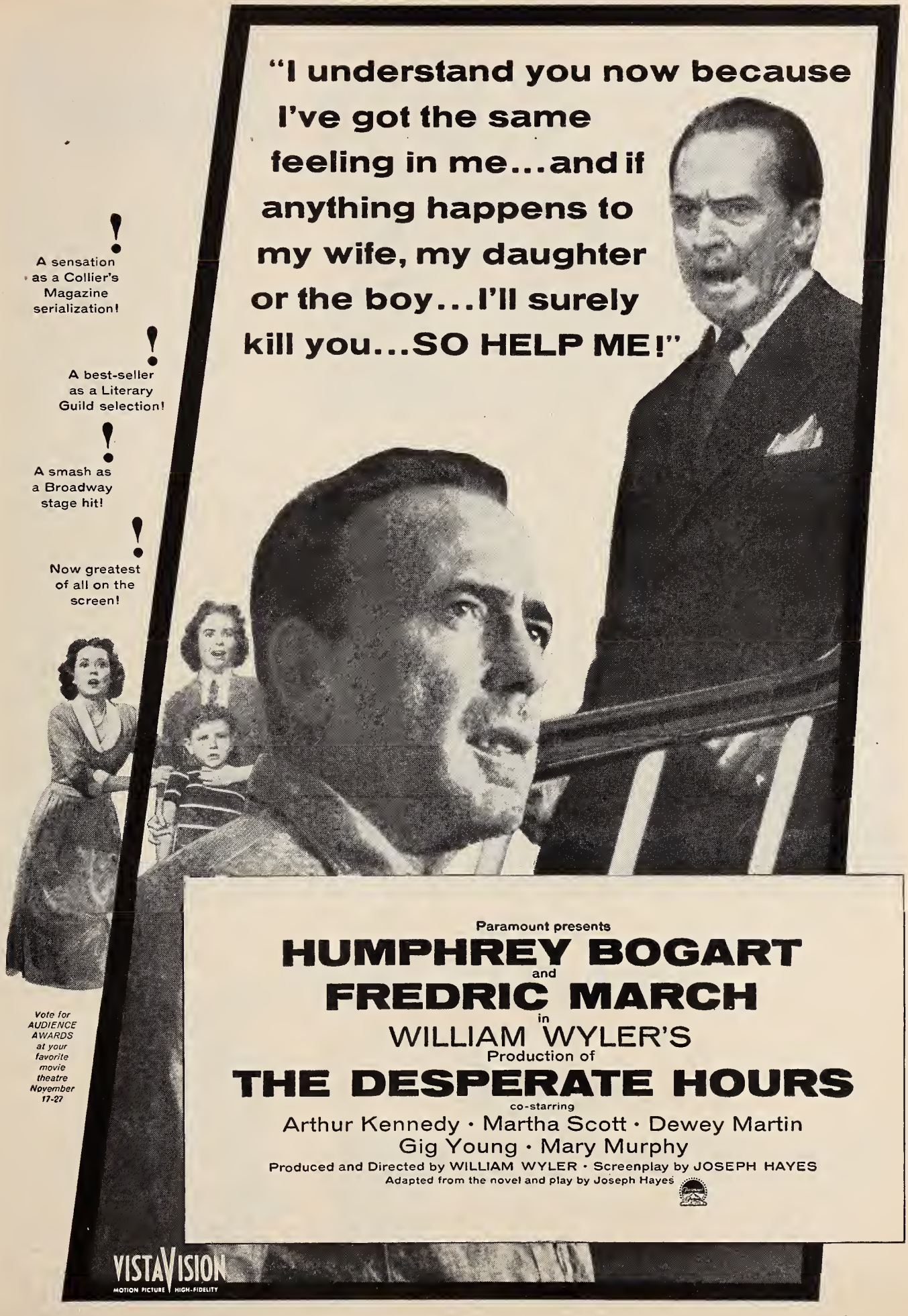
Q: Gary Crosby has been seeing a lot lately of Cleo Moore. Aren't these two secretly engaged?
—B.R., Evanston, Ill.

A: *Just dating.*

Q: Did Betty Hutton recently lose a baby? Is Betty finished with movies?
—H.K., Mobile, Ala.

A: *Miss Hutton suffered a miscarriage, plans to do* TV *and films this season.*

(Continued on page 6)

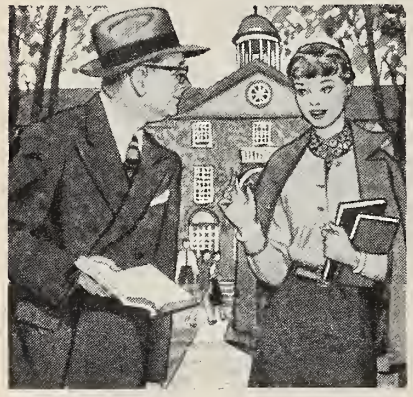

"I understand you now because I've got the same feeling in me...and if anything happens to my wife, my daughter or the boy...I'll surely kill you...SO HELP ME!"
! A sensation as a Collier's Magazine serialization!
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! A smash as a Broadway stage hit!
! Now greatest of all on the screen!
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Production of
THE DESPERATE HOURS
co-starring
Arthur Kennedy · Martha Scott · Dewey Martin
Gig Young · Mary Murphy
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER · Screenplay by JOSEPH HAYES
Adapted from the novel and play by Joseph Hayes
VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE | HIGH-FIDELITY



Want a good group project this fall?

☐ *An off-beat treat* ☐ *Bird watching* ☐ *A quilting bee*

Ask the crowd—how about planning something special for their moms, come Thanksgiving? A really off-beat treat for the lady who cooks the turkey dinner? Then pool your wits and wallets, throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it—this fun way of thanking them for being "the most," pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through *certain days?* Yes. Because she helped you choose *Kotex** for softness, safety you can trust . . . the complete *absorbency you need.* You see, she knew that confidence and Kotex go together!



Which helps "elevate" a low brow?

☐ *Symphony sessions* ☐ *Dating the psych prof*
☐ *A bang on the head*

Neither "long-hair" concerts nor brain bait can lift the kind of brow *we* mean! If your forehead's low, part your hair higher on your head, parallel to eyebrows. Now make a short bang that conceals your real hairline. Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives a choice of *3 sizes.* Try Regular, Junior, Super. And try a new Kotex *belt,* too . . . it goes with Kotex for perfect comfort.



At first glance, would you say she's a—

☐ *Gold digger* ☐ *Mixed up kid*
☐ *Shrinking violet*

She may be a living razor at repartee, but in *clothes savvy* she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, *not* the full-skirted style she's wearing. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) *Kotex* and those *flat pressed ends* are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear *this* napkin on either side, safely.

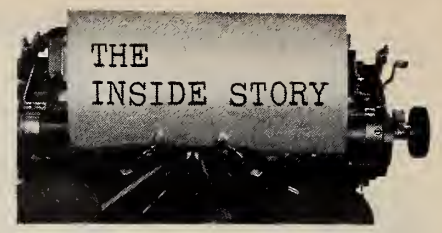
More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the fascinating, *free* booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations. Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and don'ts a girl should *know.* For your free copy, address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 10115, Chicago 54, Ill.





*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



(*Continued from page 4*)

Q: How come George Gobel received no salary for making *The Birds And The Bees* at Paramount?
—E.G., URBANA, ILL.

A: *He preferred to take fifty per cent of the film's net profit.*

Q: Is it true that Dean Martin prevented a possible divorce in the Jerry Lewis household last year by talking sense to Jerry and Patti?
—F.F., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A: *Yes.*

Q: Who is considered the best-dressed actor in Hollywood?
—N.R., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A: *It's a toss-up between Clifton Webb and Cary Grant.*

Q: I read somewhere that while Victor Mature was in Europe he dated over 300 girls. Is that particular story true?
—V.H., LONDON, ENG.

A: *Mature denies it.*

Q: Does Terry Moore live at home with her parents? Is it true there is a feud between Terry and Liz Taylor on account of Nicky Hilton?
—G.E., DENVER, COLO.

A: *Terry has recently moved into her own apartment, has never feuded with Elizabeth Taylor.*

Q: Will Susan Hayward ever marry again? —C.H., WASHINGTON, D. C.

A: *She says she hopes so.*

Q. How come Bing Crosby's twin sons were drafted into the service and his oldest son, Gary, was not?
—C.F., PALO ALTO, CAL.

A. *Gary has a bad back, result of an old football injury.*

Q. I've read that Red Skelton is broke and living on borrowed money. Any truth to that rumor?
—L.H., N. ADAMS, MASS.

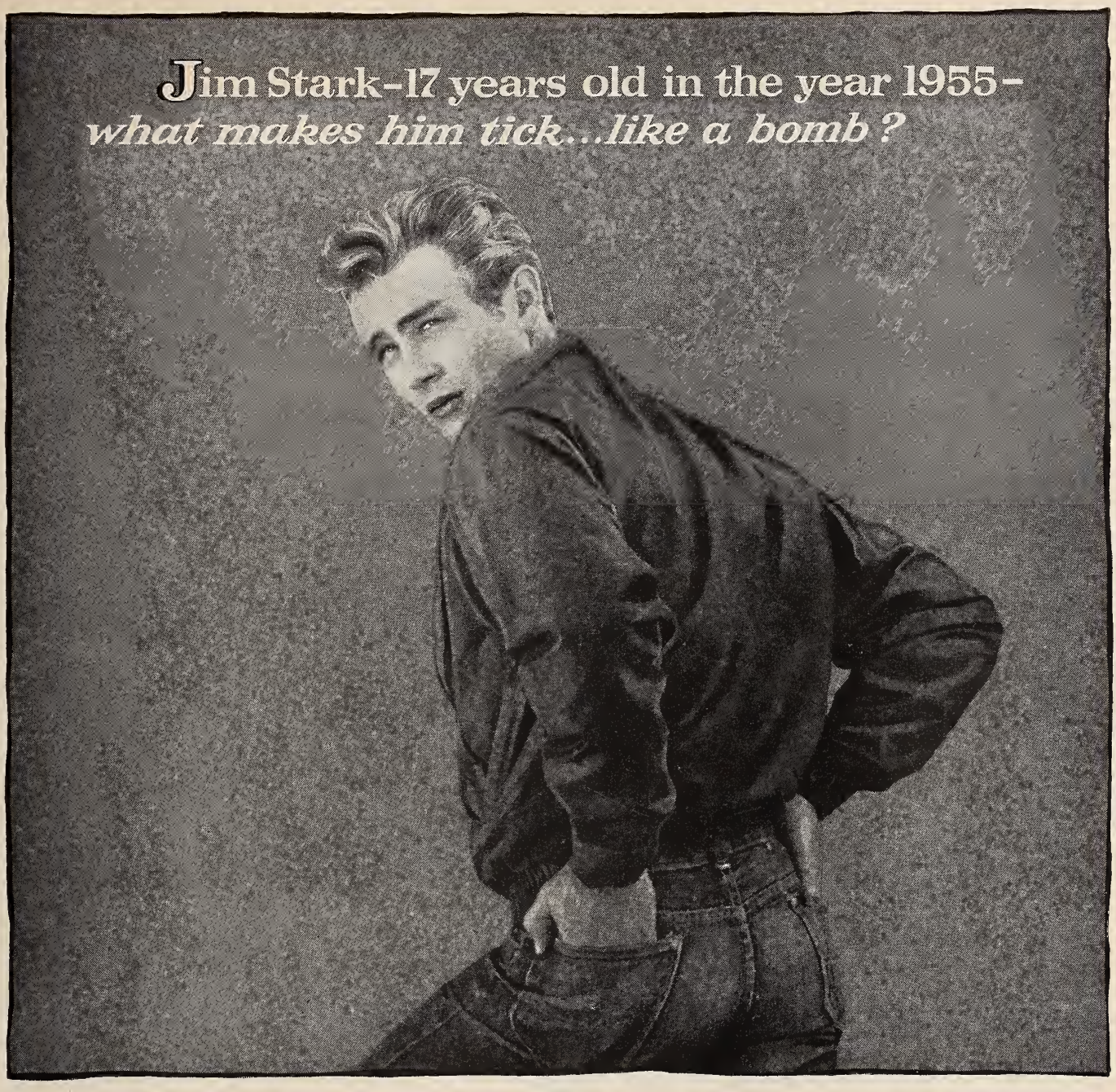
A. *None whatever. Skelton's weekly* TV *salary is $8,500.*

Q. Can you give me a rough idea of how much all the Martin and Lewis comedies have made to date?
—C.L., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. *Twelve released comedies have grossed $60,000,000.*

Q. Now that Olivia De Havilland has married Pierre Galante, will she ever live in Hollywood again?
—S.S., NEWARK, N.J.

A. *Olivia will make her home in France, do one picture a year in Hollywood.*

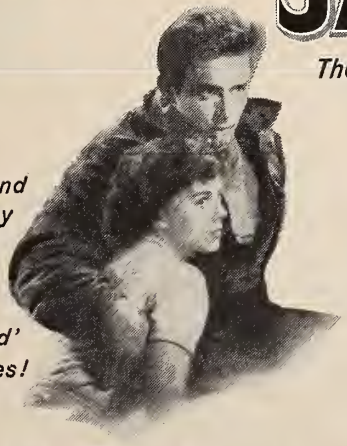


WARNER BROS. PUT ALL THE FORCE OF THE SCREEN INTO A CHALLENGING DRAMA OF TODAY'S TEENAGERS!

JAMES DEAN

The overnight sensation of 'East of Eden' becomes the star of the year in

"REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE"

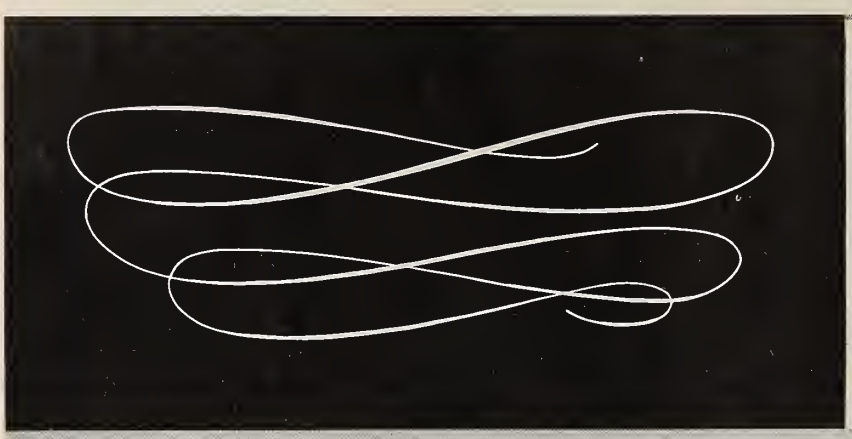


...and they both come from 'good' families!

WARNERCOLOR · CINEMASCOPE · STEREOPHONIC SOUND

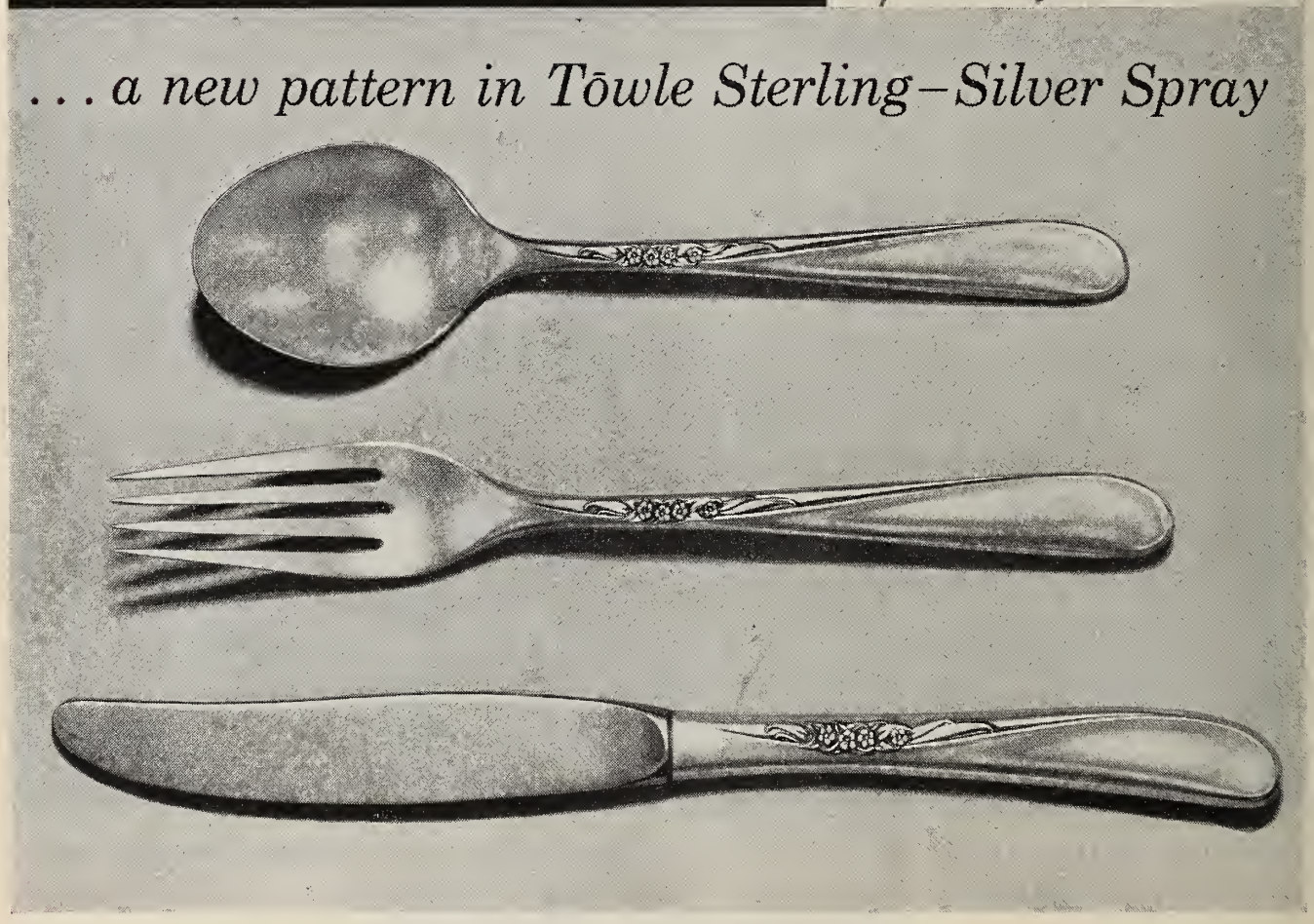
ALSO STARRING **NATALIE WOOD** WITH SAL MINEO AND JIM BACKUS · ANN DORAN · COREY ALLEN · WILLIAM HOPPER · SCREEN PLAY BY STEWART STERN · PRODUCED BY DAVID WEISBART · DIRECTED BY NICHOLAS RAY

From the sweeping grace of the "curve of beauty". . . the charm of a tiny bouquet





. . . a new pattern in Tōwle Sterling–Silver Spray



In concept and execution Silver Spray embodies in every detail the superb artistry, the painstaking craftsmanship that are the hallmark of The Towle Touch in sterling.

SILVER SPRAY captures in glowing, living sterling the classic "curve of beauty"–the flowing $\int$ curve considered by generations of artists to be the most pleasing form in art or nature. Towle designers have added to the pure, sweeping sculptured lines of the curve of beauty a simple spray of flowerettes that, in addition to their delightful decorative effect, give each piece a focus of functional balance.

SILVER SPRAY you will feel–invites the hand–and more–it is that rarity in tableware, a pattern that looks beautiful *in* the hand. And on your table you will enjoy yet another virtually unique characteristic of Silver Spray–each place setting piece has been designed to be in complete harmony with the other.

SILVER SPRAY embodies many useful Towle Touches, of course. Among them the practical "place size" for knife, fork, and spoon–that happy in-between luncheon and dinner size that Towle was first to introduce. But see Silver Spray in *all* its enchanting beauty and learn first hand of its many features. Any of the fine stores that carry Towle will be happy to show you Silver Spray. And also discuss with you convenient plans that will make Silver Spray yours to enjoy at once. Six piece place setting...$35.00.

The Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood





Cleo Moore and Gary Crosby: what a month it's been for new twosomes (see page 10)

IN THIS SECTION

Good News
Audience Awards nominations
Personal to Marla English
Party of the month
Rendezvous in Rome

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



Tab Hunter has a new girl, Lee Remick, but isn't going steady.

New couples are blossoming out all over our town—and some of



Ben Cooper, who's taking Norma LaRoche all over town, has sprouted a mustache, of all things!



Donald O'Connor is going steady—and so happy about it—with Gloria Noble, the pretty TV actress.

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

POOR SHEREE! Blonde, wisecracking Sheree North kept her marriage to "Bud" Freeman, recording company executive, a secret from February to August. And it *still* might not have come out except—"I just couldn't stand the appearance of 'living in sin' any longer!" the gal says.

"I'll never understand how anyone could want to defy the conventions," sighs Sheree. "It's so much *trouble*. After we were married, sometimes Bud would forget and answer the 'phone in the middle of the night. You could cut the sarcasm with a knife when the party on the other end of the line would say, 'Excuse me!'—and hang up.

"Or, the milkman or the cleaner would hand Bud a bill made out to 'Miss North' and you could almost slap the smirks off their faces.

"We tried to remember to always put his car in the garage at night, but on the few occasions we forgot, you could almost hear the ripple of curtains being pulled back as the neighbors peeked.

"I just couldn't take that, so I finally broke down and told my immediate neighbors, who are so good and kind, particularly to my little girl Dawn, that Bud and I were secretly married. After that, they got a big kick out of helping us.

"But even with their help, we couldn't keep down the gossip. Bud and I could have stood it, I guess, but when it started to hurt my little girl—that was too much.

"When Dawn came home one day and said, 'The kids want to know who *that man* is who lives with us,' that did it! I told Bud I was going to tell the world—and it was all right with him."

I asked Sheree, "Why did you try to keep your marriage a secret? There's no law against it."

She laughed. "That's true. But at the time, you remember, I was getting started in my first starring role replacing Marilyn Monroe in *How To Be Very, Very Popular*. There had been a lot of trouble getting the picture started. I had been in and out of the cast twice.

"With all that commotion going on, it seemed best if I just kept my private life as private as possible, or so I thought. Whether I did right or wrong, I want to say that Bud was an angel any way I wanted to play it.

"Come to think of it," smiled Sheree, "Bud is an angel—period."

WELCOME, STRANGER! Vic Damone and Pier Angeli had been in their new Bel Air home just twenty-four hours before the Stork came a'callin', with an eight-pound, thirteen-ounce boy, who was delivered at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

Great was the rejoicing among the happy Italians on both sides of the family clan. The Pierangelis and the Farinolas (Vic's name) had reason for deep concern for, as you recall, Pier had fallen and suffered a fractured pelvic bone aboard an airplane enroute to Palm Springs early in her pregnancy.

Vic rushed his green-eyed Italian wife to the hospital at 3 a.m. on the morning of August 22. Twelve hours later their son was delivered by Caesarian section.

All Vic could say, and he kept saying it over and over, "Thank God my dear wife is all right."

When he could think about anything else, he gleefully remembered that this was also the birth date of his father, Rocco Farinola.

Mrs. Pierangeli, Pier's mother, and her twin, Marisa Pavan, were beside themselves with joy.

There had been whispers that Vic and his mother-in-law were not exactly seeing eye-to-eye in the weeks before the baby came, but this happy event has dimmed every emotion but joy with all these emotional Italians.

THEY SAY the most terrifying scene ever filmed in a movie is in *The Ten Commandments* showing 300 huge frogs crawling over the bed of The Queen of Egypt—Anne Baxter to you.

"Of course, the frogs are made of rubber," laughed Anne, "and to be frank, the whole thing felt like a giant massage to me—but on the screen it looks horrible! But, it's just one of *seven* plagues Mr. De Mille has in the movie!"

WHO CAN BLAME poor Janet Leigh if she feels a bit put-upon and sorry for herself?

"Here I am headed for the Mau Mau country in Africa with all those wild animals and snakes and *bugs* while Vic Mature and I film *Safari*," Janet sighed to a reporter before leaving London, "and where is Tony? I'll tell you," Janet sniffed. "He's in Paris—if you please—*Paris*, mind you—with an apartment on the Left Bank, and a valet to look after him, and Gina Lollobrigida for a leading lady—and all those beautiful girls working in tights in *Trapeze!*"

(As though Tony ever looks at another woman—but any wife knows how Janet feels.)

From the moment Janet was cast in the

the old ones look pretty rosy, too!



Hugh O'Brian is international—taking French Simon Auger to a Mexican tequila party!



I was so pleased to see Grace Kelly and Jean-Pierre Aumont together. He flew in from France to see Grace; took her to the opening of A Day By The Sea *at Huntington Hartford's theatre.*



New star Shirley Jones (of Oklahoma!*) got her first look at Ciro's with Johnny Anderson.*



Perry Lopez and Marisa Pavan are a new twosome, but I hear his favorite girl is still cute Karen Sharpe.



Dick Contino, Piper Laurie's ex-beau, is seeing blonde Leigh Snowden these days.

Public rendezvous in Rome

Edmund Purdom and Linda Christian kept pretty much to themselves overseas, but in Rome they gave up hiding from the American cameramen and the crowds who followed them every time they went shopping or walking together. So it looks as if this much-talked-about romance isn't over yet.







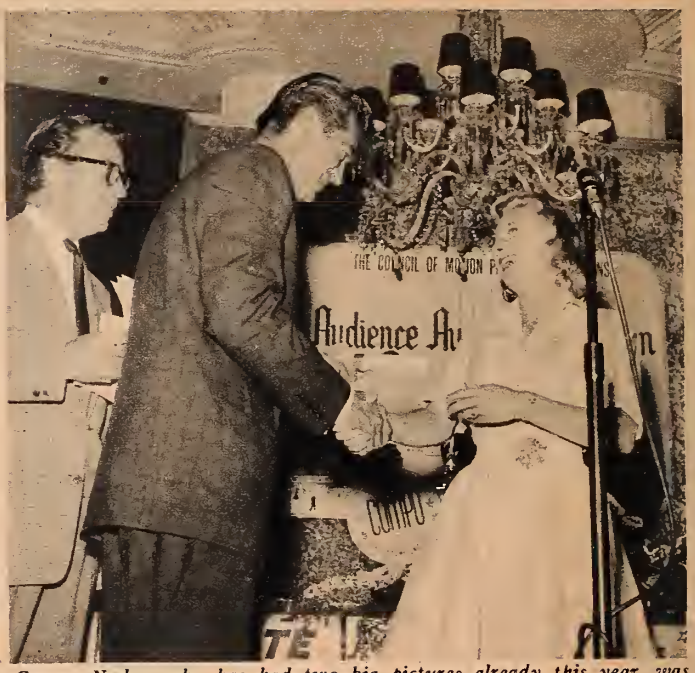
LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



Nominations for the first National Audience Awards were made fans and moviegoers are going to choose the best picture and the



Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell announced the most promising young men. Dick Egan was one—and did you ever see such a grin in your life?



George Nader, who has had two big pictures already this year, was another. And Junie is up for the best actress award for Woman's World.

Some of the girls nominated were Anne Francis, Cleo Moore, Rita Moreno, Lori Nelson and Barbara Rush. You'd better start deciding now.



at a Hollywood luncheon—but you best performances yourselves.



But I bet—though I shouldn't—Junie's secretly rooting for her new co-star, Jack Lemmon.

African picture she's made no bones about being "scairt." "I guess I'm just not the adventurous type," she says.

EXACTLY ONE WEEK to the day that Dick Haymes stood in the spotlight at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles and brought tears to Rita Hayworth's eyes singing "Come Rain Or Come Shine" right to her, she announced their separation. There were rumors all over town that Dick and Rita had such a battle royal that he blackened one of her green eyes. Rita hid behind dark glasses when she spent all day in her lawyer's office, but Dick swears he never hit her. Their few intimates believe that Rita just couldn't take Dick's possessing of her life and career any more. Remember I told you in this column of how Dick wouldn't let Rita out of his sight and even went with her to a business conference at Jerry Wald's house which he was invited to leave and didn't. It seems strange to me that after these two went through so much trouble when Dick was out of work and about to be deported, they couldn't solve their marriage when the going got good.

NOT EVEN their close friends, Frances and Edgar Bergen, were invited to be with June Allyson and Dick Powell when they celebrated their tenth anniversary.

Dick and June got away from everything and everybody by chartering a yacht for three days and sailing off to Catalina Harbor.

"Junie and I just want to be by ourselves," Dick said to friends before they went away. "Sometime during the evening of August 19th we'll open a bottle of champagne and drink a toast to those ten years of the past—and to the next ten years, and more, of the future."

Let the gossips take that and *that!*

Personal to MARLA ENGLISH:

■ Do you know, girl, I'm kind of proud of you. Oh, I know Paramount suspended you for turning down the lead opposite Spencer Tracy in *The Mountain* because you're too deeply in love with Bud Pennell to leave him for the three months it will take to shoot the picture in France.

A lot of girls think you are crazy. Most young actresses would jump out a window if it meant the opportunity to work with the one and only Spence.

But, with you, love came first. And I can't see what's so awful about that.

To me (maybe I'm an incurable romantic), it makes you warm and human and very womanly to give up something big in your career because of the man in your life.

Ofttimes I look at the faces of these young girls in Hollywood who give up everything for their careers and I find something very unpleasant written there. Too much ambition, too much deliberation, too much hardness for youth.

Before you turned down the Tracy picture, I know you worked very hard to get the romantic lead in the movie for Bud, official name, Larry Pennell. When that part went to Bob Wagner, you bowed out, too.

To me, it's rather nice to hear that Cupid has won out over Ambition, for a change. If Paramount is listening, it may even make a better actress of you.

I just hope, too, that Bud appreciates what you have done and that he loves you as much as you love him.

Cupid, take a bow!



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: Many of the society reporters called it "The most brilliant party ever given in Beverly Hills." I refer to the glittering Victory Ball for the St. John's Hospital Fund which was the opening event of the beautiful new Beverly Hilton Hotel. The affair was very close to my heart because Irene Dunne and I are chairwomen of this charity and it was gratifying indeed that all the hard work put into the affair should materialize so brilliantly.

The Bali Room of the hotel was a veritable paradise of flowers, lighting and decoration and the gowns the women wore were beautiful beyond description.

Irene's gown was a Fontana (I was with her when she bought it in Rome), lovely with its huge skirt and embroidered bodice.

Dorothy Kirsten thrilled all with her singing and particularly intrigued the women present with an evening gown that was not only beautiful, but "workable." The blue-green lace sheath had an overskirt and train of tulle, very effective when she was on the stage.

But when Dorothy returned to her table, much to the amusement and admiration of all, she unsnapped the overskirt, threw it over the back of her chair, and sat in sheer comfort in the sheath—no yards and yards of material around her feet.

Mrs. Jack Lemmon's gown was a simple, white jersey creation and she looked so pretty Jack's eyes sparkled every time he glanced at her.

Jack Benny was the witty master of ceremonies—and I guess I could go on and on about this party, which was certainly "tops" for this month or any other.



Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable came. Clark made a fine choice—Kay's a lovely, witty girl.



Co-hostess Irene Dunne met Conrad Hilton.

I was so pleased at the way everyone in town turned



Since her about-to-be-husband Ray Anthony was out of town, Mamie Van Doren came with friend Bill Miller—and a stunning blonde, her mother!

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF department: Next to the names of Marilyn Monroe and Jean Peters on the new "contract players" issued to producers at 20th Century-Fox is the telling comment: "ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS UNKNOWN."

IT'S BEEN A MONTH of plenty of bad luck and casualties for some of our nicest people. Black cats have been crossing paths all over Hollywood, seems everybody walked under a ladder or broke a mirror. The hex was on:

Lana Turner, who slipped in her bathtub in Acapulco and brought on a brain concussion which delayed the start of her new picture, *Rains Of Ranchipur*, by weeks.

Arlene Dahl, who was packed and ready to leave for Rome and her role in *War And Peace* when she suffered a facial neuralgia due to secondary anemia and her doctor sent her to the hospital instead. Anita Ekberg was rushed into her part.

Anne Bancroft, who was half finished with *The Last Hunt* as Bob Taylor's leading lady when she was thrown from her horse and had such a serious sacroiliac injury that she had to be replaced by Debra Paget.

Liz Taylor, whose bad leg kicked up on *Giant* to the extent that she was hospitalized for three days and after that spent every moment she was not actually in front of the cameras in a wheel chair.

Bing's son, Phillip Crosby, who fell asleep at the wheel of his car returning to his Army camp, and had an accident, fracturing his back in three places. The boy may be in a cast for over a year, but Bing is too happy that he is alive to be anything but grateful.

Gordon Scott, the new Tarzan, who slipped and broke his foot during scenes being made in Africa, and had serious infection set in as he was being flown home for treatment.

In a word, just about everybody's "had it"!



I HOPE FRANKIE'S NOT *starting to cut up again. Lately he's been so charming, escorting his daughter Nancy (the cute brunette above) to premières, being so friendly and amenable. But now that he's walked out of* Carousel*—on a very flimsy excuse—people are saying he's gone back to his "bad-boy" days and he's making enemies again.*

out for the Victory Ball. Besides being a wonderful party, it was a very successful charity benefit



Terry Moore and Nicky Hilton didn't come together (trouble there) but they met—briefly.



Jack Lemmon and Cynthia beamed, excited over Jack's role in It Happened One Night.



Anita Ekberg, probably our most popular girl, came with Hal Hayes, one of her many beaus.



the letter box

From New Orleans, APRIL ALLAIN *(quite a flowery name) writes:* "Grace Kelly is the loveliest of all stars and those who pan her are jealous. But what in the world does everyone see in Rock Hudson?" *Come now, April. Those who like Rock will say the same things about you that you say about Grace's detractors.*

JOYCE MILES, ELBERFIELD, IND., *wants Frank Sinatra to know that her grandmother loves him.* "She never mentions his name that she doesn't add, 'Bless his little heart'," *says Joyce. Frankie will appreciate those kind words.*



"I have just seen *Love Me Or Leave Me* and will you tell me where they've been keeping that wonderful Cameron Mitchell? He's tops," *is the opinion of* MARY NASON, MONTEREY, CALIF. *Don't worry about Cam, Mary. He's doing all right.*

Got a laugh and a kick out of MEREDITH INGRAM'S *comment about Jack Webb's visit to* HOUSTON, TEXAS, *plugging* Pete Kelly's Blues: "He obeyed every traffic rule, his whole party stopping for red lights, stop signs, etc. He certainly set a good example to the hometowners!" *Can you imagine Sergeant Friday not obeying traffic rules?*

VIRGINIA KEITH, *of* SEATTLE, OREGON, *asks:* "Is Rory Calhoun blue over the stories printed about his juvenile delinquent record?" *Far from it. He hopes his mistakes will be a lesson for other boys who might be tempted to take the wrong road.*

Thank you all for your comments. It isn't possible for me to use all the letters you write. But keep telling me your opinions. I find them very interesting.

SEE HERE, HOLLYWOOD producers: Don't forget Richard Long, the devoted and loving husband of Suzan Ball, when you're casting your new pictures.

Time after time I heard many of you say, during Suzan's long and heartbreaking losing fight against cancer, "I wish I could do something."

The greatest thing you can do in Suzan's memory is to give jobs to the man she loved.

WHEN FRANK SINATRA gives a party, believe me—he gives a party!

When the Crown Prince of song decided to fete his old pal, Patsy D'Amore, owner of the Villa Capri cafe, as a farewell before he took off for Europe, Frank ordered a $4000 unit of air conditioning put in the Capri just so his guests would be comfortable!

Then he invited such guests as Nat "King" Cole, Sammy Davis, Jr., Milton Berle and musical comedy star Pat Stanley (of *The Pajama Game*) to put on the show.

Far into the night, Frank sang, "King" Cole sang and played the piano, Sammy, Jr. danced and played the drums and Uncle Miltie told stories.

Sitting around perfectly entranced as they listened and ate hot Mexican food were, Lauren Bacall, Betty Furness, Dean Martin and his wife Jean, George Raft and about sixty other lucky ones, that being about full capacity for the cafe.

P.S. Frankie had no date.

JANE POWELL is a discouraged girl about the way her career is going. MGM has no new musical scheduled for her and as this is written she and Pat Nerney are planning a leisurely trip to the Orient.

"I don't know what's the matter," Janie says. "My pictures have always made money and I like to work." She shrugged. "Maybe they're just looking for something different for me. I hope so."

SOMETIMES I WONDER if all the dieting the glamour girls—and the rest of us, for that matter—go through, is worth all the trouble and starvation.

What brought this thought on, is—I've never seen a man more in love with his wife than that wonderful Italian actor, Rossano Brazzi (I hope you saw him in *Three Coins In The Fountain* and with Katharine Hepburn in *Summertime*). And to say that Mrs. Brazzi is very plump is the height of understatement.

I met her while I was in Rome and I must say that she is one of the most charming, delightful and witty women I have ever met despite all the poundage she carries around.

Rossano is mad for her and even when he's called away from Rome for only a day's shooting on a picture or for some other business reason, he's constantly on the telephone —or sending her flowers—or love letters.

I can think of some skinny wives who would just *love* this kind of attention from their handsome husbands!

EVERYTIME I READ about the way the present day crop of young actors invest their money so wisely (for instance, Marlon Brando in his father's farm and other business activities, Keefe Brasselle in an office building in Beverly Hills, and so on) I can't help remembering the good old days.

When I first came to Hollywood, most young actors spent every nickel earned for pink automobiles, blue swimming pools, homes ten times too big for them—and they ate high on the caviar.

Now I hear that Farley Granger, another boy close with a buck, has bought a part interest in a summer stock company theatre in Fayetteville, New York. Recently he appeard here in *The Rainmaker*.

Says Farley, "Makes it particularly nice to count the house when you know you own the seats!"

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



Kirk Douglas went to the polio benefit at Monte Carlo and found Martine Carol (the Monroe of France!!) on his right, and on his left Gina Lollobrigida with her husband, Miklo Skofic.

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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD.



Frank Sinatra will play a thirty-five year old actors' agent and highly eligible New York bachelor in MGM's *The Tender Trap.* Also starred will be Debbie Reynolds, David Wayne, and Celeste Holm. Although the comedy film is a non-musical, MGM is making certain that all the Reynolds and Sinatra fans will not be disappointed. A special song is being written for them to sing in a comedy sequence and will be released shortly on records. Sinatra's opening scene called for him to wear a pair of red woolen socks. Van Johnson heard about this and immediately sent Sinatra a half-dozen of his own as a gift. For many years now Van has been famous for wearing red wool socks, even with his evening clothes. Things are always lively when Sinatra is on the set. He heard that Celeste Holm was on a diet and yelled across to her, "Hi, ya, Skinny!" Celeste sighed, "That's the nicest thing anybody ever said to me, especially coming from Mr. Slim himself."



Burt Lancaster gives forth with snatches of operatic arias in a bath scene as well as when he waltzes with Anna Magnani in Paramount's *The Rose Tattoo.* Marisa Pavan, Pier Angeli's twin sister in real life, sings an Italian folk song, "Come Le Rose," as she picks out the tune on the piano. Also starred in the film is Ben Cooper, a former Broadway child prodigy, who scored in films like *Johnny Guitar* and *The Admiral Hoskins Story.* Now twenty-two years old, Ben has appeared in more than 3000 radio shows and has been in television for seven years. Composer Alex North, who scored *Streetcar Named Desire,* has created a haunting musical background for *The Rose Tattoo* by using mandolins and guitars. Perry Como has already recorded the title tune, "The Rose Tattoo," for Victor, and Johnny Mercer is creating the lyrics to a love theme from the picture.





Believe it or not, Humphrey Bogart and Gene Tierney will sing in their latest picture, 20th Century-Fox's *The Left Hand Of God.* Furthermore, the cast and crew think they have a song of Hit Parade stature. In the film, Bogart is a soldier-adventurer masquerading as a Catholic priest. Miss Tierney is a nurse. Together they are entertaining a score of Chinese children in a mission in China. Then, in a light mood, they sing a little ballad titled "The Loaf Of Bread." It's sweet, it's simple and it brings down the house. Ken Darby, composer and vocal coach at the studio, is responsible for the song. Ken asked Bogart and Miss Tierney if they would like to sing the song with their own voices and not have other voices dubbed in. They both chorused, "Sure." Bogart then said, "This is for Dan Dailey." Many actors collect flubs (uncalled-for happenings during the filming of a scene). There was a corker in *The Left Hand Of God.* Bogart had some tight dialogue with Carl Benton Reid and Don Forbes, in the roles of priests investigating his activities. The two priests had just arrived from the Chinese coast by mule-train, and the mules felt mighty good about having their heavy packs unloaded in the sunshine. Cameras were rolling, everything was mouse-quiet, and Humphrey Bogart was just starting to say a key line when one of the mules brayed. Then pandemonium broke loose when all twenty mules brayed an answer. "Cut!" yelled director Edward Dmytryk, and another flub was born.



Danny Kaye is learning to master the horn for his roll as jazz trumpeter in Paramount's *The Court Jester.* His efforts are still pretty feeble, but this doesn't daunt Kaye. He continues to puff away, to the agony of all within hearing. Danny claims the story of his life is contained in "The Court Jester's Lament," a spectacular musical number that runs for nine minutes and thirty seconds, the longest since the lobby number from *Up In Arms.* In the song, written by Danny's wife Sylvia Fine, Kaye sings of how he happened to become jester. He relates how many people tried to teach him how to be a fool, but he concludes sadly, "I made a fool of myself." It's terrific! This film is perhaps the most lavishly-produced comedy in the history of motion pictures. While staggering production figures no longer cause much excitement (*Continued on page 20*)



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music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 18*) in Hollywood, due to the current concentration on "big" movies, the revelation that Danny's Dena Productions spent $4,000,000 in producing the film raised a number of eyebrows. Raised highest of all were the prehensile eyebrows of Kaye himself. Danny said, "I tossed off that four million figure once in answer to a question on what the movie would cost, but when I found out I was entirely accurate in my guess, I was stunned." Kaye's fun-making is seen against a huge tapestry background of medieval England, complete with gallant knights in clanking armor, a touch of light romance, singing, clowning and swordplay. Danny said, "I rehearsed twenty years to play this role."

● Liberace fans will love his first movie, *Sincerely Yours*, a Warner picture, co-starring Joanne Dru, Dorothy Malone and Alex Nicol. Plenty of music with Ray Heindorf conducting the eighty-piece orchestra backing Liberace. The title song, *Sincerely Yours*, was composed by Liberace, with Paul Francis Webster doing the lyrics. Liberace has two good luck items that almost amount to a superstition. First, he never gives a performance unless a member of the family is in the audience. Second, he never plays unless he is wearing a particular ring. It's all gold with a piano outlined in diamonds. William Demarest's brother, pianist Rubin Demarest, said to Liberace, "There are only two pianists in the world that use the foot pedal like the great Paderewski—you and I."

● Edward G. Robinson, who has fired as many guns as any man in the movies, admitted while on the set of *Illegal*, Warner Brothers' courtroom drama, in which he stars with Nina Foch and Hugh Marlowe, that "I hate guns, and besides I'm a lousy marksman. Why, I could never kill a man with a gun. I couldn't even hit him at ten paces." Jayne Mansfield will sing two songs in this picture, her film debut. The songs, just recorded, are "I Got A Right To Sing The Blues" and "Too Marvelous For Words."

Month's Best Movie Albums

Paul Gregory presents Charles Laughton in a reading of *The Night Of The Hunter* by Davis Grubb. Music by Walter Schuman. RCA Victor LPM-1136. This album is a narration of the actual story of the United Artists Pictures release *The Night Of The Hunter*, starring Robert Mitchum and Shelley Winters. Charles Laughton is perhaps the greatest story-teller of our time. Certainly the job he does on this record album will make it a classic for all time to come.

OKLAHOMA!—from the sound track of the motion picture *Oklahoma!*, starring Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson, Charlotte Greenwood, Shirley Jones and others. The complete score exactly as it's performed on the screen, with its warm, robust, lyrical enchantment. A Capitol Record Album LP-SAO-595. "Overture," "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning," "The Surrey With The Fringe On Top," "Kansas City," "I Cain't Say No," "Many A New Day," "People Will Say We're In Love," "Poor Jud is Dead," "The Farmer And The Cowman," "All Er Nothin'," "Oklahoma!"

PETE KELLY'S BLUES—(*Continued on page 22*)



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1. Nothing to buy — no box tops to send in, just 'dream up' as many suggestions as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform dealer. Each entry must also be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because...".
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor, and all rights are given by the contestant without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Any person, residing in the United States, its possessions and Canada, may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
4. Send all entries to; Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 57A, Mt. Vernon, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than November 30th, 1955 to be eligible.
5. All winners will be notified by mail within four weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self addressed, stamped envelope.

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Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because _____



music from hollywood

(*Continued from page 20*) with a narrative by Jack Webb. RCA Victor LPM 1126. Eleven great songs from small-band jazz of the roaring twenties by Pete Kelly and His Big Seven, with the exception of title theme "Pete Kelly's Blues," written especially for the picture by Sammy Cahn and Ray Heindorf. "Smiles," "I'm Gonna Meet My Sweetie Now," "What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry," "Breezin' Along With The Breeze," "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," "Sugar," "I Never Knew," "Somebody Loves Me," "Hard-Hearted Hannah," "Bye, Bye Blackbird." This is the same group which did the small-band scoring in the motion picture. Dick Cathcart is on cornet; the front line has Matty Matlock on clarinet, Eddie Miller on tenor, Elmer "Moe" Schneider on trombone. Backing them up: Nick Fatool, drums; George Van Eps, guitar; Ray Sherman, piano and Jud DeNaut, bass.

OKLAHOMA! with Robert Ashley conducting the MGM Orchestra. MGM Record Album EP-X1147.

Disc Jockey Choices "My Favorite 'MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD'"



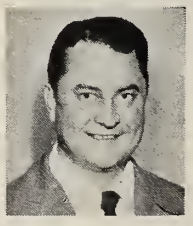
Don Bell—KRNT—Des Moines, Iowa

"'The Song From Moulin Rouge' is my all-time winner. Its typical sincerity and lovely melody are a timeless gift from Hollywood to the world."



Bill Harrington—WNEW—New York, N. Y.

"Songs like 'I'll Never Stop Loving You' and 'Pete Kelly's Blues' make my programming a cinch. I'll take music from Hollywood every time."



Jon Farmer—WAGA—Atlanta, Georgia

"My favorite music from Hollywood is 'Something's Gotta Give.' It's Peachtree Street's favorite platter, sho' nuff! Seems that where the number one spot is concerned, something's gotta give."



Ted Chapeau—WMBR—Jacksonville, Fla.

"I choose 'Pete Kelly's Blues.' Good blues are few, but 'Pete Kelly's Blues' has a haunting strain that bids fair to stay around a while."

You look so enchanting - feel so glamorous



and it happens so naturally with Perma·lift

ENJOY THE NEW ROUNDED LOOK — INSPIRED BY THE MAGIC INSETS

Deep down in your heart, and every woman's heart, is the burning desire to be fashionable, to look enchanting—to feel glamorous. Beauty from within begins with the new rounded look, and only a "Perma·lift"* Bra can give you the soft natural lines you want. The Magic Insets are the answer—you're gently lifted and molded without the slightest strain on your shoulder straps. Here is uplift guaranteed forever. Smart women everywhere are turning to "Perma·lift" for figure beauty. Try one at your favorite store today—modestly priced from $1.50 to $12.50, in thrilling new styles and fabrics.



*"Perma·lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TV TALK

Everybody moves . . . Don't pity Buff . . . Murrow's mournful

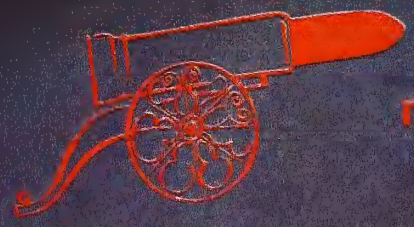
It's hard to tell, this season, whether TV is moving to Hollywood or whether Hollywood is moving into TV. From where we sit, both are true. After all, **Steve Allen** moved his *Tonight* to the West Coast (so he could make *The Benny Goodman Story*) and **Milton Berle,** forsaking Lindy's, is basing his color operations from there this year. Also, NBC is originating its fancy, in-color, hour-long *Matinee* every afternoon in Hollywood. But the big news is what the big movie studios are doing in TV this year. Mainly what they've done is all admit, for the first time, that TV is here to stay and that they'd better get with it and in it. They have also learned—via **Walt Disney's** *Disneyland*—that television shows can publicize movies and make home viewers get up and go out to a theatre. (TV viewers saw huge segments of *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea* on their sets, and promptly went to their nearest theatre to see all of it.) You will profit by these decisions. One result is *My Friend Flicka,* a weekly half-hour film made by Twentieth Century-Fox, another *The Twentieth Century-Fox Hour,* which is an every-other-week filmed hour show. Some of the stars Fox is using: **Robert Wagner** and **Cameron Mitchell** (in *The Ox Bow Incident*), **Linda Darnell, Joan Bennett** and **George Sanders.** Warner Brothers, banking more on titles than on stars, is making three thirteen-week series based on three of their big hits; *Casablanca, King's Row,* and *Cheyenne.* MGM, on the other hand, is not filming any new series but is, on *The MGM Parade,* merely re-running lots of its old shorts (including the **Robert Benchley** classics). Emcee **George Murphy** is also going to introduce segments of old feature films, show scenes from upcoming MGM movies, and conduct interviews with MGM stars. What may turn out to be the most fun are the behind-the-scenes visits to the movie lot that are planned. These could be as fascinating as an in-person trip to a studio. Here's hoping! And here's hoping that the movie companies get what they want —ratings for their TV shows and promotion for their movies—at the same time the home viewer gets a good television show. . . . Expect to see a lot more TV programs traveling around the country, maybe right to your home town. **Horace Heidt's** willingness to move around was his stock-in-trade for years, you know. Why? Well, because (1) when he did a show from a new town, his sponsor's sales zoomed in that town and (2) his rating went up and stayed up in that area. These are the two main reasons why **Eddie Fisher** is moving around this year—plus the fact that new and different backgrounds often make for a better show. Once again—just as in the movie companies' blanket decision to enter TV—these decisions have economic reasons behind them. But they also sometimes end up giving you better entertainment. . . . Don't feel sorry for **Buff Cobb** because her ex, **Mike Wallace,** upped and got married. Buffie hasn't been spending many nights all alone by the telephone since the divorce. Among her many suitors are a top TV columnist and one of Hollywood's biggest leading men. Both, unfortunately, are married, but they are real rivals for Buff's affections. . . . You'd be surprised if you knew what top TV newsman has to have a script in front of him—or the Teleprompter rolling—the entire time he's on camera. He's almost incapable of an ad-lib, and can't even describe something that's going on before his very eyes. Here's a hint: He's the very one you'd think it wouldn't be because he rattles his news items off with an urbane rapidity that is most deceiving. Needless to say, it's *not* **John Daly,** who can—and has—ad-libbed for phenomenal lengths of time. And it's not **Doug Edwards,** who feels just as easy as he looks. . . . Here's some more proof of the care **Danny Kaye** puts into his work (one of the reasons he snoots television, for he claims there isn't time to be perfect on TV). He recently spent *forty* minutes rehearsing *one* music cue! . . . Danny and his wife, **Sylvia Fine,** are avid collectors of paintings, incidentally. They don't own a collection to rank with **Edward G. Robinson's,** of course, but they—and **Gregory Peck** and **Bing Crosby**—keep on the lookout for pictures for their home. . . . Poor **Edward R. Murrow.** The public and sponsors may prefer *Person To Person,* but his first TV love is *See It Now,* to which he devoted gobs of time and thought (*Person To Person* gets hardly any). Now it's off—except for occasional one-hour showings—and Ed's discouraged. Speaking of Murrow's preferences, he has definite views on women's clothes, too. If you ever want to impress him, don't wear much jewelry, don't wear high-fashion outfits, don't even vaguely resemble a clothes horse. Ed prefers British-looking clothes—tweedy suits, relatively sensible shoes and, for dressier occasions, simple black dresses. He himself is most conservative in his own clothes, and likes women that are, too. . . . It's been a long time since **Sloan Simpson** worked in the dress business—it was back before she married New York mayor **Bill O'Dwyer**—but she still gets most of her clothes wholesale from the outfits she used to do business with. She still has lots of friends in the garment district, and they save her lots of money. Wholesale prices, you know, are just a little over half what the stores charge. Incidentally, Sloan's interest in clothes was one reason she agreed to act in *The Fifth Season* in stock this past summer. (The main reason was her salary.) The play presents dress manufacturers in a favorable light, and Sloan was tired of seeing her friends made fun of in other plays and movies. . . . Some insiders are amazed that **Ed Sullivan** hired **Pearl Bailey** for so many of his shows this season. One time last year when she was booked to appear on *Toast,* no one on the show could find her to get her to rehearse—and that happened the day before the program! Some producers would blow their stacks and never speak to the performer again, let alone hire them, under those circumstances. But Sullivan is smart. He knows that it's the show that's important. And Pearl appeared and wowed 'em. That's why Ed got her signature on lots of dotted lines. . . . It's really ironic that **Lou Cowan** is suddenly a famous man because his creation, *The $64,000 Question,* has become a household word all over the world, and it's even more ironic that CBS suddenly hired him to create shows for them. Everybody in the broadcasting business has known Cowan for years; after all, he thought up *The Quiz Kids* and *Stop The Music* years ago; his ability didn't need *The $64,000 Question* to prove it. . . . It looks as though **Pat Weaver,** NBC's dashing president, is going to be as famous an on-camera performer as any of the stars who work for him. Hardly a week goes by but what Pat puts in an appearance on one of his shows. This, you know, is something new: Most network presidents are merely names, if that, to the public. But Pat's sincerity, his informality and his big ears are combining to make him a TV star, too. In fact, sometimes when he is being interviewed by an NBC personality, he emerges as the better actor, and the interviewer, who is paid to be charming on camera, is left with egg on his face! . . . Don't believe for a minute all the reports that **Robert Q. Lewis** is mad at CBS because he doesn't like the format of his show. He's just unhappy sitting around in **Arthur Godfrey's** shadow. It's as simple as that. . . . As we get it, it was *Mrs.* **Toots Shor** who was really upset when **Sherman Billingsley** made that famous crack about her husband and landed himself in the law courts.



Liberace sang (!) and Jo Stafford played (!) and Connie Haines turned her back to the cameras at Frankie Laine's fifth anniversary party!



Lovely Elena ("Millie") Verdugo, who's now divorcing writer Charles Marion, danced with $64,000 Question emcee Hal March, at Ciro's.



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in a moment

every other

lipstick

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old-fashioned



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THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW LIPSTICK BY Toni



Three new shades for the new season in Red — Rose — Coral

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. . . glides on at a touch . . . yet stays on twice as long as "long-lasting" lipsticks

Twice as long? Yes! Just put on Soft Touch and forget about it. No need to retouch — with Soft Touch. No messy smear . . . and so comfortable!

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Yes, Debbie Reynolds uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Debbie Reynolds co-starring in M-G-M's THE TENDER TRAP
In CinemaScope and Color.



A new starlet learns an old trick!

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES"

by Margia Dean

■ They tell you everyone should "love your enemies" and "turn the other cheek." Every child is familiar with the words, but putting them into practice is something for idealists or at least a person who doesn't have to cope with a real bread-and-butter crisis. That's what I thought, I guess. I really never thought about it at all until I was faced with one of the biggest crises of my career.

It was one of my first roles. I wanted it real bad. And I needed the money. I didn't find out until I met the director that I had run smack into a hornet's nest. He had been pushing his girl friend for this particular part. He had nothing against me personally, but I was the one they signed and he was loaded for bear.

For the first few days it was murder. But I choked back the angry words and smiled back at every blast. And then this wonderful thing happened. We had finished a scene—the fifth take—and I was just about ready to crack. As I walked off the set the director put his arm around me and said: "You know—you're a good kid." It was like coming to the surface in the sunlight after being trapped underwater. From that moment on, everything was fine.

It's not so much that somebody who didn't like me changed his mind. That happens to a lot of people and it doesn't prove a thing. What was important to me is that I had tried to "love my enemies" and it worked. Not only on the director—it rubbed off on me, too. And it suddenly occurred to me that if everybody made the effort, no matter how much of an act it is at first, it would get results. Big results.



Space-Saver. Ample storage space plus arresting beauty. Seafoam Mahogany, #3208. Also Pearl Mahogany, #3209, Walnut, #3210.

What does **stardust** *have to do with* **storage?**

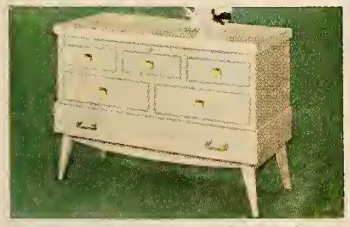
Of course you know the answer—because you're a woman. You know that the care with which you plan your home can help keep the excitement of romance alive in your daily living.

Smart women know how wonderfully a Lane Cedar Chest protects blankets, linens, woolens and off-season clothing.

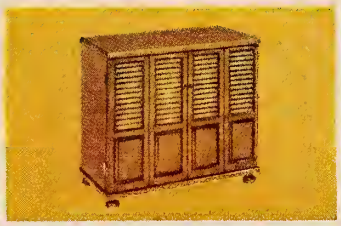
Each Lane is a proud decorative unit—because the new Lane styles are designed to grace any room of any home.

If your home is still in the dream stage—start making those dreams come true. Let your Lane start gathering stardust, dreams, and your prettiest possessions—right now! At your dealer's, today.

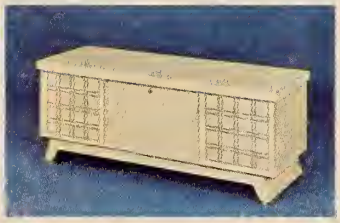
Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾ inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a free moth protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.



Blond Oak Lowboy. Opens from top; base drawer #2920. In Seafoam Mahogany, #2929; in Charcoal Mahogany, #3247.



Colonial design in mellow Maple. Two doors open from front; sliding shelf, deep tray in base. Handsomely louvered, #C-174.



Smart modern blond oak Lane Cedar Chest; chair-height, with self-lifting tray, #3212. Also in rich American Walnut, #3234.



18th Century style in satin-finished Mahogany. Full-length drawer, simulated drawers above, #2221. Also in Casual Mahogany, #3173.

LANE Cedar Chests start at $49.95 Easy Terms

Over 100 styles and finishes • Also makers of Lane Tables

Jergens most effective of all lotions tested



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Beth Anderson's hands after soaking in detergents. Only *one* hand received Jergens Lotion.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

The test: 447 women soaked both hands in a common household detergent 3 times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied only to one hand. In 3 or 4 days the hands untreated by Jergens Lotion showed ugly detergent damage. But the hands treated with Jergens Lotion were soft, smooth, glamorous.

What to do? It's easy to keep your hands smooth and lovely. Use luxurious Jergens Lotion every day to combat punishment of wind, weather, suds and sun. Jergens Lotion is never sticky, never greasy. Takes only a few seconds to apply. Gives you the thrilling reward of glamorous-looking hands. Still only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



Notice to doctors and dermatologists . . . for a summary of this report, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

People have begun to whisper about Roy Rogers' "secret past", the kind of whispers that lead to wild distortion and the deliberately sensational smear stories that Hollywood has come to resent so bitterly. Knowing, as does the entire motion picture industry, that no star has been a greater inspiration to his fellow workers or, with the help of his lovely wife Dale, contributed more to the public welfare, the editors of MODERN SCREEN *investigated. They discovered that there was an untold story, one full of romance and warmth about two fine young people who met and fell in love long before fate chose one for stardom. What you are about to read, told by Roy Rogers in his own words, should stop malicious gossipmongers in their tracks. It is the truth, the whole truth, published herewith for the first time and, we hope, for the last time.*



THE TRUTH ABOUT MY FIRST WIFE

by Roy Rogers

■ Not long ago someone asked me if my first marriage were being kept a secret. Of course not. It was a long time ago, a time when things were tough for me and I seldom think about it any more. But I would like the story to be known. Here's the way I told it to Dale . . .

Yes, I was married when I was twenty-one. It isn't generally known, but I never intended it to be a secret, then or now. It happened two years after I came out to California from the family farm at Duck Run, Ohio, long before anyone ever heard of Roy Rogers. No one was interested then in the private life of an unknown singing cowboy named Leonard Slye. By the time the public took an interest in my career, the marriage was over.

Today, it still seems a little un- (*Continued on page* 83)



by ALICE HOFFMAN



"Pat is more tolerant than I. I learn from him."



"I'll never leave Pat to do a show. I couldn't do that to our marriage!"

For Jane Powell life is complete. As wife to Pat, mother to Jay, Sissy and Monie, she's making . . .

HAPPY TALK



"I don't want to send my kids to nursery school. Not yet, at any rate. You have your children only while they're little."

■ Fresh and dainty as a Dresden figure, Jane sat in the curve of a circular beige couch against beige and turquoise cushions—Pat's favorite colors. Her blouse was red silk, her toreador pants white linen. A tortoise-shell band set off the shining fair hair. She had never looked more beautiful.

Just after announcing her engagement to Pat Nerney last year, she'd told MODERN SCREEN of their hopes and plans and everything came off on schedule. The wedding at Ojai on November 8, anniversary of their first date. The honeymoon in Europe—and home again for Christmas with the children. Night-club engagements at Las Vegas and Tahoe for Jane, since MGM had no picture ready for her. Work at the Ford agency for Pat. These were the tangible, objective things.

Looking back Jane mused, "They say the first year's the hardest. I wouldn't know. For me it's been wonderful. As far as adjustments go, there haven't been any.

We went together for a year before we married. We took the time and pains to get really acquainted. We met every day under all circumstances, some of them pretty trying—when Pat was sick, when I was sick, when both of us were dead tired with work—and yet we never got on each other's nerves. We (*Continued on page 90*)

LAUGHING ON THE OUTSIDE

(still pouting on the inside)

Dean and Jerry have shaken hands — but



With long-time friend and producer Hal Wallis the boys pose to show everything's fine—but the grins look phony and no one's fooled.



Trouble started while the boys were doing publicity for Living It Up. *They quarreled over lines, who sang which songs, got which gags.*

■ After a year of tension and a summer of outright brawling, the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis feud is supposedly over. But it is going to be hard for the boys, once the best friends in the entertainment world, to get back the feel that made them famous—the charm of two good pals, kidding around more for the kicks than the cash. Because the reconciliation was not an inside job, but the result of pressure from above.

A few months ago, Paramount Pictures decided that enough was enough. "A Feud is a Feud is a Feud," they said, "but a Contract is Legal." Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were summoned to a meeting in the office of vice president Frank Freeman. The object was reconciliation.

Dean arrived first. At about 10:30 that morning he walked onto the Paramount lot, alone, and went straight to his dressing room. Jerry arrived a few minutes later. He is never alone. On the way to his dressing room he clowned with a couple of friends. Once inside, however, the famous grin left his face. He sat listlessly, reading newspapers, not smiling at all.

Five minutes before the scheduled meeting, the dressing room door opened and Dean Martin stuck his head in. It was the first time he and Jerry had looked squarely at each other in three months. Dean put out his hand. "Shake, Jerr?" he said.

Jerry shook. It was a good try, but when it was over, neither seemed to have anything to say. They walked to the meeting together. On the way they met their agent, Herman Citron, and their attorney, Joseph Ross. When they got to Freeman's office, a spacious yellow room with wood-paneled walls, tiled fireplace and huge windows, the cheer of the surroundings didn't even come close to lifting the gloom. The atmosphere might have been that of a marriage counsellor's office, Dean and Jerry the embittered couple, persuaded for the last time to try to save their marriage.

Freeman shook hands with the boys and sat down at the head of the table. A white-haired, stocky, dignified man with a slight southern accent, he had racked up twenty-five years in the industry. He had had star trouble before. His concern with Martin and Lewis was purely professional. Paramount had more than

(*Continued on page 75*)

they haven't taken their reconciliation to heart. Here's what really happened — and why / by LOU LARKIN





by LOUIS POLLOCK

RICHARD EGAN:

"my mother keeps introducing me to girls"

■ Richard Egan, "The man with the sexy rumble in his voice," according to one movie fan's report on a sneak preview card, just doesn't seem able to please Hollywood's sophisticates. They keep complaining peevishly that a star who has reached his thirties and happens to be unmarried ought to establish himself in smart bachelor quarters rather than continue to live in his parents' home.

But Richard, who at thirty-two is a very solid fellow, not only physically, but socially and emotionally, apparently, refuses to move out on his family.

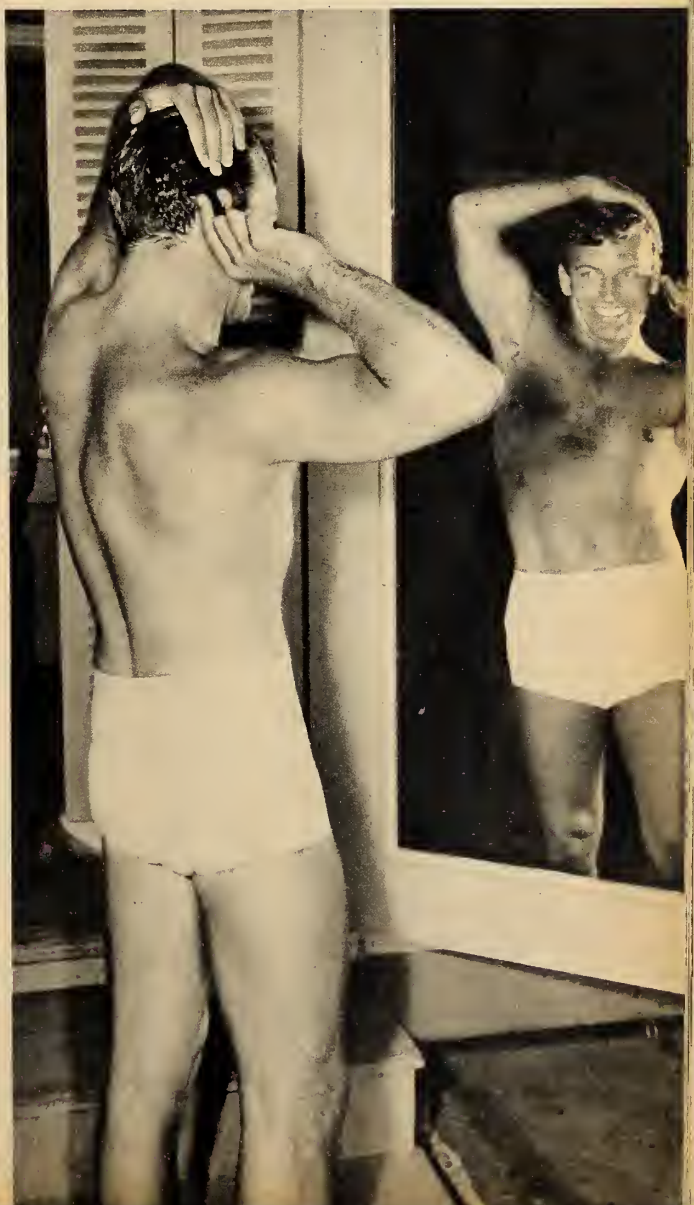
"The average male," he pointed out, "doesn't leave home until he gets himself a wife to take charge of setting up a new one for him. I think this makes sense. I just can't see myself worrying about whether my living-room walls ought to be cocoa brown or slate blue. As if I'd take time off to care!"

Of course, the main reason why so many of Hollywood's people live alone, even though they have folks in town, is to gain a certain degree of independence. That's the way they always put it. And,





Marisa Pavan and Dana Wynter are two girls Dick has taken home to dinner.



according to many a psychologist, such an attitude may indicate a certain emotional immaturity. Egan, as his good friends all know, has no need to bolster his ego in this way.

"Why should I run away from the people who love me?" he asked. "My people, and the fact that I live with them, neither hinder nor inhibit me in any way. And also, I happen to be one of those men—and there are lots of us around—who hate the loneliness of a home that isn't used until you get there. Until I have a wife waiting for me, I'll have a mother. If I'm lucky. And a father. Both supplying me with that combination of love and good sense that you can only get from your very own."

That's the way Dick sees it. He's home to dinner every night—except when he takes his mother and father out to dine—and sits down to a meal cooked by hands that know his taste well. Of course, some nights when he comes home (*Continued on page* 72)


forever is a long

Goodbye to Hollywood, says Ava. Goodbye to bitter memories and pain. Maybe you will find freedom and privacy and love in Spain, Ava. But remember, you can't run away from problems. Besides . . .

time

Color photo by John Engstead







Deserted Spanish beaches, small villages, offer Ava her privacy. Overseas, too, are most of her friends, people like the Ernest Hemingways, inhabitants of a special world of wit and high ideals.

by STEVE CRONIN

■ Ava Gardner, her face incredibly beautiful without the slightest trace of makeup, moved her voluptuous, thirty-two-year-old body into an easy chair in her London apartment.

Curling her shapely legs beneath her, she said in that forthright manner of hers, "I'm saying goodbye to Hollywood. I've had it there. From now on I intend to live in Spain."

Ava had just finished *Bhowani Junction*, "a picture I really like." She was feeling tired but satisfied. There was no bitterness or disillusion in her voice. And as she spoke one felt that her decision was based on careful thought rather than the impetuous emotion of which she is so capable.

"I was never really happy in Hollywood," she said, "so why stay there? After thirteen years they won't miss me, I can assure you.

"The small house I had in Hollywood" (it was a two-bedroom stucco job located in Nichols Canyon, and if only that house could talk what a tale of tempestuous love it would tell. Frank Sinatra used to drive there in his Cadillac convertible and when he couldn't come he would send gifts—the spinet piano, the Spanish (*Continued on page 86*)

FERRERS *achieved closeness during this last year of self-imposed exile. Theirs is a marriage built on mutual tenderness and respect. And the essence of what they feel for each other has been captured in these photographs taken by Philippe Halsman at the villa near Rome where Audrey and Mel have learned to know each other during their private honeymoon year.*

AUDREY'S *attraction for animals kept her busy handling the farmhouse menagerie. (Seven cats followed her on walks.) Halsman was unable to get a shot of a rabbit that adored Audrey but feared the camera. In fact, Halsman had to shoot fast to capture Audrey, too. "Her face has such facets, such change of expression, you're always afraid you'll be too late. She keeps escaping the camera."*



photographed by Philippe Halsman

A QUIET PLACE TO LOVE EACH OTHER

Audrey Hepburn has always led a charmed life but friends wondered if she were pushing her luck too far when she married the moody, mercurial Mel Ferrer. Those who visited the newlyweds in their romantic pink Italian villa, just twenty miles from Rome, came away persuaded that Audrey had known exactly what she was doing. Skeptics who couldn't make the trip to Rome to see for themselves should be convinced by these radiant photographs made by Philippe Halsman after he spent many idyllic hours with the Ferrers. Says Halsman, who has photographed Audrey before, "Why shouldn't she be happy? She lives in the most beautiful house, gardens drowning in flowers, the horizon limited by a chain of hills on which are ancient monasteries and castles. And when they wish they can go to Rome and dip into the most cosmopolitan city in the world. And she is making what will possibly be one of the greatest movies ever made—*War And Peace*." Discreetly enough, Halsman omitted the greatest single reason for Audrey's radiance—Mel. Her love for him has added a new dimension to otherwise formidable talents. Visitors to the villa come away impressed by Audrey, the wife. She searches the countryside for just the right bread, the perfect cheese, the correct wine. She supervises the servants. She tiptoes around Ferrer when he is in one of his moods. She is trying so hard to be a good wife because Audrey the perfectionist is content with herself only when functioning at top form. She hasn't lost her essential gaiety, her wit, her



"THE INNER LIFE, *spark, gracefulness of this girl make her one of my most exciting subjects," says Halsman, who has photographed most of the world's great beauties. "There are so many girls with absolutely perfect features and that's all you get. But with her the entire girl is as if she were illuminated from the inside. Some girls are always acting and look phony. But she uses herself as a virtuoso uses an instrument. She knows what she is doing."*

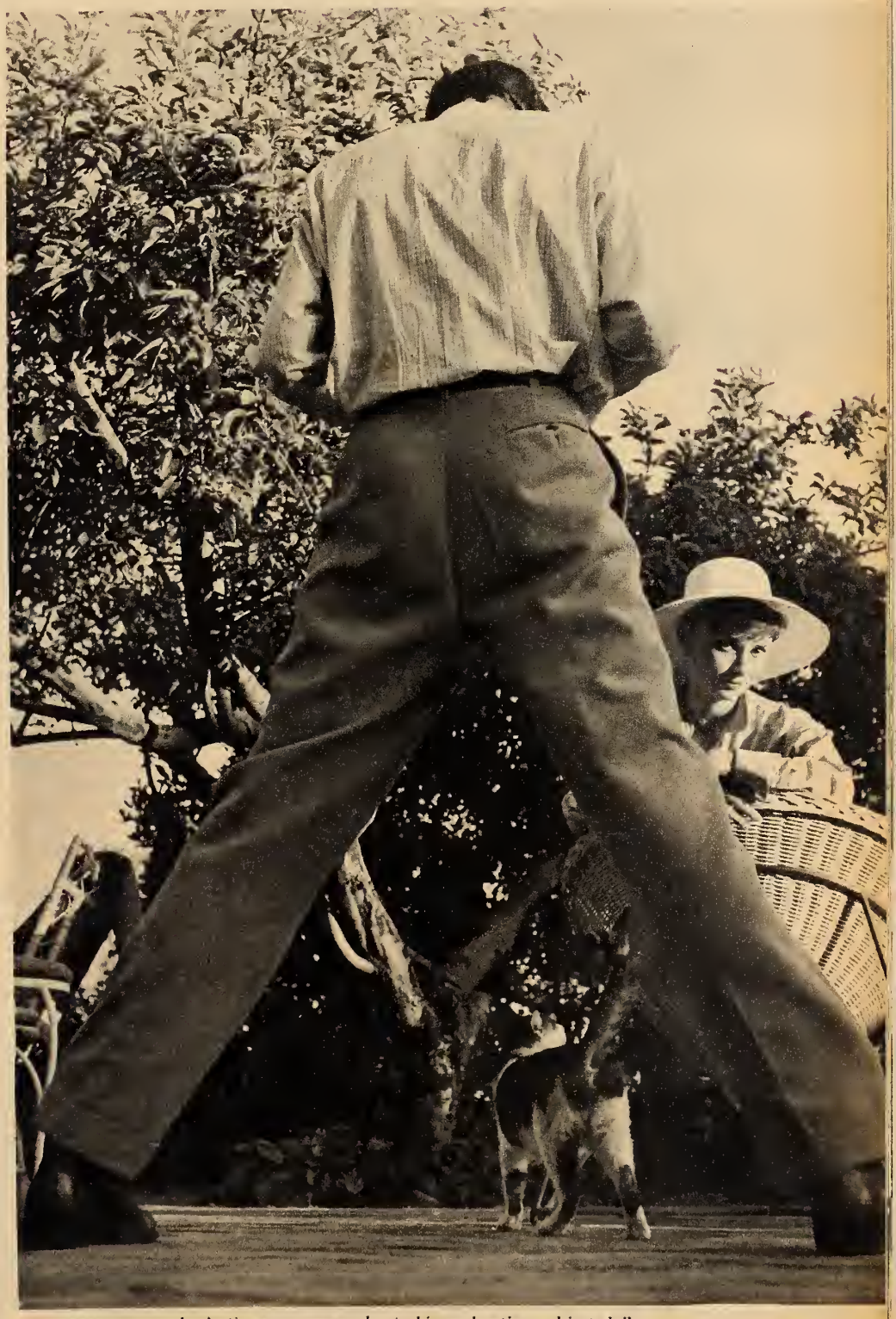
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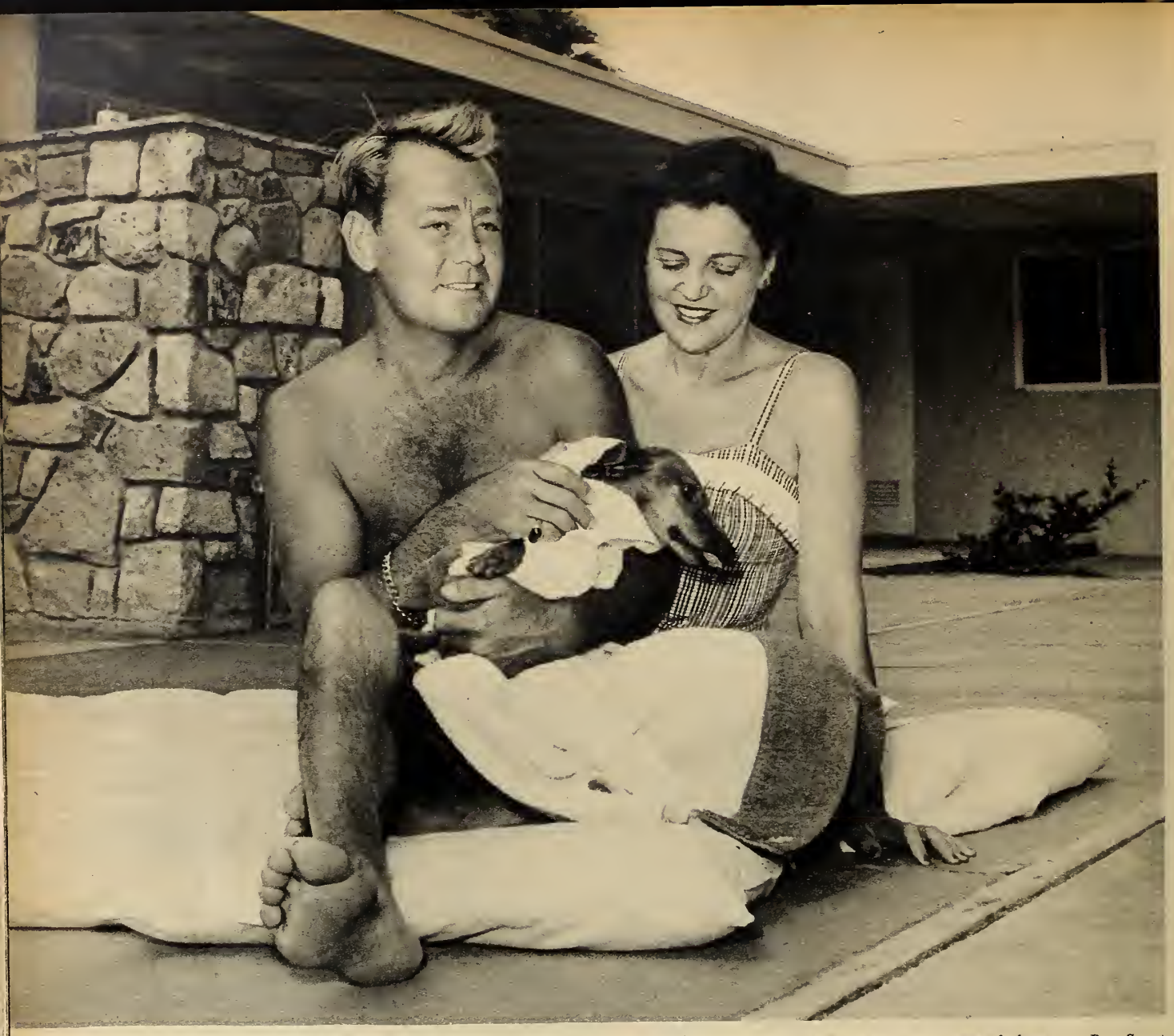
Looking over the brilliance of Rome, and the future, Audrey says, "I've never been so happy"

beauty. She and Mel play ping-pong together, walk together, laugh together. "They are absolutely giddy," reports one visitor to their villa. And another suggests that Audrey has been good for Mel. If she chose him because he was older and experienced, he most certainly must have responded to her air of eternal youth. Unquestionably, part of the powerful attraction he held for her was professional respect. A dedicated artist, Audrey learned to know Mel under the most demanding conditions as his co-star on Broadway in New York in *Ondine*. And now the two will be directed by King Vidor in the ambitious Paramount production of *War And Peace*.

Filmed in Rome, this four-hour movie was budgeted at $5,000,000 and its producers hope it will challenge the fantastic records set by *Gone With The Wind*. Another precedent smashed by this epochal production—Audrey's salary which makes her one of the highest-paid actresses in the world today. She will get $350,000 for three months work, a substantial raise over the $12,500 she received for *Roman Holiday* and the $15,000 for *Sabrina*. So substantial that Audrey cried, "I'm not worth it," when her agent delivered the contract. Italian producer Dino de Laurentiis thought otherwise. And so Audrey began an intensive three-month, six-day-a-week shooting schedule in August, ending her romantic year of retirement from the limelight, but certainly not ending her romantic marriage to Mel Ferrer. For Audrey, the working wife, will commute with her husband from her pink farmhouse and somehow find time to keep up with the household chores she rejoiced in during her honeymoon idyl.



MEL FERRER, *an enthusiastic cameraman, shoots his enchanting subject daily.*



Sue and Alan bought their new Palm Springs home on impulse—Sue because she liked its looks, Alan because he'd camped there as a Boy Scout.

For the first time in his life Alan Ladd has a place to play and a time for fun. It may be not everyone'

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME!

■ *Every time a big star's marriage hits stormy weather, Hollywood cynics wait for the crash. Once there's a separation, they say, the divorce can't be far off. Unhappily, the rule has been proved true in most cases. That's why, in some quarters, it became a foregone conclusion that following that forty-eight hour separation earlier this year, the Alan Ladds would soon call it quits for good.*

The editors of MODERN SCREEN *have known Alan and Sue for a long time. We believed two such wonderful, sensible people who have respected and loved each other for thirteen years of warm partnership are head and shoulders above Hollywood averages. But we decided to investigate and report the truth, whatever the truth might be. This then is how it is with* (Continued on page 81)



Alan and Beret, the dachshund, swim daily in the pool. "It's so big you can hardly see across it!"



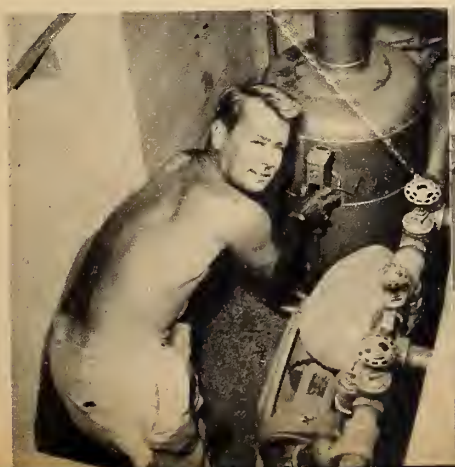




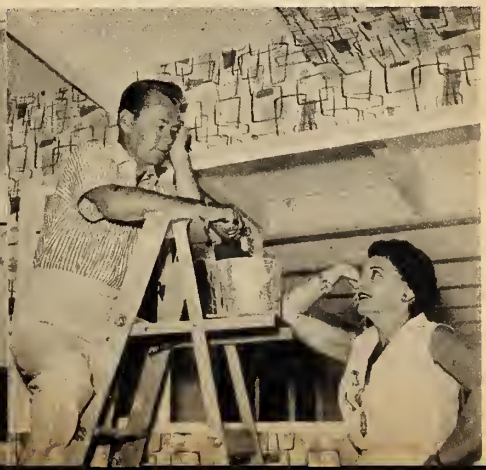
He plays juke boxes with Alana in local cafes . . . discusses plans with the landscape gardener . . . takes Sue on long walks through the countryside.

idea of heaven —but Alan and Sue are lapping it up like a couple of kids! / by RICHARD MOORE

Determined to make this home really their own, Alan and Sue adjust pool machinery themselves, decide on décor, even do their own painting!









Recently gossip has suggested that a romantic interest between Rock Hudson and Liz Taylor had formed during the production of Giant. *This frequently happens when two big stars play opposite each other, but in this case friends of Liz and Rock are justifiably furious. To clear the air,* MODERN SCREEN *presents the real story of their friendship*

Those LOVE SCENES WITH LIZ

by Rock Hudson

■ A few months ago I was invited to a press-and-industry luncheon at Warner Brothers Studio. I knew it had been arranged to give Jack Warner and George Stevens an opportunity to announce the decision to film Edna Ferber's *Giant*, for which I had been lucky enough to be selected as a co-star with Elizabeth Taylor and James Dean.

All I had to do was sit with other members of the cast, listen to some speeches and leave. That was all that was expected of me by the studio but it happened that I expected a lot more of myself. I knew that for the five months it would take for the production of the picture all of us in it would be like a tightly-knit family, but that there was one member of this group I must get to know well. Her name was Elizabeth Taylor. I had never met her.

Stretching ahead for both of us were hundreds of occasions in which we would have to talk together about script problems, rehearse together and act together. And I knew from experience that the quality of the magic we were supposed to create on the screen would depend a great deal on the happiness of our friendship in real life.

Did Elizabeth Taylor feel as I did? Was she perhaps wondering if I would be pleasant to work with (*Continued on page* 88)



As experts "age" Liz for Giant, *Rock quips, "We're going to grow old together." Said Liz, "I knew the minute I saw you it would age me."*



Rock says he and Liz spent "most of our leisure together," on location.

Everyone knew it before Dick.

When all their big troubles seemed ended, suddenly the victory vanished before his eyes

"PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME"



Until the sudden, unexpected break, Rita and Dick lived casually, outwardly very happy in their Malibu home. "I've always been a homebody," Rita told friends.

■ When the story first hit the papers no one, including Dick Haymes, believed it. When he came off-stage at the Cocoanut Grove, someone told him Rita had left him, taking the children. "I don't believe it!" he said. "What did I do?" Then he drove home to Malibu.

But their house in Malibu was dark and empty. And from some hide-away Rita issued a statement: "I have separated from Dick because I believe that in the best interests of my children, Dick and myself, it is necessary that both of us have time to think things out. I don't know at this time whether the separation will be final." Dick refused to accept it. "She didn't issue that statement."

But Rita had. During the long night while Dick paced the floor at Malibu, literally barricading himself against reporters outside, admitting one friend only—through a window—Rita was in conference with her lawyer. Haymes gave out conflicting statements: "She's right here with me. There's nothing to the rumor." "She isn't here, but I know where she is. She's conferring with her lawyer about the trouble with Columbia. Then she'll be home." "I must have done something to upset her, but I don't know what." "We had a fight Wednesday but I don't even remember what it was about, that's how unimportant it was!" Rita told friends that the crooner had hit her, that she had had all she could take.

But the question was, all she could take of what? Everything seemed to be going so well. The case against Dick had been dropped by the Immigration Authorities and Dick had applied for United States citizenship. The club date at the Cocoanut Grove was only one of many such coming his way; his record sales were zooming, the movies were making overtures. Rita's career had been at a standstill for some time, but what did that matter? She had always preferred her home and her children to her work, and Dick could now support her. The children adored Dick and he returned their affection with such interest that his ex-wife, Joanne Dru, had once complained that he cared more for Rita's babies than his own.

Their life together had seemed idyllic. Rita, the ex-princess, accustomed for years to immense wealth, the ultimate of splendor, had lived with Dick in a rustic cottage in Nevada when funds were low, doing without most of the conveniences of the average housewife. At one point she and Dick moved to a modest, rented, two-bedroom apartment.

And far from destroying it, adversity seemed to strengthen their love. If Dick were deported, Rita had said, she would go with him. If they quarreled, no one knew it. They seldom went out, seldom entertained, but neighbors saw them walking along the beaches evenings, arms entwined, talking softly. They looked like newlyweds.

Now Dick sat in the beach house, weeping like a little boy. Beside him was a stack of unwashed dishes, before him a newspaper photo of his wife.

From a practical point of view, the separation could mean great delay in Dick's becoming a citizen, difficulty for Rita's suit against Columbia, for Dick is her star witness. Friends say that factors like these may bring Rita home. But to Dick, none of this counts. All he knows is that he's lost his girl. He doesn't know what he did wrong, he doesn't believe she'd say he hit her—"It's not true; I never touched her!"—but whatever it is, he'll apologize.

"Everyone knows where she is but me," Dick said. "I just want her to come home."





Betsy Blair spiraled to stardom as "the Marty *girl" but she's still Mrs. Gene Kelly at home. When a friend pointedly remarked to husband Gene, "Now there'll be some competition in the family," Betsy shot back, "Oh, no there won't. I'm only going to play girls' parts!"*

by NATE EDWARDS



Wife Betsy, in turn, has always hero-worshiped Gene.

Proud of his wife's success, Gene Kelly boasts . . .

"I am the husband of Betsy Blair"

■ Suppose you'd been married to Gene Kelly for fourteen years. Ever since you were seventeen you'd been the wife of a famous man. Exciting, glamorous? Of course. But it can get frustrating, living in the shadow of a great man. Especially if you're talented, too. Wouldn't you like to be known as Betsy Blair as well as Mrs. Gene Kelly?

This is the good and golden time for Betsy Blair. The dream-come-true year. The beginning of fame and fulfillment. No longer is Betsy just a wife (of Gene Kelly) and mother (of twelve-year-old daughter Kerry). Today, thanks to *Marty*, Betsy is a rising star. And her cup of happiness runneth over.

"Things will never be the same," she recently confided, bubbling over with excitement. "Honestly, I don't think they ever will. I'm getting more offers for work than I've ever had before. Can you imagine? Me? Plain Betsy!"

There is a tone of incredulity in Betsy's voice. Her manner, modest and becoming, is touched with disbelief.

Like a man lost and thirsty on the hot desert who once having given up hope, suddenly finds himself in sight of an oasis. Betsy's oasis was *Marty*, the unforgettable drama of pleasure and pain in which she played a lonely school teacher. In the picture Betsy falls in love with Ernest Borgnine who portrays a simple Bronx butcher.

Listen to Betsy run on about the touchstone of her career: "*Marty*," she proudly says to anyone who'll listen, "was awarded the Golden Palm at the Cannes International Film Festival. First time an American (*Continued on page 60*)



Betsy gets a bang out of the raft of fan mail she's received since Marty. *But her biggest thrill came when Gene and daughter Kerry were present to see her win Cannes award. The Kellys are a tight, affectionate threesome.*





The whole family had an island fling—Brenda, West, Scott, Virginia—when Bill went on location

with Holden- everything goes







BRENDA *romanced with Bill on the* Proud And Profane *location, swam by day and danced by night at the Virgin Isle Hotel.* WEST *and* SCOTT *went fishing with their dad between shooting dates, caught big ones.* VIRGINIA *brought along school chum Marilyn Locke (with stepfather Bill's consent), so she'd have someone her own age to talk to.*

by IMOGENE COLLINS

■ For the past two or three years, since Hollywood began shooting pictures about Rome *in* Rome, instead of building Rome in the back lot, a good many apparently sound marriages have died a pitiful death thanks to spiteful gossip. Sometimes the gossip was *true*, but the fact remains that with one partner legging it off to Spain or Africa for several months while the other languished at home, something was bound to pop. Human nature being what it is.

Bill Holden is one of the stars whose commitments have taken him half around the globe, to Hong Kong for *Bridges At Toko-Ri* and *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing*, thence to a Kansas small town (which to Hollywood dwellers is just as remote as Hong Kong any day) for *Picnic* and on to the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico for *The Proud And Profane.* But despite what some amateur know-all (*Continued on page 52*)

may tell you to the contrary, there is not now, nor is there likely to be, a rift in the Holdens' solid fourteen-year-old marriage. Because Bill takes his family.

No little dirty birdie is going to whisper into Brenda Holden's ear that those hot love scenes between Bill and Kim Novak were so accomplished because they'd been rehearsed in private. Any such rehearsal would have to be done, of necessity, in front of Mrs. Holden herself, because She Was There. Similarly, anyone who hinted that Bill and Deborah Kerr spent considerable time together while off camera in the Virgin Islands would receive a sweet smile from Bill's wife.

"Certainly, they've (*Continued on page 64*)



Working a heavy schedule, melted by heat, Bill and Deborah Kerr regained their composure daily at leisurely lunches with Brenda.



Bill openly expresses devotion to Brenda, refuses to go on location unless she and the kids can come along. Their rare separations proved to him how much she meant.



Deborah mourned that she didn't have the time for shopping that Brenda had. To make up for it, Mrs. Holden regaled her nightly with tales of "the wonderful shops" and "all those amazing bargains!"



LEFT: *Bongo-drummer Holden soothed guests at the Virgin Isle Hotel when hurricane Connie raged. Rhythm girl with back to camera is Nancy Sinatra, who has a featured role in the film.*

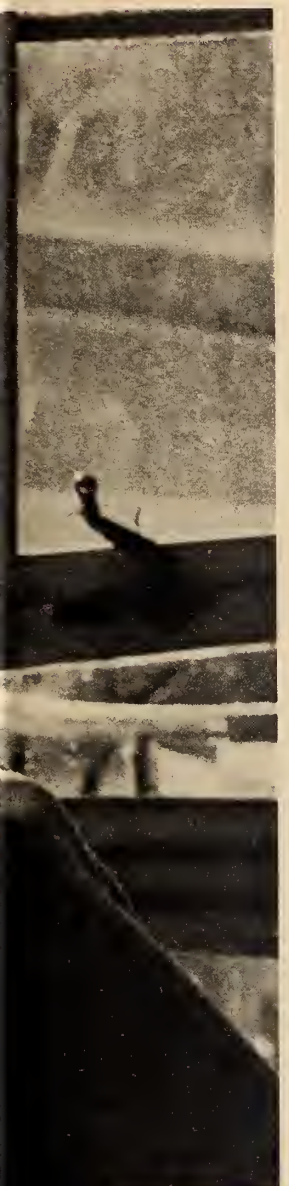
to the memory of Suzan Ball and Robert Francis

This has been a tragic summer for Hollywood. Two wonderful, talented, young people are gone. They were both dearly loved, and greatly mourned. Although one was a boy living without a thought of death, and the other a bride who lived, and knew she lived, within its shadow, they had this in common: both lived joyously, both lived lovingly, both will be remembered not for their deaths, but for their lives . . . It is to that memory that we dedicate the pages which follow . . .

This is the same title we gave Suzan's wedding story. We feel it is



the keynote of her brave, beautiful life. This is her legacy of hope



No time for TEARS

by IDA ZEITLIN

■ Not too many years ago a child skipped along a Buffalo street, wine in her veins, quicksilver at her heels, so charged with the glory of being alive that she lifted her face to the wind and sky, exulting: "I'll never be sick; I'll never die. I'm never even going to grow old. Not me." She didn't grow old. On August 5 Suzan died of cancer, six months after reaching her twenty-first birthday. No one could have loved life more intensely nor looked more bravely into the face of death. At eighteen, death is something unreal that happens to old people. She was eighteen when she fell and hurt her knee. To spare her, they called it a tumor at first. But truth was a deep-rooted need of Suzan's nature. "Is it cancer?" she asked the doctor, and from then on would have no further truck with evasions. She knew as well as Dick on their wedding (*Continued on page 79*)



Her last winter was her happiest. Free of pain, she toured the country with Dick, planning for the future.

We knew Bob Francis as a strong young man, filled with life

Bob Francis' last interview

by ALICE FINLETTER

■ Because I was the last person to interview Bob Francis, MODERN SCREEN has asked me to tell what happened during our interview, what we talked about, how I remember him. It may well be the toughest assignment I shall ever have.

During the last week of July I lunched with Bob, and on the last day of July he was dead. The following morning I was still unaware of the tragedy, and working on the story that had evolved from our interview.

Then the telephone rang. It was MODERN SCREEN's office, calling to tell me of the plane crash that had taken Bob's life.

It was stunning news. It is difficult to grasp the fact of sudden death, and when a boy like Robert Francis is the victim it is a searing, sickening shock.

From the phone conversation, I learned that Bob had been flying all that fateful Sunday, in a borrowed plane with two friends. Having refueled at the Lockheed airport in Burbank, they took off once more but this time, at about 150 feet, motor trouble developed. Such low altitude gives little chance or choice to a pilot, and it was typical of Bob that (*Continued on page 59*)



April's MODERN SCREEN *ran a story on Bob with a tragically prophetic title.*

and talent and promise. Hollywood called him "The Golden Boy"



"The thrill" was Bob's one weakness. Everything had to be fast–



"The avalanche" held no terrors for Bob. Since his debut on skis at 11, he had dedicated himself to making the Olympic team some day. At 17 he was a top amateur skier. The Army interrupted his ski career, and when he came out at 23, he was "too old to be chasing snow."



"No one," Bob once said, "can survive without faith in himself. But there's a line dividing confidence from conceit. Its name is modesty."



Six feet, three inches tall, blond and blue-eyed, Bob tried every sport, dreamed of owning a sports store. (He and his brother once ran three.)

too fast. He met his death learning to fly.



"I like people," he once said, "but I think things out better alone. Some talk a problem over. For me, it's a long walk till I make up my mind."



"Nothing ever happened to me," he'd tell reporters. "I should wrap my car around a pole so I'd have something to be interviewed about."

(*Continued from page 56*) in those last few minutes he turned the plane to avoid crashing into the crowds attending services at a cemetery directly below. In a matter of seconds the tiny ship crashed into a parking lot and burst into flames. Authorities said that the three occupants had, mercifully, died instantly.

I put the receiver back on the telephone cradle and turned to my desk, littered with shorthand notes that had taken down his words such a short time ago. I arranged them into a neat pile and filed them away, and the finality of the act gave me a strange feeling. And now MODERN SCREEN wants to know about this last interview. The notes are once again spread over my desk, and although a week has passed, I do not feel any less strange.

I do not intend a eulogy. It isn't my place; I didn't know him that well. I had spent perhaps six hours with him during various interviews, but while six hours is little time to come to know a person, in the case of Bob it was sufficient to grow enormously fond of him. I can only say what I feel, and that is that Bob was the kindest, most sincere, clean-cut young man I had known.

There was nothing unusual about the interview. It was set for noon at a restaurant noted for its quiet charm, the kind of place Bob Francis would appreciate. We were to talk about his recent sojourn in Colorado. He had gone there to make a Western with Spencer Tracy, and after three weeks Tracy had become ill and gone back to Hollywood. The company stayed on in the wilds of Colorado, awaiting the studio's decision about Tracy's replacement. After a week of waiting they had all been recalled to Hollywood, and given a month of freedom until August 19, when they were to return. About Bob's stay there, I already knew he had met a girl under unusual circumstances, that on his return he had been amusing about the quiet life they had all been forced to lead. And I knew that the month ahead of (*Continued on page 67*)



One Hollywood date was Mutiny *co-star May Wynn. They went to the Beach with Kim Novak, Scott Brady.*



Even as a star, Bob continued acting lessons with Botomi Schneider, considered her a second mother.



"We always let Bob make his own decisions," his parents said. "That's the way you make a boy a man."



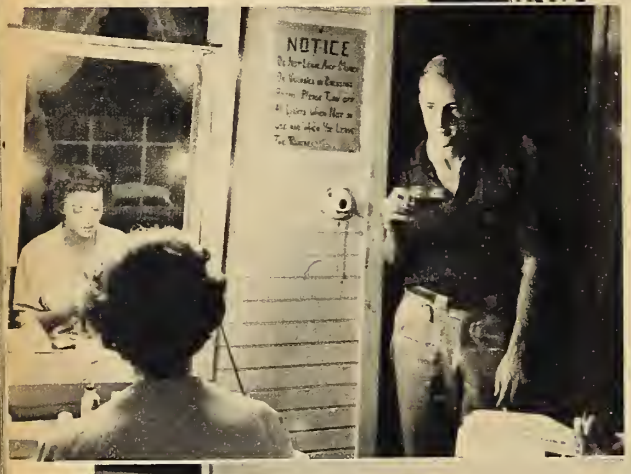
In 1954 MODERN SCREEN *readers named Bob most popular new star George Delacorte presented award.*

Betsy Blair Sheds Marty in Summer Stock



Advised not to get typed as Clara, the Marty *girl, Betsy Blair starred in* Sabrina *and* The Rainmaker *on the road. Byron Sanders, her handsome leading man (above and right) in* Sabrina, *bore little resemblance to homely Marty.* Sabrina *meant other changes for Betsy who had muted her natural gaiety in* Marty. *She played the role with the relish of a wallflower turned belle.*





Stagestruck since childhood Betsy reveled in the casual summer-theatre life but introduced the custom of hot tea before every performance. At Newport, R.I., the theatre is housed in the historic Casino and a star's dressing room is apt to be shabby. But the group spirit, the eager college apprentices and, most important, the recognition audiences gave her performances, compensated.



betsy blair

(*Continued from page 49*) film has won that honor. And I was there, in on everything.

"I went to every function, every picture. I attended all the luncheons, all the suppers, all the receptions. The newspapers said I was doing it out of politeness and courtesy. 'Don't you believe it,' I told the reporters. 'I'm having the time of my life. I'm enjoying every minute of it.'

"I just can't find words to tell you what it meant to me. There was that afternoon when Gene gave a press conference. I thought I'd cry. That's how happy I was. You know how he started it off? 'I am the husband of Betsy Blair,' he announced. Everyone smiled and the tears came to my eyes and I thought I'd just pass out with happiness.

"And then after the Festival when we were going back on the plane, I suddenly became aware of what it means to be noticed. 'Are you comfortable, Miss Blair? Would you like a seat facing the window, Miss Blair?' Then when there was a delay, 'Would you care to go by limousine to Paris, Miss Blair?' All these attentions.

"What a difference, what a change from just a few years ago. Sure, it's had an effect on me. But I'm not sure exactly what sort of effect. I remember in London and in Cannes and in other places. I happened to remark on how nice everyone was being to me.

" 'It's just because you've met with success,' I was told. 'The whole world loves a winner.' I keep asking myself if this is true. Why should success make someone skeptical about people? It's not going to change me." And it's not going to change the Kelly marriage either. When a friend pointedly remarked to Gene in Betsy's presence, "Now there'll be some competition in the family," Betsy shot back, "Oh, no, there won't. I'm only going to play girls' parts!"

Betsy has always loved people, all kinds of people. The Kellys keep perpetual open house on Rodeo Drive.

Dancers, writers, young actors, chorus girls, everyone in show business seems to know this. Drop in on the Gene Kelly household of a Sunday and you'll find a game of volleyball progressing in the backyard, Gene and dance director Stanley Donen discussing some new routine in the den, Betsy and daughter Kerry practicing French in the living room.

Paddy's sleeper

In 1948 Betsy was given a bit role in *A Double Life,* a film starring Ronald Colman. Also playing a bit in the same picture was a young actor named Paddy Chayefsky. As an actor he was no great shakes, but,as she does with pretty nearly everyone, Betsy struck up a friendship with Chayefsky.

Years later when Chayefsky became a noted television writer and *Marty* was bought for the screen, he insisted that Betsy was perfect for the role of Clara.

Betsy had broken her leg in a skiing accident and was hobbling around on a cast, depressed and discouraged.

"When I received the script," she remembers, "I perked up at once. I knew right away it was wonderful. Before we made the picture we rehearsed for two weeks, ironed out all the kinks. Everyone said to me, 'Betsy, this is a sleeper, a real sleeper.' And I kept answering. 'No, a sleeper is when you don't expect anything good. We know we have something good.' "

Marty emerged a critical and financial success and Betsy Blair became a star because (1) she has the talent and (2)

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Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing! *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!*

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! *Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.*

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY!

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!



Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



Mild and Gentle

she got the chance to exercise that talent because Chayefsky remembered her as a warm, intelligent, unaffected person.

There is a tendency in Hollywood for the girl who marries a movie star to put on the dog. Betsy Kelly has never "gone Hollywood." She has always believed in the even keel, the human approach, in speaking her piece, in living comfortably.

She has always liked simple blouses and full skirts and ballet-type slippers. She lets her chestnut-colored hair hang loose, keeps her face clean and scrubbed and devoid of make-up.

Because of this she has been severely criticized for years.

The town's dress designers, for example, say, "Why doesn't she dress like the wife of a famous movie star? She owes it to the community."

Betsy believes in dressing for herself, not for other people, with the exception, of course, of husband Gene. Only Gene himself wears a baseball cap, a polo shirt, slacks, white socks and moccasins. On Sunday he dresses in a blue suit to take Kerry to church. But otherwise when he's out with Betsy they both look like a pair of kids fresh from a college campus.

Basically, the Kellys are interested in their work and not the trappings of success. And it is this concentrated interest in work that caused Betsy so much frustration until *Marty* came along.

Stagestruck

Betsy was scarcely seventeen when she married Gene Kelly in 1941. They met in Billy Rose's night club, the Diamond Horseshoe, where Betsy was a chorus girl and Gene an up-and-coming dance director. Betsy hero-worshiped Gene—she still does, probably the result of their thirteen-year age difference. When they arrived in Hollywood, they rented a small house in Laurel Canyon. Gene taught his child bride how to cook.

In his very first picture, *For Me And My Gal,* with Judy Garland, Gene was an outstanding success. A year later, Kerry was born, the Kellys moved into a new house in Beverly Hills and Betsy had neither time nor thoughts of a career.

When Gene went into the Navy, however, Betsy returned to her family in Cliffside, New Jersey. Here, close to New York where she had worked as a child, first as a photographer's model, then as a chorus girl, the desire for a career began to assert itself again.

"I don't know," she once explained. "I've always liked to be active, to do things. Ever since I was a kid I've been in show business or on the fringes. I used to sing over WNEW on Sunday mornings and then when I was a teen-ager I was in stage shows. And my family wanted me to go to college—my two brothers went, you know, one to Northwestern and the other to Pennsylvania—and for a while I thought I'd go to Sarah Lawrence, but coming into New York on a train one day I saw an advertisement in the paper for chorus girls, and I answered it. I got the job. I married Gene. Show business has always been in my blood. And as Kerry grew up and needed me less, I found that I needed things to occupy my time and utilize my energy."

When Gene came out of the service, Betsy, in an unobtrusive way, began looking for acting jobs under the name of Betsy Blair. "I had given myself that name because I had a boy friend who was going to a prep school, Blair Academy. I was only a kid back then, and I guess I should've remained with my own name." (Betsy is the daughter of Willett and Frederica Boger, an insurance broker and a schoolteacher.)

First she did stage work at the Actors Lab in Hollywood. Then word spread around town that the girl was genuinely talented. She got work in *Another Part Of The Forest, The Snake Pit, Kind Lady, Mystery Street.* She took part in plays put on by Eugenie Leontovich and the Laguna Beach Playhouse. "If there's a theatre group I'm in it."

Stories to the effect that Gene Kelly felt his wife belonged at home in this period are not true. "Betsy is a fine actress," Kelly's always maintained. "I just wish she'd get one good break."

Gene gave Betsy—in fact has always given her—every moral support. And in all fairness to Betsy, it must be said that she never neglected any of her domestic duties. It is no secret, for example, that she has always wanted more than one child. And still says, "Who can tell? We may still hit the jackpot."

The one thing Gene Kelly would not do was to cast Betsy in any of his own pictures. Betsy is a crack dancer, and Gene might have succumbed to the temptation of nepotism—after all, hiring relatives is a recognized custom in every industry—but he felt it would not be fair.

Other casting directors felt similarly. "Sure, she's a good actress," one executive agreed, "but let's face it. Her husband is earning 3,000 bucks a week. Why not give the job to a girl who has to make her own living?"

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will be
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This is the attitude that handicapped Betsy Blair for years. The studios felt that she didn't need the work, didn't need the money. They were only half right. Betsy needed work as an outlet for her energy and talent.

When work wasn't forthcoming she grew moody and frustrated. Kerry was in school. The house was clean. Kids would come around all the time, talking about new productions, new castings. To have been in show business, to live with its atmosphere around you all the time, to be so near and yet so far—you can imagine how Betsy felt day after day.

At one time she threw herself into charity work, went out to the Veterans Hospital and entertained the wounded. And always she read omnivorously. But try as she might she could not lose the desire to act.

She was ecstatically happy in 1952, preparing to go abroad with Gene and Kerry for two years.

"Maybe," she said, "I'll get a whole new start in Europe. Kerry and I are taking French down at the Berlitz School. And it should help, don't you think?"

It helped in the Place Dauphine in Paris where the Kellys subleased a five-room flat in an apartment house. But it didn't help Betsy get any acting work. Gene was up to his neck in *Crest Of The Wave* and *Invitation To The Dance.* But the best Mrs. Kelly could do was to audition for a part in *Letter From Paris,* and she had to go to London for that.

She studied and rehearsed her lines, and on the day of the audition she was superb. "You've got the part," she was told. Betsy beamed. But her happiness was short-lived. The Labor Ministry refused to give her a work permit.

Her frustration increased. "There I was," she recalls, "with Kerry in school, plenty of time on my hands, and an opportunity I couldn't take advantage of because of red tape."

Finally director Anatole Litvak—he had cast Betsy in *Snake Pit*—offered Betsy a job as dialogue director of *Act Of Love,* a film he was shooting in France and Italy.

Eagerly Betsy accepted and left Kerry in the care of Gene and his secretary, Lois McLelland. Each week, however, Betsy made it a point to fly back to her family. But somehow the inevitable divorce and separation rumors started. European gossips hinted that Betsy and Sidney Chaplin, working together on the same film, were an item.

Gene, of course, knew better. To him rumors coupling Betsy with Chaplin or Tola Litvak were big jokes.

Betsy, however, was mildly annoyed. "I don't know how these things get started," she confided, "but they sure are stupid. We're really a very devoted family."

When *Act Of Love* was finished the Kellys proved that. Gene hired a car and drove Betsy and Kerry all around Spain.

The only acting Betsy managed to do abroad was done in North Africa when Orson Welles hired her to play Desdemona. Only Orson hired two other Desdemonas, Lea Padovani and Suzanne Cloutier, and then ran out of money. So once again Betsy Blair returned to Paris without a European screen credit to her name.

Too wholesome

In 1953 the three Kellys came home. This time there was television for Betsy to get her teeth into. She worked on *Ford Theatre, Philco, Kraft, U.S. Steel,* all the top shows. But the motion picture industry offered her little. The same old reason: She didn't need the money.

Last year when she broke her leg skiing she had to cut down on her television work. But as usual she read widely, kept abreast of every development in show business. Simultaneously the legion of friends she had made over the years began recommending her for more and more roles. Alain Bernheim, an agent friend tried to sell her to a director one afternoon in Frascati's, a Belgian restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard.

"Just think of it," Alain urged the director. "You can get her to play the lead for $10,000. Who else can you get at that price?"

The director grinned. "She just doesn't have enough sex appeal," he volunteered. "She's too fresh, too wholesome for the part. We need someone sultry like Yvonne De Carlo."

Betsy refused to give up hope. She did more and more little theatre work. "Some day," she told me, "there'll be a good part for me. I only hope I live that long."

Little did she realize that a week later Paddy Chayefsky and director Delbert

Mann would be discussing her in New York for the dream role of Clara in *Marty*.

Mann felt that Betsy might be too young for the part. Chayefsky insisted she was a natural, although he admitted he hadn't seen her in six years. When Mann heard Betsy read, with restraint and emotional perception, he knew immediately that Chayefsky was right. Betsy was signed for the role, and with Ernest Borgnine she captivated the movie-going public.

Once *Marty* became a money-maker and an award-winner Betsy found, after ten years of trying, that quite suddenly she was in demand.

Success, however, didn't go to her head. From husband Gene she learned that success must be accepted with graciousness and balance. Rather than snap up the first movie offered to her, Betsy decided to do summer stock at Newport, R. I. where she starred in *The Rainmaker* and *Sabrina Fair*.

She discussed her decision with Gene, and he agreed it was the right one. "I'll take Kerry to Europe with me on vaction," he offered, "and you follow when you're finished at Newport."

That's exactly what happened. The three Kellys cavorted over France and Switzerland this past August, then returned to Beverly Hills in time to get Kerry back in school.

Oscor Levont's lost concert in Woshington won him the finest notices he's ever received there. Levont was osked if it's true thot Aaron Copelond discovered him os o composer. "Yes," he replied, "but when Copelond discovered me —he was an unknown, too." . . . Levont's wife and three young daughters were in Woshington with him. The youngsters were taken on o hectic tour of the copital ond then come to New York. They orrived in weory stote. "They hod a good time," Levant soid of their trip, "although they don't know it."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

This November Betsy plans to return to southern France to star with Jean Gabin in a film to be called *At The Green Devil*. She will be part of a production quartette that includes director Noel Coward, art director Alex Trauner, and writer Jacques Prevert, well known for his *Les Enfants Du Paradis*. These three men are old friends of Betsy's. She knew them when; and they in turn knew her as a charming, ambitious, young wife who welcomed them into her house, pointed to the kitchen and said, "Help yourselves."

Gene and Betsy have worked out a most wonderful operations program involving daughter Kerry. When Betsy works, Gene is in charge of the girl and vice versa; so that over the years Kerry has gotten to know each parent exceedingly well. In most households the father is relatively unknown to his offspring but Kerry considers Gene and Betsy her closest friends. Career or no career they have never neglected the child and have always insisted that she be in the company of at least one parent.

No matter where the Kellys make pictures in the future this *modus operandi* will continue.

Betsy and Gene are completely sensible people. And although both of them are flying high at the moment—Gene's latest films being *It's Always Fair Weather, Invitation To The Dance*—they always keep both feet on the ground.

In Hollywood few acting couples can manage this trick. **END**

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(*Continued from page 52*) been together during their free hours, swimming and dining in charming little out-of-the-way places. Also in the party were Miss Kerr's husband Tony Bartley and their two daughters Melanie and Frankie, our two boys West and Scott, our daughter Virginia and—oh yes, me."

But Bill's formula for beating the long separation problem—"If you can't stay with 'em, take 'em with you"—isn't as simple as it sounds. When I talked with Bill in New York not long ago, he had just arrived at the Sherry Netherland after an all-day plane trip. He kicked his shoes off, stretched out in a big chair and sighed.

"I've just finished the toughest location I can remember, I've been cramped in a plane for hours, I'm taking off at eight in the morning, and I've got my whole family with me," he said. "I'm exhausted."

"It's all right now"

When you consider that West is eleven and Scott is only nine, those ages of restless curiosity and insatiable vigor, you will understand that it was not necessarily the picture nor the plane trip that had him so beat. Bill takes the duties and pleasures of being a father seriously.

I remember once, at the Columbia Ranch in Hollywood, seeing Brenda bring the boys up to the gate of a restricted area where Bill was shooting a difficult night scene. He'd promised the boys they could watch. Brenda kept saying, "Now take it easy, don't touch anything. Remember, no horsing around." Then, when they reached the gate, she stepped back, smiling, while Bill took both their hands and the three Holden men walked on toward the set. Her smile seemed to say, "It's all right now."

That's the way Bill takes over when they are traveling, catching planes, changing at airfields, checking in-and-out of hotels, transferring luggage.

In the end it is worth it, however, not only for Bill himself but for Brenda and the boys. Let's take the location on St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, for example.

It could have been, as Bill points out, one of the stinkers of all time. The Virgin Islands, in late July and early August, lie green and lush and steaming in an emerald sea, under skies loaded with boiling white clouds. When it rains, it does so in earnest, and all the water stays right where it lands, adding to the humidity. Into this jungle, where the islanders naturally do as little work as possible, rushed the *Proud And Profane* company on a tight shooting schedule, determined to use the good weather.

In heat so oppressive it made many of the crew sick, Bill was hurried from one assignment to another, and most of the time he worked all night as well. Without his family there, on the occasional evening and two or three days when he was actually free, there would have been nothing for him to do but stare at the walls, knock around with the gang, or just possibly stir up a little mischief.

As it was, Brenda and the kids made it seem almost like a holiday. Bill would come home to the Virgin Isle Hotel in St. Thomas, completely worn out, to find Brenda looking fresh and beautiful after a day of shopping. She slipped him a martini and by the time he'd bathed and climbed into fresh clothes, he was a human being again, ready for the evening.

After fourteen days Dewey Martin, an expert at skin diving, finally persuaded Bill to put on fins and a mask and go spear-fishing. After just missing a fine grouper and brushing a barracuda impatiently out of his way before Dewey could signal him to stop that, Bill emerged with an ecstatic grin on his face. "Where have I been all my life?"

Whereupon, with two days free, he chartered a boat and with Dewey and West, went snorkel-swimming and spear-fishing around Water Island.

Then along came hurricane Connie on her way to the Carolinas, whipping her mighty tail over the Islands as she passed. A hurricane can be one of the most depressing as well as nerve-wracking things in the world to sit out, particularly if you don't know what it's going to do next. Crowded into the hotel, the company milled around nervously, checking weather reports and listening to the gusts of slashing rain buffet the windows until they rattled like castanets.

In the midst of all this racket and confusion, Bill appeared with a set of six Haitian bongo drums and, deadpan, began playing them expertly. He'd bought them earlier and had spent hours between takes learning how to beat the things, with Ross Bagdasarian, the actor-composer who wrote "Come On-a My House," as his teacher.

The whole performance was so outlandish, so out of character for Bill, that it broke the tension, raised everybody's spirits, and a party developed that outlasted Connie.

Having his family close by, no matter where he is working and despite the extra cost and trouble, is not only necessary to Bill's happiness and peace of mind, but essential to his career. He has come, through the years, to depend a great deal on Brenda's cagey professional advice. A superb actress in her own right before she retired, she is a truly intelligent woman who not only knows the picture business upside down, but the way her husband ticks from any direction. Thus,

At Lum Fong's an actor reported he and his ex-wife were dating again: "It was one of those divorces that just didn't work out."
Earl Wilson in The New York Post

when he asks her to, she spends many days on the set, seemingly knitting or reading. Later, in private, she is ready with advice.

Without Brenda on location, too, Bill isn't as sure of himself. He leans on her for counsel, emotional comfort and a certain amount of inspiration. If you don't believe that the even-tempered Mr. Holden can have the jitters you ought to have seen him on those rare occasions when he didn't take the family along. Those who observed Bill on the *Picnic* set were amazed at his disposition.

He arrived in Salinas, Kansas, for the first location in a towering bad mood. The air was full of tension, of tornadoes getting ready to strike. (If it occurs to you that the progress of Bill Holden around and about the world is accompanied by more than a few explosives, with even the elements getting into the act, then you are close to the proper picture.) Brenda was busy in Hollywood and couldn't join him for a week or two. This tied it, as far as he was concerned.

When he was first cast as the half-good, half-bad drifter in *Picnic*, Bill didn't agree with Director Josh Logan's interpretation of the character.

"I can't play this guy," he kept saying. "I don't know him. I don't even like him. There's nobody in my experience who remotely resembles the way this guy behaves."

To all outward appearances this was true. Bill had grown up in Pasadena, as the most typical of clean-cut California boys, the son of a thoroughly nice middle-class family. He got his break in pictures while he was still in school, found his girl and married her when he was very young. He raised his family, served his four war years and laboriously worked his way to the top of his profession.

And now they wanted him to play, with conviction, a bum, an emotional slob! Josh Logan was determined that he would play it that way, and Bill was just as determined that the interpretation be changed to fit what he considered to be his own limitations. His unhappiness infected cast and crew and even the weather. The usually cooperative Holden started off by having a hassle with the publicity unit man over whether or not he would pose with a cherry pie and the girl who baked it. Then, two nights later, while the crew were setting up cameras and lights, all hell broke loose.

A wall of wind hit, snatching away the cup of coffee Bill was drinking. The two black funnel-shaped clouds that had been wandering around in the distance, flashing with lightning, now merged and began walking toward them across the prairie. Instinctively everyone ran for cover. Bill dived for the nearest lone car, slammed the door after him, and peered into the now deserted darkness.

Tornado inside

"Then it really hit us," he says. "Hail, big as golf balls, bounced across the lawns, hammered the car with the sound of a loco machine gun. It rained as if someone had turned an ocean upside down. Wind slammed the side of the car.

"I lit a cigarette to keep calm. Someone's hat was on the seat beside me. In a kind of futile gesture I put it on, to protect my head in case the car overturned—or lifted up. My arms were ready to shield my face in case glass shattered. Being alone was no help. For over an hour this went on. Then it passed."

But not the tornado within William Holden. That one raged on for several days, until one morning he appeared on the set smiling, his antagonism gone, ready to play it Logan's way.

What had happened? Even at long distance, Brenda had found the key to his problem. He had written her how he felt, and she had written back with a deeply understanding message.

"Reach back into your own adolescence, Bill," she said, "and somewhere you'll find a memory that will tell you how a man acts who is emotionally immature."

He had spent the night remembering, reaching back. And he'd found it, all right. Some things he'd felt and thought and done long ago, things he'd wanted to forget and so, in his efficient way, *had* forgotten. It wasn't easy to look them over and admit it was young Bill Holden who belonged to them. But suddenly he understood the role of Hal Carter in *Picnic*.

And when, a week or two later, Brenda finally arrived (alone, because the boys were in public school in Beverly Hills), she found him dribbling egg on his chin, swinging aboard freight cars and teetering atop them, scorning a double, taking direction and Being Competent, as Holden should. The production was going like a breeze instead of a tornado.

Brenda smiled. She was remembering another time when Bill, on location in Arizona, hadn't been able to stand it any longer without her. Way back in July, 1941 that was. So she'd caught a plane and flown to him and they'd been married the next day. Ever since Brenda has always had her bags packed ready to take off. Most of the time she doesn't have to rush. Most of the time she's already there, on location with Bill. **END**

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(*Continued from page 59*) him was to be his first real vacation since beginning work as Willie Keith in *The Caine Mutiny.*

He came into the restaurant, tall and bronzed, and slid into the booth beside me. His hair was long, curling around his ears and over his collar and I thought how becoming it was. But that was a reaction purely feminine. Aloud I said, "They've got you into the longhair department, eh?"

He made a face. "It's the only thing I don't like about doing a Western. The rest of it's great, but having to go around in public with this mop is awful."

I remember, now, how impressed I was by Bob, impressed because every time I saw him I liked him better. He was the kind of a person who wears well. Serious, almost intense, with a quiet humor that bubbled up at times when he seemed to forget to be so grave and earnest. He was a completely honest boy, unimpressed by his own success, except in that he was made happy by it. Happy because he had found his slot in life and felt that, for him, acting was the answer. His career in movies was merging nicely with his old love, sports. In picture work he got a great deal of exercise, and in between pictures he could ski on snow or on water, his favorite pastimes. I remember, too, that he once told me he wanted eventually to have a ski shop of his own. A good one, the best in Los Angeles. How he was looking forward to the time when he would earn his living, and that of the family he wanted, by means of the two things he loved best, acting and skiing.

A place of his own

I asked him first about his apartment. Having a place to hang his hat had been important to Bob because since his start in pictures he had spent every free day between films on junkets of one kind or another. After *Caine Mutiny* he was sent on three personal appearance tours, on another after *The Road West*, another after *The Long Gray Line*, and still another after *The Bamboo Prison*. In one year he made four pictures and spent six months on the road, and in all that time he was living in far-off Pasadena with his parents, fighting traffic every morning and night, and hoping for a place of his own near the studio. His last tour had been to Washington for the première of *The Long Gray Line*, followed by the film's opening in New York, and then weeks in Florida to help publicize the picture. On the way home he stopped in Detroit and bought a brand new convertible, the pride of his life, and drove it back to Hollywood.

That was when he got his apartment. It was a one-bedroom affair, replete with maid service and pool. "If I'd rented one before," he said, "I knew I'd no sooner get moved in than I'd be asked to leave town again. This time, I was sure I'd be free to enjoy it for a while. Columbia had nothing for me to do, and so I rented it and moved in, and the same day I was still putting my socks and shirts into drawers, Columbia called to tell me that I was to make this Western on loan-out to Metro, and leave for Colorado in a few days." He grinned. "Now it looks as though I've won after all. I'm back, and I have a whole month to myself until they decide on somebody for Tracy's part—and I have an apartment to boot. I'm going to do nothing but have fun—days on the beach and as much water skiing as I can."

The idea of a Western had pleased Bob. He was an outdoor type of guy and he looked forward to the open spaces and the smogless air—maybe even a beard. He would rather have stayed at home of course, but if he had to be some place



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In a pinch—or even in a storm—Patti could handle The Rage *alone. Her only complaint is that (so far) she can't do her recordings from the boat.*

else, nothing pleased him better than the thought of Colorado.

He felt no sense of disappointment when he stepped out of the plane at Montrose, Col., with a population of 1200 spread generously over ranches in the entire county. He was a mile above sea level, and exhilarated by the surrounding mountains, snow-capped and sparkling in the warm sun. My kingdom for a horse, he thought, and flexed his muscles. He was assigned to a motel with the flavorsome name of The Lazy I G and the wide west address of "Highway 99, near Montrose." The company had dinner at one of the quaint local cafes, and Bob went to bed early and dreamed of the Northwest Passage, Daniel Boone and Conestoga wagons.

"In another week," he said, "I was dreaming of Chasen's restaurant, girls, perfume and girls." The quaintness of the cafes wore off quickly when the same menu confronted him three times a day, and he was not sure he would have given a plugged nickel to ride a horse. The point was that he rode a horse every day, for eight hours, and had a lot of it ahead of him. He liked it, of course; he had spent many hours on horseback throughout his life, but this time he was doing it the hard way. Girls, now, that was something else again. Irene Pappas was the only girl in the picture, and she was married. Montrose contained an assortment of females either married or too young or too old. "And that was that."

One more week, and boredom set in. Each morning meant out of bed at 5:30 to be ready at 6:30 for the long drive to the set, a spot in the mountain wilderness where a complete ranch had been built for the movie. This entailed forty miles on the main highway, then a dirt road for six tumbling, jerking miles which took twenty minutes to maneuver. Fun at first, but tiring when it happened twice a day.

The town offered little. The one theatre lifted the hopes of the company, but Bob came off on the short end. To compliment him, the manager had booked all Bob's movies, a nice gesture which Bob appreciated, but, as he said, "I wasn't going to sit through them all again."

The malt shop was a favorite stop. Crazy about ice cream, Bob astounded the rest of the company by downing two and three concoctions (with improbable names like The Purple Cow) in one visit. Every Wednesday night there were the jalopy races held by the town's younger set, and on Sundays they could drive the thirty miles to Ouray and swim in the fabulous pool on a mountain top, or drive through the torturous roads of Gunnison Canyon. But for the most part, Bob was in bed by 9:30 each night.

No Place to Go

"It was beautiful country—wait until you see it in the picture. They don't talk about acres up there—they measure the land by the valleys they own. The woman who leased her property for the movie owns several valleys, has 8000 head of sheep and they say she's worth twenty million dollars. She's about sixty, I guess, and yet she takes care of the place herself—herding and everything. The people there are wonderful. But there still wasn't much for us to do."

So they depended on each other for amusement. Bob stuck mostly with character actor Chubby Johnson and publicist Jim Merrick, an Englishman. And when the town kids asked for autographs Bob would point to Merrick standing on the sidelines. "Why don't you get his autograph?" he'd say.

"Who's he?" the kids wanted to know.

"Why," said Bob, "he's Noel Coward." And Merrick obligingly signed Coward's name in sundry autograph books.

One morning Bob rode over a mountain top and saw below him the stagecoach used in the movie, traveling along a valley road. Pulling his kerchief over the lower part of his face, he rode pellmell down the mountainside to stage a mock holdup. The men on the coach immediately got into the spirit, whipping up the horses and yelling bang-bang.

"Just like a bunch of kids," Bob laughed. "And one guy—a stunt man—even took a fall off the stagecoach, pretending he'd been hit. They get $600 for that for a movie, and this guy did it just for fun."

He told me, too, about the biggest laugh of the whole trip. The stunt men were in the local bar one evening, chewing the fat and recounting their experiences. One of them was explaining a fall he once refused to take. It seems a director wanted him to roll off a bar and land flat on his face on a cement floor. "Why, that woulda killed me," he said. And the others, poker-faced, pretended they didn't understand his description of the fall. Exasperated, the stunt man finally said, "Like this, look," and proceeded to take the fall. Bob laughed so hard he had to go outside to gulp some fresh air.

The high point of his stay was the day he met June Mihelcich. "This one morning I had a scene where I had to ride across a meadow. There were a lot of other men with me and I was leading and when I came over the rise I looked down into the valley, and there, right in the middle of nowhere, was a girl. A real girl. She was wearing a white blouse and pink pedal pushers and a white cowgirl hat, and I didn't need any encouragement. I tore down the mountain, with the other guys right behind me, and lo and behold when I got down there she turned out to be a really pretty brunette. The poor kid was swamped—there must have been a dozen guys all standing around, just looking at her."

It turned out that June's father is a rancher, owning three in Colorado, and June was minding her own business, looking over some cattle, when she was stampeded by the Hollywood posse.

Said Bob, "She spent the day there watching us work and somehow, despite 150 other guys, I wangled a dinner date with her that night. You should have seen the eyebrows go up in the Chipita cafe that night when I walked in with June. She's a stewardess for the Frontier Airlines and after that, whenever she had a stop anywhere near our setup, she'd visit Montrose. How did *I* rate? Simple—I just met her plane and lassoed her when she stepped out.

"She's coming to L.A. soon, and I'm going to show her the town."

"Could you call this a romance?" I asked. "Maybe a summer romance?"

He grinned at me. "Uh-uh. Don't call it anything. She's just a nice girl and I like her. She skis, too—instructs at Aspen during the winter."

"Lots in common," I remarked. "Sure there's no romance?"

"How've you been lately?" he countered.

I remember, now, that June was expected to arrive the following Monday. I wonder if she ever did.

I was without an automobile that day, and Bob drove me to my home. All the way he talked about his new car, and showed me its special gadgets, and I thought how nice it was for a boy like Bob to be able to have things like that, to be able to have fun while he was young. He dropped me off in front of my house and zoomed off up the street, one hand waving out the window.

That's the way I'll remember him, laughing and happy, a very wonderful young man with everything to live for. And I'll try to forget that he did not live. **END**



MAUREEN O'HARA starring in Universal-International's **LADY GODIVA**
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WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR SHIVERS
The Naked Street
Simba
Target Zero
The Big Knife

FOR LAUGHS
It's Always Fair Weather
The Bar Sinister

FOR SPECTACLE
Helen Of Troy
Lady Godiva
The African Lion

FOR A GLOW
The Left Hand Of God
Count Three And Pray

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



PICTURE OF THE MONTH: *Michael Kidd, Dan Dailey and Gene Kelly meet after ten years of separation, but the only one who's happy about it is Cyd Charisse—a woman of many plots!*

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER

Sophisticated, smash musical

■ *It's Always Fair Weather* is one of the most delightfully clever musicals I've ever seen. Its story centers around three G.I.'s (Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd) who, having parted with the Army, part with each other in a Third Avenue bar. They vow to meet again in ten years at the same place, but ten years sure change a fellow. Kelly, when he isn't being a ladies' man is managing a fighter up at Stillman's Gym; Dan develops a mustache and severe dyspepsia as an extremely successful artist, doing TV commercials; Michael goes the way of more usual flesh—he gets married, has a flock of kids and runs a nice little eatery. After ten years they faithfully keep the vow to meet, but it's easy to see they can't stand each other. What happens next is skillfully maneuvered by career woman Cyd Charisse. Secretly, she arranges to have them all meet again on a TV show that specializes in sentiment and tears. Dolores Gray emcees the show with gusto. The songs she sings are terrific—but so are all the songs, they're witty, fast and satiric. That and the choreography (by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen) make for the kind of sophisticated charm you expect to find on Broadway but are rarely fortunate enough to see in a movie fresh out of Hollywood. CinemaScope—MGM

HELEN OF TROY

Rossana Podesta—The face that launched a thousand ships

■ Here's spectacle to end all spectacles—about the Trojan War and Helen (Rossana Podesta) who allegedly started it—and it beats me where Warners' amassed that magnificent collection of ancient battle armor. The scene opens in 1100 B.C. in peace-loving Troy, where Paris (Jack Sernas) has convinced his father, the king, to send him to Sparta on a mission of peace. Sister Cassandra prophesies disaster but no one listens. So off Paris goes to be shipwrecked and saved by Helen, Queen of Sparta (incognito). She knows that her husband Menelaus is planning to attack Troy with a lot of other Greek leaders, including Ulysses (Torin Thatcher) but she's just a pawn of Fate herself, and can't warn Paris. Menelaus makes him prisoner but he escapes and with Helen flees to Troy. So the war begins—a thousand Greek ships set sail for Troy, and the war goes on for years. Finally it appears that the Trojans have won, for the Greeks sail away. But they leave a sacred gift behind—a huge wooden horse which, unbeknownst to the Trojans, is chockful of armed Greeks. It's a mammoth production done with mammoth skill. CinemaScope—Warners

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD

An unusual story of the spirit

■ During the second world war Humphrey Bogart, a pilot shot out of the sky in a remote part of China, found himself in the service of a corrupt warlord (Lee J. Cobb). His only way to escape was to pose as a priest. It is a difficult masquerade, but in the Chinese Mission where he is known as Father O'Shea all come to love him—including nurse Gene Tierney who is deeply shocked by her attraction to a priest. This is an adventure story with a spiritual quality and neither one lessens the effect of the other. In posing as a priest, Bogart gains spiritually to the point where he not only turns himself in but is willing to accept whatever punishment the church sees fit. In the course of events he shoots a game of craps with Lee J. Cobb to settle the fate of a village. Sensitive performances and beautiful scenery add much to a precarious subject matter that never falls from good taste. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

THE BIG KNIFE

Melodrama of a movie idol

■ Behind the big-box office name in Hollywood often lurks a man you wouldn't recognize. Take Charlie Castle (Jack Palance) who seems to have everything, but is on the verge of nervous collapse. Why? Because his wife (Ida Lupino) has left him. She feels he's sold his soul for a Cadillac and she can't respect him that way. He can't respect himself, either, but somehow the magnetic power of movie mogul Stanley Hoff (Rod Steiger) keeps him signing on the dotted line whenever a long-term contract is offered. Castle's so anxious to win back his wife (and some self-respect) that he's willing to promise he'll never make another movie again, but Hoff won't have that. He wants Castle, and one way to keep him is through blackmail involving starlet Shelley Winters. The plot's interesting but what holds you is the telling dialogue, the dynamic character portrayals and the sense of being behind the scenes of the world's most fascinating industry. With Wendell Corey. From the play by Clifford Odets.—U.A.

THE NAKED STREET

Crime still doesn't pay

■ Anthony Quinn is one of those king-pin racketeers out of Brooklyn who keeps going back every Sunday for a hot dinner cooked by Mom. At one of those dinners he discovers that his sister (Anne Bancroft) is not only pregnant but her boyfriend (Farley Granger) is about to sit on the electric chair, for murder. Quinn finagles a new trial, frees Granger and is best man at the wedding. Granger's grateful, but not so grateful his weak character doesn't get the best of him. Meanwhile, a young newspaper reporter (Peter Graves) is busy writing columns in a feeble attempt to expose Quinn. Peter gets invited to dinner, and while there becomes friendly with Anne—fortunately for her. She needs a friend by the time her no-good husband is framed by her no-good brother and the whole family falls apart.—U.A.

THE BAR SINISTER

Presenting a dog's life

■ If you've ever wondered what goes on in a dog's head, see *The Bar Sinister*, the tale of an English Bull Terrier (Wildfire), told, naturally, by himself. He's just an old waterfront dog till a bowery character (Jeff Richards) picks him up and makes a fighter of him. He fights other dogs for money but Richards never lets him keep the change. When Wildfire loses his biggest fight, fond master nearly kills him. And that would be that if Edmund Gwenn didn't find and take Wildfire to a beautiful estate in the country. Dean Jagger, estate owner, thinks Wildfire's just a toughie who deserves to be shot (Jagger's partial to the St. Bernards he raises). But danged if Wildfire doesn't turn out to be the finest of his breed—with blue ribbons to prove it. CinemaScope—MGM

SIMBA

Blood and violence in Africa

■ Simba is Swahili for "lion" and nowadays in Kenya, Africa, "lion" means sudden, horrible death. This movie is based on more or less true incidents concerning the Mau Maus (native terrorist groups) and their victims. Dirk Bogarde arrives in Kenya to find his brother murdered and "Simba" written in blood on the door. Virginia McKenna, who lives with her family in Kenya, loves Dirk, but sympathizes with the Africans and feels they can all live in peace together. Dirk distrusts all natives and suspects Earl Cameron, an African doctor, of being the terrorist leader. Dirk's own conflicts are resolved in a head-on clash with a Mau Mau massacre party. It's a graphic film, made more impressive by the fact that the Mau Mau do exist and carry on in exactly the way shown here. Eastman Color—Lippert Pictures

COUNT THREE AND PRAY

An original bit of folklore

■ Bad enough when a southerner fights for the north in the Civil War, but when he comes back home and sets himself up as a preacher it's not likely anyone'll come to church. That's not all of Van Heflin's problem. First, he has to build a church (the original one is a war ruin) then he has to commandeer the broken down parish house next door which a ragged waif (Joanne Woodward) is defending with a rifle. The townspeople's hatred for Heflin turns to sheer amaze-

ment when they discover that this fast-living, hard-drinking varmint has reformed to the point of preaching. The movie's warm and original—CinemaScope—Columbia

LADY GODIVA

A redhead in early England

■ When Lord Leofric (George Nader) married Godiva (Maureen O'Hara), a lusty Saxon maid, he didn't know what he was getting. Beauty, yes, but also a brain big enough to start a revolution. Leofric was having enough trouble with Lord Torin Thatcher over which of them ruled what land in England. Then along came new king Eduard Franz and old Norman traitor Leslie Bradley at his side. One-two-three and Thatcher's in exile, Leofric and Godiva are fighting like cat and dog—over politics yet. There's more to this movie than meets the eye, and it's all too complicated to tell. If you like handsome folk, medieval heroics daring intrigue and of course the famous nude ride, don't miss it. Technicolor—U.I.

THE AFRICAN LION

Walt Disney brings 'em back alive

■ It took three years for Walt Disney to film this True Life Adventure—all about lions and the other great beasts of Africa who've always captured the imagination. And once again, Disney captures these animals at their most natural—if not best behavior. Elephants, giraffes, jungle cats, baboons, hippos and those robbers of the veldt—jackals, vultures and hyenas all mingle and maul each other when hunger strikes. As usual, Disney presents a well-rounded film following these animals through the seasons of heat, rain and drought. Fascinating shots are a swarm of locusts devastating the grazing lands and a cheetah racing eighty miles an hour for its supper. Here's brute passion at the source! Technicolor—Buena Vista Films

TARGET ZERO

The nightmare of war

■ Sometimes war is a long, slow trek—a kind of tired nightmare that has nothing to do with heroes and victory to the G.I.'s involved—although they are certainly heroic. *Target Zero* achieves a sense of that nightmare. You get the feeling that this is a true picture of war. Korea, 1952: A ferocious Red Drive leaves a British tank crew and remnants of an American patrol (headed by Richard Conte) in its wake. The British pick up an American biochemist (Peggie Castle) who worked with a UN relief center, and then they meet Conte's crew. What follows is a hazardous, exhausting march to "Sullivan's Muscle"—a ridge where Conte expects to find the rest of his company. Real people caught in a wasteland show real feeling that lifts *Target Zero* way above the average war film.—Warners

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

PETE KELLY'S BLUES (Warners): Jack Webb is Pete Kelly, jazz band leader of the roaring twenties. Also around, for music and gun-play, are Janet Leigh, Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee and Edmond O'Brien. CinemaScope.

THE KENTUCKIAN (U.A.): This is the story of Burt Lancaster, a rugged spirit whose craving for new frontiers brings him into contact with Diana Lynn, John McIntyre, Dianne Foster. With Donald MacDonald, Walter Matthau. CinemaScope.

TRIAL (MGM): A really fine and exciting film, this one deals with a young Mexican boy accused of murder. Race prejudice and Communism enter into the trial, with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire and Rapael Campos as the principals involved.

TO CATCH A THIEF (Para.): Hitchcock's latest is the tale of Cary Grant, a reformed jewel thief who sets out to catch a robber who has stolen his methods—and gets Grace Kelly along the way. Jesse Royce Landis delivers a delightful supporting performance. VistaVision.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN (20th-Fox): Bette Davis is great as the first Queen Elizabeth, much enamoured of Sir Walter Raleigh (Richard Todd), whose first loves are Joan Collins and the sea. Herbert Marshall, Dan O'Herlihy, CinemaScope and history.

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (Warners): An excellent movie about the juvenile delinquents who come from "good" homes. James Dean is splendid as the confused youngster. With Natalie Wood.

THE McCONNELL STORY (Warners): Alan Ladd and June Allyson in the true story of the Air Force's most famous jet ace and his wife. CinemaScope.



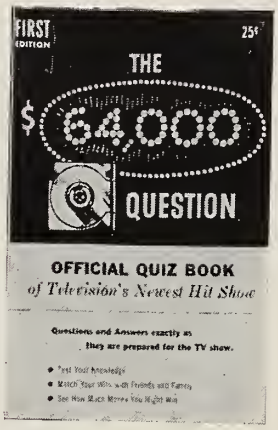
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richard egan

(*Continued from page 35*) he finds that the hands which have cooked his dinner have also set a place for a guest.

"Richard," his mother will say, "I want you to meet . . ." and she will introduce a young lady, the daughter of a friend usually. On another evening there may be another girl. And from time to time this scene is repeated.

"Now, there's a lovely girl"

At thirty-two, Dick, as far as his mother is concerned, should be married. He knows it, too, and there isn't any doubt but that within a reasonable time he'll find the right girl and head for the altar, even if left to his own devices. But his mother, like most mothers of sons, thinks it's her prerogative to take an active part in this project, and it's quite all right with him.

He even likes the way she always inquires, following the departure of the latest girl, "Now, there's a lovely girl, don't you think, Richard?"

One of these days he hopes to be able to reply, "Yes, Mother. I'm going to see her again." But his friends bet that the future Mrs. Richard Egan will turn out to be a girl he has found for himself. He happens to be quite an active looker. He has been going out quite often with a beautiful brunette whose face most of the country knows well, even if her name is not yet a quickly recognizable one.

Pat Hardy—that's she—has done a lot of TV work, in New York as well as Hollywood. Dick met her in front of the TV camera. They have both worked on the same programs; Schlitz Playhouse, Ford Theatre and other TV drama series. He likes to be with Pat. Pat likes to be with him. In Hollywood, where people are not always sure with whom they wish to be, this could be foundation for romance.

Maybe it is significant that the young lady guest at the Egan home who has dined there more often than any other young lady is Pat. And quite often she accompanies them when Dick has his folks out for dinner. His parents, who lived for sixty years in San Francisco, have found Hollywood an exciting city, and even after several years in the film capital have still got the tourists' urge to visit famous places and see famous faces. Dick takes them often to the more popular restaurants in town, and they are frequently seen together at the Brown Derby in Beverly Hills near where they live.

"Can you ride a horse?"

When Dick got to Hollywood in 1949, after graduating with a B.A. in speech and drama from the University of San Francisco and an M.A. in the same course from Stanford University, the first question he was asked by a producer was whether he could ride a horse.

"No," replied Dick, and thereupon launched a policy of truth telling around the studios which experts predicted would throttle his career before it was really born. But his star has gone on rising—to the point where his studio 20th Century-Fox today figures his is going to be among the biggest names on its roster.

That first "No," of Dick's not only cost him a role in the producer's picture, but it was six months before he got another role offered to him. This time the part was a top one in Warner Brothers' *Storm Warning.* All that this producer wanted to know was whether Dick felt he could achieve the proper emotional pitch necessary in a number of tense scenes involved, which scenes the producer then began describing so graphically that both men started to cry.

With tears in his eyes, Dick answered no again. He felt he was a little too new to the business to undertake that much scenery chewing. The part went to Steve Cochran and considerably enhanced that gentleman's prestige, not to mention his bank account. Dick felt quite bad about the money he missed. He was sending home for funds from time to time.

Yet he still went around saying no if that was what he felt like saying, and he still does. "He's the most persistently 'himself' kind of a guy I have ever met," a friend said of him once. "I think the reason he won't lie or pretend he can do what he can't is that he is too big a fellow physically ever to have had to lie about anything."

Dick *is* a big boy; a blue-eyed giant of an Irishman, six feet, one-and-a-half-inches tall, and weighing 190 pounds. With that size come muscles, too. He started flexing these in his youth and while in high school (St. Ignatius in San Francisco) was a champion oarsman, a member of a cutter crew which beat every rival in the bay area.

He is still flexing his muscles, working out daily in a gym and occasionally accepting an invitation from his friend, Leo Durocher, to practice with the New York Giants during their spring training periods.

During the last war Dick was trained in Judo and later taught it at Camp Davis in North Carolina. A few months ago, while working in Guadalajara, Mexico, in *Seven Cities Of Gold,* co-starring with Michael Rennie, Anthony Quinn, Jeffrey Hunter and Rita Moreno, he chanced to be walking down a dark street one night when a thief made the mistake of slipping his hand into his pocket. The next moment the crook had been flung against a building wall so hard that he lay stunned until police arrived. Dick refused to prosecute; and his pals are sure it was because he felt that the moaning Mexican was perhaps the more aggrieved party. This only makes sense to people who have seen Dick and gotten a personal appraisal of what the crook was up against physically.

"Take off your shirt!"

He has appeared in about twenty-six pictures, including *Underwater, Violent Saturday* and *Untamed,* but he still recalls with a grin his role as the chief gladiator in *Demetrius And The Gladiators.* This was a part which the director, Delmar Daves, wouldn't give Dick until he had seen him with his shirt off.

"I know you look big in your street clothes, but you have scenes with Victor Mature in this picture," said Daves. "You've *really* got to have muscles."

Dick took off his shirt. Then he put it back on again. The test was over. He was hired. Daves said he felt like warning Dick not to run too fast or one of these days he'd take off and become air-borne.

Dick, born in San Francisco, was an apartment-raised child, and idolized his brother Willis, who is less than two years older. Willis is now a Jesuit priest, teaching in North Oregon. Dick modeled his life on his, in every way short of entering the priesthood. He might have done that, too, but felt he had no special calling for it. He was a good student in school and an excellent speaker, his voice unusually deep and resonant.

At seventeen Dick entered an oratorical contest sponsored by the California Crusaders, a statewide business men's organization. Some 15,000 kids competed and after a series of elimination sessions Dick was one of ten finalists slated to speak at the War Memorial Building across from San Francisco's city hall. While waiting for his turn he could

remember only his prayers, not a word of his prepared talk. But when he stepped on the stage it all came back to him and he won first prize—a twenty-day trip to Hawaii, on which he was also able to take his mother.

As early as his grade-school days. Dick was making appearances in school plays. At St. Ignatius he continued his drama courses and by the time he entered the University of San Francisco he was pretty sure he was going to be either a lawyer or an actor. To help make up his mind he would go to a show one day then attend an important trial in the county courts the next. This didn't help much.

He still hadn't made up his mind when he graduated, but Uncle Sam had. Dick decided to enlist in the Army.

Four years later, after rising to the rank of captain and serving a year in the Philippines, he found himself back in San Francisco with an honorable discharge and still not sure whether to face audiences as an actor, or take to law and limit his listeners to twelve men in a jury.

The long way around

The man whose judgment he valued the most was about to be ordained as a priest —his brother Willis. It was to Willis Dick went for advice, and it was Willis who thought Dick should go on the stage. His reasons? Dick was a fine-looking man, had a great voice, and could work hard. In fact, he thought, if Dick was willing to take the long way around, he was almost certain he would be successful.

The "long way around" as Willis saw it, was for Dick to further enhance his education, not only in the subjects which an actor would need, but generally. Dick, who likes solid thinking to this day, agreed. He enrolled at Stanford University and went there for three more years of university study. While there, and to finance himself, he got a job at his old college, the University of San Francisco, teaching public speaking. At the same time he worked at Stanford in drama with such nationally known actors as Aline MacMahon, Whitford Kane and Clarence Derwent.

While Dick was at Stanford he was seen in several plays by Solly Biano, Warner Brothers' casting director, and eventually summoned to Hollywood for a screen test. But while waiting for this test he looked so good to an MGM talent scout that he was given a test at that studio first. And right after the Warners test he got another at Universal-International Studios and still a fourth at his present studio, 20th Century-Fox. Probably no new acting candidate had ever gotten such a rush from the studios in so short a time and that made it all the more sickening when all four companies sent word that they were not impressed. Dick remembers that he was the only man in Hollywood who saw snow fall that day, and felt the thermometer sink to sixty below. Life loomed cold and cheerless ahead. Seven years of college, nearly twelve years of drama training, had been wiped out by the way he looked and sounded as an image on a strip of perforated celluloid.

He sat down and wrote his folks a letter which contained a family joke as its last line: "The game is good, send more dough."

Half of a Siamese Twins vaudeville act fell in love with a theatre owner. Twins made the complete swing of the theatre circuit and returned to the loved one's theatre. Dragging her sister along, the lovelorn one walked up to the object of her affection and said, "You may not remember me, but—"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter



The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY
(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause *permanent* damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave *permanent* scars on the skin.

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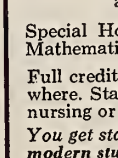
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But it was no joke at home. They wrote back that they would. That if he wanted to stay in Hollywood and keep trying they would help him sustain himself.

Just about this time Solly Biano at Warners' again looked at Dick's test, again didn't like it, but decided to cast him for a small role in *The Return Of The Frontiersman.* Dick looked good enough in this one to be cast in more films, *The Good Humor Man, Highway 301,* and as Joan Crawford's husband in *The Damned Don't Cry.*

This, in effect, was a demonstration by Warner Brothers that one of the smartest things to do about a screen test is to ignore it. Universal-International got the idea right away. By ignoring their test of Dick they were able to cast him as the blind Sergeant Masterson in *Bright Victory.* He did so well in this that the studio heads signed him to a term contract and used him wholesale. In a remarkably short time he had appeared in a half dozen more pictures including *Undercover Girl, Up Front, The Golden Horde* and *The Flame Of Araby.*

Naturally, on the basis of this system—make a lousy test and get lots of work—Dick was a cinch to work for MGM and 20th Century-Fox. For the former company he went to Germany to appear with Gene Kelly in *The Devil Makes Three.* By this time his folks had decided to leave San Francisco and join him in Hollywood, and ere long he was in *Demetrius And The Gladiators* at 20th Century-Fox and signed to a long-term contract there. In between he has managed to act in a lot of pictures for independent producers. These last gentlemen never bothered to make tests of him; the way he flopped in his tests for the major studios was good enough for them.

Dick's next picture for 20th Century-Fox will be *The View From Pompey's Head.* He was *not* tested before being assigned.

A full family

Dick first thought of marriage when he was twenty and headed for the Army. He had the girl and he had the inclination. But the future, as he saw it, gave him no encouragement. All this is changed now, of course. He has a fine future and maybe, some day, the gal, too. But there will be no scampering off to Las Vegas or Reno if he decides to wed. It will be an event arranged with calm and deliberation and due regard for the sensibilities of everyone concerned.

His father Willis J. Egan is very close to Dick's career, aiding him greatly in the business side and revealing a fine taste when it comes to judging scripts and the roles in them. One of the first things Dick's mother did after coming to Hollywood was to join the local branch of the Jesuit Mothers, an organization of women who have sons who have entered into this order of Catholic priesthood. The Egans, in other words, have established themselves as a family in Hollywood, and any wedding to be held will be a wedding celebrated in the family tradition.

Egans may come to the wedding from as far away as Limerick County, Ireland. There are some distant cousins there who are beginning to realize that the American branch of the family, now in its fourth generation on California soil, doesn't plan to come back to Old Erin. "I understand," wrote one of these Limerick relatives in a letter, the other day, "that the young Egan boys are doing fairly well in their adopted country."

Well, you get the idea; the Egans stick together, cousins to cousins even after a hundred years apart, husbands to wives, and, of course, sons to their folks until the spell of the old home is broken by the spell of a new homemaker! **END**

HALLOWEEN IN HOLLYWOOD



■ What could be more fun than getting a gang together to make the rounds of movie stars' homes on Halloween night? Our first stop was in the Pacific Palisades at the home of Esther and Ben Gage. Esther opened the door and reacted with a look of alarm. I guess she thought we were rather old for this type of thing. Nevertheless, she came back with a large plate of home-made cookies which her mother had baked. We heard Ben from the other room—"Don't give them all of those cookies. I haven't had any yet."

Gracious Joan Crawford was alerted next by our shouts of "trick or treat!" She was very amused and talked to us for a long while, asking where we lived and where we had visited.

Before we left Joan asked, "Won't you come back and sing carols for us at Christmas time?" And, after a pause, she added, "We shall be very disappointed if you don't."

June Allyson and Dick Powell were just going to bed when we arrived at their Bel Air home. June stuck her head out of the upstairs window and hollered "Hi!" while her husband answered the door. Dick asked us if we were U.C.L.A. students because the college is a short distance from their home. We told him that each of us was from a different school. He wanted to know who thought of the excursion, but no one would take credit for the crazy idea.

It was a steep climb to reach Mala Powers' house. We were greeted by barking dogs. Mala appeared on the porch before we reached the top and asked what all the commotion was about.

After we gave her the details she invited us in for Cokes and introduced us to her mother, the family dog and the cat. Mrs. Powers asked if we'd like to see some pictures of Mala.

Mala came in with the Cokes and said, "Oh, I've got another photo I must show you!" She brought a small hand-tinted photograph of herself which her fan club photographer had given to Mrs. Powers as a gift.

Mala was very eager to answer our questions about her career. She spent an hour with us talking about Hollywood and motion pictures. And Mala thanked *us* for stopping by.

Lana Turner was evidently expecting guests when we arrived at her stately residence. From her expression it was also evident that we weren't the guests she was expecting! Miss Turner hurried back with a plate of candies and fruits, asking us to help ourselves. These treats were just too pretty to toss in the shopping bags. So we ate them on her porch. What could be more fun?

Googie's Restaurant on the Sunset Strip seemed a likely place to create some midnight excitement. We made a march on the famous eatery and found ourselves sitting in a booth next to William Campbell. He asked if we were coming back from a party. "No," we told him. "We're coming back from a ball. A real ball." **—by Nancy Streebeck**



laughing on the outside

(*Continued from page 32*) twenty million dollars invested in the quarreling team, and it was his job to protect it.

"All right, gentlemen," he said. "Before we begin, let me make it clear that my chief concern is the status of you, Jerry, and you, Dean, as a professional comedy team. Your personal differences are none of my business. You've signed a contract, as a team, with Paramount, and it has six more years to run. You're expected to live up to it." Then he sat back and eyed the two before him, waiting for an answer.

Martin and Lewis are an instant and interesting study in contrast. Dean, wearing a conservative gray suit with a white shirt and black silk tie, sat silently, a hint of a smile on his face. He seemed embarrassed. He is an easy man to comprehend and he is pleased that his make-up needs no explanation. Five minutes with him and you know that he is a mature, self-made, casual guy with a special kind of warmth for the people he likes, a special kind of ice for those he doesn't. Despite the smile, despite the earlier handshake, for Jerry there was only ice.

Jerry had no smile. Stiff and serious, he wore an old, sandy-colored suede jacket, a red slipover, raw-silk slacks. It's hard to know, ever, what he is feeling.

A longing to be understood

Yet it is a rare man who can go through twenty-nine years of life, without leaving some clues to his true identity. Jerry will do his best to help you out. He is a man with a great longing to be understood.

"I was left alone a lot when I was a kid," he said once. "When I was eight years old I was able to take care of myself. My mother and father were out working.

"I can get depressed right now just thinking about how I felt then.

"I think about those damned mornings. Alone. So damned alone.

"When I am a kid making breakfast in that apartment one morning, standing over that frying pan. I'm scared being alone at the time, I'm just so sad, I'm feeling so sorry for myself, at the time I didn't know I was feeling sorry for myself, I was just crying. I'm alone.

"Bob, who lives across the hall is going on a picnic with his parents. My buddy Herb isn't home. My friend Stan is in the movies. Well, damn! Everything I think about makes it worse, you know what I mean?

"So I'm looking at those eggs and I'm ready to have my heart break and I thought I was going to die for being so sad.

"I always used to flip the eggs. I gave 'em a flip and they hit the ceiling, the ceiling wasn't too high, and the eggs stuck. So I get hysterical. Only today do I realize why those eggs stayed there.

"Because had they come down, I probably would have eaten my guts out. I laughed all day about that.

"I don't know if it makes much sense, but I believe it. It snapped me out of it. It had to happen. Life got back in balance for me."

These are the words of a man using his mind to remember with his heart.

They are words that explain Jerry's need for companionship, why he not only craves but desperately needs people around him constantly. They are the words of a man who was once too much alone, who needs constant reassurance that he is not going to be deserted again.

Dean Martin exhibits no such need. By himself, he is perfectly content. His security comes from within.

Insiders use the word ambitious when

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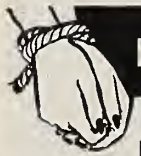
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they talk about Lewis. Until recently, they never used it in connection with Martin.

Jerry Lewis *is* ambitious. He always has been. And he has a two-way attitude toward money. He's willing to talk about that, too. Money with Jerry started "sixteen years ago."

"I was working at the Princess Ann Hat Box factory, packin' hats and taking shiping orders. I am a little over thirteen years old. The place was on 37th Street, in New York. Anyhow, you got a shipping order, six of No. 22, four of No. 24, three of No. 23. So one day I am shipping this guy, supposedly twelve hats and I got already thirty-seven hats in the box and it's bulging a bit.

"And the boss says 'What are you packing in the box? Let me see your shipping order.'

"He looks at the sheet and starts counting. He said, 'What are you trying to do, put us out of business? Get the hell out of my place!'

"Now I was really hoping something like this would happen 'cause I actually wanted to be in show business like my mom and pop.

"So I left. Left! I got thrown out on my ear!

"And I go to see an agent who has an office under a table. We sat under it; no sitting at the table, that's how small the office was.

"The agent's name was Buddy Fryer and he got me a job at the West End Casino, in West End, N. Y. I get five dollars for three shows Saturday night. It was the first money I ever earned on my own as an entertainer. I had to pay Buddy ten per cent. He made fifty cents. I made four-fifty.

"Well, on this act, I was thirteen, and I emceed. You know what I looked like when I was thirteen? I had a mop of hair seven inches high, I was only five foot, five and very skinny. But I had a great three-minute specialty. I would sing 'White Christmas' twice.

Litter cases

"And you should have seen the audience I had. I would start 'Ladies and Gentlemen—' Ladies and gentlemen!? They were a houseful of hoodlums! What bums! And I'm a baby! So at the midnight show I'd sing 'I'm dreeeeeming of a whiiiiite Krisssssmus—' and my audience would be so drunk, screaming and staggering and fighting with each other.

"You know what was left at the 2:30 A.M. show? Litter cases! Only people too drunk to walk. By the time I got home to where I live in Brighton Beach I was almost a mental case myself.

"You'd think I'd hate to remember that, wouldn't you? Well, I've got news for you. It wouldn't be difficult for me to play that date again. For the same money, too.

"They can take all this glamour baloney and dump it. Just give me an audience. Just let me perform. That's all I want.

"With that four-fifty I bought my mom a dress, groceries, took a girl out and had change.

"People in this town think that when you get to be a success the important things are a nice house, two Cadillacs and money in the bank. I don't think that way.

"The important things, whether you're rich or poor, are principles.

"We have two children and one on the way. You know what we call our house? The house that love built. We started out with forty cents, Patti and I. We have six dogs that spread nothing but love. They are not just animals, just pets, so you can own them. We live, really live, with them. We feed them. We coddle them. We take them to doctors. We grow vegetables out there in the garden. Not because we need them to eat. But we like to see life begin. We think we think right."

It's always been that way with Jerry. Until recently Dean exhibited none of Jerry's intense drive for success. But Dean Martin's attitude has undergone a tremendous change. A close friend explains it pretty clearly. This is the way the change came about—and the feud!

"In the beginning Dean was glad to have Jerry manage the act, take care of the finances and handle the details.

"For Dean that meant more time for golf or just goofing around with the guys. So long as Dean didn't care, it was okay.

"But in the last two years Dean began to care.

"It might have started when we used to bet on the autographs. One of the bunch that used to hang around Jerry and Dean thought it would be a good idea to have fun during their personal appearances, by betting on how many people would ask for Jerry's autograph and how many would ask for Dean's. Well, that little game didn't last long after we found that a bet on Jerry was a sure thing. I think Dean got wind of it. And if I were in Dean's suede shoes it would have started me thinking.

"Well, not long after that, Dean began to show up more at rehearsals, script conferences. Before that he'd skip as many as he could.

The little quarrels came

"Then the little quarrels came. You know, maybe a line in a script, how many songs each of them would sing during an act, and after a while you could notice a tension between them."

Martin began to wonder just how good he was as an entertainer *without* Lewis.

One very close acquaintance of the team was an eyewitness to an incident which could have changed Martin's outlook.

It happened in Phoenix during the filming of *Three Ring Circus*. The company had been down there for days. Jerry had been present from the beginning ("I almost co-direct the pictures we make").

Dean had been sunning it up in Los Angeles and Palm Springs. There was little for him to do, and as the eyewitness states it: "Dean could have telephoned his part for that picture."

But finally, Dean's presence was needed.

And when he arrived he got his jolt.

The "circus audience" was composed of townspeople who, on invitation from Paramount, came to watch the film-making.

A heckler shouted a razz at Dean.

"Glad to see you, Dean! You must have a big part. Where you been?"

Dean went white under his tan. He stopped cold and facing the heckler mumbled some retort that no one understood.

The incident so shook Martin that he began to think harder.

Could he go it alone?

Another who knows Dean well says:

"At thirty-seven Dean finally began asking himself questions. What about the photographers, always pointing their cameras at Jerry? What about the autograph hounds, flocking around Lewis as if he was Santa Claus? What's been going on at all those rehearsals he didn't attend? Those script conferences? And then Dean asked the $20,000,000 question.

"Could he go it alone? How good was he? His record sales were brisk, but he had never had a smash. Did the people come to see Jerry? This was a challenge to Dean Martin's individuality, a point of his character which he does not take lightly.

"And as the months went by Dean became aware of other cold facts. He knew nothing of the business side of the act.

One morning Martin woke up for real. Jerry was boss. He was master of the whole sh-boom, lock, stock and laughter.

Then came the last straw.

Early this year, with *You're Never Too Young* ready for a big show across the country, Paramount was arranging openings in various cities.

Now it is well known that Jerry Lewis first attracted attention as a young comedian by playing the summer hotels that stud the Catskill Mountains.

Jerry, for all his shenanigans, is a confirmed sentimentalist. The early days as a struggling screwball on the floors of the Catskill "Borscht Circuit" are a loud, but tenderly remembered part of his life.

Consequently, in a move they thought would be a happy natural, members of the Paramount publicity office talked to a Catskill hotel owner and arranged for Martin and Lewis to make a highly ballyhooed return to the scene—with the new picture, of course.

But, and it turned out to be the biggest "but" of the Martin and Lewis career, Dean suddenly revealed that he had no love whatsoever for the Borscht Circuit.

As a matter of fact, Dean detested the Catskill cabarets and, allegedly, termed them, "A noisy, raucous bunch of independently owned hotels swamped in the summer with loud-mouthed, fun-seeking middle-aged married couples and overperfumed secretaries on two-weeks vacation yearning for hot-weather romances and rich husbands." The answer was no!

Still feeling that Martin's attitude was no more than a matter of mood, the publicist asked Jerry. He jumped for joy.

Then he was informed that Dean had refused to participate. Jerry poo-poohed it. "You let me handle him, fellows, he'll go." Without realizing it Jerry had asserted himself as the boss.

A few days later Jerry assured the studio that Dean had agreed to go.

One of the publicists, in a surge of gratitude, called Martin and said, "Dean, you're certainly being a good guy about this. I know how much you don't want to go—"

Dean: "—and I haven't changed my mind. I'm still not going!" It was no mood. It was Jerry's show and Dean simply wasn't going to play second fiddle again.

Martin's sword, in this case, was double-edged. First, he had challenged Jerry's habitual authority in such matters.

Second, and this is believed to be the root of the matter, Martin had blasphemed a cherished Lewis memory.

"With or without!"

Then Lewis got angry. He began to enumerate Dean's shortcomings. He pointed out that he had, on occasions, saved the act when Dean would have let it go to pot. He talked a lot, too much. It got back to Dean. Then Dean talked too much. Accused Jerry of being mercenary.

It went back and forth like that for days.

Finally, in a fit of schoolboy churlishness, Jerry announced that he was going to the Catskills, "with or without Dean." Martin, now fully aroused, refused to budge.

"I'll go anywhere to promote a picture," said Dean. "Canada, Russia, South Africa or Turkey. You name it. I'll be there. But I won't cater to the Catskills. That, gentlemen, is that."

Jerry tried to explain. He made no secret of the fact that he was due for the lion's share of the film's box office. But it wasn't just the money he cared about. It was the principle of the thing.

"I have never in the past nine years said, when do we get our money? Where is my check? I don't think I have seen a check in seven or eight years. It goes to my office. But let's (*Continued on page 78*)

Trundle Bundle...



Happy Family

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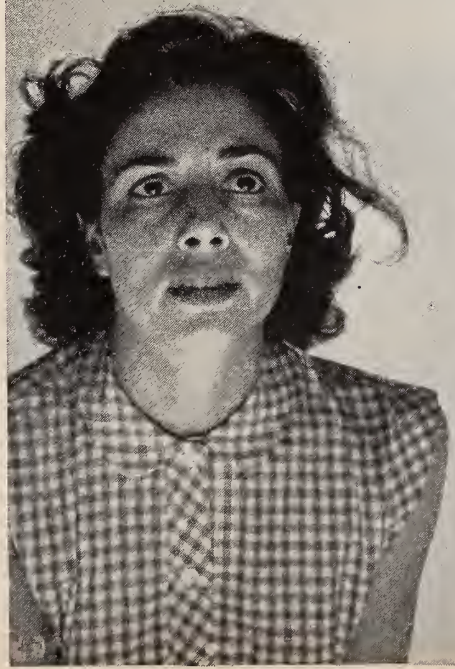
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CARY GRANT TALKS ABOUT GRACE KELLY

Q: You recently made a picture, *To Catch A Thief*, with Grace Kelly. Right?

GRANT: Right!

Q: They say you fell in love with Grace Kelly. Right?

GRANT: Not right. I'm a happily-married man in love with my wife, who, incidentally, was along with us when we filmed the picture in France. What I did develop was a tremendous fondness for Grace and a great admiration and respect for her work.

Q: That's what I meant.

GRANT: In the pig's eye that's what you meant.

Q: In your career, Cary, you've played opposite most of the top-flight actresses. Where do you rank Grace Kelly?

GRANT: In my opinion she's the best young actress in the business today, at least among those I've worked with. This girl has complete and utter concentration. She does everything easily, no pressure, no temperament. She radiates an assurance that bespeaks inner security. In a young person that's rather unusual.

Q: How do you account for Grace's being so hot right now?

GRANT: Many people consider Grace Kelly a beginner in the business. That's laughable. Before Grace came to Hollywood, she played in stock, in legitimate theatre; she did sixty-five television shows.

Q: Is there anything special about her technique?

GRANT: When she's playing opposite someone, she's actually listening. Many actresses never do. They just keep wondering about their looks. I have a little trick I use from time to time. I interrupt myself in the middle of a rehearsal line and I say to the actress playing the scene with me, 'What was I saying?' Most of them can't tell me. They weren't listening. Not Grace. She knew what I was saying every minute. Her concentration is astonishing. For example, we had a scene together in which I held her tightly by the wrist. It was physically painful for the girl. After the rehearsal I saw Grace go off to one side and rub her wrist. Tears came to her eyes, but she never once complained.

Q: Who would you like to have as your co-star in your next picture?

GRANT: That's the same question they used to ask when I was playing with Bergman. After we got finished I used to say, 'Any hope of getting Ingrid Bergman again?' Now, just substitute the name of Grace Kelly.

Q: What do you like most about Grace?

GRANT: The fact that she's talented and she makes the work so easy and pleasant. That's what all her leading men have said, and I agree. I've never known Grace to be flurried or rattled. A man likes that.



(*Continued from page 77*) get one thing straight. Money is very important to have. I use it because you gotta have it. A doctor is not interested in your pain until he knows he's going to get paid. So I carry money.

"I don't always wear rings. I don't always have to have pants on. But money I must always have. So I put it in my money clip. I must live by money."

But the battle raged on.

"It's not my fault Paramount picked Brown's." Jerry told friends. "Why should Dean make such an issue of it?"

"If Jerry is for hitting the road," said Dean, "I won't stand in his way. But he'll have to go it alone. I don't want to go on the road. Jerry's always worked too hard. I'd rather enjoy life."

"It isn't that, Dean," Jerry said furiously. "You're just lazy!"

They sounded like battling children. "I am not!" said Dean. "When there's work to be done, I will do it." And to others he elaborated, "Jerry knows I want to sing more. I'm not the type to complain. I don't scream. I never will. But if I had a TV show of my own, I'd be happy. I don't get to sing much with Jerry."

So Jerry went to the Catskills without him. To Dean it was a test of his own mettle. To Jerry it was a split that he was fully prepared to cope with. It might be rough for a while, but Jerry was sure he could make it.

Formal truce

But in Frank Freeman's office at Paramount, he realized that he wasn't going to have a chance to find out. He had said, "You two must stay together. Try to separate and I'll slap a suit on you."

"On that basis," Jerry said, "There's nothing else we can do."

Dean put as much warmth as he could muster into his voice. "As far as I'm concerned, I never felt any other way."

The meeting broke up and the marriage was saved. Officially at any rate. Unofficially, neither had much to say.

A few days before the agreement Lewis had made things very clear.

"My problem with Dean is personal. No professional agreement will settle that.

"We are attempting to get this thing started again. And the best way to do that is to keep my mouth shut."

The day after he was asked if his personal differences with Dean had been settled with the new agreement, after all.

"Well, let's just say that that is the way I wanted it to be settled. Dean and I have an amicable agreement that there is to be no talk about our personal disagreements. That is in the past. Dead. If there's any chance of our going forward again and doing fine and keeping everything peaceful, that's the way we want it."

One friend of the pair points out:

"They are not going to fall into one another's arms. But I think it's now a matter of personal pride. Each waiting for the other to ask forgiveness. I don't think that will ever come to pass.

"What we've got to worry about, now that they've shaken hands, is that they don't come out fighting."

So it stands. Laughing on the outside, pouting on the inside.

They're not going to find out, now, whether they can go it alone. A better question is whether they can go it together—on the basis they now have. For half their charm has been the fact that Dean and Jerry always enjoyed themselves as much as the audience, that their humor was spontaneous, born of affection for each other, good spirits, real gaiety. Without that, it remains to be seen whether Martin and Lewis are still funny. For in comedy, as in all things, "You gotta have heart!"

END

no time for tears

(*Continued from page 55*) day that the sacrifice of her leg guaranteed nothing. The disease might recur. Their hearts were simply high with hope that it wouldn't.

As early as while she was making *Chief Crazy Horse,* ominous symptoms showed up. The doctors told Dick, and advised against telling Suzan. Which was how he wanted it. His single thought was to mask the dark knowledge that companioned him, to meet her good cheer with his own, to guard her happiness as long as he could. Loved as it's granted few women to be loved, last winter was probably the happiest of Suzan's life, free of pain or fear for the future. Buoyancy was another law of her nature. "Given the choice between brooding or not," she said once, "I don't. It changes nothing. I'd rather escape into laughter than into gloom."

Abetted by Dick, she went ahead with gay plans for the husband-and-wife act which they played in Tucson, Palm Springs and her home town of Buffalo. On her birthday in February Dick darkened the living room, lighted the cake, hid presents all over the place and invited some close friends in for champagne. For Suzan it was a day of delight. Short weeks later the pain struck. They took her to the hospital for observation, still camouflaging the truth. If questions rose in her mind, she left them unasked. By April, camouflage was no longer possible. They had to tell her.

Whatever her anguish, she wrestled with it alone, as she'd wrestled alone one gray January day against the doctor's verdict of amputation. Nobody heard her utter a word of complaint nor saw a shadow of self-pity cloud her face. Asked how she felt, she invariably answered, "Fine." When friends came in, she didn't mention her illness, unless questioned pointblank. Then, "No," she'd reply, "the X-rays were no better today," and move to a brighter theme. "Well, what's new at the studio?" And she really listened, she really wanted to hear. This was no attempt at self-deception—no feeling that silence would make her condition go away. Her thought was for others. The fact that she was a very sick girl didn't give her the right to add her burden to the burden of those already grief-stricken for her.

There's little point in probing the sources of moral fibre or spiritual strength. Not given to discussing her religious views, she said last year, "I have a good relationship with God." She believed He was present everywhere, giving us the chance to add our small share of weal or woe to the sum of human experience. Suzan was warm, compassionate, generous-minded. Throughout her short life she added nothing but joy.

In July they took her to the City of Hope Medical Center. Dick was making a picture at Columbia: Every evening he drove the thirty miles to Duarte, took Suzan riding in her wheel chair, watched TV with her—mostly baseball, at her request. Under his guidance, she'd become a seasoned fan. City of Hope commands the most modern methods for rooting out or delaying the progress of cancer. For Suzan, it was too late. The disease had spread to her lungs. In an effort to keep her from knowing the worst, they issued bulletins that spoke of therapy and improvement, which probably didn't delude her. For, feeling herself grow weaker, she asked to go home.

To ensure complete privacy, her studio rented an apartment in Beverly Hills.





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There Kay Webber—her nurse, her friend, the only attendant at her wedding—watched over her. There the end came at 4:35, six days after she left the hospital. Unable to reach Dick on near-by location, Kay called U-I. "Suzan died," she said briefly, and hung up. Marshall Thompson raced out to Columbia's ranch, lest his brother-in-law hear the news from the lips of a stranger.

The following Tuesday her body lay in the Church of the Recessional at Forest Lawn. Dick's orchids covered the foot of the powder-blue bier. Throngs streamed by. Seeing her in her rose-point wedding gown, the betrothal and wedding bands on her finger, hearts must have been stabbed by the memory of another picture—Suzan in all her radiance, walking down the aisle of another church, aglow with life and happiness and pride that, instead of hobbling on crutches, she could be walking toward her love who'd never seen her walk. Though Suzan lay dead, that soaring triumph of faith and courage lived on.

Organist Bert Barton played the songs he'd played at her wedding, which had been her favorites—"Birth Of The Blues," "The Man I Love," "Tenderly," "One Fine Day." The music faded and, after a hush, rose again in the lovely note of "Abide With Me." The minister was Dr. Louis Evans, father of a friend of Dick's. He spoke such true and beautiful words as were Suzan's due. "God can trust some with pain. She taught us what it was to wear a body like a loose garment. It never constricted her soul nor strangled her spirit."

They buried her on a hillside, overlooking the lights of town.

Death is no respecter of the young, nor of those who can't well be spared. It took Keats at twenty-five and Schubert at thirty-one. Suzan would have laughed to see her name linked with these. She left no treasure of music or poetry, but something equally eternal. Those whose lives she touched will be better for having known her. What she gave them, they will give to the future. She left wisdom, too, for all who have ears to listen. "Know you're alive. Be glad every minute you're alive. Be kind to each other. Nothing else matters much."

END

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We want to know which stars you want to read about, what you like and don't like in MODERN SCREEN. We want to knaw all about you, because your opinians are carefully tabulated ta direct all our future plans. Just to make it more exciting, if yaurs is amang the first 1000 questionnaires received, you will be sent ane of the prizes listed belaw. Please check the gift you wauld like:

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2._____ MALE
3._____ MALE

1._____ FEMALE
2._____ FEMALE
3._____ FEMALE

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☐ Louella Parsons in Hollywood
☐ The Truth About My First Wife (Roy Rogers)
☐ Happy Talk (Jane Powell)
☐ Laughing on the Outside (Martin & Lewis)
☐ My Mother Keeps Introducing Me to Girls (Richard Egan)
☐ Forever Is a Long Time (Ava Gardner)
☐ A Quiet Place to Love Each Other (Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer)
☐ Having Wonderful Time! (Alan Ladd)
☐ Those Love Scenes With Liz (Rock Hudson, Liz Taylor)
☐ "Please Don't Leave Me" (Rita Hayworth, Dick Haymes)
☐ I Am the Husband of Betsy Blair (Gene Kelly)
☐ With Holden—Everything Goes (William Holden)
☐ No Time For Tears (Suzan Ball)
☐ Bob Francis' Last Interview
☐ The Inside Story
☐ TV Talk
☐ New Movies
☐ Music From Hollywood
☐ Cory Grant Talks About Grace Kelly
☐ Love Your Enemies (Margia Deon)
☐ Patti Page's Rage
☐ Halloween in Hollywood

THE STORY I LEAST LIKED IN THIS ISSUE IS:_____

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having wonderful time!

(Continued from page 42) *Alan and Sue Ladd:*

The nightmarish headlines which reported the brief matrimonial crisis cannot be denied. The crisis was real, and nobody says it wasn't. Do you know any couple who never had a fight? There was a first time for Alan and Sue. If the Ladds had been less mature and patient with each other, one or the other might have stepped off the deep end and into the divorce courts. The crisis happens early in some marriages, but for Sue and Alan it came late. And it's over. Today, they are as much in love as ever—not in the same super-charged way as when they were still in their twenties, but with the mellowness, devotion and understanding that comes from a long and successful marriage—yes, and from a serious crisis.

Alan has just given Sue a turquoise blue Ford Thunderbird which he likes so much that she wonders when she'll ever get a chance to drive it. Alan Ladd, Jr., who has abdicated the long standing nickname of Laddie, graduated from University High School, matriculates this fall to the University of Southern California and probably will pledge Sigma Chi just like his old man. Carol Lee Ladd, still on her honeymoon with actor Dick Anderson, has gone to work as an agent to help pay for the new home they are building on a big lot just over the hill from her family's Holmby Hills mansion. Little David, now not so little, is a sharp cadet at Black Fox Military Academy, and thirteen-year-old Lonnie, the braces about to come off her teeth, is cute as a bug. She may soon be known as the prettiest of all Alan Ladd's women, which is quite a score considering that the women include Carol Lee and Sue.

"A young couple"

For a further confirmation of the present private life status of Mr. and Mrs. Ladd, herewith a report from the man who sold them their new home in Palm Springs earlier this year. This worthy individual, a realtor, has a somewhat calloused attitude toward the majority of his clients.

"I'd gone into the market snack bar for a cup of coffee," this realtor says, "and while I was sitting there thinking about how lousy business was, a young couple came in and sat down alongside me.

"Alice, my favorite waitress, brought them a pair of hamburgers 'with everything' and I got the vague idea that I'd seen them somewhere before.

"Pretty soon I hear the fellow ask Alice if she knows where he can find a good real estate agent, and my ear pops out a foot. Well, Alice, who is kind to dumb animals and opportunists like me, said to him, 'The best man for that in Palm Springs is sitting right next to you.' Then she introduced us.

"Right off, I figured this was going to be one of my bad days. Not that I don't like actors. It's just that most of them can't call their lives their own. They aren't too tough to deal with, and they know what they want. But once they find what they want, man, you have to tangle with a couple of eagle-eyed business managers who look at you as though their next question is going to be, 'When did you get out of Alcatraz?' After that some relative comes around to queer the deal because he doesn't like the shape of the swimming pool. Believe it or not, a famous musician once decided not to buy a perfectly good house because there wasn't enough room in the back to build a pool in the shape of a trombone!

"With the Ladds, I was in for a pleasant surprise. I showed them three homes in forty-five minutes. I almost apologized for the last one because it was a sleek modern job with four bedrooms and a large, family-sized swimming pool. Mrs. Ladd said it was just fine with her and not too big at all. Her family had been shrinking a little with the children growing up and getting ready to leave home, but now that Carol Lee had a husband, and the children so many friends, they'd be loaded with guests. Mr. Ladd just walked around and said nothing until he spotted the house number 323.

"'How about that, Sue?' he says. 'Our number at home is 323, and at the ranch 313.'

"So he pulls out his checkbook and writes several nice, round numbers. And that was it. A deal!"

"The memories came back"

Later investigation proved that Alan didn't buy that house just because he thought the number a lucky one. There were a lot of things he liked about it, including the fact that he recalled camping on almost this exact spot when he was a kid.

"I must have been twelve or thirteen at the time," he explained later. "A group of us Boy Scouts from North Hollywood used to come down to the Springs with our Scoutmaster, a great guy named Bogart. (No relation to Humphrey.) We'd prowl around the Indian reservation, pitch our tents at night in places we liked. I remember how we used to dream about the future and I have a fond memory that one night, while we were sitting around the campfire telling tall tales about what big men we were going to be, I bragged to the other kids about how I was going to make my fortune, come back down to Palm Springs and get myself an elegant winter home.

"Might as well tell you, I believe in Boy Scouts and in fate. The minute I saw that place the memories came flooding back, so now I've got it all wrapped up."

It is very seldom that a man can look back on his life and realize with sudden astonishment that his boyhood dream has come true. Life doesn't usually work that way. In Alan's case, the small miracle came largely as a result of his own hard work, plus the managerial genius of his wife Sue and the loyalty of his friends and fans. Many an actor has swooned over his first fan letter, but as the years passed by has found personal contact with the public an annoyance rather than an asset. Not so with Alan, who after thirteen lucky years as a star still spends long hours personally answering fan mail. Nor has he forgotten his friends. Numbered among the closest are studio grips and several dozen reporters, one of whom predicted for years that he'd be a flash in the pan.

"I don't go along with actors who can't stand journalists," Alan has said. "Sure, they sometimes go through your private life like over-ambitious private eyes. But that's their job. I know, because I tried it myself. For a couple of years before the acting bug bit me for keeps I tried to be a reporter. I know how tough it is. Once, while I was with this small newspaper I had a managing editor who was one of the really great journalists, and was he a hard taskmaster! He had a temper that blew up like an atom blast. One day, when I handed in an interview with a cowboy star, he really let go. I thought my story was O.K. He told me otherwise with such fury that he gave me a hard slap across the mouth as a sort of exclamation mark. To make a good story, I suppose I should add that I wiped the floor with him and walked out. I didn't. I took it, because I knew he was right."

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Ever since, Alan has appreciated the problems of reporters. His fondness for them, in fact, is exceeded only by his love for dogs. He thinks that both have a lot to put up with from the world at large. "If I ever had to be a reporter again," he once remarked, "I think I'd rather be a dog!"

The remark is facetious. Alan Ladd has never let stardom go to his head. He appreciates and understands the problems of others as few men do. He is equally quick to defend actors from unfair attacks, and simply because he has amassed a small fortune he will go to considerable lengths to insist that he be given the same treatment as anyone else.

After purchasing his Palm Springs home, he began to look around for an investment with which to occupy his spare time. "I want to live a little," he said "I want to play a lot of golf and have fun generally, but I can't see just completely relaxing between pictures. I like to dabble in business." He found a tract of land on which to build a few homes for sale and began to dicker for its purchase. His partner in this enterprise is Bob Higgins, a classmate from North Hollywood High.

Together they looked into various angles of the deal, including the law of supply and demand for building materials. Alan, who knows costs (he's built his own home and the ranch), detected a considerable price variance. He knew that Palm Springs, mushrooming off the beaten path, would be high-priced but he didn't expect it to have such limited facilities for the hardware and building materials he wanted.

Net result: Less than six weeks after he bought his Palm Springs house, ground was cleared for a brand-new hardware and building supply store. He doesn't expect to be a personal proprietor, handing out autographs with each sale, but he does plan to get his fair share of business in the future, and he figures that the competition will be a healthy thing all around.

Not as a star

Meantime, Sue was busy, too, selecting wallpaper and planning furniture, some of which will be specially designed for their desert retreat. "Because we bought the place just as the summer season began," Sue reported, "we decided not to put in rugs and draperies right away. As long as we wouldn't be around in the hot months, we knew that the wind would blow sand in. You know how a closed house is. Things just seem to deteriorate. So we borrowed a spring mattress and slept on the living-room floor while we were getting the house in shape. Then I brought down a few pots and pans from town and we camped out."

It was a new experience for the workmen, seeing a movie star and his wife living like so, and they warmed to the Ladds immediately. Rudy, the gardener, never had so much fun in his life. He's not the plain or garden-variety gardener, but a landscape expert. If things work out he'll probably be in charge of that department for Alan's new store. He can't quite figure out why, because on the day he first went over to get things going, Sue and Alan pitched in, did a full two-thirds of the work.

Late in the afternoon, they all went swimming to cool off, including Beret, Alan's favorite dachshund. Beret is a natural-born swimmer, just like his master. The sight of him diving into the pool and paddling smoothly through the water like a surfaced submarine is enough to break up any photographer and it exhausted MODERN SCREEN's lensman, who finally handed Sue his camera. "It's too hot," he said. "You shoot the pictures." So

she did, and deserves credit for at least a couple of photos of her husband in this issue.

Among the Ladds' first guests was producer Frank Tuttle, a friend since the days of *This Gun For Hire.*

Over coffee and a huge dish of Sue's strawberry shortcake, the genial Mr. Tuttle reminisced about that star-making film. "The truth is that I didn't want to hire Alan for the part. I remember the first time he came to see me. I was living in a house in the Hollywoodland section and the only way you could get to the door was by a long flight of steps going straight up about a half block from the road. I saw this young, blond-haired fellow climbing up for his interview and I wanted to call down and tell him he was wasting his time, but I thought after all that effort the least I could do would be to offer him a drink. Once we were introduced I decided I might as well tell him without wasting any time that he couldn't play the part. He looked me right in the eye and said, 'You've got to let me read for you.'

"After that it didn't take me thirty seconds to tell him he was the man I wanted. He had two days of studio tests, and then he was okayed. After he became a hit, Alan played so many of the same type roles that he didn't look right without an automatic in his hand."

At the moment Frank Tuttle and Alan are up to their ears in scripts from which they hope to select one for another picture together. They want it to have every bit as much impact as their initial effort together, and at the moment the most likely candidate is a powerful drama called *Santiago,* which probably will be done for the Ladds' Jaguar Productions, and released through Warner Brothers. Production probably won't start until the end of the year, but in the meantime Alan won't be off the screen. *The McConnell Story,* with June Allyson, is just going into general release, and *The Darkest Hour,* in which he co-stars with Joanne Dru, is set for spring release.

Alan has renewed his interest in breeding fine saddle and race horses at his ranch. For the sake of MODERN SCREEN readers who might want to place a two-dollar wager on one of his horses some day, Alan was asked about his winners. He grinned. "It's not good form for a breeder to give tips. There was Alsolad who won a few, and I had high hopes for Alana Dave but somehow he didn't do so good. At least up to now. We brought him over from Ireland, and like Sue says, he must have backed into the plane because he runs like he's going backwards!"

"I was dead"

To sum up: Alan Ladd likes his profession. He has no complaints about life. No disillusionments. He's all upbeat. Didn't he at least have a painful memory of at least one really tough experience?

"Yes, come to think of it," Alan responded, "there is one I've never told before. It happened just after I got out of service. As you probably know, Bill Demarest (by the way, one of the best actors in Hollywood—worked with me in *Darkest Hour*) is a real good friend of mine. Well, Bill talked me into doing a benefit with him and a group of his friends in Kansas City. They were all specialists—you know—comedians and ex-vaudevillians like Bill. As for me, I was an actor, and I didn't have a routine.

"But I agreed to go along, because Bill promised we'd have the time of our lives. We walked into a packed theatre, me with a bad case of stage fright. Bill said not to worry. He'd warm up the audience with his gang. They sure did. Bill ran up and down the aisles, stealing people's hats, sitting in ladies' laps, and kissing pretty girls. When he had the whole auditorium laughing, he ran up on the stage and shouted, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, Alan Ladd!' The spotlight went to the wings and I stepped out to a wonderful welcome. The house went quiet and then a fog-horn voice yelled down from the balcony, 'Hey, Hollywood actor, *do something!*'

"Do something! I was paralyzed. I wanted the stage to open up and swallow me. The voice came again, and I completely forgot my lines. 'What's the matter, sonny, you scared? I said *do something!*' I was completely dead. But not Bill Demarest. He walked over, put his arm around my shoulder and said in that gravel pit voice which carries a city block, 'You know, Alan, this is a great town. My daddy came through here with me many years ago. We were just a couple of poor vaudeville hams, driving a twenty-mule team. Well, the people were wonderful to us. We spent a couple of days seeing the sights. Then we drove out of town, and just when we got to the city limits I happened to count that mule team. Would you believe it, there was only nineteen of them mules. And until this very day, when I heard that bum in the balcony bray at you, *I never knew what became of that other jackass!*'" END

roy rogers

(*Continued from page 29*) real, like something that never happened. But it did.

You see, I feel there's a reason for the things that cross our lives. I used to think it was Fate, but now I know it's something more. Call it whatever you like, in looking back it seems everything that's happened to me has been for a purpose—and always for the best.

But I'm getting ahead of this early chapter in my life. Let's go way back to the beginning.

Those who can remember the early thirties aren't likely to have forgotten that the whole country was in an economic slump. Depression, with a capital D. Many families had their life savings wiped out in the stock-market crash. Wages were low. Jobs were scarce or non-existent. I know, for I was one of the millions looking for any kind of a job.

Out around Lawndale, where my parents and I came in 1931 to live with my sister Mary and her husband, I drove a gravel truck and did a lot of odd jobs that first summer. I helped build the state highway from Newhall to Castaic. Once, my cousin Russ Scott and I joined up with some migratory farm workers and picked peaches in the orchards around Tulare. Just getting by was a struggle.

But in my spare time I was forever working on a guitar I had brought out from Ohio, thinking somehow, somewhere there might be money, as well as fun, in playing and singing. As it turned out, there soon was. Two dollars!

That's what the old Arrow Theatre on Main Street in Los Angeles paid Russ and me nightly as a musical team for a week. Then after the last show we would strap the guitars on the handlebars of a motorcycle that carried us back home to look for odd jobs the next day.

Young people always meet and go together, even in depression times. I was no different. But I hadn't met the girl who was to become my wife when I heard about an amateur radio show in Inglewood.

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In 1932, radio was booming the way television is today, and every Saturday night this particular station held an audition called The Midnight Frolic. Anybody could get on, and did. No money, but it was a chance to be heard by a big audience. I went on playing the mandolin, banjo and guitar and sang.

You'd hardly call me a show-stopper, but several days later it did bring a call from an agent. He needed a singer-guitarist for a hillbilly group called the Rocky Mountaineers and he wanted me.

I sometimes wonder what would have happened if he hadn't just happened to be tuned in on that particular station that particular night. I think it was the first time I started believing in fate.

A fruit-picker one day, a radio entertainer the next was pretty heady medicine for a young cowboy with only a guitar and a pair of boots to his name. But just ahead were even more surprises.

A dark-haired girl

I don't remember the first time I saw Lucile. She told me later that she and a girl-friend, Opal, used to spend their lunch hour at Long Beach radio station KGER, watching the Rocky Mountaineers.

All I remember is that one day in the middle of a number I looked out into the audience and there was this attractive, dark-haired girl with flashing brown eyes. They seemed to be smiling at me, and I smiled back while I finished my song.

After that, I used to look for her in the audience and sing straight to her. Weeks passed before I went down into the audience to get acquainted. It was even longer before she told me who she was.

I still didn't know her name when one day I saw her on the street with an older woman. I smiled and spoke. The woman was her mother and after I left she asked who I was. Lucile could never explain what prompted her answer that day. But she told her mother, "That's the fellow I'm going to marry—some day."

Lucile Ascolese was the only daughter of a respectable American family of Italian descent in Wilmington, a harbor town near Long Beach. She was eighteen when we met and was going to two schools at once—high school and the Chicago College of Beauty in Long Beach. Our flirtation across the footlights continued, but I still hadn't taken her out.

I couldn't afford to go out with girls. It soon became evident that the Mountaineers got paid more in experience than money. I moved in with the banjo player and two other musicians in South Los Angeles, and we slept crowded together on a cot and a couch we shoved together.

We managed to keep solvent with the extra money we picked up playing for dances in that area, but there was never much left over for anything else. Lucile liked to dance, so on our first date I took her dancing. The only trouble was, I didn't get to dance with her. I was too busy supplying the music. It was the first of many evenings she was to spend with me at dances I worked.

Going steady

That's how it began. As the weeks passed, I met her parents and our dates became more and more regular. Despite the Depression, courting a pretty girl was much the same then as it's always been. Expensive dinners and clubs were out, but she understood. We found our fun in being together, going to shows and the beach, often just driving around in a 1929 Ford I was buying on installments. Before long, we were going steady.

Like all young people, we had our share of rows. Twice we broke off completely, but we always got back together after we cooled off. About a year after we met I asked her to marry me.

Times were still tough, especially for entertainers. After six months on the Long Beach station, the Mountaineers disbanded when one member decided that caddying held a brighter future. Another left to become a truck driver.

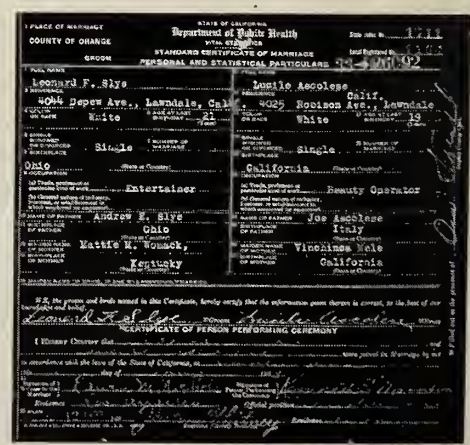
Four of us still had faith, and we joined up with a Mexican and a Hawaiian to become the International Cowboys. There were always changes. Some of the married members found they couldn't live on our radio earnings plus an occasional dance booking. We were always long on prospects, but short on cash.

In time, the International Cowboys gave way to the five O-Bar-O Cowboys. The next two years saw a lot more changes before we emerged as the Sons Of The Pioneers and got our first foothold in Hollywood. Meanwhile, Lucile had finished high school and beauty college.

My folks had met Lucile and liked her. It was spring. Then one day we got an unexpected string of bookings to play theatres throughout Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. It sounded like a great opportunity, and we grabbed it without checking the contract. But it meant, too, that I wouldn't see Lucile for months, perhaps longer. At twenty-one, it seemed a long time and a grim prospect. That day I made up my mind to propose.

I actually popped the question over the





COUNTY OF ORANGE

Department of Public Health

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PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS

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White	White
Single	Single
Ohio	California
Entertainer	Beauty Operator
Andrew F. Slye	Joe Ascolese
Ohio	Italy
Mattie M. Womack,	Vincinnes Nele
Kentucky	California

CERTIFICATE OF PERSON PERFORMING CEREMONY

Roy (back when he was unknown Leonard Slye) and his wife, Lucile Ascolese, posed for their first picture together. The photostatic copy of their marriage license gives tangible evidence of their youth at time of wedding.

radio. I called her from the station and told her to be sure and listen in, that I was dedicating a song to her. Then I went on the air singing "Hady Brown." To everyone else listening it was just another song, but the last line was just for her. It went, "Won't you be my wife?"

We were married that May by a justice of the peace, with William Nichols, one of the O-Bar-O Cowboys, and his mother standing up with us. I couldn't afford an engagement ring. I was wondering how I was going to swing the wedding ring. Lucile's mother solved the problem by giving us a plain gold band as a wedding present.

We never had a honeymoon. After the ceremony we had a sudden call from our agent and the group set out that night on a tour of the Southwest. It was six weeks before I saw my wife again.

The tour was a nightmare, I remember. It started off bad and then it got worse. We thought our take was 50 per cent of the box-office. Instead, we had been booked for half of what was left after the theatres' average nightly take came out. It seldom paid for our meals and gasoline.

We traveled in an old Pontiac belonging to the fiddle player, five of us and the instruments packed in like sardines. The day we arrived in Yuma, the first stop, it was 112. We put on two shows, but after the house's take, there was nothing left. Miami, Arizona, a ghost town, was the next stop and the same story. Then we hit Stanford, one of our better bookings. We each made four dollars.

The five O-Bar-O Cowboys who started out dwindled to four. At Wilcox, Arizona, his home town, one of the boys left us. No one could blame him. We were broke and discouraged but still not ready to give up. But four weeks later, after fighting the blistering roads and bookings without pay through Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, we'd had it, too. At Lubbock, Texas, we called a halt and headed home, flat broke.

Our first home

Lucile had taken a job temporarily and continued living with her parents while I was away. Now we moved into our first home, a $30-a-month furnished apartment on 88th Street in Los Angeles. From wedding showers we had linens, silver, a toaster, kitchen wares, everything we needed to get started. There was only one hitch. Lucile couldn't cook. But she pitched in and learned from Tim Spencer, one of the Cowboys. About the only thing she could never master was a great Italian dish her mother used to make for me.

A musician's life is not like that of the average husband. And at first it didn't seem to matter that we didn't live like other people. We took everything in our stride. I've always loved to ride. Lucile was afraid of horses and still is, to this day. She liked tennis. I could never see it. But we used to go fishing together, to the movies when the budget would allow, have friends in to play bridge. There were many good times. Yet, more often our home life meant hours on end of rehearsing songs all day and into the night. It was more than practicing and working out arrangements. We had to memorize every note, as well as the words. We were musicians, but none of us could read music!

The O-Bar-O Cowboys had disbanded after the tour. Tim Spencer, one of the original Mountaineers, and I were the only two left, and we still believed we could click with the right combination.

We were still looking, working with new recruits, always rehearsing, when Tim and I talked ourselves into a daytime job on KFWB in Hollywood with the Texas Outlaws. At night I teamed with another musician, Curly Hoag, and played cafe dates for a dollar a night plus the kitty. It was usually good for another fifty cents. At home, things weren't going too well.

It grew monotonous for Lucile coming along nights I played cafes, and sitting home became just as monotonous. When I played late, I usually slept late and then she was alone mornings, too. Afternoons meant the endless rehearsals, working over arrangements, trying to form a new group, always searching for that lucky combination of notes and voices. It wasn't a very satisfying life for a young wife.

I don't remember the first quarrel we had. There were the usual number the first year, no more and no less, always patched up and forgotten. We moved into a Hollywood apartment to be near the station, but the same old routine cut deeper and deeper into our home life. It wasn't a healthy situation, but jobs were still scarce—any kind of work—and we were getting by. Somehow, too, I felt we were getting nearer and nearer that lucky combination. And we were.

When Bob Nolan joined Tim Spencer and me to form the Pioneer Trio, we were nearer than we knew. For weeks we kept rehearsing at home, eight and nine hours at a stretch. Then we auditioned for the bigwigs at KFWB. I'll never forget that day. When we finished, we were signed on as staff members of the station at a weekly salary of $35—each! Later, we added Carl and Hugh Farr to form the Sons Of The Pioneers, the group that's still going strong today.

The end of the marriage

It is ironic that just as things were beginning to look up financially for the first time, our marriage should end. But Lucile was not happy leading the life of an entertainer's wife. If our home life had seemed erratic before, it promised to become more so with the new breaks. When she looked at the marriages of girl friends whose husbands' work permitted a regular home pattern, I guess ours suffered by comparison.

Once we separated briefly and decided to try again. But patience is seldom a virtue of youth. Another day, fifteen months after we were married, we talked our problems all out again, calmly and rationally, and came to a mutual decision. We were still friends. Yet, as I drove her to her mother's we both knew that there wouldn't be another reconciliation. I came back and moved into a Hollywood boarding house to wait for the divorce.

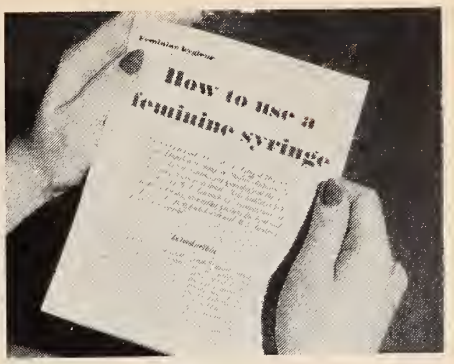
It was twenty years before I saw Lucile again.

A man learns a lot of things in twenty years. Patience and understanding come with maturity. Buckling down to the task I had set for myself, I found that the pattern of my life and the way it was meant to be began to take shape.

The Sons Of The Pioneers caught on. After the divorce, we were busier than ever doing two daily radio shows and dubbing an occasional western movie. We left the station, played the Texas Centennial and came back to Hollywood to look for a job.

Then it happened. On a tip I overheard in a Glendale hat store, I hurried out to Republic Studios where singing cowboys were to be tested. When I couldn't get past the guard, I waited until noon and slipped in with the extras breaking for lunch. My guitar was in the car, but when Sol Siegel, the producer, said he'd hear me, I ran back after it so fast I was too out of breath to sing. But I got the test and the contract that led to stardom as Roy Rogers.

That day I still called it Fate. Now I know another power must have guided



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me there. Just as it's guided everything else in my life.

Perhaps I was being guided once more when I headed for the Los Angeles harbor area with a bunch of fellows one day not long ago. We were going on a fishing trip and stopped in Wilmington to buy our groceries. "Hey, Roy," someone hailed me in the market. "Haven't seen you in these parts since you used to bring Lucile down to see her mother. Going by to see her while you're here?"

It was the first time I had heard of Lucile in all the years since we parted. She was living at the old home place, I learned, and I drove over with the fellows. At first, we couldn't find the house. You forget a lot of things in twenty years, and with many changes it just didn't look the same.

Lucile wasn't home, but her mother was and I had a good visit with her while the fellows waited in the car. She laughed and asked me if I still liked Italian cooking. Since our boat wasn't leaving until the next day, I asked if Lucile could call me at the dock. Later, she telephoned and I invited her down.

A lot of years rolled back when I saw her. We had parted friends and it was good to meet again as friends, without bitterness, only genuine interest in what the years had brought each other. She still had dark hair and flashing eyes. From a pretty girl she had become an attractive woman. And she looked happy.

I was sorry the family wasn't there to meet her, but I showed Lucile some family pictures in my wallet and told her about them.

Lucile, too, I learned, has found her real happiness with another, and I was glad. Everything had happened for the best—for both of us.

When I got back from the boat I told Dale about seeing Lucile again. I knew what she would say even before she spoke. "Why, that's wonderful," Dale smiled up at me. "Did you invite her to come and see us?" I said that I had.

In our profession, when you're under contract to a motion picture studio, there are some who rule from fear—not from faith. In their eyes, a man's life—once signed—no longer belongs to himself. No part of it. Including his youth. When I filled out my first studio biography and told them in all honesty that I had been married before, they were afraid.

Today, our lives are our own.

It was many years ago that I told Dale the story of my first marriage, just as I've told it here. She has always believed—as I know now—there are reasons our lives take a particular turn.

Call it fate or call it faith. We believe He has a plan for us. And we are following it today with all our hearts. **END**

forever is a long time

(*Continued from page 37*) language recordings, the painting of New York) "it's been sold, and I'm not sorry one bit.

"My piano, my silver, my linen, the other stuff I really like—all of it's being shipped to Europe. I'm worried about the piano because we can't find a company to insure it," (by "we" Ava meant Ben Cole, her business manager and herself) "and I guess by the time it gets to Spain, it'll be in a hundred pieces.

"I'm giving Bappie," (her sister Beatrice) "all the other things, and I'm heading for Spain.

"Right now I don't know if I'll buy a house or build or rent one. But I'm going to make Spain my home."

"Why Spain?" Ava grew meditative and searched for the right words.

"I guess because I'm happiest there. I've been all over the world, you know. I don't know how many countries I've seen. But outside Madrid—in the suburbs—that's where I like it best.

"The people. So nice, so proud, so informal. If I don't find a house I want I'll rent one, then build a place of my own. One thing I'm not going to do. Rush. I rushed the place I had in Hollywood and didn't get any happiness out of it at all. I'm not going to do that again.

"I never miss Hollywood"

"According to my new contract," she confided, "I have to make only two films a year. One may be good and one may be not so good. And if they shoot both of them in Hollywood, that's okay with me. But once the picture's finished, I'm heading back to Spain.

"I've got lots of friends in Hollywood and it's a wonderful place for some people. But not for me. Too many pressures. I've been away for most of four years, and I never miss it, and I don't guess the town misses me.

"The place I really liked best, anyway, was Palm Springs. I felt I had a home down there."

The home to which Ava referred was a modern, one-story structure Frank Sinatra built halfway between the Palm Springs Airport and the main street, Palm Drive.

Ava liked nothing better than to whiz down to the desert in her blue Cadillac convertible, climb into her blue jeans and white sport shirt and give the house a thorough cleaning. Then at the end of the day she'd dive into the swimming pool, swim two lengths, hop out, fix a drink for Frank and herself and sit around the patio just listening to recordings.

Those were the days when she used to send Frank into town to do the marketing and Frank would return loaded down with steaks and chops and rare delicacies. For a girl on the thin side, Ava has always loved to eat.

One time when Ava and Frank had Paul Clemens, the well-known portrait painter, in for dinner, Clemens remarked on Ava's appetite.

Sinatra broke into a wide grin. "She eats," he stated, "as if she were going to the electric chair."

Love and memories

Ava's fondness for the California desert can best be illustrated by a particularly touching incident. Last year when she returned to Hollywood for a fast few weeks and the première of *The Barefoot Contessa*, she took off for Palm Springs as soon as the ballyhoo was over.

She rented a small, unpretentious cottage not too far from the Sinatra house. But practically every day she would drive along the sand-rutted road on which Frank's house is located. She would stop her car, get out and peek over the fence into the courtyard.

"This is the place," she once remarked to a friend, "where I used to run around with Rags." (A Welsh corgy given to her by Sinatra.) And as she explained the layout of the house, her voice choked up, and she muttered, "Let's get away from here." A favorite Gardner self-appraisal is, "I've always been a sucker for love." Also memories.

As Ava talks it is surprising how many times the word "happiness" creeps into her conversation. Why has it escaped her except for rare moments?

Until *The Barefoot Contessa* and *Bhowani Junction* she felt she was being cast in a series of B pictures. She fought with her studio endlessly. She found no satisfaction in her work. Rather than play the lead that Doris Day later took over in *Love Me Or Leave Me*, Ava accepted a suspension, went off salary.

"I just want to be happy"

In the days when L. B. Mayer ran MGM she was considered a wayward, flighty girl who was throwing herself away on Frank Sinatra. One evening Mayer called Ava into his office and pleaded with her to give up Sinatra. "We have plans," he confided, "plans to make you another Greta Garbo."

"I don't want to be another Greta Garbo," Ava answered. "I just want to be happy."

She wasn't happy in her acting, she explained. Perhaps she would be happy in her marriage.

Happiness is her target in life. Of late she has found a modicum of contentment in her career, a bit of pride in her work.

"I never went to drama school," she quickly admits, "and I never had any stage training and I can't do the things they teach you in drama class, act like a tree or a lampshade or a milkman. But in *Bhowani* I honestly feel I've accomplished something. I've depicted a character. Honestly. I've never felt that before. Maybe in one other picture. But in this one I think I've made the character come alive.

"That's why, even though I got home dog-tired at the end of each day's shooting, I felt pretty good inside. I'd done a good day's work, accomplished something. Matter of fact I felt so swell I even stopped going on wingdings around this town."

Not that Ava has become intensely serious or completely dedicated to work, sacrificing men and romance. But she is determined to be regarded as a competent actress.

Live like a queen

Ava's new MGM contract calls for her to receive $200,000 a year for the next four years. She will then be paid $50,000 a year for an additional four years. After that she will be eligible for retirement at approximately $1,750 a month.

In Spain with this many *pesetas* Ava will live like a queen and, living the life of a queen, perhaps she can avoid the troubles and embarrassments, the sorrows and scandals that have dogged her on this side of the Atlantic.

That is the real reason she is moving to Spain. She wants to live her private life in private, to stay out of the headlines.

Like Marilyn Monroe, Ava has practically no close women friends. Her sister Bappie is one. Doreen Grant of Madrid is another. Lana Turner is a third. But to none of these has Ava ever confided the hurt she felt about the Sammy Davis, Jr. scandal or the Rio de Janeiro fracas or the Dominguin and Howard Hughes and Walter Chiari and Ram Gopal and William Ofner and Lord Granville rumors.

On romance Ava keeps her own counsel. During the filming of *Barefoot Contessa*, for example, she refused to identify the tall, dark-haired Spaniard who used to visit her on the set and take her home to her *palazzo* each evening. This same gentleman was also seen with Ava in San Remo, Monte Carlo and finally in Florence where he was identified as Luis Miguel Gonzalez, better known to the bull-fighting world as the great matador Dominguin.

Even after the affinity of Dominguin for Ava became well known, the actress still refused to discuss it. I once questioned her about the affair and all she would say was, "He's been a good friend. When I was sick in Madrid with kidney trouble he took a room in the hospital next to me. Saw that I had the best medical treatment, everything I wanted."

Of Sammy Davis, Jr., Ava will say absolutely nothing. Davis is a Negro, one of the most talented entertainers of this generation and also a good friend. Last year Ava did him a favor. She appeared on the stage of a Harlem theatre with him in New York. It was a tribute from one artist to another.

There have been subsequent tributes to Sammy Davis, Jr. by a flock of other celebrities including Frank Sinatra, Martin and Lewis, Jeff Chandler, Marilyn Monroe. But none of these have been condemned.

Pictures of her with Sammy have been circulated throughout the South in various election campaigns. There have been snide remarks and the furtive whisperings of bigots.

"A very unkind thing"

The truth, and these are the words of Sammy, is that: "A very unkind thing has been done. Ava and I are good friends. But that's all. She's been thoughtful and considerate and I've known her for years, ever since she and Frank started going together. I don't have to tell you what Sinatra has done for me. He's been the greatest friend I've had in show business. He's helped me with my hoofing, my phrasing, with everything. You couldn't find a nicer guy anywhere in the world. Naturally he would introduce me to his wife.

"I remember not so long ago when I was playing Ciro's, Ava and I and six other friends were there. And most of the time all of us were trying to talk her into reconciling with Frank.

"When she was kind enough to appear with me for a few minutes at the Apollo, some pictures of us were taken. But they forgot to print that Ava's date that night was disc jockey Bill Williams. And when she kindly offered her apartment for a photo layout and they took some photos of us, Jeff Chandler was along."

In Spain, Ava feels, no such scandal would have been started.

The principle of the thing

At the moment she is anticipating the arrival of a Mercedes Benz from Germany —MGM advanced the money for this—and the presence in Madrid of business manager Ben Cole.

It is expected that Ben will bring news of Frank Sinatra and the $8,000.

Supposedly, here again neither Ava nor Frank will supply the details. $8,000 is all that stands in the way of Ava's picking up her divorce decree.

Having fulfilled the Nevada residence requirements last year—six weeks in Tahoe—Ava can pick up her decree in one day if she so desires by going down to the Washoe County Court House in Reno.

Reportedly she has no intention of doing this until Sinatra settles $8,000 on her. She feels strongly that this amount is owing to her. Frank, who spent a small fortune on Ava in 1952 when he was rapidly going broke, supposedly feels the opposite. This standoff will not be easily concluded since both participants are notoriously stubborn people. Moreover, both feel that an important principle is involved.

There is much undercover talk at this point that Ava's next husband will be Howard Hughes. Certainly, it is no secret that these two have been seeing each other on and off for many years, that is, in her periods of freedom. Hardly anyone in Spain would recognize Howard Hughes.

About Hughes, however, Ava will say nothing.

Ever since she was a child Ava has gone

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her own way, playing the lone wolf, and accepting the consequences.

"Cute as she was"

Ava is the youngest of six Gardner children, five girls and a boy, all of whom were fully grown when Ava came along. Two of her sisters, Mrs. D. L. Creech and Mrs. John Grimes, still live in her birthplace, Smithfield, North Carolina, as does her brother Jack.

Said Mrs. Creech: "Somehow Ava was always gettin' into trouble, cute as she was. Take the time she was just a baby. She got hold of a can of lye, spilled some of the stuff into her mouth. Lucky for her, mama came along, made her swallow the white of an egg. Saved her life. Later on when she was goin' to school she left her books home one day. She came back and climbed through a window and cut a deep gash in her leg. Said nothin' about it. Independent little cuss she was."

Recalls Mrs. John Grimes: "Ava was always self-reliant. There was a good age difference between her and the rest of us, and I guess that built self-reliance in her. The boys around here always found her attractive, and sometimes when they came to call on her she'd beg us to tell them she wasn't at home."

"A good sport"

Hugh Talton, a store manager in Smithfield, who dated the screen siren when she was a young girl living in a big white frame house on the 200-acre tobacco and cotton farm her father used to sharecrop, says: "Ava was a fine girl to date, good sport, never complained. Once we went out and it started to rain and the top of my convertible got stuck and wouldn't go up, but Ava—she just took it in stride. We got soaked but she just laughed."

In school Ava was shy, insecure, "and pretty much the lone wolf," according to one fellow student, "because her folks didn't have much money and she didn't have pretty clothes like the other girls. She never joined in school activities. One day, however, they let her play on the basketball team. And she was really very good, shot one basket after another, except that she was shooting the ball into the wrong basket. I'll never forget how we howled. She was embarrassed to tears. After that, she went her own way more than ever."

Today, sixteen years later, Ava Gardner is still determined to go her own way—this time to Spain, some 6,000 miles away from Hollywood and all the men who have brought her at one time or another, pleasure and pain. **END**

Peter Donald read about the bank robbers whose mission was snafued because their stingy Big Brain bought a two-door instead of a four-door model getaway car. Peter's best tale involves an underground airplane factory behind the iron curtain where the hapless workers were suddenly massed and told by the Commissar for Air that they'd have to build a bomber big enough to bomb New York, complete it within six days or suffer the penalty of death. Working frantically around the clock, skipping sleep, skipping food, the harassed comrades were putting the finishing touches to the bomber when the Commissar stormed in, put his own picked crew into the plane and roared on to New York. Some hours later they buzzed across New Jersey, crossed the Hudson, approached the target. Then the bombardier, with Times Square in his sights, was given the order to press the bomb release. He did—and out dropped—the *Night Shift!*

Hy Gardner in The Herald Tribune

---

those love scenes with liz

(*Continued from page 45*) . . . understanding, co-operative?

The first thing I did when I entered the dining room that day was to look for Elizabeth, walk over to her and introduce myself. I could have had someone else, who knew us both, make the introduction, but that might have been *just* an introduction and I wanted it to be more than that.

Mutuality of interest

I wanted Elizabeth to know that I thought the moment an important one, that she was on my mind as I walked in and that I couldn't wait to talk to her. I can't remember what I said exactly. I can't remember what she said. All I do remember is that we both knew in our first look at each other that we recognized the mutuality of our interest.

This sort of, shall we say, emotional preparation for an acting role, may sound a little extreme to some people. And I know that there are actors—and actresses—whose interest in their parts and in the people with whom they are cast is completely impersonal. But I can't work that way. Not as well as when I have a genuine regard and liking for my partner.

I remember trying to do romantic scenes with a leading lady who was a complete stranger to me from the day we started to shoot the picture until the day we finished the production. It was as if she came equipped with invisible buttons and had only to press the right one to come up with any sort of emotion the director called for. The only trouble was that I had no such buttons; if I couldn't feel the part I had an awful time playing it. How can you make love in front of the camera to a stranger?

How can you get real warmth and feeling in your voice when you know that the reaction of the girl is going to be a matter of mechanical pose with her, not heart; in which she will turn on so much throb to her voice, so much intensity in her eyes, so much of a curve to her smile?

One of the first actresses I ever worked with was Diana Lynn. We had practically no contact at all save in front of the cameras, but the fault here was largely mine, I believe. I was pretty shy, too shy to establish some sort of satisfactory working relationship between us, even too shy, probably, to recognize opportunities which she probably gave me to respond and thus achieve some state of sociability.

A little something

One day, when we had a love scene which I sensed could have gone much better if Diana and I would had more confidence in each other as friends as well as actor and actress, I decided that never again would I work with anyone without trying to establish some sort of pleasant bond between us first.

And I know I am not alone in regarding this as an important part of acting. Stars like Liz, like Jane Wyman, Arlene Dahl, Barbara Stanwyck, Cornell Borcher, Piper Laurie, Barbara Rush and Julia Adams have all revealed that they feel the same about it.

I remember my first rehearsal with Arlene Dahl when we worked together in

Bengal Brigade. I was wondering what I might say to create a little "something" between us, when Arlene did the job for me.

When it came time for her to make her first speech in front of the camera, Arlene, who is Norwegian, broke forth into the thickest Scandinavian accent I had ever heard. We all of us went into howls, of course, and whatever tension had been built up, as it will build up when people work together for the first time, simply evaporated.

Arlene had me well under control from that moment on. Any time I threatened to get edgy, she only had to let the faintest trace of an accent creep into her voice and I'd fall apart, forgetting what the heck I'd been stewing about.

I remember once reading something that Piper Laurie said about me. "Whenever I get as much as a suspicion of a frown on my face Rock will kid me out of it," she reported. "It was a pleasure working together."

Those words have stayed with me ever since, and I think it's as fine a compliment as I have ever had, because to make your fellow cast member feel at ease is to take considerable pressure off yourself. Almost every top actor or actress I meet seems to have the knack of thus creating a good "atmosphere" on the set. And it has been invaluable.

MICHAEL WILDING

A man with no gripes is an unhappy guy. Here, then, is happy Mike W. giving vent to a few choice pros and cons.



I LIKE	I HATE
Being married to my wife	Myself
Scotch and soda	Unpunctuality
Skiing	Mathematics
Paintings	Unnecessary work
My children	Intellectual snobs
Nurses	Snobs of any kind
Food	Dressing up at night
Women	Acting
Sports cars	Staying too long in one place
Swimming	Liz's animals spoiling the carpet
Travel	Myself
Our home	
Easy living	

Too big, too green

Nobody in Hollywood was any more nervous than I was back a few years ago when I was handed the co-starring spot opposite Jane Wyman in *Magnificent Obsession*. I wanted the role like nothing else I had ever wanted in my life. And I was pretty sure I wouldn't get it. Word had come that I was too big for the part, too green, too this and too that. On top of these objections I had to go and break my shoulder diving into the ocean surf at Laguna Beach. Yet in the end I got it and then almost fell apart wondering if I could handle the part. At that critical time I got a call—from Jane Wyman.

She introduced herself and then asked if I'd like to join a theatre party she was organizing to see the Ice Capades that evening. Of course I accepted. I knew it was Jane's way of saying that it would be a good idea to get to know each other if we were going to work together, and get to know each other we did. When the day came to walk on the studio set and begin our first scene we both cashed in on a fine dividend as a result of Jane's first call; we were friends who were getting used to each other, not two people who would have to contend with the strangeness between them as well as the difficulties of fitting themselves to new picture roles.

Liz walked in

That's what I had in mind, of course, when I introduced myself to Liz Taylor. And Liz, incidentally, didn't let me take the initiative all the time. That very first day, in fact, I was sitting in the make-up department an hour or so after the luncheon was over, when Liz walked in. We talked for nearly a half hour, getting better and better acquainted, while the make-up experts tried out various techniques to "age" me for the closing sequences in *Giant* in which I achieve a ripe old age.

"Just think, we're going to grow old together," I kidded—for, of course, Liz, too, as my wife, reaches the mellow years in the picture.

"I know, I know," she replied. "I knew the minute I saw you it would age me quick."

I had always been a fan of Liz' (I told her so, too, the first time we talked), and after working with her I am more of a fan than ever.

We were on location with *Giant* for five weeks in and around the small community of Maefa, Texas. In that time all of us, not only Liz and I, but Jimmy Dean and a dozen other members of the company, were continually together, eating, working, spending most of our leisure together, and achieving an honesty in personal relationships not unlike that between members of the same family.

Liz knew that I would rather listen to music than read, and that I am always intrigued by the backgrounds of people—what makes them as they are? I knew that Liz loved fun but had a distaste for shallow excitement, and was never without consciousness of her babies somewhere in her mind.

We enjoyed rehearsing together and trusted each other's judgment about intonation and delivery of our lines. You can speak a line with much greater confidence if you know it has already won approval of others in the cast.

My leading ladies

When you can't enjoy an honest, smooth working relationship with the people you are working with then, brother, you are really in trouble! I know one romantic team who so hate each other that they cut the time they have to spend in each other's company down to an irreducible minimum! It's hard to believe but they refuse to rehearse in the same room. They do it over the telephone, even cutting in the dialogue director over a third connection to listen to them and suggest necessary corrections!

My leading ladies have all been just wonderful. Why, when we got home from Texas on *Giant*, to finish shooting in the studio, Liz invited me to her home to dine with her and her husband, Michael Wilding. This was high generosity on her part because after our weeks in Texas together she was well acquainted with my appetite, which used to amaze even the great eaters of Texas! **END**



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happy talk

(*Continued from page 31*) talked over every problem that might come up and found that our basic viewpoints were the same, and that we only differed on trivial matters. What first attracted me to Pat was his warmth and kindness, his love for people. Since he's been my husband, I appreciate those qualities still more. He's a very understanding man, he has insight and generosity of spirit, and on the whole he's more tolerant than I am. I feel I can learn from him as a human being."

A friend commented: "They're solid because they live like two average people in any community." Although their income tops the average, it's true of the Nerneys, whose interests center in home and family and work. Their house is lovely but, by Hollywood standards, modest. They couldn't care less about keeping up with the Joneses. As Jane remarked when she turned in her Cadillac for a Ford: "They used to tell me you *had* to own a Cadillac to prove something. I don't have a thing to prove."

Pat gave her one of the first Thunderbirds on the market—a black beauty with all the trimmings, including her name in gold. She regards it with pride but you're more likely to find her driving the station wagon. She goes marketing and (unless they're napping) she takes the children with her. There's a new white Thunderbird coming up from Pat. But the station wagon will still get most of her business.

Except for the children's nurse, she runs a servantless household with a woman in once a week for the heavy cleaning and another for the ironing. That's a minor point on which she and Pat differed. He said: "When we're married, you're getting a fulltime maid." She said: "I'll have nobody shoving me out of my kitchen," and convinced him at last that she'd be truly happier as boss of the range. Much has been written of Jane's culinary skill. "Too much," growls Publicity. "Talk about something glamorous."

It looks like magic

In any case, such protests don't bother Jane, who goes merrily on collecting recipes and exchanging them with Jinny, her sister-in-law. With Jane, cooking's an art. Besides giving her imagination scope, it provides an outlet. Men work their problems out in do-it-yourself projects; she works hers out over a gleaming stove.

Jane's so well organized that she gets things done without fuss and flurry. To the uninitiated, it looks like magic. With Jane, it's know-how. Recently she spent the afternoon posing. The final picture was shot in a cocktail dress. The hour was 6:15. "So now," she said calmly, "I'll go out and make hors d'oeuvres."

"What do you mean?" asked the MGM publicist.

"Pat's bringing Bill Ford and his wife for cocktails, then we're going to dinner."

"Bill Ford! Henry's brother? Why didn't you say so?" wailed the other. "We'd have tried to hurry it."

"What for? I've had my shower, my make-up's on and I'm all dressed."

"But how can you start with the food now?"

"Easy. I filled the ice trays with colored water this morning and I cleaned the shrimps. We'll have shrimp over colored cubes and there's plenty of time to fix a couple of hot hors d'oeuvres before 6:45."

With that kind of ease and authority, it's little wonder she enjoys feeding her man. "Especially now," says Jane. "Not being on a picture, I don't know what I'd do with myself if I couldn't cook."

Which leads to the single flaw in their way of life. Two or three times a week Pat doesn't get in till 10:30 or 11. He and his brother John have a Ford dealership with their father. One of them has to be on at night, so they alternate.

On his late nights, with the children asleep by 7:30, the evenings seem endless. She watches TV and used to starve, waiting to eat with Pat. "But I got so hungry, I couldn't keep *that* routine up. Besides, with my own dinner out of the way, I can really sit down and keep Pat company. And we have dessert together. I'm forever saving my calories for dessert."

To reach the office by 8, Pat's up at 6:30. All he takes at that hour of the morning is coffee. Jane's up to brew it for him. He protests. "If I wanted breakfast, it might be different. But coffee I can fix myself and I'd rather you slept."

"It's not the coffee, it's that I won't see you all day. I can always go back to bed after you've gone."

In her thoughtfulness for him, she created what she calls "my own monster," name of said monster being Golf. It started with calories. Till he met Jane, calories meant nothing to Pat. She introduced them. Such was their impact that, gaining three pounds, he'd lunch on cottage cheese and pineapple. "That's not enough for a man," declared his wife. "Maybe it's exercise you need. You belong to the Golf Club, why not use it?"

"I'd rather be with you. Golf, my love, isn't a game like a couple of sets of tennis and then you quit. It takes all day, it worms itself into your life."

"But it might be good for you."

Jane thinks she may learn to play, too, and hesitates only because it would give her that much less time with the children. As it is, all four lunch together at the Club on Pat's day off. Mention of his day off brings a glint to Jane's eye. "It's awful," she'll tell you gravely. "We go shopping, we spend too much money—and always on me. I'm reticent about buying things for Pat. He has perfect taste, he knows exactly what he wants and, if it's not right, he'll say so. He buys things for me that I wouldn't buy. I look at the price first, he just looks at the object. And he's usually right. If it's more expensive, I get more wear out of it."

Besides being perfect, his taste is original. He has a genuine flair for color and line—hence his love for art. One day he appeared before his wife in an ensemble of beige suit, pink shirt, brown tie. Her eyes flew wide. "I'd no more dream of putting those colors together, and yet it looks great." In England he bought three pairs of black velvet shoes, monogrammed in silver. Friends rib him but always wind up asking where he got them. Never does Jane have to coax him into evening togs. "I've got to wear a shirt and tie anyway," reasons goodhumored Pat. "What's harder about climbing into a tux?"

Then there was the night Helen Rose, MGM's head designer, threw a big party. Jane arrayed herself in black taffeta, added a necklace and earrings to match. "What do you think?" she asked Pat.

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"I think it's cute. Why don't you wear it?"

Though there was plenty of competition, people kept complimenting Jane on her gown—full skirted, pinch-waisted, with a heart-shaped neckline and narrow shoulder straps. Thank you, she said demurely, and thank you again.

But Pat couldn't keep the joke to himself. "In case you don't know it, my wife's wearing her slip." She was, too, the lace dress to go over it having worn out.

On the whole, their social life is quiet. Night clubs rarely see them. Jane dislikes cocktail parties. "Between trying to say hello to everybody and shunning nobody, you never get to finish a conversation. Show me a cocktail party and I'll show you a frenzy." Pat's evenings off are so few that they kind of hoard 'em. They like dining with friends, they like asking friends to dinner—such intimates as the Marshall Thompsons, the Spike Joneses, Eleanor Parker and Paul Clemens.

The same old sheriff

If they're alone, they may take in a movie. Pat's a rabid fan. As long as it's a picture, he's willing to see it. Jane's choosier—especially about Westerns. Like most males, Pat swallows Westerns whole. Sometimes Jane trots along like a good girl. Sometimes she'll flinch at the prospect of the same old sheriff, the same old chase, the same old gunplay. "I'll find you something just as bad on TV," she'll promise. Or else dinner gets to be rather late and by the time it's over, so is the movie. One night they wanted to see *Marty* but stayed home instead. "Because we just didn't feel like crying," says Jane. This is the girl who meets real-life problems with the kind of control which wins universal admiration. Yet everything in the movies makes her cry, including the ancient sorrows of *Land Of The Pharaohs*. And there was one occasion during her last singing engagement at Tahoe when she startled both herself and the audience. It was the final show. Jay and Sissy had been allowed to sit up for the performance. The sight of them proved too much for their mother. She broke down completely, fumbled for a handkerchief, and had to start her song over three times. "Don't ask me why," she says now. "Pure silliness." If so, the silliness touched hearts that night.

Her days—when she's not at work—are given to the children. The clue to their charm lies in Jane's way with them. For misbehavior, the top punishment is no Disneyland, which provokes piteous tears and pleas. "Of course," says Jane, "it would be easier to give in. But that seems to me self-indulgence at their expense. Unless you're consistent, unless they're sure you mean what you say, they're bound to grow confused and lose their sense of security. So Pat and I are consistent even if it kills us."

The children call Pat "Poppy." Monie, Pat's daughter and fifth member of the family, calls Jane "Moms." She spends every other week end with them and last summer they had her for two and a half months while big Mona made a picture abroad. At seven and a half she plays mother to the little ones. Indeed, it's sometimes more than play. To please her, Lammy will pretend to be busy, so Monie can put them to bed and get them up in the morning, and a very efficient job she does. Seven and a half also carries special privileges, unshared by the small fry. "I think I'll give you a permanent," says Jane. Or she'll dream up some jaunt that's "just for you and me because the others are too young."

Jay and Sissy adore her. She's an integral part of their lives. On Jane's last birthday, Pat gave her a pin in the shape of a golden tree with two small jeweled birds perched in the branches. "They're Jaybird and Sissybird," he told the kids.

"Where's Moniebird?" Sis demanded.

"She's hiding in the tree," Jane improvised, "watching over you two."

Long before they were married, Jane discovered Pat's generosity. "It's obvious that money burns a hole in your pocket. I'll have to deal with that." But how can you deal with a man who takes such joy in giving? Thank your stars and be grateful, she decided sensibly. Mother's Day was marked by a Hi-fi set. "I'd never have thought of buying one," squealed Janie.

"That's why *I* bought it."

"Darling, you spoil me"

In Pat's book, you don't have to wait for birthdays or Christmas. Any occasion warrants a gift to his wife. For her opening at the Desert Inn last May he designed an exquisite pin of diamonds and pearls. It wasn't ready when his plane took off at 5:30, so his father-in-law waited for it and he waited at the Vegas airport for his father-in-law. Meantime in her dressing room Jane wondered and worried. At length he walked in.

"Pat!"

"I know, honey. Here's a surprise."

The pin was a dream and left her sort of speechless. She turned it over. "Love you. Patrick," it said on the back, followed by the date. Her eyes misted as she went into his arms. "Darling, you spoil me."

"I can't, but if for the sake of argument I could, who has a better right?"

Material things can be pleasant. The heart means more. It meant more to Jane that during her month at Las Vegas Pat came up seventeen times, never mind that he had to catch a 6 o'clock plane next morning. While she played Tahoe, he commuted every third day. "Isn't it too much of a strain?" she'd ask anxiously.

"Not seeing you would be more of a strain," he said.

As to Jane's career, they reached a clear understanding before their marriage. "I don't want to give it up, Pat."

"I'd never expect you to. Any more than you'd expect me to quit selling Fords."

"I might even want to do a Broadway show. That would mean separation."

"Look, Janie, I won't pretend I'd like the idea. To be frank, I'd hate it. But if you felt you must, then you must, and I wouldn't squawk. You'll have to take my word for that."

Yet, when the big chance came, Jane walked away from it. Dick Rodgers, in Hollywood to cast a musical, complained, "Can't seem to find the right girl."

"What about Jane Powell?"

"I wanted Jane but I couldn't get her."

"You mean she said *no*?"

"That's exactly what she said."

His luncheon companion, a close friend of Jane's, sat slightly aghast. Who in her right mind turns down a Rodgers and Hammerstein show? "Would you like me to speak to Jane?" she asked.

"By all means, if you think it would do any good."

It didn't. Jane had weighed the pros and cons and reached her decision. For the greater prize is a man's complete devotion, which Jane knows how to treasure and return. It's the happiness both draw from being close. It's the fulfillment of all their hopes and plans of a year ago.

All except one. That redheaded baby Jane wants is dragging his feet. Since she's still bent on having six, she wishes he'd hurry.

And while she tells about the lovely life she leads her eyes travel to her three-year-old, flitting across the lawn outside like a blue-clad butterfly. "It's time," smiles Jane, "that we had a new baby 'round here. Sissy's getting very old." **END**

Like Walking on Pillows!

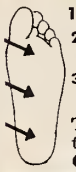


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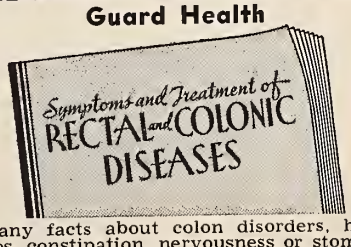
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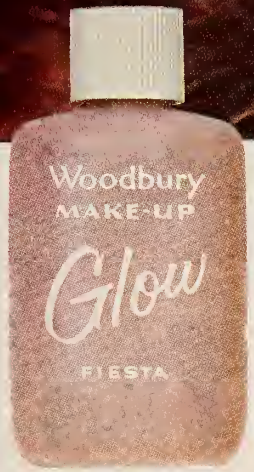
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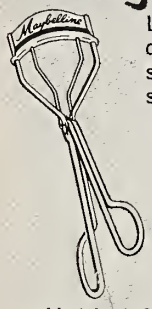
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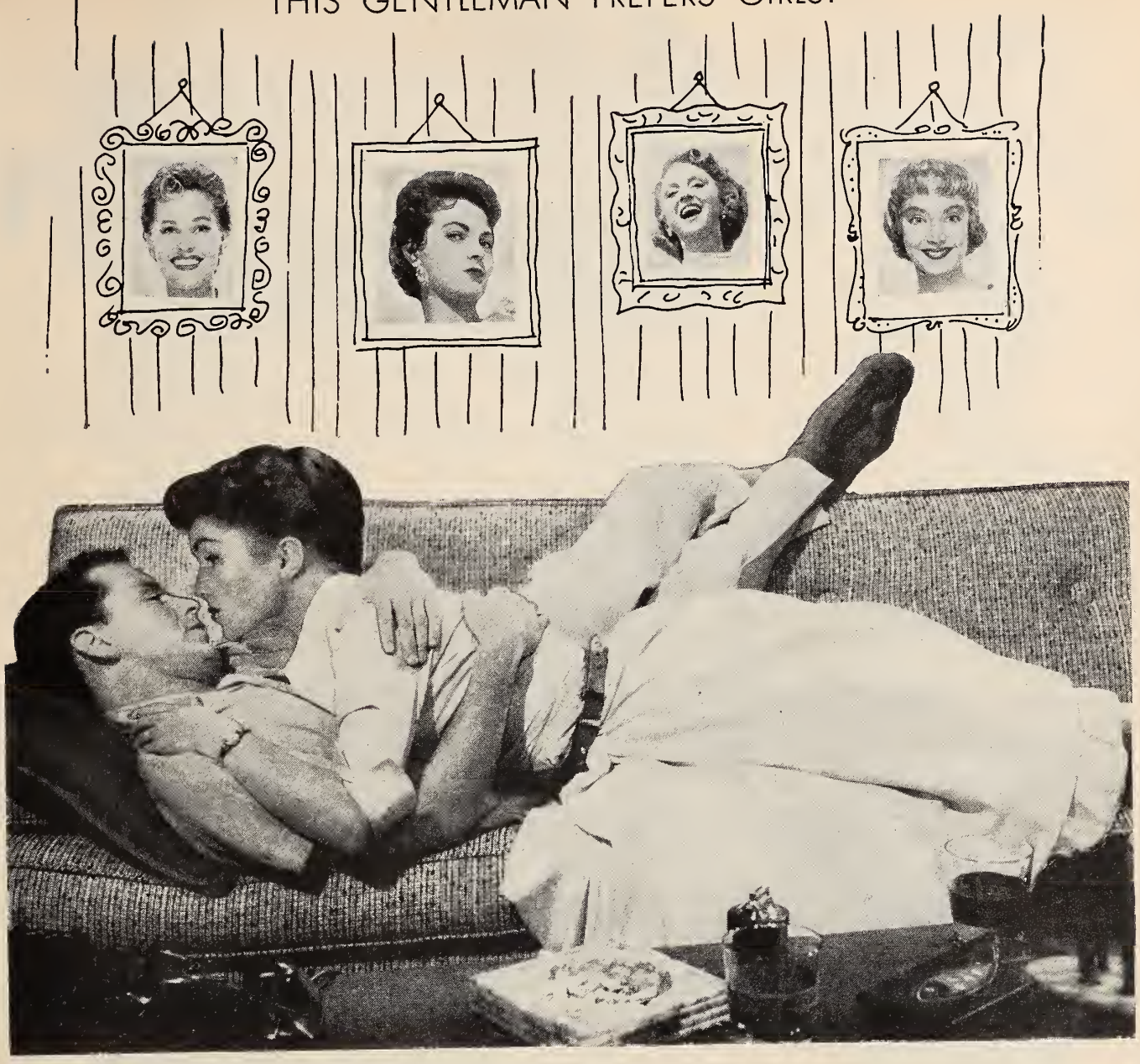
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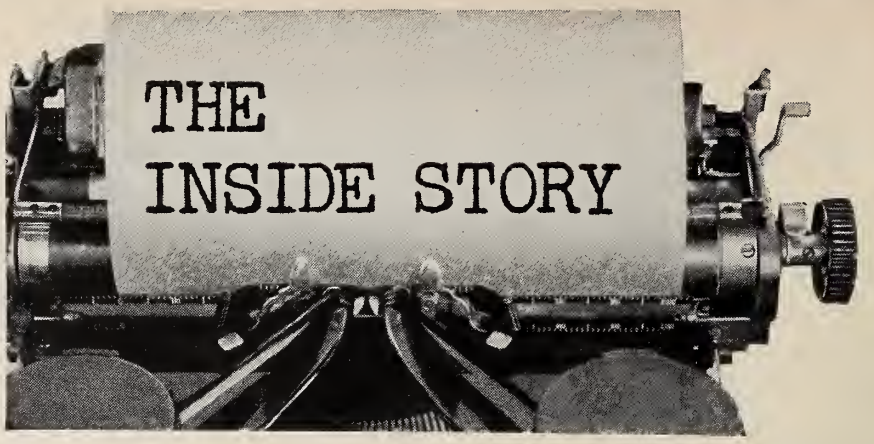
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Q. Can you give me the name of the plastic surgeon who recently operated on Elizabeth Taylor?
—W.J., Olympia, Wash.

A. *No plastic surgeon has ever operated on Miss Taylor.*

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe has been living all these past months on $30,000 borrowed from her agent, Charles Feldman? —B.T., New York, N.Y.

A. *Feldman is no longer Marilyn's agent; once loaned her $30,000 as an advance against her* Seven Year Itch *salary which as yet she hasn't picked up.*

Q. What is the relationship between Jane Wyman and producer Bill Perlberg? —E.J., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Old and good friends.*

Q. Is it true that Janet Leigh will never again make another picture with Jack Webb, that they fought all through the filming of *Pete Kelly's Blues?*
—F.D., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Janet never fights with anyone; was slightly miffed about her lack of publicity in the picture promotion; says she will make another picture with Webb any time a good script comes along.*

Q. I read somewhere that Rossano Brazzi, the wonderful lover in *Summertime,* has a wife who weighs more than 200 pounds. Can you verify this?
—S.T., New York, N.Y.

A. *Brazzi's charming wife, Lydia, is heavy, but not that heavy. She is close to 160*

Q. Why is it that Cecil B. DeMille refuses to call any of his players "extras"?
—G.F., Racine, Wis.

A. *DeMille says, "No matter how small their parts, all players are actors and actresses, and I expect good performances from them."*

Q. Is Charlton Heston a stuffed shirt?
—V.R., Detroit, Mich.

A. *Not at all.*

Q. Does Mamie Van Doren wear a wig?
—E.J.K., Denver, Colo.

A. *Occasionally, when posing.*

Q. Is the rumor on the level that Cary Grant will earn $700,000 from *To Catch A Thief?* What does he do with all his money? —V.D., New York, N.Y.

A. *The rumor is true; Grant invests surplus funds in gilt-edged securities.*

Q. Is there any possibility of a divorce in the Dick Powell-June Allyson household? —E.H., New York, N.Y.

A. *Not in the foreseeable future.*

Q. There is a tenor in Hollywood who supposedly sings much better than Mario Lanza. Who is he?
—C.M., Toronto, Can.

A. *His full name is Oreste Kirkop. He comes from Malta. He made* The Vagabond King *for Paramount, will be publicized under the name Oreste, nothing more.*

Q. Why does Marlon Brando insist upon riding around Hollywood in a broken-down jalopy?
—B.T., Indianapolis, Ind.

A. *Brando's broken-down jalopy is a 1955 Thunderbird.*

Q. Isn't Frank Sinatra's secret love a girl named Claire Kelly?
—T.R., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Miss Kelly is a sometimes friend.*

Q. Did Rita Hayworth walk out on Dick Haymes because he blackened her eye? —L.F., San Diego, Cal.

A. *Haymes has never struck any woman, claims the dispute was "a typical marriage squabble."*

Q. Is it true that Sheree North had no intention of announcing her secret marriage to Bud Freeman until she was pregnant? —S.J., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *True.*

Q. What are the chances of Ava Gardner becoming Mrs. Howard Hughes?
—K.G., Smithfield, N.C.

A. *Not very good.*

Q. Will James Mason ever become an American citizen?—J.G., London, Eng.

A. *Not likely.*


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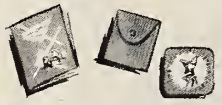
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TV TALK

Eva Marie Saint rumors . . . Tallulah back in stride . . . Henry Morgan difficult

Frankly, we're getting sick and tired of all the insinuations that **Eva Marie Saint** has changed since she won her Academy Award and that she is no longer the sweet, unspoiled girl she was before she got an Oscar all her own. For some unfathomable reason a group of column-writing critics has sprung up who try to make it seem a sin for Eva Marie to accept good money for her acting. This is the way we figure it: If Eva Marie's agents think she's worth, say, $20,000 to NBC for one show and NBC agrees to pay it, well, NBC must think she's worth it, too. What's Eva Marie supposed to do? Turn it down and say she likes acting so much that she wants only $10,000? Or maybe her critics would be happy if she insisted on working for nothing! We suspect that the reason behind the sudden down-with-Saint campaign is twofold: 1) some columnists just got bored with reading and writing nice things about her, and 2) Eva Marie never has been one to cozy up to the press. She's much too busy being a wife, homemaker, cook, actress, and now mother, to spend her time accepting lunch dates with all the writers who want to meet her. She figures her acting is the important thing, and we say more power to her! And we can vouch for the fact that she *hasn't* changed. For instance, when she and her director-husband had to move to a larger apartment so they'd have room for the baby, they didn't head to any fancy place uptown in New York City. They looked for—and found—a slightly bigger place in the same neighborly part of Greenwich Village where they'd always lived . . . Speaking of Broadway, very few people know about it, but **Paddy (Marty) Chayefsky,** the most famous TV author in the country, has an office in the **Sid Caesar** headquarters. Word is that Paddy may be writing a play for Sid. Could be . . . **Tallulah Bankhead** looks pretty good on TV these days, doesn't she? It's for the usual reason. As soon as she was signed for the **Martha Raye** opening this season, she went into training—sensible hours, sensible food, unrowdy companions, and no drinking. It works every time. After a few weeks of "the cure," she looks fifteen years younger and is fifteen pounds slimmer. If you see her when she's leading her usual gay life, you find it hard to believe that she could ever change her habits—or that she could ever look so good. But Tallulah comes through! She is, incidentally, selling her home in Connecticut where she's lived for so many years and looking for a town house in New York. Up until now, she's taken apartments or hotel suites when she's had to stay in the city. Now she's going to settle down (if you can use that phrase for Tallulah) in the city for good . . . Don't you agree with us that it's about time **Margaret O'Brien** talked about something else in her TV interviews besides being grown up now? It seems to us that we've been told about 100 times that she's no longer a baby . . . You simply wouldn't recognize **Melvyn Douglas** in *Inherit The Wind,* the play in which he replaced **Paul Muni** after the latter underwent an operation for the removal of his eye. His make-up—and his acting—make him seem at least sixty-five, and he's even changed his voice for the part. It's higher and cracks a little—a far cry from the firm clear tones he usually uses . . . They say that the reason **Henry Morgan** lost his part in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* was that he was just too difficult to get along with. That's an old habit of Henry's. He can be hilarious, but he seems to have a big chip on his shoulder that makes him just too sarcastic for most people to take . . . All of their many friends couldn't be happier about the successful marriage of **Ernie Kovacs** and **Edith Adams.** After going together for years, they finally were able to get married, and Ernie has custody of his children by his first marriage . . . **Nancy Berg,** the model who's famous for the late-night TV show in New York where she crawls into a big bed in a filmy nightgown and kisses her dog good night, merely looks sweet and pretty on camera. Off camera and batting around town, she is the center of attraction wherever she goes because she wears really exotic make-up and quite bizarre clothes. She has one silver-sequinned sheath that looks as though it belonged to her mother in the 1920's, it's that straight and unbecoming. It manages to hide Nancy's figure completely—a neat trick—but every head turns . . . **Frank Sinatra** *does* remember his old friends. He remembers to this day the first person who wrote a big story on him when he first got popular, and that writer still has access to him—any time. Sinatra may get annoyed with some members of the press, but that one can get any information he wants.



Advonce reports on Steve Allen's emoting in "The Benny Goodmon Story" ore enthusiostic. Mamie Von Doren thinks he's greot, too.



Morion Morlowe coused o stir in recent night-club oppeoronces—brought on by husbond Lorry Puck's continued ottock on Arthur Godfrey.

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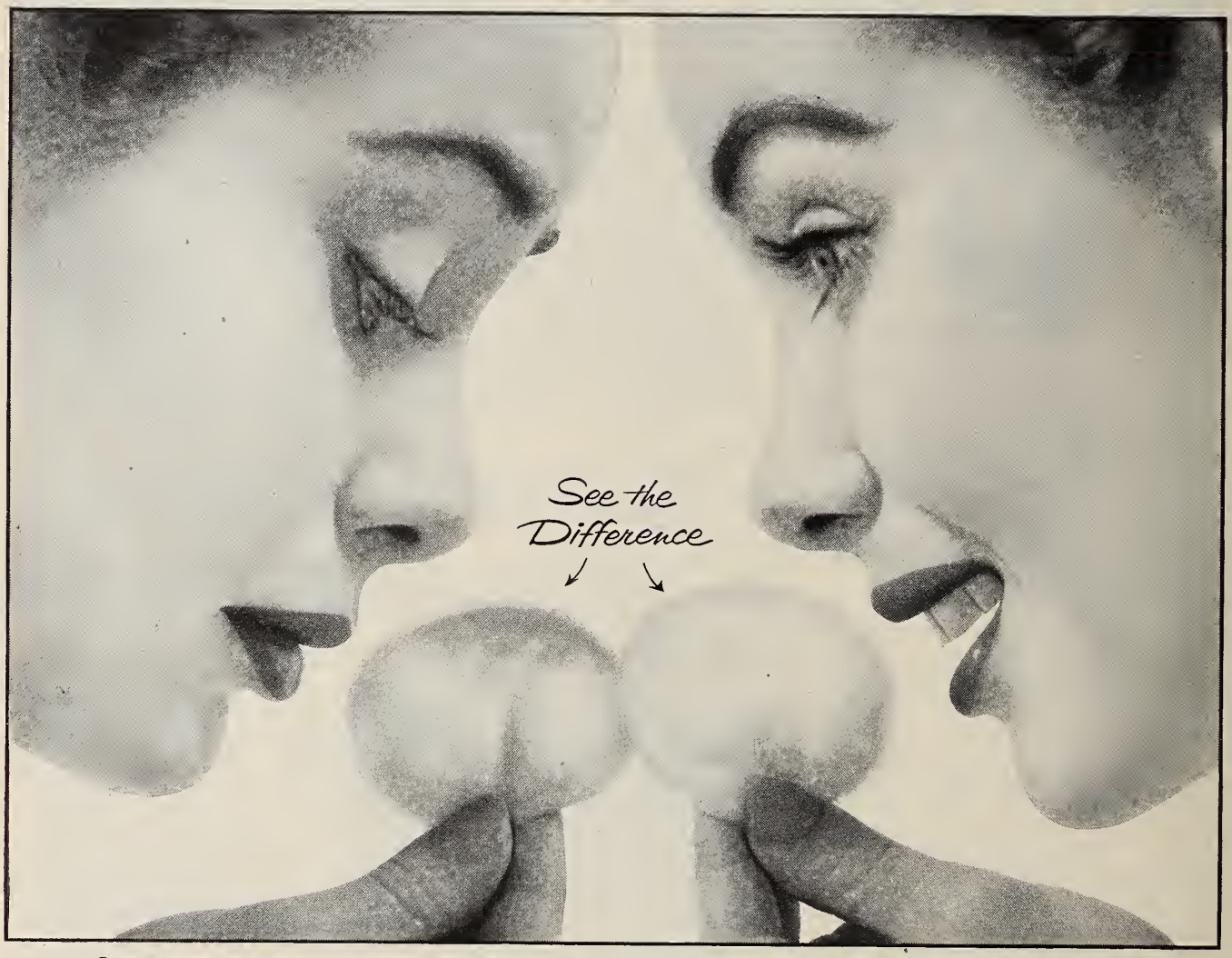
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LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood





Eddie and Debbie: It was a beautiful wedding

IN THIS SECTION

Good News
Wedding pictures
Party of the Month
New love for Bob Wagner?
Listen to me, Keefe!



GOOD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS!



Debbie asked all the newsmen but one to wait outside during the ceremony. She's a favorite of theirs—and so they obliged.



Eddie kept an arm around Debbie every minute. Not just husbandly affection—Deb had collapsed from exhaustion before, and he was worried.



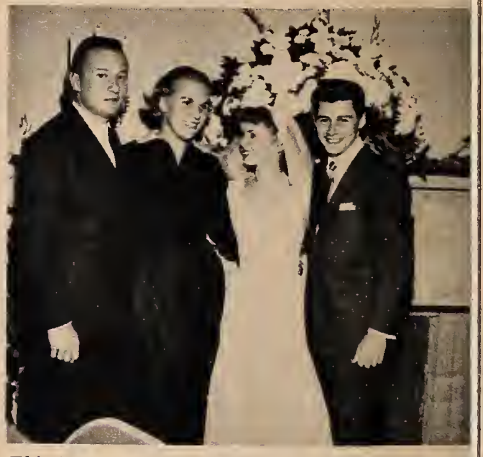
The cake was huge and delicious, filled with fruit and nuts. The wonderful Grossinger's chefs had worked 24 full hours to get it done.



Eddie's sister Janet (there's such a family resemblance there!) drove up from Philadelphia with his mother, Mrs. Stupp.



Mrs. Stupp cried—happily, of course—through the whole wedding—and part of the reception. She's already given Debbie Eddie's favorite recipes.



This is Dr. and Mrs. Ettis (she's Jennie Grossinger's daughter) in whose home the wedding was held. That floral piece was purple and gold.

I TALKED TO Eddie Fisher on his wedding day and he was as nervous as any conventional bridegroom. He said he hadn't seen his bride, Debbie Reynolds, all day because he heard it was bad luck to look at the bride before the ceremony.

This long delayed marriage, which had reams of publicity, took place September 26 at Grossinger's Hotel, the resort where Eddie Cantor first heard the boy with the wonderful voice and paved the way for him to fame.

Eddie and Debbie had their closest and dearest friends with them. They were married at the end of Yom Kippur, the most holy day in the Jewish religion. The ceremony was performed by a County Judge, with all the arrangements being made by Mrs. Jennie Grossinger, who calls Eddie her boy—since it was at her placé that he was discovered by Eddie Cantor.

I had the first story on the romance of Debbie and Eddie in MODERN SCREEN, because I knew, after a visit I made with them to Las Vegas, they were in love. At that time, Eddie wondered if Debbie would ever really love him. She has loved him so much that even when the marriage postponements came she held her little head high and didn't mind what everybody said, because she knew he loved her and that they would marry as soon as Eddie's career would permit.

He felt that he didn't have any right to take Debbie away from her career until certain business arrangements were smoothed out.

Readers of MODERN SCREEN and fans all over the world hastened to wish Mr. and Mrs.

The "I-do's" heard 'round the world! Judge Cooke performed the much-delayed ceremony; Jeanette Johnson and Milt Blackstone "stood up."



Jennie Grossinger and Eddie's father never stopped beaming. Jennie was so proud; she loves Eddie and planned the whole wedding.



Everyone clustered around Willard Higgins, Eddie's valet and friend; such a warm, fine person. The handsome young man, right, is Joey Forman.



Afterward, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher (!) invited all the reporters in. Read the intimate story of the wedding on page 36.

Fisher every happiness in their marriage.

And in case you think I'm remiss, let me say that Debbie was a vision in her wedding gown of white lace, with her short, pretty veil. And Eddie was equally handsome in a gray suit. No cutaway for him!

I'VE BEEN ASKED just how serious Susan Hayward's romance is with Don "Red" Barry, who had a brief fling with Joan Crawford and who has popped up in the news every now and then.

Knowing Susie as well as I do, I refuse to believe this is more than a casual friendship. Susie has been a very lonely girl. Her tiffs in court with Jess Barker have made her almost afraid of life. But now great vistas open up for this redhead in her career with her great performance as Lillian Roth in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. She's sure to be nominated for an Academy Award and she stands an excellent chance of winning.

Susan met Barry when both of them were in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*; he had just a bit. His appeal to her was through their children. He has raised his eleven-year-old Michael by himself. He was granted custody of the child. Susan says he's wonderful with her twin boys, who are her very life. She says that Don Barry is a much finer man than is generally known and he, too, has had his troubles.

She's still married, unless by the time this is printed the appeal is taken off the court records. She was granted an interlocutory divorce decree, but Barker has appealed it.



Now listen to me, KEEFE BRASSELLE

■ I knew you when—back when your mother was working as a studio hairdresser and you were one of the nicest young boys growing up in Hollywood. I think I was almost as happy as your real mother when Ida Lupino discovered you, put you in a picture and you scored a big, big hit, not only because you had talent but because your personality was so warm, so outward-going, so unspoiled.

Last June in Istanbul when I encountered you for the first time in about a year, I practically shuddered. You are completely self-satisfied and smug. Everything about you has changed, including your acting ability. You put on the most terrible act one evening and you didn't even have dramatic sense enough left to know that it was falling flat.

Now comes the worst change of all. You've left your wonderful wife, Norma, and your child. You've dropped all your old friends. Even your agent, who helped you to fame, is snubbed by you now.

Keefe, come back to your senses. Boys like you and John Derek and Aldo Ray can expect little good to come from your making light of your marital ties. Remember this: Nobody gets so big that they can do without love—love of family, love of friends. If you keep on forgetting this you'll find out that the love of the public is the easiest of all loves to lose.



What's this I hear about Bob Wagn



They did Paris together, then flew back . . .

It always seemed ironical to me that Barker's lawyer should be given ten thousand dollars by Susan to fight her, and just when Barker was making a great plea of how misunderstood he was, Yvonne Doughty, whom he was seen out with practically every night, filed a paternity charge against him. Susan has steadfastly refused to comment on this, only to say she's very, very sorry for the girl.

I do believe Susan will grasp any straw now for happiness. That's why so much emphasis has been placed on her friendship with Barry, whom she describes as a friend and someone who's very nice to her children. The three boys, she says, play together.

LOVE REPORT. As we go to press, Cleo Moore is in love. She admits it to the world. His name is Charles Simonelli, and he's the lad who had Piper Laurie's heart in thrall

---

LA DIETRICH RIDES AGAIN! Aren't these pictures wonderful? They were taken at Frankie's opening at The Dunes in Las Vegas. He was a hit off stage as well as on—you can't beat my bad boy for charm—but from the moment Marlene came, was seen, and conquered everyone, Frankie himself had eyes for no one else. Even a glimpse of her can stop a show!

nd cute Barbara Darrow in Europe?





to Switzerland, locationing for The Mountain . . . *and practicing their love scenes off-camera. This time, Bob doesn't care who knows it, either!*

some years ago. He's an executive with Universal-International and Piper's not the only girl to go for him in a big way.

Cleo has been rumored about to make the big step with this one and that one, but since Simonelli came into her life, this is it. A matter of religion must first be adjusted.

Mrs. Clark Gable has become so much the wife of The King that she is seeing few of the old friends who were so good to her in the dark days when life was pretty desperate for her.

It's understandable that a married woman must accept her husband's friends and make his pals hers, but there is one case where I think Kay is remiss—that of a certain actress who was very good to her during the days when other of her friends shied away from the then Mrs. Spreckels for fear of the publicity. Of course, I may be wrong and there may be some reason of which I do not know.

But this whole attitude is so unlike Kay, who up until now has always been fun-loving, gay, generous and kind, that I'm wondering what's back of it.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST. I wish I had had some takers on my bet that Kathryn Grant would never marry the one and only Bing. She was quoted far and wide as saying they were engaged. Being a gentleman, the only quote Bing gave, after she let it be known that she had bought her wedding dress, was "I hope she gets a chance to wear it."

Now, months later, comes Kathryn saying she never told anybody she was going to marry Bing. Could at least four reporters all have printed such long typographical errors?

While it seems a shame that after all they had gone through together, Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes should separate, I must say that I think it may be the best thing that ever happened to Dick.

I talked to him while he was making his personal appearance at the Cocoanut Grove, and the word that best suits the way he was taking this personal tragedy is "manly." He was all man that evening, even though he was obviously heartbroken.

Rita never has returned to any of the men she has walked out on—not alone her four husbands, Ed Judson, Orson Welles, Aly Khan, and Dick—but also on such romantic figures in her life as Vic Mature, Tyrone Power and quite a few others.

No, I take that back. She did go back to Orson, though I for one will never understand why. And I've always had a personal hunch that she'd go back to Aly—if he'd give her the chance. That Aly is a real charmer. I re-







LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



Jerry and Patti Lewis are ecstatic lately because Patti's "expecting" and because Dean and Jerry are getting along so much better than anyone (including Dean and Jerry) thought they would.



Before her TV Spectacular Judy Garland was a sick girl. She said it was "the usual pre-show laryngitis," but Red Skelton and other friends weren't sure she'd make it. She did, though, and wowed 'em for an hour and a half.



Gene Nelson brought Piper Laurie to the Sheriff's Charity Rodeo. Both of these two have had so many romances and I think they'd love to settle down. I kind of hope this is the real thing.



Seems to me I never see Diana Lynn without Ed Pauley, Jr. nowadays. He's the son of the famous oil magnate, and a very charming escort. They go night-clubbing together a good deal and see all of the shows.

member how Gene Tierney once described him to me as an "homme fatale," a phrase which she made up to mean the opposite of "femme fatale." In Gene's case this seems to be all too true. Her friends are really worrying about her continued depression since she left Aly—or vice versa.

Since she divorced Stuart Cramer, III, Jean Peters has gone back into her mystery act, refusing scripts from her studio and taking a suspension, not answering phone calls, not seeing friends. This would be a bore, if it weren't so unfortunate. Jean is one of our better actresses. I can't figure what she thinks she is doing with her life.

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH. I'd call the party Judy Garland and Sid Luft gave at Romanoff's Penthouse after her first TV appearance on Ford Theatre Star Jubilee the party of the month. For sheer talent, there's seldom been as many celebrated singers and entertainers in one room.

"I don't care if I have put on weight," Judy Garland told me when I interviewed her at the party. "I've had three children, and I don't expect to have the figure of a young girl."

With Judy's God-given voice, weight is secondary. She is so mad about her baby son.



This is the first photo of Fred Astaire's thirteen-year old daughter, Ava. Fred doesn't like to turn the spotlight on his family, but he made an exception to bring Ava to a preem. And look at that paternal smile!



Kathryn Grayson and Oreste Kirkop (just Oreste to you, says the studio) came to the Strategic Air Command *première together. No romance here, but they're co-stars in* The Vagabond King.



No one, from fans to studio heads, can talk June Haver into going back into pictures—and a lot of people have tried it, believe me. She's so happy staying home with Fred and the kids that she won't hear of it.



Marge and Gower Champion are walking (or dancing) on air over the success of the road company of Three For The Show, *their Broadway and* TV *hit. Not all movie stars are such a smash on the stage.*

She says he's going to be the greatest heartbreaker of the century.

"Those eyes and that cute nose," she laughed. "He's going to be my last baby. Three Caesarians is all my doctor advises." Well, Judy has quite a family already.

Frank Sinatra came with Marlene Dietrich and Michael Rennie. Marlene wore a tight-fitting brocade dress and, as usual, every other woman present wished that she had the Dietrich chic and *savoir faire*.

David Wayne, who was such a competent co-star with Judy, said he never had seen a braver performer than Judy, who was so sick up to the very moment she went on that everyone worried about her.

Jennifer Jones said her baby is a real Selznick, and David and I agreed that was good if she favors her grandmother, Mrs. Florence Selznick, who was a beauty in her day. Don Taylor, looking very handsome, told me he wants to be a director. He said he had not reconciled with his wife Phyllis Avery, and felt very sorry that there was no chance. George Burns and Gracie Allen were a part of the happy group gathered at the piano, with Johnny Green and Bunny, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ackerman. (He is head of CBS-TV talent.)

All in all it was a good party.



the letter box

SHARON JONES *of* WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK, *who signs herself* "a true fan of Preston Foster," *while asking for more news of her hero moans,* "It seems to me all I ever hear about is Marlon Brando. I admit he's a pretty fine actor but enough is enough. And I have long since heard enough of Mr. Brando."

You and Josianne Berenger, Sharon?

FRANCIS ROSS *of* PHILADELPHIA, PA. *announcing she's* "Barbara's Number One Fan" *asks,* "What's wrong with Hollywood producers? Barbara Stanwyck has been a top performer for twenty-five years and what kind of roles does she get—lousy! When she does get a role worthy of her great talent, she is not even nominated for an Oscar—e.g., *Titanic* and *Clash By Night.* By my count she should have two Oscars at least for *Double Indemnity* and *Stella Dallas,* not to mention *Sorry, Wrong Number.* Somebody goofed—and it wasn't Miss Stanwyck."

You goofed a bit yourself, Frances. Stanny has had Academy nominations—but I agree with you that she deserves top honors.

LYNN HUNTER *asks me from* TORONTO, ONTARIO, "Could you give me the latest information on Audrey Hepburn? Over the past few months I've heard of at least ten pictures that she would be in and at least a dozen times that she was or wasn't having a baby. I'm wondering just how much that I've 'heard' is true and I'm sure you can help me out."

All right, Lynn, I'll do what I can. It's not true, at this writing, that Audrey is having a baby, but it is true that she's lined up for three pictures immediately after she finishes War And Peace.

I'm sorry I haven't space for all the letters sent me but I want you to keep on writing, as I do appreciate all your views on pictures and players. They are refreshing and honest and very, very much worth hearing.



Maggie O'Brien is getting around! She was at the Harwyn with Dick Kallman, the Alberghetti spaghetti dinner with Don Robinson and the 881 Club with Rad Fulton—all in a couple of days!

IN THE MATTER OF gaiety and good fun the birthday party given for no less than four of Hollywood's most popular matrons, Mrs. Edgar Bergen, Mrs. Johnny Green, Mrs. Reginald Gardiner and Cobina Wright, Sr., ranks high in this month's festivities.

Cobina's charming house, high on a hill, was the scene of the party. Liberace was the star of the evening, wearing a shirt hand-embroidered with little pianos. Lee always thinks of something different sartorially and I suspect other men wish they had the courage to dress as distinctively as he does.

Pretty Joan Weldon, who is such a good actress, is rapidly becoming one of our favorite local singers. With Jimmy McHugh himself at the piano she sang all Jimmy's songs.

Arlene Dahl, so thin she must have lost ten pounds she can't afford, and Fernando Lamas were being very gay, although I suspect that Arlene doesn't feel too well. She says she's trying to gain weight. Sonny Whitney, one of New York's popular millionaires, and a gay coterie, including Lee Anderson, popular publicity woman, the Gene Markeys, Joan Fontaine, Van and Evie Johnson, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, the David Hearsts and Mrs. Charles Boyer, listened to the concert.

A SHOCKER. Hollywood, used to surprises and shocks, has had nothing in years that came as such a complete surprise as Cameron Mitchell's announcement that his fifteen-year marriage was over. Cameron was considered the most devoted husband and father in Hollywood. The announcement of the break came from Cameron with a follow-up statement from his wife that she knew nothing about it.

A spokesman for 20th Century-Fox said that he wanted a trial separation and the story came so straight that reporters all used it—and it's true.

MRS. ALAN LADD said Alan's hardware store in Palm Springs is "a glorified actor's dream of such a store. We're going to have orange juice for the customers, music piped in and it's going to have all the old-time aspects of a country store, plus the last gasp of sophisticated Palm Springs," laughed Susie.

The Ladds seem very happy again, I'm glad to say. They have moved into a new house in Palm Springs and Sue is busier than a bee buying the carpets and drapes, while Alan's pet hobby is the hardware store, which he owns in partnership with a high school pal, Robert Higgins. Probably for the first time since *This Gun For Hire,* Alan doesn't have top billing. The sign on the store will read, "Higgins and Ladd," because while Alan is busy making money with pictures, Higgins will be in full charge.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray could have been so happy if Aldo had settled down instead of trying to remain a bachelor though married!



And it just breaks my heart to see the John Dereks splitting after all the troubles they've been through and managed to weather together.



"Do you think I go walking on the beach for the exercise?"

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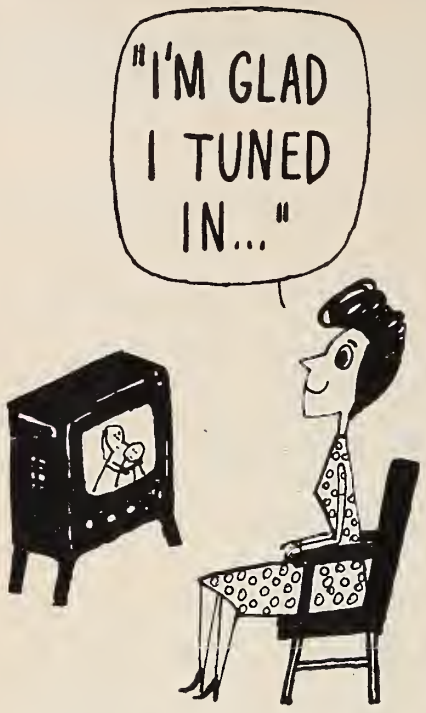
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WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR SHIVERS
The Desperate Hours
Blood Alley
I Died A Thousand Times
Teen-Age Crime Wave

FOR LAUGHS
The Second Greatest Sex
Gentlemen Marry Brunettes

FOR SPECTACLE
Tennessee's Partner

FOR LOVE
All That Heaven Allows
Three Stripes In The Sun
Queen Bee
The Deep Blue Sea

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



*PICTURE OF THE MONTH: The Desperate Hours *is a chilling account of what happens when desperado Humphrey Bogart (left) invades Fredric March's suburban home.*

THE DESPERATE HOURS

Suspense par excellence

■ *The Desperate Hours* was a big hit on Broadway, and ever since then movie companies have been grinding out their version of the thriller. But this movie—which is taken straight from the original—is far and away the champ. Fredric March and Martha Scott are a pleasant suburban couple with nice kids—a teen-age daughter (Mary Murphy) and a younger son (Richard Eyer). Violence is something they don't even like to read about. Needless to say, it is rather a shock when three escaped cons saunter up the front lawn and park their feet on the living-room sofa. Only Martha's home to greet them. Humphrey Bogart's the leader—he picked this town because he's gunning for its sheriff (Arthur Kennedy) who sent him up; and he picked the house because he noticed a bike on the lawn and decided that parents of a bike rider will not do anything rash. Dewey Martin is Bogart's younger brother and the third mug (Robert Middleton) is a thug of moronic I.Q. Bit by bit the family drifts home and when the door shuts for the night it looks like the only time it will open is when the undertaker comes. The terror is kept at a maximum pitch, but there's more to the movie than that. There's excellent acting, with each character emerging as a particular human being. And you'll be surprised at how much courage people who hate violence can display. VistaVision—Para.

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS

Soap-and-water drama

■ Jane Wyman is so rich and widowed and lonely, with a son in Princeton and a daughter in psychology and a house in Connecticut whose trees are clipped by Rock Hudson. Ah, here we go. Can a rich, lonely widow find happiness as the wife of a poor, proud tree-clipper? What will the fancy neighbors say, what will old faithful suitor (Conrad Nagel) say, what will the boy in Princeton and the girl in etcetera say? I'll tell you—every last one of 'em is speechless with snobbery. Rock doesn't say much, either (poor and proud and silent, he). It's enough to pepper the whole county with migraine headaches. Steady, there. Jane—you and I and everyone know that love conquers all.—CinemaScope—U.I.

BLOOD ALLEY

Adventure in Red China

■ When John Wayne's sprung from a Chinese prison camp and paddled upstream in a sampan by Mike Mazurki, he figures there's something in the wind besides the scent of Lauren Bacall's perfume. There sure is—a whole village wants to disappear from Red China and they've picked Wayne to pilot them out in an old ferry boat (which he'll have to steal first). Lauren's going, too—soon as her doctor dad gets back from a surgical safari. Are you all crazy, Wayne asks the village elders? The waters are flooded with Commie ships. The elders smile at his wisdom. And danged if the whole village—several hundred men, women, children, goats, assorted household articles and one traitorous clan (sired by Berry Kroeger)—doesn't flock aboard for the ride. It's an exciting, colorful and completely entertaining adventure. CinemaScope—Warners

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER

They went that-a-way!

■ It's gold rush time in California, pardner, with liquor and gambling and wild, wild women. Let's take 'em one at a time. The liquored party (Chubby Johnson) claims he's struck gold, but who has faith enough to stake him? Tennessee (that's John Payne) has. He's a gambler so good he doesn't even have to cheat. The transaction occurs (*Continued on page 20*)



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movie previews (Continued from page 18)

at the Marriage Market—a house, or rather a home, for girls interested in matrimony and clever enough to turn a pass into a proposal. You'd think Rhonda Fleming, housemother, could do the trick with Payne! But no. Meanwhile Cowpoke (Ronald Reagan) breezes in for a marriage—his own to Coleen Gray. Well, Coleen disappears, old Chuhhy bites the dust and Payne stands accused on hoth counts. But you can count on him to walk off with all the winnings. Rhonda Fleming does all right for herself, too. Technicolor—RKO

QUEEN BEE

A vehicle for Joan Crawford

■ The south's the placc for brooding passions, all right. Take Phillips House where the Phillips family plays. Oh, what an atmosphere—sick, sick to the core. With John Phillips (Barry Sullivan) succumbed to drink and Carol Lee Phillips (Betsy Palmer) succumbed to John Ireland (he runs the Phillips' mills) and John Ireland succumbed (in a moment of mad desire) to Eva Phillips (Joan Crawford) who is married to John. It's a vicious circle with everybody trying to break out, but Eva (Joan) keeps pulling 'em back with her charming smile and steel encrusted heart. Queen Bee—get it? Into it all walks Lucy Marlow just mad for all these cousins she's never seen. That southern comfort really gets her—so does John Phillips, hut first there's a suicide and a couple of nasty other little nuisances.—Col.

TEEN-AGE CRIME WAVE

Juvenile delinquency plus

■ To reform the teen-agers in this movie would only take a hundred years. Every time lumher-jacketed Tommy Cook puts out his hand there's a gun in it. His girl Terry (Mollie McCart) is no bum shot, either. Her friend Jane (Sue England) is of the "What am I doing here?" variety. And well may she ask. Terry gets her a blind date and when next she opens her eyes little Jane's on her way to reform school. (That date didn't like bowling—mugging was his game.) The girls, en route to said school, are rescued hy Tommy, who laughingly wipes out the police escort. The kids take over the farmhouse of a nice old couple who, hetween gasps for hreath, try a quick rehabilitation joh. Who wants a long life, Tommy sneers, the longer you live the more time you have to worry ahout dying. Now there's a thought. I'm sorry to say that Columhia's answer was muted by gunfire.—Col.

GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES

Russell and Crain on a fling

■ A couple of dolls (Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain) otherwise known as the Jones sisters blow the U.S.A. for Paris, France. Why? Because Russell has five fiancés and she's no Mormon. In France is Scott Brady who thinks he's an impresario, but doesn't have a client to prove it. He's all sct to line up night-club engagements for the Jones girls. The Jones girls?! cries Rudy Vallee, houlevardier. I know them from way hack. He does not. It was their Mom and Auntie (femmes of thc flaming twenties) whom Jane and Jeanne hring to life in flashbacks. I forgot to mention a shy millionaire (Alan Young) who's masquerading as Brady's valet. He goes for Crain and all his hidden assets come out in minks and Dior gowns for the Joncs girls (now we're back to 1955). Where's the loot coming from, everyone wonders with a smirk. I tell you those dames are innocent. But I don't have to tell you—you'll see for yourself. CinemaScope—U.A.

THE DEEP BLUE SEA

A moving love triangle

■ Between the devil and—is where Vivien Leigh finds herself. For fifteen years she'd been wed to a Lord (Emlyn Williams) and thought she liked it. Until she met a louse (Kenneth More) and decided she loved him. And left the Lord. But that's too simple. The louse is really a very likahle guy, an ex-RAF pilot, who attracts women like fleas hut always gets itchy and pulls out. Vivien knows this with one part of her, but the other part is ohsessed, and that kind of thing can lead to suicide. It very nearly does. But it happens that a bookie and ex-psychiatrist (Eric Portman) lives in Vivien's rooming house and knows how to retricve sleeping pills that have been swallowed. He also knows how to snap Vivien back to a state of self-respect. When lover boy comes home she hands him his walking shoes. It's an adult, finely acted film that had me entranced.—20th-Fox

movie previews *(Continued)*

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES

Crime still doesn't pay!

■ All through this movie people are telling Jack Palance how pale he looks, but he looks ruddier than a full-blooded Indian to me. And all through this movie he's Public Enemy number one. Hard, you understand, but soft as a baby underneath. One minute he's kicking Lee Marvin in the kneecap, next minute he's treating a "nice" girl (Lori Nelson) to an operation on her club foot. A cute little dog named Pard adopts him, and a confused ex-dance hall hostess (Shelley Winters) adores him. All three of them sit up front in the car as Palance drives toward the scene of a million-dollar jewel robbery (which he commits). He's tortured and disappointed in the "punks" he has to work with. Guess it's just as well he meets death in the High Sierras. As Shelley says, "Now he's free." CinemaScope—Warners

THREE STRIPES IN THE SUN

When east meets west

■ Among things left over from the Second World War is an abiding hatred which Aldo Ray nourishes for the Japanese. When he and Dick York are transferred to peacetime duty in Tokyo, Aldo's like to start another war. He's sidetracked by a visit to an orphanage outside of town where he re-encounters his childhood in the unhappy face of an unwanted, unmanageable orphan. Aldo impulsively becomes involved in feeding (with army rations) and re-housing (with buddies' donations) the whole flock of kids. He also falls in love with an interpreter (Mitsuko Kimura). This is one of the most sensitive movies I've ever seen on interracial love. Not only that—Aldo Ray's terrific as a typical hard-hearted guy who melts like butter once he sees the light. And the Japanese have an air of dignity and reality noticeably absent in other films.—Col.

THE SECOND GREATEST SEX

A very merry musical

■ There are three little towns in Kansas and each one wants to be the county seat. So the men of each town are forever chasing after a safe which is filled with important documents. Whichever town gets the safe gets the seat. The ladies only get bored. What good's a man if he isn't around, asks Liz (Jeanne Crain) whose groom (George Nader) is off safe-chasing two hours after their wedding. Finally, the girls barricade themselves inside an unused fort and swear off loving till the men agree to fight no more. It's a real happy movie with marvelous dancing by Tommy Rall (all the choreography is outstanding). There's the lovable comic Bert Lahr who'd steal the show if it weren't for Jimmy Boyd—a gawky kid whose voice is changing and who keeps asking everyone, "What are sex?"—CinemaScope—U.I.

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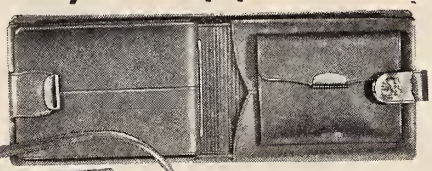
Coleen Gray, starring in Allied Artists' "Las Vegas Shakedown."

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Coleen Gray wrapped for Christmas



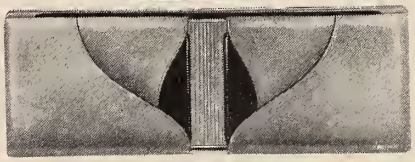
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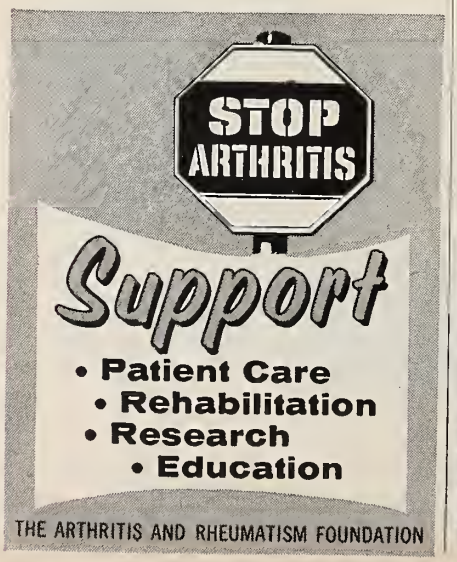
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BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD.



Here's another great singer going dramatic. Teen-aged Jimmy Boyd is now embarked on a new career as a motion picture actor, an endeavor that threatens to surpass his amazing musical accomplishments of the past. Just sixteen, Jimmy launched his dramatic career with a non-singing role in Universal's *The Second Greatest Sex*. Considering Jimmy's hit record status in the past, it's amazing that he wasn't given at least one song to sing in the picture. Remember his record of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus?" At the last count it sold two million, six hundred thousand copies. His rendition of "Tell Me A Story" with Frankie Laine approached the million mark, not to forget his "Dennis The Menace" and "Little Josey" with Rosemary Clooney. Why doesn't Jimmy sing in this picture? Well, we heard that his voice was changing; and if you heard the same thing, here's the explanation right from Jimmy's own mouth. "Just because I don't sing in *The Second Greatest Sex* doesn't mean I can't. My voice has changed some, but I can sing just as good, only in a lower key." Jimmy's knowledge of twangy, folksy songs came from his hearing his mother and father sing during his childhood in McComb, Missouri. The producers of Frank Sinatra's program heard him sing and put him on two of Frankie's shows. Ed Sullivan had him as a guest on *Toast Of The Town*. After that everybody wanted him for programs—Bing Crosby, Jimmy Wakely, Doris Day among others. His greatest thrill was getting a snazzy new Ford Thunderbird in turquoise for his birthday.



Lauren Bacall says Warner Brothers' *Blood Alley* is the toughest picture of her film career. "I'm out-Humphreying Bogart." Miss Bacall said in discussing her starring role with John Wayne. "My husband is always telling me about *The African Queen*, in which he walked in water up to his neck, but now I can hold my own in that type of conversation." Lauren has one scene in which she runs through a "graveyard of ships" while Chinese communist gunboats fire on the area. She said, "I have to climb over all these hulks, and then I have a scene where I have to wade through deep water to help the villagers pull the ferry boat out of the mud. But I love it. This is a different type of picture for me, and the change of pace is most welcome." Two lilting Chinese melodies have been written for Joy Kim, last seen in *The High And The Mighty* and now in *Blood Alley*. Director William Wellman heard Joy singing on the set, found out that she graduated from Southern California's music school, so he ordered the songs.



Today we have all types of albums for the home. *Music For Dining, Music For Lovers, Music For A Rainy Afternoon*, etc. How about an album, *Music To Cry By!* Years ago Willis Goldbeck, then a youth just out of high school, came on a movie set when studio musicians were unable to supply the proper mood music to bring tears to the eyes of silent film star Alice Terry. Goldbeck was drafted to sit at the piano. His playing of "The Rosary" brought beautiful, pearly tears to the eyes of Miss Terry. Goldbeck, now producing *I Died A Thousand Times* for Warner Brothers, came on the set just as Stuart Heisler was experiencing some difficulty in getting Shelley Winters to cry convincingly for a scene with Jack Palance. A piano was moved near the camera. Goldbeck again played "The Rosary" just before Heisler was ready to shoot the sequence. Shelley sobbed and tears streamed down her cheeks. Goldbeck had not lost his touch.



Director Josh Logan was kidding William Holden, whose role in Columbia's *Picnic* opens with a bedraggled, unshaven, barefooted Holden *bumming* a ride on a freight train into Kansas, where the film was on location. "Just think," Logan quipped to the former Academy Award winner, "if you win another Oscar for this role, technically, it'll be for the 'Bum Actor of the Year.'" Holden's wardrobe is the most inexpensive outfit ever worn by a star in a multi-million-dollar production. One pair of khaki trousers which cost $1.98. Two rayon sport shirts at $2.49 each. One pair of shoes at $10.00. One imitation silk tie at 39¢. This fancy outfit is worn by Holden throughout the picture. Contrast this with the outfit Kim Novak wears during her coronation as beauty queen of the picnic. Kim has on a blush-pink, silk organdy

dress with twenty yards of hand-embroidered material, fashioned by designer Jean Louis and topped by a red velvet cloak with a huge ermine collar, weighing thirty pounds. The cost? $3,500.00. Arthur O'Connell marries Rosalind Russell in *Picnic*. This marks his 513th matrimonial venture. O'Connell was in the original Broadway version of *Picnic* for sixty-four weeks. There were eight performances a week, and the actor went through 512 marriages on the stage. In real life O'Connell is a bachelor! The old song favorite "Pennies From Heaven" has been given a completely new jazzed-up treatment and will be used during a jitterbug number in *Picnic*. The song was originally sung by Bing Crosby in *Pennies From Heaven*.

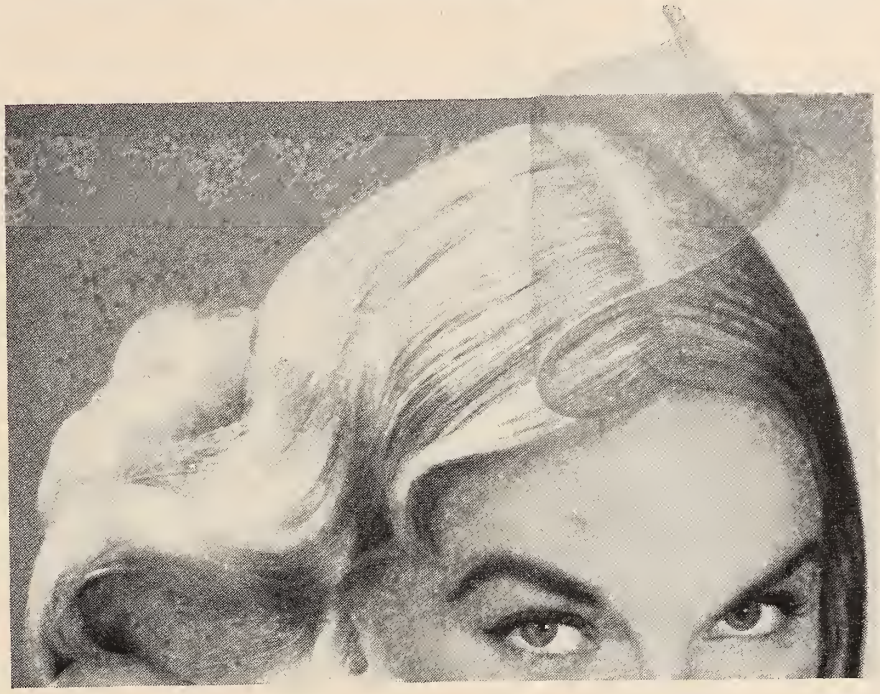
The View From Pompey's Head, a 20th Century-Fox film, in which you'll see Richard Egan, Dana Wynter, Cameron Mitchell, Sidney Blackmer, Marjorie Rambeau, is Richard Egan's 30th picture and his first without a day off. "No complaints," says Dick. "I can remember when I had too many days off." Dana Wynter got slapped around by Cameron Mitchell one day and bumped by a horse the next. "Good thing my father's a doctor," she says. Dana was thrilled when she received a gift she says she will treasure all her life. The brunette beauty a few days before had looked at rushes of her love scenes with Richard Egan and also present at the screening was Elmer Bernstein, the composer brought to Hollywood to write the theme music for the picture. The day following the showing a special messenger brought a huge box of yellow chrysanthemums from composer Bernstein; and included in the box was the ribbon-tied original copy of the music Elmer Bernstein was inspired to write after witnessing the love scenes. The sheet music was inscribed, "For Dana, whose gifts and talents made this gift possible—Elmer Bernstein." Nice thing about the gift was its timing. Dana had just come from the dentist where she had two impacted wisdom teeth extracted. "I couldn't have felt worse when I got home—or better when I received so wonderful a tribute and gift," she says.

Richard Drake, of Korean-descent, playing an ROK soldier in *Target Zero*, does a hilarious parody of Frank Sinatra's "They Tried To Tell Us We're Too Young." It's titled "They Tried To Sell Me Eggs Foo Yung." This picture stars Richard Conte and Peggie Castle. Peggie is really happy with her part in this picture, since this is the first time in three years she hasn't been killed before the picture ends. About getting killed Peggie says, "Holding my breath while the cameras grind is the hardest." In *Target Zero* Peggie finally gets her man—Richard Conte—in the final scene after surviving bombings, shellings, small arms fire, and an accident. David Buttolph, who has composed music for more than thirty Warner Brothers pictures has introduced the Japanese Samisan, a three-stringed guitar, which is played with a plastra or ivory shell, into the musical background of the film.

Gary Cooper, who has done right well as an actor without rhythm, has begun studying how to play the bongo drums to get some. Cooper explained, rather embarrassedly: "They tell me beating the bongo drums increases the awareness of rhythm. I guess I could use some of that." Gary certainly doesn't need any musical beat in his present role in Warner Brothers' *The Court-Martial Of Billy Mitchell*. As a top Army officer almost (*Continued on next page*)

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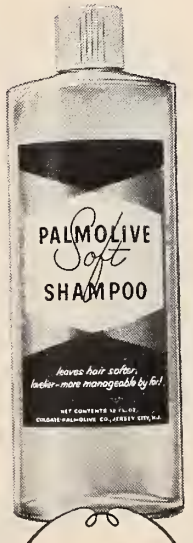
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GREYHOUND

(*Continued from page 23*) always in scenes with other top brass, he must walk with military precision. He took up bongo drums, now a full-blown fad in Hollywood, for relaxation. He's never appeared in a musical role or intended to; and his leisurely speech and long-legged cowboy stride can hardly be classed as rhythmic, but they haven't handicapped his career in the least. Gary became interested in the primitive drums when working in the South Seas in the picture *Return To Paradise* and brought some of the native instruments back to Hollywood. Now he owns a number of sets—enough, he says, "to clutter up the house."

Rhonda Fleming sings again! For the first time in six years Rhonda will sing in the new RKO film *Tennessee's Partner*. Her singing debut in films came in 1949 when Paramount was looking for a bright-eyed unknown to appear opposite Bing Crosby in *Connecticut Yankee*. Rhonda came, sang, was seen, and conquered all opposition. Her next film singing was in *The Great Lover* with Bob Hope. Since then her singing career was ignored, as she was cast in dramatic role after role. Rhonda says, "When Producer Benedict Bogeaus offered me the chance to sing 'Heart Of Gold' in *Tennessee's Partner*, I jumped at it. Maybe Hollywood will discover I can sing . . . again."

Month's Best Movie Albums

MOVIE POP PARADE. An MGM Extended Play 45 r.p.m. Album X323. Eight outstanding motion-picture tunes from movies released during 1955, using artists like Billy Eckstine, Kay Armen, Billy Fields. "Love Me Or Leave Me," "The Kentuckian," "Soldier Of Fortune," "You're Never Too Young," "Blackboard Jungle," "Marty," "The Seven Year Itch," "Lady And The Tramp."

LUSH THEMES FROM MOTION PICTURES by Leroy Holmes and his Orchestra. An MGM 33⅓ single record album E3172. This is a fabulous collection of Lush Themes by Leroy Holmes, whose "The High And The Mighty" pop record was one of the outstanding discs this year. "Spellbound," "The High And The Mighty," "Rear Window Theme," "Tara's Theme," "The Bridges At Toko-Ri," "Unchained Melody," "Land Of The Pharaohs," "Samarra," "The World Is Mine," "Forbidden Love," "Jamie," "The President's Lady."

WEE SMALL HOURS by Frank Sinatra. A Capitol Hi-Fi release on LP 33⅓ single album release W581. One of Sinatra's outstanding contributions in album form this year. A record feast for Sinatra's many fans. "In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning," "Mood Indigo," "Glad To Be Unhappy," "I Get Along Without You Very Well," "Deep In A Dream," "I See Your Face Before Me," "Can't We Be Friends," "When Your Lover Has Gone," "What Is This Thing Called Love," "Last Night When We Were Young," "I'll Be Around," "Ill Wind," "It Never Entered My Mind," "Dancing On The Ceiling," "I'll Never Be The Same," "This Love Of Mine."

IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER. Selections from the sound track of the MGM film featuring Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd, Dolores Gray, Lou Lubin. An MGM Album 33⅓ single record E3241. A musical package for the movie fans who were delighted with the film.

Disc Jockey Choices "My Favorite 'MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD'"



Bud Abbott—
WHAS—
Louisville, Ky.

"My favorite Music From Hollywood is Paul Weston's recording of 'The Kentuckian Song,' which musically captures the romance and beauty of this great state where *The Kentuckian* was filmed."



Arty Kay—
WVLK—
Lexington, Ky.

"In my winner's circle with a wreath of roses is Gordon MacRae's recording of 'People Will Say We're In Love' by Rogers and Hammerstein. How could it be otherwise?"



Jay Trompeter—
WIND—
Chicago, Ill.

"My favorite is 'It's Bigger Than You And Me,' from *My Sister Eileen*. Light-hearted and well said. Sammy Davis's interpretation is perfect."



Noel Ball—
WSIX-TV—
Nashville, Tenn.

"The tune that casts a spell over me is 'That Old Black Magic' from the new picture *Bus Stop*. It's mood music with a wonderful beat and belongs right back at the top."



Cal Milner—
WPEN—
Philadelphia, Pa.

"I choose a rather unusual one! I've always been impressed by the majestic moods created in 'Conquest' from *Captain From Castile*."

Starting next month! **MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER MUSIC-FROM-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST**

you can win: **Hi-Fi record players, 45 RPM record players Hundreds of Hi-Fi Record Albums!**

DON'T MISS THE DETAILS IN THE JANUARY MODERN SCREEN. ON SALE DECEMBER 8

She may be known as "the kiss girl" but she's got other talents

CLEO'S SECRET



About a year ago a disc jockey who kissed Cleo Moore too long and too well in front of his TV audience got fired and Cleo was promptly publicized as a glamour doll whose beauty precipitated the incident. Some of the stories implied that girls like Cleo spend all their time looking beautiful and keeping that way.

"They couldn't mean me," says Cleo. "I haven't got time. Any woman likes to look her best—and a movie star is expected to—but we really spend far less time in beauty emporiums and lolling beside swimming pools than the stories about us lead the public to think."

In association with her father, Cleo has built or rebuilt a dozen houses in Tarzana, selling them at a neat profit. She designed the landscaping for most of them and has never turned up her pretty nose at doing some of the work herself.

Cleo also turns out professional photographs, which she develops and retouches herself. She earned her living at this during her early days in Hollywood, an experience which has equipped her admirably for her role of a lady photographer in her latest picture, *Over Exposed*. She paints portraits, too—well enough to have had several exhibited in public galleries.

All this and time for dating!

But Cleo doesn't care a bit if the public thinks she's more decorative than useful, as long as bigger and better roles keep coming her way.

NOW YOU CAN AFFORD TO TRY 24 WORLD-FAMOUS PERFUMES WORTH UP TO $20 AN OUNCE!

Exciting perfume sampler offer from Camay!



Find the *perfect* perfume for you! You get all 24 precious fragrances below. Each "Nip" contains enough perfume for one application. Every drop usable . . . there's no spilling, no evaporation! Write today!

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YOU GET THESE 24 PRECIOUS FRAGRANCES:

Mary Chess	WHITE LILAC, TAPESTRY, YRAM
Lentheric	TWEED, SHANGHAI, MIRACLE, DARK BRILLIANCE
Anjou	SIDE GLANCE, DEVASTATING, APROPOS
Countess Maritza	SILENT NIGHT, WHITE MIST
Charbert	BREATHLESS
Bourjois	ROMAN HOLIDAY, EVENING IN PARIS
Harriet Hubbard Ayer	GOLDEN CHANCE
Blanchard	JEALOUSY, EVENING STAR, CONFLICT
Roger & Gallet	FLEUR D'AMOUR, BLUE CARNATION, SANTALIA
Lanier	FOLIE DE MINUIT, PALOMAR



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Camay, Dept. Q, Box 25, Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Please send me____ Camay Perfume Sampler packets. I am enclosing 50¢ *and* 3 Camay Soap wrappers for *each* packet.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Please allow at least 21 days for your perfume to reach you as it takes that long to handle your order properly. Offer good only in continental U.S., including Alaska and Hawaii. Please be sure to put sufficient postage on your envelope. Offer expires April 10, 1956.



Seafoam Mahogany Lane chest with self-lifting tray, #3205. Also in Oak, #3207. In Pearl Mahogany, #3206.

What do Christmas **presents** *have to do with Christmas* **futures?**

There's something you ought to know about the person—husband, sweetheart, or parent—who gives you a Lane. It's this: he—or she—knows and cares very deeply about the kind of person you are.

He knows you're a woman who wants the future to be even more wonderful than the present . . . who wants a Lane because in the years to come it will always be a beautiful Christmas wrapping for household and personal treasures.

If you're not yet married, it holds sweaters and skirts in sweet-smelling safety. It gathers trousseau gifts. If you already have your home, it's magnificent furniture for any room, any decor.

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¾ inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations, with a free moth protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.



Walnut Space-Saver with base drawers, #3210. In beautiful Pearl Mahogany, #3209. Also in Seafoam Mahogany, #3208.



Modern Oak chest with roomy drawer in base. #3213. Also comes in Seafoam Mahogany, #3214. Or in Pearl Mahogany, #3215.



Froni-opening blond Oak console with sliding tray, #C-164. Pumice-gray finished walnut, #C-165. American Walnut, #C-166.



Traditional-design chair-height Lane cedar chest in a rich hand-rubbed Mahogany finish with convenient self-lifting tray, #2601.

LANE Cedar Chests start at $49.95 Easy Terms

Over 100 styles and finishes • Also makers of Lane Tables

by ALICE FINLETTER

Ekberg talks:

Confessions of a FEMME FATALE

■ What is there about this blue-eyed, honey-haired Scandinavian beauty that makes her such a temptress?

How come Gary Cooper ran into her on the Warner lot one afternoon and immediately asked her to dine?

How come she had Frank Sinatra, a veteran lover if ever there was one, doing flip-flops a few months ago?

How come Mario Lanza took one look at the long-stemmed lovely and began serenading in high C?

The obvious answer lies in Anita's obvious charms. She has more of everything than practically any other actress in Hollywood. She stands five feet ten in high heels. She boasts a forty-inch bust. Her limbs are beautifully shaped. Her lips are provocatively kissable. And her attitude toward men is enticingly inviting. Also Continental.

This is what Anita Ekberg says about the loves in her life—past, present and future.

"When I go out with a man," she explains, "I try to please him, to make him feel happy and proud of me. Never do I say, 'What can this man do for me?' I am not interested in that sort of career advancement. If I were I would be farther ahead than I am today. After all, I was once under contract to Universal. I could have played the game. But the game is not for me.

"If I am interested in a man I am interested in his personality, the way he walks, the things he says. I am not interested in his influence.

"To me the thing that counts most in life is love. At times when I have felt myself or thought myself in love I have risked everything. One time a studio executive said to me, 'Anita, you are just like a little girl. Each time you are sure this is going to be the big moment.'

"I cannot change the way I am. I would like to be a really good actress, sure. But I want most the love of a good man."

Has Anita been disappointed in men?

"It is a funny thing. Sometimes you meet a man. He has the reputation of being a great lover. You think he will sweep you off your feet, captivate you with his magic. It is not so.

"I remember when I first met Frank Sinatra. It was down at Palm Springs, Jimmy Van Heusen's house. We were introduced. Frank was charming. He can be the sweetest, kindest, most considerate gentleman in the world. Also the brightest. But he is no Romeo. No Don Juan. I don't know how he got that reputation.

"To be a great lover a person must give himself away completely. You cannot hold back. You cannot date a new person every night and call that love. It is a sign of unsureness, insecurity.

"I think maybe the Italians are the best lovers in the world. They always want to give, never to take. They want to bring enjoyment, to make a girl happy."

When Anita Ekberg arrived in Rome (*Continued on next page*)



Anita dated Frankie but remained unimpressed by his reputation as a great lover. Says she, "He can be the sweetest, kindest, most considerate gentleman in the world. Also the brightest. But he is no Romeo. No Don Juan."

(*Continued from last page*) recently for twelve weeks of work on *War And Peace*, the Italian gossips had a field day.

"She is 'the other woman' in the Tyrone Power divorce," they whispered. "She is the great love in Frank Sinatra's life . . . Anita is the tall Scandinavian beauty Gary Cooper finds so attractive. . . . This is the *femme fatale* of the present generation . . . If Linda Christian runs into Signorina Ekberg, sparks will fly."

Impervious to these rumors, Anita told local newsmen, "I am too busy to deny all those stupid stories that are being circulated about me. If one listens to gossip, then practically every actor in Hollywood has been in love with me. It is ridiculous. Why, only yesterday I read that I am having a big affair with Helmut Dantine. I don't even know Dantine."

The reporters nodded and said very little. Smugly they sat back and waited. In the words of one newsman, "We waited for Vesuvius to erupt on the second floor of the Grand Hotel. We knew one fact that Anita did not. Living in Room 227 just a few doors away from her was Linda Christian. What would happen when these two met? We asked many of the hotel employees to (*Continued on page 60*)

FEMME FATALE





Anita Ekberg disarms women, too —with her frank, honest







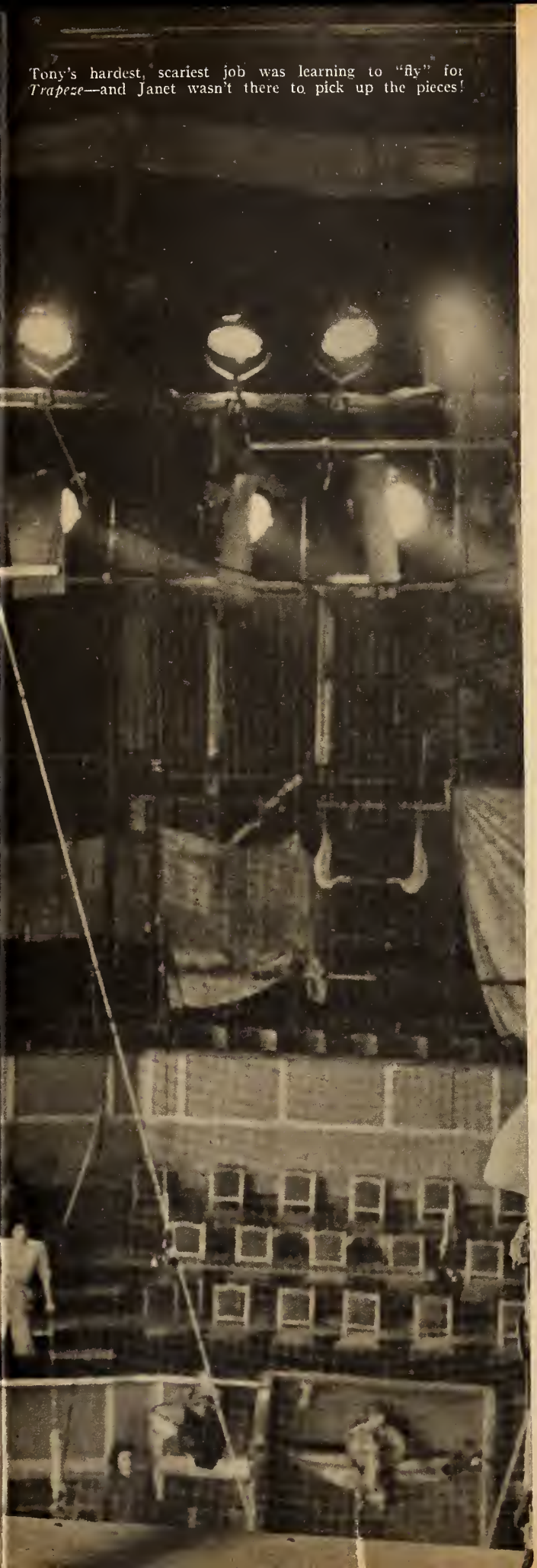
appraisal of herself

Ekberg influence puzzles Anita: "Why do people think I am all the time in love? I have been given credit for so many love affairs. You would think I am an old hag by now. I am only twenty-four and I have been in love very little. Three, maybe four times."

Lonely young man on the Flying Trapeze







Tony's hardest, scariest job was learning to "fly" for *Trapeze*—and Janet wasn't there to pick up the pieces!

The Curtises had a dream of doing Paris together. Tony was there—and then all of a sudden Janet wasn't—and the dream turned into a nightmare



All week, every week, Tony lived for Friday, when he picked up Janet (with her Mom) at the airport.

by RUTH WATERBURY

■ The phone rang in my Paris apartment at 3 A.M. Thursday morning. Before I had the receiver to my ear Tony's voice came pouring in from the other end of the city. "Listen," he wailed, "I've got to talk to you. I've only been here a week but I think I'm going to blow this whole deal. I've been trying to get London on the wire for three hours but I can't speak enough French to get through to Janie. I'm dragging so low I think I'm going to blow my stack. I've got to get out of this apartment, I've got to get where I can talk to my wife."

"Huh?" I said, helpfully. "What?"

"Look," Tony said, "things haven't been going so good. But I don't usually act like this. I couldn't be this way if I knew all day I could go home and find her near me at night. All night in bed my hands keep reaching for her. I miss all those funny little smells of hers, you know, the cologne she uses and cold cream she smears on her face. Why, I've (*Continued on page 68*)



Jeff and Marjorie Chandler learned about their love the hard way—by almost losing each other. Now they're learning what it takes to preserve a marriage on trial

by BOB ROWE

Jeff Chandler:

"THIS TIME I'LL KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT!"

■ Jeff Chandler was on location shooting *Pillars Of The Sky* in La Grande, Oregon, on the day a national magazine came out with the story about his romance with Gloria DeHaven.

One of the crew showed him the magazine and said it was on sale in the town. Jeff was horrified. He had never talked about Gloria with his wife, Marjorie, and now that they had reconciled he wanted to tell her the story himself, not have her read about it.

That night when he got back to the Sacajawea Hotel in La Grande, where Marjorie and his two daughters were staying, Jeff rushed up to the room with the magazine tightly clutched in his hand.

He showed it to Marjorie and quietly told her the story: how he had been separated from her for almost a year when he began to date Gloria, who was separated from her husband.

Marjorie listened solemnly to all Jeff said, then squeezed his hand and said she understood. Gloria DeHaven's name has never again been mentioned in conversations between Jeff and Marjorie.

Telling a close friend about it later, Jeff said he knew that Marjorie would understand. He was only sorry for any embarrassment the story caused her—and Gloria.

"Speaking for myself," he said, "I don't see how such a story can hurt me. Movie stars are supposed to be lovers and the story made me look like a romantic figure. It's just too bad that it had to be printed."

Jeff added that his (*Continued on page 62*)



Never gad-abouts, the Chandlers have reduced their social circle to a very few close friends, spend most of their time walking and talking together, playing with the kids.

Color photo by Del Hayden

One of Hollywood's most popular hostesses tells why

they all hate Hollywood parties

by RUTH ROWLAND

wife of director Roy Rowland, mother of actor Steve Rowland and sister of producer Jack Cummings



Your Guided Tour Through A Typical Hollywood Party

Starting at lower left, we see usual combination of BLONDE-WITH-PRODUCERS; behind them, DYSPEPTIC YOUNG MAN on bicarb diet. Just north we find COUPLE WHO NEVER MISS FAVORITE TV SHOW, undismayed by chatter of STARLET MAKING IMPORTANT CALL—to New York—much to annoyance of THOUGHTFUL GUEST with eye on hostess' phone bill—and own call to make ABOUT A PART. At entrance, HOSTESS welcomes PHYLLIS KIRK, who always arrives bearing books, possibly to lend BROODING ACTOR in black T-shirt whose fascination has lured ERMINED BLONDE from group fighting for possession of LANCE FULLER HOLDING DOG. NEW ARRIVALS from Broadway (upper right) are debating social significance of gentleman just back from ROUGH DAY'S SHOOTING who has fallen asleep under couch; fact chivalrously ignored by VAN JOHNSON who can do So Much with box of candy. Finally, surrounded by AGENT who has finally got THE PRODUCER'S EAR, and STARLET who never stops arguing—a prized guest—we arrive at JANET LEIGH, DEBBIE REYNOLDS and the RICARDO MONTALBANS, who will do almost anything to MAKE A PARTY GO—even listen to records by other guests.



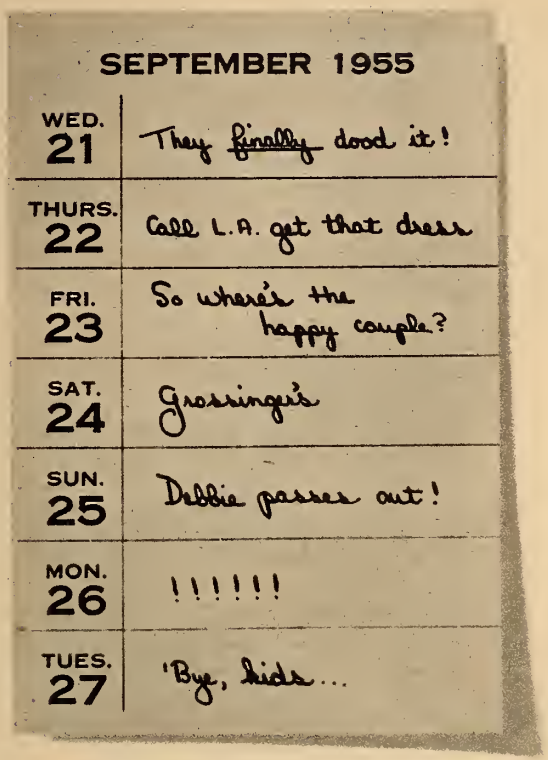
illustration by Edwin Kunz

ONCE I almost gave the Perfect Party—in my mind, at least. It was for a writer friend of ours who had written a best seller. Even though he was considered a celebrity, he was completely movie struck and was madly in love with Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, Margaret O'Brien, Phyllis Kirk, Ann Miller and Janet Leigh, none of whom he had ever met. He asked me if it were possible to invite them to the party I was giving in his honor, and I told him I would. I invited them all, and they all accepted. He was jubilant when I told him, and he could hardly wait for the evening of the party.

Since it was such a hot, balmy summer, I planned to give the party around the swimming pool with the guests seated at small tables. The decoration worked out beautifully . . . the magic lanterns flickered from the trees, the pool lit up with tiny flower candles that floated over its surface. There were bowls of gardenias on each table and Carmen Cavallero, the distinguished pianist who lives next door, said he'd love to play some of his South American music. It looked like everything was going to be just perfect for my guest of honor, who was the first to arrive, anxious to See In Person his favorite movie stars. And then the unforeseen happened! A producer, the second guest to arrive, was so thrilled about meeting the author of the book he was thinking of buying that he asked him to go to some quiet place where they could talk a little about the story. Before I knew it, my guest of honor was driven off in the producer's car with the producer's promise that he would bring him back in twenty minutes. They returned at two o'clock in the morning when the party was over, and all the guests, including the pretty stars, had gone home. Both were terribly apologetic. The writer was completely despondent, and sent me seven dozen red roses the next day with this note: "I'm going back to New York and kill myself." To this day we always kid him about being the "man who didn't come to dinner."

Things like that happen all the time, of course, but they're fun and funny—and definitely not the reason why some Hollywood parties (*Continued on page 65*)





I've been through a lot with Debbie. But those seven days before she got married —

OH, WHAT A WONDERFUL WEEK!

by MARILYN REISS

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20. This is the prologue, because it happened the day before The Week really began. Debbie had been in from California since Friday night, but this was my first chance to see her because she and Eddie had taken off for Grossinger's Saturday morning. They spent a long week end there, and as soon as she got back on Tuesday we met for lunch.

I've known Debbie for quite a few years and I can guarantee that on Tuesday she wasn't planning to get married on Monday. When Debbie doesn't want to tell me something (because she knows I work for a magazine and editors have thumbscrews and iron maidens and salary cuts and other tortures for getting information out of their employees), she just says she won't say. This time she said she had no plans and then she grinned and added that if she did, she wouldn't tell me anyhow, so that was that, and we talked about other things. For one thing, she told me about how ill she was when she got home from Korea. I won't go into it now because it happened a while back, and it's a sad story to stick right into the beginning of a happy one.

But anyway, she was thinking about it, and she was troubled. Also, it was strange, but several friends of hers, people really close to her, were getting divorced right then. Some of them she'd even bridesmaided for. "It worries me," she said. (*Continued on page 81*)



BORROWED VEIL *(from Marion Weingar)*

BLUE GARTER *(from Jeanette Johnson; you can't see it!)*

NEW SHOES *(containing* OLD *dime)*

by NATE EDWARDS



Photos by Jacques Lowe

They tell you stardom
has its price, Kim. They say
you have to wait for love,
wait until you've got it made.
They say you can't marry now.
You've listened to them, Kim,
and so you dine alone in
hotel rooms far from home,
waiting and wondering,
hiding out from love,
steeling yourself against
a woman's longing.
All because they said . . .

DON'T LISTEN TO YOUR HEART

■ Kim Novak had sort of hoped that Mac Krim could join her in Salinas or some other town in Kansas, while she was shooting her latest picture. Failing that, the very least she could expect would be a flying visit while she was in New York.

That, too, had turned out to be a disappointment. Mac just couldn't make it. Even if he could, the studio wouldn't like it. People would be sure to see them together, and the next day it would be in all the columns, and the front office would blow its stack.

Ever since she'd started movie work, he'd been around, or at least close enough to meet and talk to for a few minutes. That was in Hollywood, of course.

Her mistake in the first place, of course, had been letting everybody in Hollywood—everybody in the world, for that matter—know about Mac. Going around leaving little notes saying "Kim and Krim were here," or "Mac and Novak were back." Appearing constantly together, so obviously in love, with all the tender little signs that broadcast endearing intimacy to knowing eyes. Now she was paying.

Now his extensive business affairs, plus the studio's tough new attitude, kept him from her. By the time she reached New York for a week of additional shots, recordings and interviews, she was as lonesome as she'd ever been in her life. And that was *some* lonesome. She'd been so sure that, anyway, they'd be able to fix it so they'd be able to have at least a day or two together.

Kim was a very mixed-up girl. It was hot in New York, and though everybody said it was the start of the Season, with so much to do in her free time, she couldn't seem to find the spirit for much of anything when she wasn't actually working.

Let's look in on her and see how a glamorous star spends an afternoon when she gets away from work early. Somebody'd mentioned that a photographer would be turning up at her suite in the St. Moritz to take a few photos, but she never thought of that as something to worry about. She always just did what she was told, turning her head a little, smiling, taking a deep breath—it was as simple as that. As simple as learning to cry for a scene, as she'd told that columnist the other evening. She'd never been able to turn on the tears until someone suggested she think of herself as dead. She'd tried that, and wept buckets.

This afternoon, Kim got out of her cab under the canopy of the St. Moritz, and paused a moment before she entered the revolving doors. To her right, people were sitting in the sidewalk cafe, sipping drinks, murmuring to one another.

Marlene Dietrich was in town, and she strolled out of the place, superb in a Dior suit, a wisp of a hat by Sally Victor, and by the grace of God, her hairdresser and a short veil, the most stunning woman on the street. Kim turned around. Across Central Park South some charming old carriages were lined up. The red-nosed old fellows on the boxes, wearing rusty top hats and touching whips they would never use, waited for fares through the Park.

Kim sighed. It would be fun, if only Mac were here. . . .

(*Continued on page 71*)



hollywood's young bachelors



Bunny and Ben Cooper

Hugh O'Brian

George Nader

Race Gentry

Jeff Richards

■ They are the select, the carefree, the Golden Boys. The envy of every male over the age of 21. They can (and do) have their pick of a town-full of gorgeous dates. They are sought after by hostesses, fawned over by starlets, drooled over by waitresses. Depending only on their moods (and shooting schedules) they could be on the town every night or stay-at-homes in self-imposed solitude. Hollywood is a wonderful town to be single in, and they're living it up, each to his own taste. Some are local boys, like Race Gentry, living at home with their parents. Some are out-of-towners like Ben Cooper, who shares an apartment with his sister Bunny. Most live alone. A few have such out-of-the-way retreats that even native guides have trouble locating them. But near or far, they all live in solid comfort. Every one of them can cook a breakfast and broil a steak. A few, like Hugh O'Brian, are real gourmets. They all have hobbies; some bucolic like George Nader's garden, some hectic like Jeff Richards' racing sloop. Race Gentry has a telescope. Almost all have a room full of records, books and sporting gear. Standard equipment for every garage is a Thunderbird or El Dorado. Generally speaking, they are pretty tidy individuals but downright lazy when it comes to washing dishes. Most have a place big enough for entertaining but unanimously they'd rather go to a party than give one. As a group they are coldly ambitious, as hardworking a collection of dreamboats as you'd ever hope to meet. To a man, they are looking forward to marriage—when the right girl comes along. Till then, it's fun to keep looking.

Ben once developed a yen for Mom's chocolate sponge pie, sent home for the recipe and did so well that Mom now calls her *baking "Pies like Sonny used to make!"*



Ben Cooper lives the mad, bohemian life in a do-it-yourself flat with a built-in chaperone

■ A few months after displaced New Yorker Ben Cooper came west, sister Bunny, magazine cover girl, came out to visit him and got in an MGM picture. She promptly moved in with her brother. Ben was delighted. "It makes such a good impression on the parents of the girls I date."

The Coopers furnished their North Hollywood, near-the-studios apartment in true Greenwich Village fashion—which means on a shoestring. Bunny made the curtains, Ben the concrete-block bookcases. They threw a black cotton shag rug over the hideous couch. (Now it looks like a stuffed buffalo.) Ben does the cooking, Bunny the cleaning.

MORE ➤



"I don't get enough exercise or fresh air," Hugh complains, chose his house partly because it's half a block above the Sunset Strip, within biking distance of everywhere. (No, his dates don't ride the handlebars!)

Hugh O'Brian rented the whole second floor of a house that reminded him of home

■ Hugh O'Brian lives in the most unique of the bachelor apartments—he has the whole second floor of a remodeled frame house dating back to the early days of movies.

"The moment I saw it I knew it was for me," Hugh recalls. "I love the big old-fashioned rooms and the tremendous trees that surround the place. It reminds me of a house I knew back home in Chicago. Best of all, my landlady lets me keep Lady, my collie. And she takes care of Lady when I'm out of town."

Hugh spends a great many more hours in his upstairs haven. He's not dating much this season because he's working too hard starring in a western TV series, *The Life And Legends Of Wyatt Earp*. He shoots six days a week and studies lines at night. He also heads The Thalians, an organization of young actors which raises funds for deserving causes.







"I'm a great believer in an old Chinese proverb," George says. "If you want to be happy for an hour, roast a pig. If you want to be happy for a year, marry. If you want to be happy for a lifetime, plant a garden."

George Nader has the perfect set-up—five rooms, a garden, a cleaning woman and a cat

■ George Nader occupies the ideal one-man house. It's a five-room, early-American ranchhouse hidden at the end of a little canyon ten minutes from Universal Studios, where George works. He lives there alone except for Sam, an aristocratic black cat.

George's house is perfect for a single guy. It's small, cozy and masculine-looking, with plank floors, beamed ceilings and enormous fireplaces.

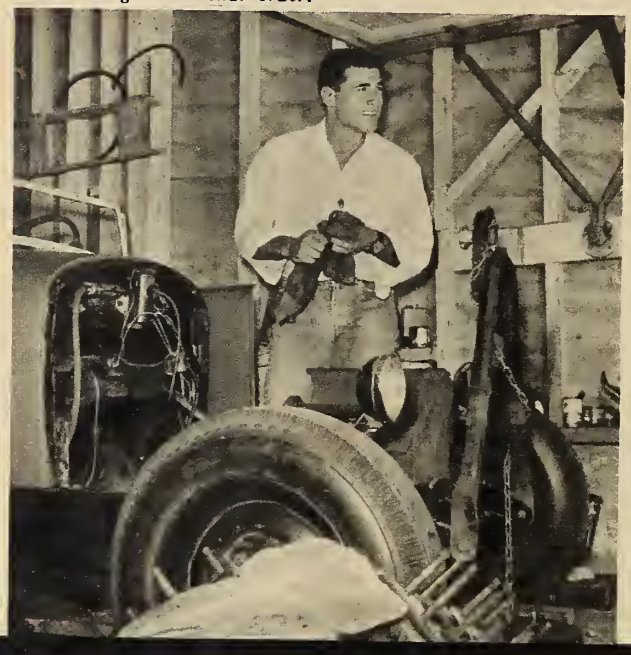
For parties George puts a stack of records on the automatic player and steaks on the grill. He stands in the kitchen where he can tend bar, watch the meat and keep his oar in the conversation.

Gradually he's doing the place over with things he's brought from remote corners of the world. In his living room are Swedish draperies, German porcelain, exotic temple carvings from India.

As a gardener he's casual but talented. In less than a year, he has turned a barren hillside into a green and flowering backyard.

MORE ➤

No one objects when Race's roadster turns the family garage into a greasepit. Besides, living home leaves more money for the things Race wants most—career, cars, boats and girls—in that order.



Race Gentry lives at home with the Papiros and as baby of the house he rules the roost

■ Race is the youngest of the three Papiro children, the only one not married and still living in the Westwood house his father and brother built before he was born.

Recently he took up astronomy and bought a $300 telescope. He keeps the big, awkward instrument in the breakfast nook and trains it out the window at night. He uses the dining-room table to answer fan mail. If he invites an unemployed actor friend to bunk in with him, the boy can stay as long as he likes.

"Furthermore," adds Race, "my mom is the best cook in town."

Nor does living with his folks curtail Race's freedom. He goes out four or five nights a week. Mondays he attends a dramatics class. Other nights he plays poker or meets his pals at Sloppy Joe's, the local pizza house. He takes dates to the Hollywood Bowl or the Philharmonic.



Jeff spends most of his time alone, reads a lot, listens to music and his excellent shortwave radio. "I like to look out and see something besides houses and people," he said, choosing his lonely beach locale.

Jeff Richards has a house all to himself—in the loneliest place he could find

■ Given his choice, Jeff would live on a boat. He did live on a 25-foot sloop for months, until he couldn't get along without a telephone any longer. So he did the next best thing—got a beach cottage facing the ocean, and located practically in it. The cottage has a big bedroom and a modern kitchen, but Jeff cooks nothing but breakfast and sleeps outdoors on the porch in all weather but storms. There are rattan chairs, a rope rug, bamboo shades—all very practical and almost unused, since Jeff almost never goes indoors.

When the gang comes over to visit Hermit Richards they swim, go fishing, dive from the rocks, play volley ball and football on the beach. Nights they cook out around a bonfire and drag out a guitar for folk-singing. When the gang isn't there, Jeff does most of those things by himself—and loves it. The air at the beach is so clean that he hardly even needs to dust, but there's always an amiable date to straighten up the place or make a home-cooked meal when necessary.





by Radie Harris



"I don't want Chris and Mike to be at so many people's mercy the way we are. I'm glad they're too young to read now."

- DOCTOR
- LAWYER
- INDIAN CHIEF—

anything but an actor

■ That's what Liz Taylor, beautiful, successful, loving her career, is going to tell her sons!

I found out about it on one of the hottest days on record in Beverly Hills.

I had stopped by to cool off from this "unusual weather" at Elizabeth Taylor's and Michael Wilding's beautiful new "modern Elizabethan" dream house, with its inviting swimming pool overlooking the sweep of the twinkling city below. Mike poured me an iced drink while Liz went into her dressing room to strip into something comfortable. She had spent an exhausting day on a broiling back lot at Warner Brothers, shooting the final sequences of *Giant*.

Suddenly Liz appeared in the doorway, looking like a little girl playing grown-up. Her hair was still streaked with silver make-up for her aging heroine part, but she was in toreador pants and open sport shirt. "I need your help," she called out. "My zipper is stuck," she giggled as I joined her in the bedroom with its wall-to-wall bed. As I tugged away at her pants I giggled, too, thinking, "What a shame this scene has to be wasted on me!"

The crisis over, Liz went calmly about changing. Her whole personality seemed more relaxed than in all the years I have known her and that dates back to her very first picture, *Lassie Come Home*, when she was twelve.

I remember how desperately Liz wanted to rush the years ahead to the ripe old age of sixteen, when she could wear lipstick and go out on dates unchaperoned by the ever-watchful eye of her mother.

I recall the winter they came to New York. It was right after Liz's tremendous success in *National Velvet*, and I accompanied them on a tour of the local Loew's theatres. Liz, a shy youngster, had to get up on the stage with a baby spotlight on her and ad lib with a different m.c. at each picture house. We didn't always arrive at the exact moment of her scheduled appearance so, flanked by bodyguards, we would be ushered into the theatre to watch the feature until it was time for Liz to go on. Invariably, right (*Continued on next page*)





anything but an actor

(*Continued from last page*) at the most exciting part, her mother would turn to her and say, "We must go now." Liz would plead, "Can't I just stay until this scene is over?" Sara would be firm. "No, darling, you won't have time to freshen your make-up." And, obediently, Liz would tear herself away, looking longingly back for one last glimpse of Joan Crawford.

Once, on the way home I asked her if she had wanted to be an actress. "No, I wanted to be a great ballerina or a violinist or a nurse," was her retort. I remember thinking at the time, "I bet when Liz has children of her own, she will do everything she can to dissuade them from following in her footsteps."

Now twelve years later, Liz had just peeped into the nursery to see six-months-old Christopher sleeping the untroubled sleep of a healthy, happy baby. His two-and-one-half-year-old brother, Mike, Jr., was allowed to stay up and visit with Mummy a while. Liz cuddled him on her lap and then turned to me as if reading my thoughts. "I will never do anything to prevent Mike or Chris from being actors," she remarked, "but I would prefer them to choose a more constructive profession—like engineering or medicine. Acting is the most fascinating and rewarding of all fields when it goes right for you, but it can be such heartache and disappointment when it doesn't. Then, too, it is the only business in the world where you are at the mercy of so many people—the public, the studio, the press. They can build you up but they can tear you down just as quickly. They can quote you and they can misquote you. Your private life is an open book and if you resent living in a goldfish bowl, everyone asks indignantly, 'Who does she think she is? Garbo?' "

"In England, everyone is protected by libel laws," added Mike. "The sewer type of magazines that victimize film stars with malicious lies and half-truths would be out of business after the first issue. The damage of this kind of yellow journalism that flourishes over here is irreparable, because people believe what they read, without bothering to realize how much of this slander is completely unfounded or based on vague hints. Unfortunately, the growing trend toward sensationalism doesn't cater only to the taste of adults. Even youngsters are avid readers these days. As long as people write malicious and untrue gossip, it's very hard to know how to keep a child entirely away from these unpleasant things. Fortunately, (*Continued on page 64*)

"Way back when we were still calling Mike, Jr., 'Britches' I wanted him to be a doctor—nothing else. I once wanted to be a nurse. Now, of course, I want him to make his own choice in his own time. That goes for Chris, too."

"Jane Powell's little girl is a doll and my children have a wonderful time with hers. But when they're with kids who'll be impressed that their folks are movie stars, we'll have to fight to give them a sane sense of values."

"I missed not having a crowd of kids to go to school with. Most of the time I had a private tutor and even the school on the Metro lot wasn't the same as a real, normal one, where the kids weren't actors."





He lived his life as a desperate search — and found his destiny on the lonely road to Salinas

APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH

■ Threading the twists and turns of the Grapevine Road south of Bakersfield, the speeding Porsche was a blur of white, a great jackrabbit dodging through the brown California hills. Over the engine's steady drone came the high and angry whine of a police siren. The Porsche braked to a stop, and the driver turned a look of impatience on the grim state patrolman who stalked over to write out the ticket. "This is a forty-five-mile zone," the cop said curtly. "*You* were doing sixty-five."

"I'm late," said James Byron Dean. "Got to get to Salinas. I'm expected. . . ." He stuffed the ticket in his shirt pocket, adjusted his goggles, and with a defiant spin of its rear wheels the Porsche spurted northward. Somehow his strange, fierce life had been directed to this appointment whether he knew it or not. For he was expected, but not at Salinas. His destination was a lonely intersection at dusk, just out of Paso Robles. He had averaged seventy-five miles an hour to be on time.

The Porsche flashed across the intersection, rammed another car head-on, and (*Continued on page 58*)

Only a few Hollywood people had time to really know him. I was proud to be one of the few

THIS WAS MY FRIEND JIMMY DEAN

by Mike Connolly





Jim had a lot of the kid left in him, even at twenty-four. He was an intellectual, sure, but he was easy enough to get to know —when he wanted you to.

■ I wrote this story to correct an impression—a bad impression that a lot of people had about a guy named Jimmy Dean, who was a friend of mine. Not a close friend, but I knew him and liked him, and I didn't like what people said about him. Not because it was uncomplimentary, but because it wasn't true—at least, it wasn't true of the Jim Dean I knew.

Now he's dead. There'll be a lot written about that, but not by me. And I suppose no one will have anything bad to say of him anymore. You don't speak ill of the dead. No one will call him rude and neurotic now; at worst they'll say he was a non-conformist. He was.

So I am glad I wrote this story while he was alive. I think it has more meaning that way. All it really is is the story of a day I spent with him, but now that there won't be any more days with Jim for anyone, it makes a good memory to hold.

I don't imagine many people had seen Jim at home recently. How could they? Jim had just moved into a new place and it was a hide-away if ever one existed. When I drove out there for the first time I missed the place entirely, got lost and had to go back several miles.

It was a nice area to drive through, but I hadn't wanted to be late.

The house, newly-rented, is in San Fernando valley. Jim had taken it on a (*Please turn to page* 52)



photo by Roy Schatt

In Hollywood, Jim had just began to make friends. But in New York, where this remarkable photo was taken, he had many good friends. The relationships formed during those days when Jim struggled for a foothold in theatre were the lasting ones, deeply felt by people who understood his melancholy, his brooding need to be alone.

In Texas for Giant *Jim made no friends among the press but he got on fine with cast and crew*



one-year lease. When I finally got there, half an hour late, I found the windows and doors all wide open. A hi-fi machine was blaring Bach's Toccata in F Major. I tripped over an iron doorstop. Jim turned the hi-fi down as I entered the living room, apologized for leaving the doorstop in the middle of the doorway and then, right off, asked, "Hey, how about coffee? I've got a pot brewing in the kitchen." I said fine and then made *my* apologies—for being late. Jim said it was okay because he had been up late himself the night before. He had worked with Liz Taylor and Rock Hudson in *Giant* at Warners from 8 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. and then, at home, had stayed up long past midnight reading and listening to records.

I had parked out on the quiet, suburban street and hadn't paid too much attention to the heavy shrubbery that veils the house from the street as I hurried up the long path to the door. Now I was beginning to notice things. I noticed that the living room takes up most of the house. It was one of the biggest living rooms I'd ever seen. The whole place reminded me of a ski lodge.

Then I noticed two strange-looking cellophane cones, each about seven feet long, hanging from loudspeakers hidden in the beamed ceiling. One cone hung from one end of the room, one hung from the other end. Jim, who was wearing a white Mexican (*Continued on page* 77)



A former counselor, Jim spent a lot of time with kids near the location. When he heard he was being called a hermit he muttered, "I'm not famous—I'm notorious!" brooded a while, then sneaked off for a badly-needed but unauthorized two-day vacation.













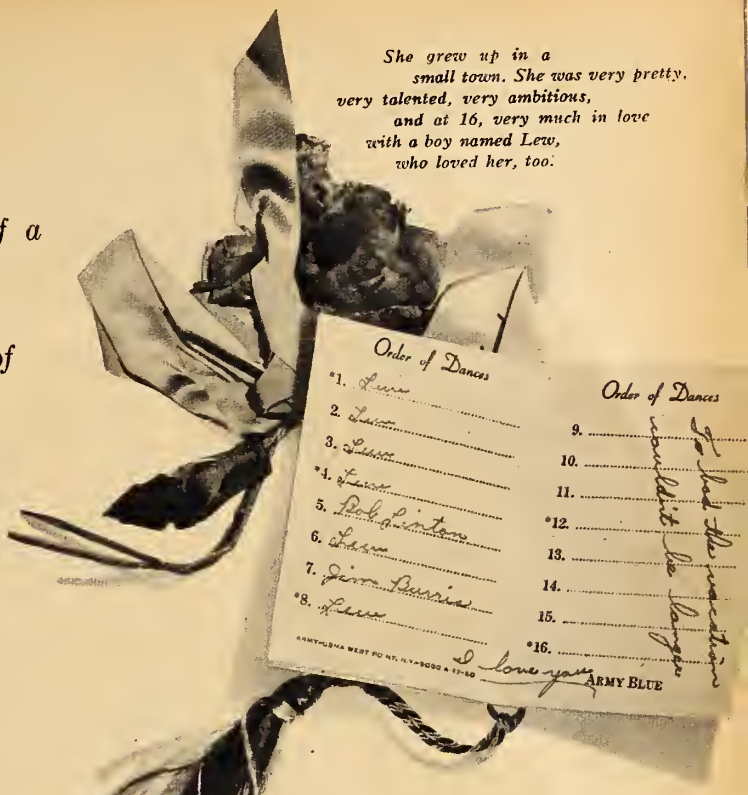
When he left home, Jim took his hobbies with him. Hobbies? For most people they'd have been full-time jobs. He had a tape recorder for studying his acting and recording music; he was an amateur photographer, a good shot (especially in penny arcades)—and more besides. But he did have his moods—wouldn't talk to newsmen who came all the way from New York for an interview.



She grew up in a small town. She was very pretty, very talented, very ambitious, and at 16, very much in love with a boy named Lew, who loved her, too.

This is the story of a girl who knew where she was going–from the age of three. Her name is Shirley Jones

by SUSAN WENDER



Don't call her CINDERELLA



Every spare moment, she was with him at West Point. But there weren't many spare moments, because even in high school Shirley was a professional singer.

They've got Shirley Jones pegged as Miss Cinderella in person, the little girl from nowhere who never dreamed of becoming a star, who suddenly blossomed, by some miracle, into the lead of one of the biggest, most important movies ever made—*Oklahoma!*

Well, don't believe a word of it. It just ain't so. There's a switch in the story of Shirley Jones. True, she's an amazing girl; true, Hollywood never heard of her before Rodgers and Hammerstein presented her as their protegée. And she certainly is, to coin a phrase, Sweet, Simple and Unspoiled By Success. But she is also possessed by a rock-solid, driving ambition to win herself a place in show business—an ambition which she has followed with great singleness of purpose since slightly before kindergarten! Nor was she always Sweet. "I was a terrible child, strong- (*Continued on page 73*)

more pictures on following page

SHIRLEY JONES: *These photos, exclusive to MODERN SCREEN, come from the scrapbooks Shirley's folks have kept all her life*



At 3. A doll to strangers - but a terror at home!



No time for howling now - she's saving her voice!



A last date before going steady with Lew. Shirley's got her picture in print-as usual.



With chorine Sari Prince - her roomie and pal all over the world.





Lewis A. Mologne

Smithton Boy Passes All Tests For West Point

SMITHTON — Lewis A. Mologne, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Mologne, received word recentl[y] from officials of the [U]nited

Mom and Pop follow her everywhere - New York, California - Lew gets left behind in Pittsburgh - just a memory in the Smithton scrapbook.



Miss Pittsburgh of 1952 - and only months out of high school! the bathing suit looks OK, but when she sings the contest is over, fast.







From grammar school on, she never says no to singing. Local bands, fashion shows, openings, closings-anything.



ng Standard FINAL EDITION

PRICE—FIVE CENTS

k Market Baby Ring

Lovely Shirley Jones of Smithton To Be Given Hollywood Film Test

19-Year-Old Beauty Queen Hopes To Be 'Laurie' In 'Oklahoma': Appears In Broadway Productions

Russian Plan For Austria Called Brutal

Rogers and Hammerstein - they discover her, "adopt" her, hide her from the press - but the Pennsylvania papers keep up.

appointment with death

(*Continued from page 49*) almost before the shattering explosion of sound had died away, the life was gone out of James Dean. He had kept his appointment with Death.

The shocking news cast a pall over the sports car meet at Salinas, Dean's destination. (Ironically it was in the role of a moody Salinas youth, son of Raymond Massey, that he had rocketed to fame in *East Of Eden.*) Whether he had intended to enter the races or merely watch them was his own secret. Studio executives, alarmed by his love of speed for speed's sake, had exacted a promise from him not to race while a picture was in production. One of his bosses had warned him: "One day you'll kill yourself in these souped-up races!" and Jimmy had obeyed. But only the week before, he had finished work on *Giant* for Warners, and he may have felt that the ban was lifted.

Coming so soon after the fatal crash that took Bob Francis' life, and the not-so-unexpected tragedy of Suzan Ball's death, the news from Paso Robles shocked Hollywood, too. It was broken to Elizabeth Taylor, his co-star in *Giant,* in a projection room where she was watching rushes from the picture. She stared incredulously a moment, then lowered her lovely face into cupped hands. "Oh, God," she sobbed. "I can't believe it. I can't *believe* it!" But she had to believe it, and she wept. A reporter told Ursula Andress, the starlet Jimmy had dated until recently, and she wept, too: "We broke off weeks ago . . . I tried to understand him, I really did. But he was a strange, so strange young man. Only a few days ago he drove up and showed me his new car. Maybe if I had said something . . ." They broke the news to Jimmy's father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean, and the father said sadly, "One day he was with us, and now, the next, he's gone—for good. Wherever he is I hope my boy finds peace. But I only wish we'd been closer."

And then, for these people who knew him as well as any, and for many others who did not know him at all, came a period of wondering: in the deeper sense was James Dean's death really accidental —or inevitable? Was his appointment with Death a casual rendezvous, a brutal quirk of fate, or had it been made a long time ago? Perhaps it was the destiny of this strange, much-misunderstood youth to meet Death at only twenty-four.

As a matter of fact he had met it before, and the whole of his short, intense life had been altered by the encounter. The Deans had moved to California from Marion, Indiana, when James was a small child. A few years later his mother, the former Mildred Wilson, became ill with cancer.

"She was only twenty-nine," Winton Dean told MODERN SCREEN last summer. "The doctors told me it was hopeless. How do you tell an eight-year-old boy his mother's going to die? I tried, but I just couldn't make it. Jim and I—we've never had that closeness. And my Jim is a tough boy to understand."

And how can an eight-year-old tell his father how much he mourns his mother? The grieving Jimmy couldn't even try. He shut up his grief inside his heart, and when he was sent back to Fairmont, Indiana, to be cared for by his uncle Mark and Aunt Ortense Winslow, no one ever knew. Time healed the tragedy of Mildred Dean's death for the grownups of the family, but not for Jimmy. On the surface he was fine: he starred in debate and drama, was a pole-vaulter on the high school track team and played a good game of basketball. He even came to call his aunt "Mom." Back on the Coast to take pre-law at U.C.L.A., he was friendly enough with his father and stepmother. But deep down, he was a boy who had been intimate with Death. It was this, along with the strange talent that smoldered inside him, struggling to break into flame, that set him apart from people and made him, even for his own father, tough to understand. Some saw the talent, perhaps a few unconsciously sensed the tragedy locked inside him, but almost none could know him or communicate with him.



Jim was obsessed with cars and speed, started with motorcycles, turned to supercharged racers.

For his own part, Dean found communication terribly difficult. In all his human contacts, he was unconsciously seeking something he had lost back in the years beyond remembering. Have you ever seen a mother's searching eyes, urgently looking through a crowd for a child who has strayed? There was something of that in James Dean's eyes when he met new people. The eyes might light up for a fraction of a second, as if in recognition, but more often they would be veiled in swift rejection, then turn away to search again.

Thus with most people, having seen at a glance that his pursuit was not over, Dean was reticent or ill at ease or downright ill-mannered. They had nothing to give him; they would get nothing from him. The fact that they might *want* something from him was of supreme unimportance. A very, very few seemed almost to satisfy his wordless longing. One of these was Pier Angeli, with whom he was much in love even after losing her. She perhaps reminded him of someone lost. . . . A few more could at least give him comfort and help him pass the time during his search, and to these he was grateful. They included non-predatory actresses who put up with his unpredictability, and mechanics who met him at the crankcase level, and even perfect strangers, if they dug bongo rhythms or bullfighting or Bartok.

Somehow, when he was acting, the pressure of his quest found release. All the locked-up emotion came out, pure and true, uninhibited but full of sensitivity. Now the seeker was on display, hoping to be found by the one he sought. People who saw him act—who *experienced* the hot flame of his talent as it suddenly enveloped sound stage or theatre—came away strangely shaken, as if they had looked straight into his soul and seen something nameless but beautiful and frightening. And Dean, when the cameras stopped turning, simply faded like a face on a screen, turning back, inward, to himself as he resumed his old, unending quest.

His passion for sports-car racing was both a part of his search and apart from it. Behind the wheel, white helmet clamped down on his head, goggles tied tight over his eyes, with the scent of gas and burning rubber in his nose and the protesting screech of tires in his ears and the pure feel of headlong speed like rushing eternity in his soul—there he was free. Free from the world's distractions, free for the faster and faster pursuit of what he would never find in this world. Unless it lay around the next curve. . . . Which is where James Dean finally did find it, triumphantly, at dusk one day on the road to Salinas. **END**

don't miss the
announcement of
the special
25th anniversary
awards with
bride-of-the-year
debbie reynolds
on **modern screen's**
january cover
at your newsstands
december 8



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wide awake folks are gift-buying at Samsonite's

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PERSONAL O'NITE, $17.50*



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Small wonder women adore the famous Samsonite Train Case. Holds 52 travel needs; has waterproof lining and plastic tray for cosmetics and jewelry. Other grand gifts are the new Personal O'Nite and Hat Box, left. All have tight tongue-in-groove closures and come in six "better-than-leather" finishes that resist scuffing and wipe clean as new with a damp cloth. (Shown here in Rawhide Finish.) All are *big* values for small prices.

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ALSO ULTRALITE SAMSONITE LUGGAGE FROM $22.50*

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femme fatale

(*Continued from page 28*) keep their eyes and ears open. We expected the worst."

Why?

Let's go back a few years for the answer. At that time Tyrone Power was starring in *Mississippi Gambler*. And Anita Ekberg was a starlet on the same Universal-International lot. Power was miserable then, largely because his wife Linda Christian was giving him a bad time.

One afternoon he met Anita Ekberg, a blonde with a quick wit and striking figure. They became friends, nothing more.

After *Mississippi Gambler*, Ty checked off the lot and signed to tour the country with *John Brown's Body*. Not being particularly fond of bus trips and one-night stands, Linda could not or would not accompany her husband on this cross-country junket. She finally caught up with him in New York. Then she discovered that Anita had been writing letters to her husband. She blew her top.

Ty, in turn, asked for a divorce as he had done so many times in the past. He pointed out that their marriage wasn't happy. Why not dissolve it? Linda refused. Linda thought that Ty was determined to obtain his freedom for the sole purpose of marrying Anita Ekberg, a conclusion later proven false. You can understand, however, why the Italian newspapermen expected the fur to fly when the two beauties met in Rome.

Well, meet they did. In the lobby of the Grand Hotel one evening. What happened? Absolutely nothing. Linda, in the process of touring Europe with Edmund Purdom, looked through Anita. And Anita, escorted by her newest admirer, suave Mario Bandini, looked through Linda. You could have cut the atmosphere with an ice pick. But both girls behaved like perfect ladies. Both had loved the same man, Tyrone Power, and both had lost.

"So many love affairs"

Is it true that Anita has fallen in love with Mario Bandini, an Italian man-about-Rome? Is it true that she left *War And Peace* to go to Capri with Bandini?

"I went to Capri with Mario just for a visit. But I was not working at the time. He is a good friend of Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn. Very charming. But we are not in love. Why do people think I am all the time in love? I have been given credit for so many love affairs. You would think I am an old hag by now. I am only twenty-four and I have been in love very little. Three, maybe four times."

Anita Ekberg was born in Malmo, Sweden, on September 29, 1931, the sixth of eight children. As a child she was tall and precocious and always hated school. When she was fifteen she quit and promptly fell in love with George Johanson, son of the local police chief.

"It was a very wonderful affair," Anita recalls. "So blissful, so young, so innocent. He never touched me. Really, he never touched me. No more than a kiss, a hug. No more than that. We used to take long walks in the woods. He was only eighteen. We used to talk about married life, what it would be like for us. Then George joined the cavalry and I grew up and the love became memory."

After George there was Bjorn. "He was ten years older than I was. We went together for two years. Then I won the Miss Sweden Contest and was sent to Atlantic City. When I came back to Stockholm, it was all over between Bjorn and me. I returned to America and Hollywood. They taught me English and diction and things like that. I dated lots of men. That's what a girl is supposed to do, isn't she? But I didn't fall in love with any of them."

How about Tyrone Power? Wasn't he the great love of her life?

"All I will say about Ty is that he is one of the most wonderful persons I have known. I thought after his divorce from Linda that maybe he would ask me to marry him. He did not. I am very sorry about that. I am sorry that we do not see each other. I read he is going with Eva Gabor. I wish them every happiness. Perhaps she has something I have not."

What about Bob Wagner?

"You say Bob Wagner? He is only a boy, a nice, good-looking boy. We had a date, maybe two, several years ago."

Is it true that Anita plans to meet Gary Cooper in Europe after *War And Peace* is finished?

"I met Cooper at a party in Romanoff's. I think it was for Marilyn Monroe. Then I didn't see him for a long time until I came to Warners. I was working on Casablanca, the TV show. He was working at the same time on *The Courtmartial of Billy Mitchell*. You know how it is when people are working together on the same lot. They run into each other. It was that way with us. He asked me for lunch. I said it was an honor. That's all there has been to it. He is very charming. I wish I had met him years ago when he was single. At least I am honest about it. But there is nothing between us. The gossips are making it a big thing. Just like they did with Frank Sinatra.

"With Frank there was some truth. At least we were dating pretty steady. I stopped going with him after that Sammy Davis party at Ciro's. I do not like being one out of many. But with Cooper we have had lunch. That is all. Then came the wire from Rome offering me *War And Peace*."

What was the true status of her friendship with wealthy realtor Cy Feldman?

"Cy is a nice man. But it is finished between us. Why? Well, when you go with a man, you count on him, you rely on him. He is your friend and you think he will help you in the hour of need. It came to me while I was going with Cy. I aked for some help. It wasn't very important. But I asked, and he said no. After that it was never the same again. It is always a little sad to lose a friend. Each time I die a little."

Was it true that Marilyn Monroe and Anita weren't on speaking terms, that they were jealous of each other?

"Certainly I am not jealous of Marilyn. When I was in New York several months ago I was staying at the Waldorf. I was queen of the Beaux Arts Ball. I ran into Marilyn. 'Call me,' she said. But she never told me where, so I could not call her. Many people compare me to Marilyn. But I do not think we are alike. She is American and I am Swedish, and they say we have the same kind of appeal, physical and animalistic and things like that. But I do not believe it. I am just as interested in things of the mind as I am in men.

"As a matter of fact I have just finished *War And Peace*, the book. How many girls do you know have read *War And Peace?* No matter what they write about me, I am not a *femme fatale* and I am not all body. I have a brain and I use it." **END**

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hollywood approves your Xmas gifts

■ Santa, Vic Damone and a bevy of MGM's famous—Liz Taylor, Jane Powell, Cyd Charisse, Debbie Reynolds and Ann Blyth were on our 1955 MODERN SCREEN Xmas Board. These selected lovely gifts to give and to own are the perfect answer to a merry, merry Christmas. See these stars in the current MGM films listed on page 63.

1. Stow-a-way, *tan kip calf handbag, Meeker, $21*. Washable Launder-Leather gloves, Superb, $6.50. Satin scarf, Glentex, $2. Pearl jewelry, Duchess: earrings, $1*; bib, $2*. Perfume and cologne, Bourjois'* Evening In Paris: *gift-wrapped perfume, $4*; cologne, $1*; jewelled purse flacon, $1.50.*

2. *Fashion Fit,* Rain Dears, *plastic rainboots to protect high and Cuban heel shoe styles, Lucky. Smoke or clear. About $2.* Pointer, *shoes of clear vinyl with black patent or suede trim, Debtowners, about $9.95. Pearls, Volupté, two-strand necklace, $15*; set, $6*. The* Première *sheer nylon stretch hosiery for evening, Ballet, $1.95.*

3. Ultralite, *magnesium train case covered in pilot tan* vinyl *and lined in gold acetate taffeta, Samsonite, $22.50*. Bur-Mil Cameo nylon stretch hosiery. $1.95.* Ambush, *new scent in spray cologne and bath powder, Dana; cologne, $3*; powder, $1.50*. Pearls, Duchess: earrings, $1* a pr.; bib, $2. Slippers, Honeybugs, $3.99 a pr.*

4. Brush Stroke, *a two-color jacquard cardigan of 100% Zephyr wool, Catalina, $12.95. Intricately designed Indian collar, Glentex, $3. Simulated pearl necklace, Volupté, $15*. Famous fragrance,* Tabu, *cologne and perfume, Dana: cologne, $3.75*; perfume, $10*. Satin cowhide wallet, Meeker, $6*.*

5. *Practical and handsome—this modern cedar-lined console chest, Cedar Lane. Its overall design is ideal for the living room, dining room or foyer. Finished in blond Oak, it features a beautifully sculptured, Swedish modern base, Tambour-type doors, brass handles and sliding shelf. About $89.95.*

6. *A luxurious and precious gift—sterling silverware by Towle. Patterns: (a) French Provincial, $35; (b) Silver Spray, $35; (c) Contour, $39.75. Each price includes one place setting and tax. Towle Sterling is sold at selected stores best qualified to serve you.*

If there is any merchandise in this fashion section that is not carried by your favorite stores, write Fashion, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y., for information.
*Plus tax





Modern Screen Christmas Gifts



More fashions on page 63

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jeff chandler

(*Continued from page 33*) happiness had never been so complete as it was during the ten days he and Marjorie and their two daughters, Jamie, eight, and Dana, five, spent on location in La Grande.

The family was not allowed to go with Jeff on the shooting site because there was the danger of rattlesnakes. Nights after work and week ends Jeff spent with his girls, picnicking at Wallowa Lake in the mountains over Joseph, Oregon.

They spent happy hours fishing, swimming and boating and getting to know each other again, and at night he and Marjorie would visit friends in La Grande, play bridge, and on the long walks back to the hotel, talk things out.

The children were foremost in their discussions, but Jeff is quick to admit that the bachelor life was not great.

In the eleven months he and Marjorie had been waiting for their final divorce decree Jeff had done a lot of thinking, as well as a lot of dating.

The parting of the ways

It was shortly after Christmas in 1954 that the Chandlers realized they had come to a "parting of the ways."

"Neither of us is at fault," Jeff said at the time, "but we just have too many dividing lines. We tried to compromise them, but they didn't work."

He got an apartment in secrecy, but the day he left by air for the east to begin personal appearance tours the secret was out. Jeff denied to the press that there was trouble between him and Marjorie. A few days later Marjorie announced that she and Jeff were through.

The studio tried to suppress the announcement from her and made an announcement in Jeff's name, saying that everything was all right. When he returned, Jeff was furious at the studio. However, he was still trying to hold on to his marriage, despite Marjorie's determination to end it.

Marjorie's announcement came at the peak of Jeff's popularity. It also came at the same time her own career as an actress was beginning to pick up again.

Jeff denied that Marjorie's decision to return to acting complicated their marriage. Actually, she decided to return at about the time she felt their marriage was failing. She wanted to have a career to fall back on if she needed to support herself and her daughters.

Marjorie told friends she was certain Jeff's new success had hurt their marriage. She felt that Jeff had become a spoiled child.

The divorce was granted by default on March 15, 1954. Before the case came up in court Jeff and Marjorie worked out their settlement and agreed the charge would be as gentle as possible.

Marjorie testified that Jeff suffered from "chronic fatigue and always fell asleep" no matter where they were. She attributed the breakup of their nine-year marriage to Jeff's "intense and complete absorption in his career."

"He told me he was fond of me but he found it impossible to live with me," she said in court.

The judge approved an agreement giving Marjorie custody of Jamie and Dana and ordered Jeff to pay $500 a month support for the children and $1,166 monthly alimony, plus $12,000, over the following twelve months.

Immediately after his divorce was granted, Jeff moved out of the bachelor apartment in Hollywood and rented a house in Apple Valley, California. On week ends, when he was not using the place, Marjorie and the girls would come up to use the pool and sun themselves.

Jeff would then stay in the house in town.

All during the period Jeff was moving possessions out of their home, he and Marjorie would meet at the house and attempt to have a cup of coffee "like civilized people who were once in love." These "talks" always ended in harsh words and recriminations. The possibility of reconciliation got slimmer each time they met. The press was continually after Jeff for the "real story," and in lieu of direct statements many fictional stories were printed.

Jeff said recently that these fictional stories often caused more discord between him and Marjorie, and delayed chances of reconciliation. "I don't blame her for being angry. I used to call every night to talk with the children, and one night when I called I could tell by the way she answered the telephone that things were strained.

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'Oh nothing.'

"'Come on,' I insisted. 'What's wrong. I know you well enough. Does something bother you?'

"'I'd better let you talk to the kids,' she said, 'before I blow my top.'

"Finally she told me what she was angry about. It was a magazine article that made it sound as if our marriage had been just a cheap affair. I told her I hadn't given out any interview like that, and didn't know anything about it, but she wasn't convinced.

"When I hung up I went right out to get the magazine, but I forgot to ask her which one it was, so I had to buy eight of them. When I finally found the right one, I understood just how she felt. I was as angry as she was."

Tom Curtice, the Paris film critic, heard of the race between Mike Todd and Ponte-de Laurentis to produce *War And Peace*. Curtice offered this solution: "Cut the story in half. Let the Italians make Peace and Todd make War."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Another magazine made a big story of his "romance" with Susan Hayward. The writer also referred to Jeff as a philanderer.

He was furious. The story intimated that he had been keeping an apartment on the side for extra-marital activities, during the period he was reconciling with Marjorie.

The story went on to say that Susan and Jeff had been in love since childhood.

"The fact is," Jeff told me, "I knew Susan as a kid back in Brooklyn. We both went to Public School 181 and we lived only three blocks apart. But I certainly wasn't in love with her then or later."

Susan Hayward and Gloria DeHaven were just two of many girls Jeff dated during the year he was waiting for his divorce to become final, but it was Betty Abbott, a script girl on the Universal-International lot, and Rock Hudson's girl friend, whom Jeff was most serious about.

Ironically, Jeff and Rock had been friends during the making of *Iron Men*, one of Rock's first pictures. In it he played Jeff's close pal. Later Rock played Jeff's son in *Son Of Cochise*. Their friendship became strained, however, when Jeff started to pick Betty up after work and take more and more of her time.

Friends believe that Jeff and Betty broke up only when Rock ordered her to take her choice between the two men. By then Betty had an intimation that Jeff's heart was still with Marjorie and his children, and she chose Rock, only to lose him later to Phyllis Gates.

Reconciliation

Three weeks after Jeff and Betty broke up, Jeff announced he and Marjorie had reconciled.

Actually Jeff and Marjorie's first real reconciliation took place some weeks later on the train to New York, where Jeff was to embark for the Virgin Islands and *Away All Boats*. They often referred to the three days and two nights spent on the train and the five days in New York as their second honeymoon.

For the three weeks Jeff was in the Virgin Islands working, Marjorie waited in New York. Then they went back to Hollywood together.

After the reconciliation Jeff surrounded his marriage with an iron curtain of secrecy. His attitude was explained by one of his best friends: "Jeff believes he has arrived as an actor of stature and dignity. Publicity helped him get where he is, and he thinks that the only thing he needs to stay at the top is good pictures. He's willing to talk about anything but his private life. He's absolutely determined to keep that—private."

The only time Jeff has discussed his reconciliation was in Chicago when he and Marjorie went through en route to New York.

Newsmen met their railroad train and Jeff realized it was inevitable that he face them. He said simply, "I thought it over and realized how much I love my wife and children. I had a year to think things over, as did Marjorie, and we believe we are doing the best thing for all of those concerned to make our marriage work."

Marriage on trial

He refused to amplify his statements and later in New York he told the Universal-International press agent that he did not want to talk with the newspapers again. He had given his story to them once and didn't want any further publicity.

Since the reconciliation the Chandlers have limited their social life and associate only with their old friends, who for the most part are also in show business.

They moved into a new home in West Los Angeles where they take turns driving the girls to school, going shopping together; have friends over for cards, movies, conversation.

Sometimes they spend hours before a roaring fire in the den, going over Jeff's shooting scripts for the next day, with Majorie reading the leading lady's lines.

Both Jeff and Marjorie make a ritual out of putting the girls to bed. Jeff usually gets down on his hands and knees and plays house with the girls, letting them be the mother. Sometimes they play "Medic" and he is the doctor. Other times Marjorie and Jeff play the children's children. Everybody has a big laugh over the nighttime frolics, which end with Jeff giving Marjorie's hand a reassuring squeeze.

Since the reconciliation there have been a few occasions when both Marjorie and Jeff have been compelled to restrain their emotions in favor of a peaceful solution to a problem. So far nothing serious has come up, but they live with the constant knowledge that things are still in a "trial" stage.

Jeff's friends believe this "trial" atmosphere is good for him. They argue that he never really believed Marjorie would leave him, and when she did it affected him much more than he believed it would.

Now he is aware that the impossible is a possibility and he realizes how precious his wife and children are. It seems likely that Jeff will do everything possible to make his "second" marriage a success. Including keeping his own counsel. **END**

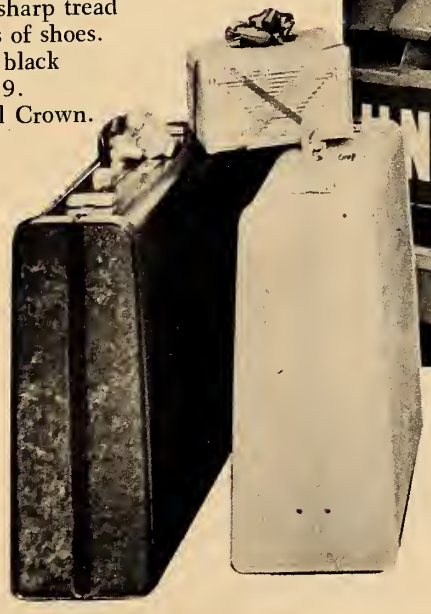
Modern Screen Christmas Gifts

■ Barbara Brent, Goldwyn Girl in MGM's *Guys And Dolls*, suggesting gifts: *Ultralite* luggage, Samsonite. Ladies O'Nite case lined in quilted taffeta for "Mom" or "her." Vapor white, airline grey, pilot tan or flight blue. Above $25*. Men's two-suiter lined in rayon gabardine for "Dad" or "him." Rocket brown, pilot tan or jet grey. About $35*. Both of magnesium—covered in scuff-free *vinyl*. Gifts below: 1. Handbag of hand-colored steerhide with hand-tooled design, Meeker. Two zipper pockets and roomy compartments. Adjustable shoulder strap. About $18*. Wool shawl, Glentex, $4. Pearls, Duchess. $1* each. 2. Universal Fit, *Rain Dears*, Lucky. 100% molded plastic rainboots with deep, sharp tread bottoms to insure safety. Fit all types of shoes. Clear or smoke. About $2. *Huskies'* black suede sweater pumps, Hussco. $4.99. 3. Pin, a *Natural Creation*, Imperial Crown. Real leaves penetrated and coated with 24 Karat gold. $6 incl. fed. tax. *Launder Leather* gloves, Daniel Hays. $10.

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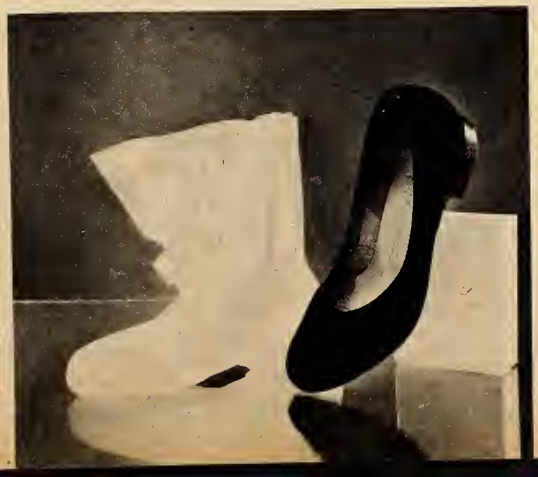




See our MODERN SCREEN Board Members on page 61 in the following MGM films: Liz Taylor in *Mary Anne;* Jane Powell in *Robin Hood;* Cyd Charisse in *Meet Me In Las Vegas;* Debbie Reynolds in *Tender Trap;* Ann Blyth and Vic Damone in *Kismet.*

More fashions on page 69







anything but an actor

(*Continued from page 48*) our children are too young to read now but, as they grow older, we can only hope that they will have more faith in their parents than in idle chatter. It will be up to us to keep their relationships as normal as possible with everybody."

Serious, blue-eyed Mike, Jr., who is an amazing combination of both his mother and father, listened as if he understood every word we were saying. When it was his bedtime, he left obediently without a murmur of protest. Liz excused herself to tuck him in for the night. When she got back, she suddenly remembered it was Van Johnson's birthday and called to congratulate him. We could hear her telling the maid that "Elizabeth Wilding" was on the phone.

Returning to our conversation when she was through, she continued, "Another great hurdle for children of well-known parents, particularly those wanting the same career, is that they have two strikes against them from the beginning. If they don't inherit your talent, there is always the inevitable comparison, and if they're good, they always have to face the usual condescension that they got there through pull."

"Where's the swimming pool?"

"Isn't it also very difficult for children of famous parents to behave normally when other children put them in a special category?" was my next question.

"Yes, it is," both Liz and Mike agreed. Mike continued, "But they should be taught a sane sense of values in their homes. An actor friend of ours was telling us the other day about a birthday party he gave his seven-year-old youngster. One of the guests was the six-year-old son of a well-known director. No sooner had he come into the room when he demanded, 'Where's the swimming pool?' When the actor confessed that he didn't have one, the six-year-old was so disgusted he said, 'Gee, what a crummy house!' That sort of false evaluation of material wealth in one so young is obviously the fault of his parents. As you know, we have a swimming pool, because, fortunately, it came with the house, but if the time comes when we can't afford one, we want Mike and Chris cooling off in a shower—and liking it!"

"Outside influences can never hurt a child if there is a stabilizing influence at home." It was Liz talking this time. "When I was thirteen, right after the success of *National Velvet,* I was made much of and fussed over at the studio and everywhere I went. But when I came home, I was cut down to size. To my brother Howard and his friends, I wasn't a movie star; I was 'small fry.' It certainly helped me retain my equilibrium when I could have been just an obnoxious and spoiled brat."

"If Mike wants the boys to go to the same public school in England as he did, would you allow your career to keep you in Hollywood, separated from them during their growing years?" I asked. (It was my $64,000 question.)

Her reply was just what I expected, "The children's education will always come first and, when the time comes for us to face it, we'll try and work out what's best for them. However, that's a bridge we won't have to cross for a couple more years."

"Looking back at your own childhood as a star, what would you say you missed most by having a career so young?"

Liz reflected for a moment and then replied, "I think it was missing the companionship of classmates my own age when I had to study with a private tutor on the Metro lot. I also hated having to combine school and work. Imagine the indignity to my seventeen-year-old pride when I played my first real grown-up part as Robert Taylor's wife in *Conspirator,* and then as soon as I wasn't needed in a take, along would come my tutor to snatch me back to school to learn to say 'amo, amas, amat' in Latin! Now I think that was what made me play so hard in my brief fling with the younger Hollywood set—and rushed me into marriage, when I was just eighteen and Nicky Hilton, twenty-three."

As Liz made this confession, like a flashback in a movie, the scene before me receded and the calendar turned back four years. Now the scene was London, where Liz was filming *Ivanhoe* at the MGM Studios at Shepherd's Bush. I was in England that summer, too, and Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon had invited me to their home in Bayswater, along with Liz, who is a great friend of their daughter Barbara.

I was shocked to see how pale and drawn Liz looked. Her broken marriage had obviously taken its toll of her health. She was suffering from ulcers and was on a bland milk diet. All during lunch she sat spiritless, oblivious to her surroundings, finding it difficult to talk even to close friends. At that moment I honestly believe she would have gladly changed places with anyone else in the world. But, Liz, basically an introvert and very shy, isn't normally a creature of dark moods and youth is very resilient. About two weeks later, I was dining at one of Mayfair's most exclusive clubs, Les Ambassadeurs, with Vivian Leigh and Laurence Olivier. I remember Vivien was wearing a green print dress that made her eyes look like deep pools of Mediterranean green. I couldn't help but wonder what it must feel like to get up every morning, peer in the mirror—and see that reflection shining back at you. Suddenly Vivien exclaimed, "Look at that table directly across the room. Have you ever seen a more divinely beautiful creature in all your life?" I looked and the "divinely beautiful creature" was Liz Taylor! Gone was the haggard, listless Liz of two weeks ago and in her place was a radiant and blithe spirit. My eyes turned to her dinner companion and then I understood everything. His name was Mike Wilding.

More than 150 John Golden productions were presented—or offered—on Broadway. He never had difficulty in casting the leading ladies. "We can get any star for a play," he'd tell his authors. "Just add three long speeches for her—and, before her entrance, write in the description, 'The most exquisite creature in the world floats in.' Then every star from little Margaret O'Brien to Marjorie Main will think it fits only her."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Eighteen-year-old Elizabeth Taylor and thirty-seven-year-old Michael Wilding! An amazing combination, was everyone's first snap conclusion. But, aside from the wide gap in their ages, the truth is that they are exceptionally well-mated. Consider their backgrounds: They are both English, London-born. Liz's mother was an actress. So was Mike's. Her father was an art dealer—Mike's an Army man. Neither family was rich, but they were well off enough to enjoy gracious living. Mike went to public school (in England a public school is private!)—the famed Blue Coat at Horsesham, open only to sons of Army personnel or ecclesiastics. Liz, until she was seven, also got her first schooling in public school in England at Bryon House. Later, as a son of an Army man, Mike lived in Paris, Brussels, and even Russia. Liz and her older brother Howard spent their summers traveling to America to visit their grandparents or vacationing in the rolling hills of Kent on the Sixteenth Century estate of Liz's god-father, Colonel Victor Cazalet. As a child, Liz studied ballet with the celebrated Vaccani, dancing tutor to the royal family for two generations. Mike showed an aptitude for drawing and enrolled at St. Martin's Art School. Both started to act by accident.

Mike in his early stage days met an attractive Revue artist named Kay Young. They were married and three days later, Mike got his big chance—to go to Australia on tour with British star Fay Compton. Kay persuaded him that it was too big a part to turn down and the honeymooners were separated when the honeymoon had hardly begun. A few years later, their separation was permanent. Their divorce was on the friendliest of terms. Kay is now married to an American actor she met in London—Douglass Montgomery. When they came back to the States to live in Doug's home in Pasadena, Mike and Liz invited Kay and Doug to dinner. Liz has no bitter words for Nicky Hilton either, even though their divorce was a shattering blow. For out of that misery came happiness.

Love and marriage

When she caught up with Mike in London, Liz was ready for the sympathetic understanding of an older man. Mike, who had just closed a chapter of his romance with the ultimate in sophistication, Marlene Dietrich, was equally ripe for the sweet, refreshing youth of Elizabeth Taylor. Mike was the most popular male star on the British screen, so Liz could never suspect him of hitching his wagon to her star. He had a mad, off-beat sense of humor and taught her to share his laughter with him. He was extremely well-read and informed on so many subjects that Liz hadn't had time to learn as yet. In her, he found an apt and willing pupil. Mike has the unruffled calm of the typical Englishman and, with him Liz learned to relax and unwind. He introduced her to his friends Jean Simmons and Stewart (Jimmy) Granger, Susan and Bobby Douglas, and they quickly became her friends as well.

Ever since his divorce from Kay, Mike had been a carefree bachelor, playing the field. Now he wanted the roots of family life with children while he was still young enough to be a pal to them. Liz, having broken away from her mother's apron strings when she married Nicky, knew she could never go back to living at home again. Yet if she lived alone every wolf in Hollywood would be knocking at her door. The prospect was *not* inviting.

So Mike was the answer to Liz's prayer and Liz to Mike's.

But although all the world loves a "happily forever after" ending, it is a paradox of human frailty that people seem to resent other's happiness. Already, Hollywood gossipers are spreading vicious rumors and blind items, hinting that all is not well on the Wilding domestic front. Needless to say, these rumors are all via that anonymous grapevine known as "they." No one bothers to check with Mike and Liz themselves, or with their small circle of friends. But it doesn't matter. Liz and Mike have learned through past experience that time, rather than denial, will prove the truth.

Long after the rumors have died and other couples are the new victims, Liz and Mike will still be Mr. and Mrs.—or I'll throw my crystal ball in the Pacific! **END**

they hate hollywood parties

(*Continued from page 35*) are so disliked.

You see, there are two kinds of parties given in Hollywood: those given just for fun and the other kind, given strictly for political and business reasons to get the "top" names together in a lavish and glamorous background in order to "make a deal." This is the type of party no one really enjoys, but everyone wants to be invited because it's flattering to be considered important enough to be on the guest list.

These latter parties are given not only in Hollywood, but in Washington, New York, and small towns everywhere. Many people have built their whole careers upon the people they've met at these gatherings.

I find them cold, lonely gatherings, and nerve-wracking. But years ago, when I first came to California, I was made aware of their importance. An agent friend of mine built the most colossal house in Beverly Hills, just to entertain, as he called it, "the Big Shots in the Business." He proudly took me through all the fabulous rooms, stopping to display the *pièce de resistance*, the dining room, with the longest dining table I had ever seen. "This table," he announced grandly, "will seat only Producers!"

She wouldn't stop fighting

Personally, I like to give parties for the people I enjoy, and although I am definitely not the "hostess with the mostest," over the many years that I have lived in Hollywood and been part of the Industry, I have given my share. Some of them have been entertaining. Others have been complete flops, though the same time and effort went into them. As I look back over the many parties I gave, I come to the conclusion that people with the same interests and a warm feeling for friendship make a good party. Yet, on the other hand, the most stimulating party I ever had was one involving a young actress who didn't get along with anyone. I didn't learn that about her until she was a guest in my home. She was very decorative, but very argumentative and she argued until four o'clock in the morning. We all sat around on the living-room floor, and everyone was so furious with the actress that I thought there was going to be a scene any moment. I remember how nervous I was as the voices rose and the barbs came thick and fast. But I seemed to be the only one who wasn't having any fun at all. Since she was a guest in my home, I felt I ought to take her side or at least bring the argument to a close. I called my producer-husband, Roy Rowland, aside. "This is terrible," I said. "No one will ever speak to her again. Why does she keep on arguing?"

He laughed. "She likes it, that's why! And if you ask me, this has been one of your most successful parties!"

"Successful?" I threw at him. "Why, from the moment she came, everyone has been on the war path. I thought a successful party was one where people get along with each other."

He was vastly amused. "It's four o'clock in the morning and no one has left. She's great to have at a party. She's stimulating, gives it excitement. Why, we've argued about everything from Freud to planting tulips. We ought to have her again."

I never did, because as a hostess, I don't think I could have taken the strain. But I discovered that she was invited to every party I went to, still arguing, still belligerent. I noticed, too, that all these parties were interesting, never a dull moment. In fact she was the hit of the season. Everyone missed her when she left shortly thereafter for Italy to make a picture.

Unexpected things happen at a party. Sometimes an evening that started out as a purely social engagement turns out to more of a shot in the arm for a career than a gathering that was planned with that in mind.

For instance, Anne Francis got her contract at Metro through an invitation to a party at my home. Anne is always an addition to any party. She is so charmingly natural, and invariably slips off her shoes the moment she enters your front door. On this particular evening, Anne, after one glass of champagne, was feeling very bubbly inside, laughing very mischievously every time she felt her head in a whirl, and pushing back her luxurious blonde hair, which kept falling over her forehead. A month later, when my husband was planning to direct *Rogue Cop*, he thought of Anne for the character of the "beautiful, golden-haired Nancy" who had something of a "lovely child" about her. It took some convincing to get Anne the part, since many girls wanted to play it. But Roy insisted that Anne be given a test along with three other girls who were already being considered for the role. Anne not only won the role in *Rogue Cop*, but a long-term contract at Metro as a result of her work in that picture. Those who have seen that movie will remember that the character Nancy, like Anne herself, always kicked off her dainty slippers. It was part of that "child-like" quality my husband had seen in Anne—a bit of business that enriched the character of Nancy. Had Anne not been at the party, she might never have been considered for the role.

But not every performer had that kind of luck at my parties. For instance, Harry Belafonte. My brother-in-law, Sol Fielding, had produced the all-Negro dramatic picture, *Bright Road*, which starred Dorothy Dandridge and Mr. Belafonte. At Sol's home we had heard Mr. Belafonte sing his ballads and were completely enthralled by his artistry. However, at this time in his career, he was finding it difficult to interest the right people. He couldn't even get them to listen to him sing. I told Mr. Belafonte's manager that I was going to give a party and I would invite a producer who had the reputation for making great musicals. If Mr. Belafonte cared to sing, I thought it might be an opportunity to audition in a casual way. He was very pleased and the singer and his guitarist, one of the finest I have ever heard, came to my party. We arranged between us that I would urge Mr. Belafonte to sing, and then steer the guests to the living room which seemed to us to have the best acoustics and the best background for his songs. It also had a long white mantel against which the singer could lean when he felt a little nervous. Belafonte was magnificent that evening as he sang one song after another, as magnificent as he is today. Everyone at the party was thrilled by his exciting talent, and lavish in praising it. So was the producer. But he didn't do anything about it. Not long after, Belafonte went back to New York and suddenly things began to happen in his career. Almost overnight he zoomed to the top, becoming one of the real greats in show business.

Who's Allergic to What?

Ernie Kovacs is the No. 1 cigor smoker in show business. He's the one who, before his morrioge to Edith Adoms, refused to forego his cigars when a doctor erroneously suggested to Miss Adams thot her rosh wos due to on ollergy to cigors . . . Now, when they go out, Kovacs won't permit his bride to use perfume. "Otherwise," he soys, "I couldn't smell my cigar."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

The unpleasont hoppens, too

At another time, a young actor lost the biggest part of his career by drinking far too much at one of my parties. I hadn't known he drank at all when I invited him. But the director of the picture was one of my guests, too, and he canceled him out the next day. We were all terribly sorry but as the director explained, "I can't take a chance on him. We're going on a rugged location. Maybe he was nervous, I don't know—all I know is, location trips are difficult and I must have an actor I can depend on at all times!"

A Hollywood hostess must always have a sense of humor—that is, if she intends to give a lot of parties. It has always amused me a great deal when I'm asked, "*Who* are you going to have at your party?" Which means, of course, that the asker will come, if there is someone important enough on the guest list to warrant his presence. I am thinking particularly of a young actor who was invited to a cocktail party at my home. I told him the party was being given for a girl just breaking into pictures, and I thought it would be helpful for her to meet a lot of the young players in the industry. She happened, too, to be a friend of my son Steve and we knew her family very well. The young actor was very charming, but on the day of the party I received a note from him telling me that he had a cold and couldn't come. I really didn't expect him, and had crossed his name off the list directly after I spoke to him on the phone. If I had told him that a studio photographer was going to be there for magazine coverage, he would have been the first to arrive —but I was just mean enough not to tell him. I might add that most of the young players, many far more important than he, accepted graciously. When I bumped into him one day in Romanoff's I took great delight in telling him "*Who* was there" and "What wonderful pictures were taken." I'm sure he never forgave me.

"Telephonitis"

I dislike, too, guests who have "telephonitis," the ones who just happen to remember that they have to make a very important telephone call. This happened to me on one occasion when a magazine asked to use my garden and swimming pool for a picture layout. Since I knew most of the young players who were to be photographed, I agreed. However, at the last moment one of the girls could not come and another actress was substituted, a girl I had never met or seen in a picture. She arrived late and immediately started making demands. "Where was the dressing room?" We showed her. "Did we have any extra bathing caps?" We gave her one. "Could she have some hot coffee?" We made her some. All this before even getting ready for the pictures. She was quite oblivious to me as the hostess. She was equally oblivious to the fact that she had kept other players waiting around for her to get ready. This was Her Day and she was going to make the most of it. She played the role of what she considered the big, important star to the hilt. She told the photographer how to take the pictures. She told the players how to pose. Then came the attack of "telephonitis." She tied up the phone for hours, rushing into the den after each shot to "phone someone terribly im-

portant about a part." I was furious, particularly since she had not even asked my permission to use the phone in the first place. I remember her long, haughty stare when I finally asked her not to use the phone as I was expecting calls, too. She flounced out, very annoyed, and I haven't seen her since. She has never, to my knowledge, appeared in any movie. But I had reason to remember her when the "someone important she had to telephone about a part" turned out to be living in New York and I paid the bill! My sense of humor couldn't hold up under that one!

The wonderful guests

But there have been charming and wonderful guests to balance the few unpleasant experiences. Ricardo Montalban and his beautiful wife Georgiana always bring some exciting Spanish records they want everyone to hear. Debbie Reynolds, whose wit keeps everyone in stitches, wins every ping-pong game, every time, no matter who is her opponent. Jane Powell, who is so enthusiastic about everything she makes you feel your party is the best one she's ever been to. Van Johnson, who always brings a box of candy and offers it with all the gallantry of a knight on horseback. Phyllis Kirk, who invariably brings a book she has just finished reading and wants you to have it. Terry Moore, who is so friendly to everyone and loves parties, and doesn't have that harassed look, trying to figure out who is the most important person at the party. She isn't interested in devoting her entire eveing to "making a contact." And Lance Fuller, the tall, dark and handsome actor who makes every feminine heart flutter, but who is so shy, really, that he feels more comfortable sitting in a corner and talking to me about his dog.

Dinner is served

I have always believed that one of the most important things in having a successful party is the menu one serves. This is no small headache since almost every actress is on a diet, many directors and producers have ulcers, and others are just plain allergic to a dozen things. A very close friend of ours, Marjorie Stoll, wife of George Stoll, the famed musician and conductor of such musicals as *Hit The Deck, Love Me Or Leave Me,* and *Meet Me In Las Vegas,* is violently allergic to any kind of dish that has eggs in it. If I'm having a turkey, I must be sure it's a tom turkey and not a hen turkey. Generally I'm so afraid that the he turkey might turn out to be a she turkey, that I have a steak for Mrs. G. just in case. I always plan to have a complete extra menu for her, sans eggs. Of course, I enjoy planning the kind of special dishes that special people enjoy. For instance, if my party is on Friday evening, many fish dishes are included for guests like Vic Damone, Pier Angeli and Margaret O'Brien, and for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Durney (she's the writer of such hits as *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*). If Jane Powell is coming, I generally have a Spanish dish of some kind since she loves it so much, and extra coffee if Roberta Haynes is coming, a very rich cake dessert ordered for Van Johnson, a blueberry ring in jello for Janet Leigh, a sweet potato and marshmallow dish for Gig Young and Robert Horton, who don't have to count their calories, and always a box of baking soda for a young producer I know who asks for it *before* my dinner—not after it, else I should be completely shattered.

Sometimes you have a guest who is so egocentric that he will hold forth incessantly about himself. This can be a terrible



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bore. I shall always be grateful to Barbara Ruick who so charmingly put a certain young actor in his place. He had just come out from New York and didn't have a good word to say about Hollywood. He didn't like his agent. He didn't like his director. He didn't like his studio or the parts they were giving him. Barbara was sitting in the group, listening but very quiet. In fact, she was the only one who hadn't said a word. I didn't want her to be left out of the conversation completely, so I asked her, "Well, Barbara, and what about you? What's happening in your career?" She smiled a kind of Mona Lisa inscrutable smile as she replied very sweetly, "Oh, I'm not very interesting, I guess—because I haven't any complaints at all. I love my agent. I love my director. I love my studio! But most of all I love Hollywood!" I think everyone got her message, particularly the young actor.

At another time, Barbara and Debbie entertained everyone with songs from a picture in which they were both appearing and helped make a party very gay and entertaining. They are guests who feel a responsibility to make a party successful.

Which one is Debbie?

That reminds me of another party at my home when a Canadian friend of ours, a young man in the lumber business, was seated at the table with Debbie Reynolds and Terry Moore and didn't know who they were! I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard him tell them how thrilled he was to be invited to "Hollywood party" and add, "I guess almost everyone here has something to do with motion pictures. Would you mind telling me your names again and what you do?"

They very graciously told him that they were part of the motion picture business, too—the acting part of it.

He blushed a deep maroon, explained that he hadn't seen any pictures in a long time and hoped he hadn't offended them. They assured him that he hadn't. Valiantly he repeated their names again: "Terry Moore, Debbie Reynolds," he said. "I'll always remember those names."

And of course he did. But he couldn't remember which name went with which girl and he kept calling Debbie "Terry" all evening and Terry, "Debbie." The two young stars were vastly amused and wonderful sports.

I think I was aware of the first rumblings in the Jeff Hunter-Barbara Rush marriage when I invited them both over one evening. Jeff came alone, explaining that Barbara was ill. It surprised me, since I had had no inkling that she wouldn't attend with him. I don't know why I should have had this foreboding, since it is not unusual for people in the picture business to come to parties alone on occasions. There is always that early morning call when one is working on a film and I am aware, too, that even movie stars do catch the flu. But, still, I had that strange feeling. When I mentioned to my husband that perhaps the Hunter marriage wasn't as happy as everyone thought, he assured me that it was pure fantasy on my part. "Why, we just saw both of them at the Cocoanut Grove only the other evening," he reminded me, "and they were having such a good time. Besides she's so beautiful, and he's so handsome—they were meant for each other. Don't you always say that?" I admitted I had always felt that they were ideally suited and hoped my woman's intuition was wrong. But not long after that evening in my home when Jeff seemed to have that faraway look in his eyes, the announcement of their separation came.

The big secret

A hostess must be very discreet about the things that have been confided in her, and never reveal the bits of gossip she overhears at her own parties. Everything in Hollywood is Top Secret—the part for which some actor is being considered, the picture a director hopes to land, the script for which a writer is going to be signed—and one word breathed about it might in some way tip the scale against its success. Besides the field is so highly competitive that a word in the wrong place might lose the part for someone—and pave the way for someone else. Being completely female, it is sometimes very difficult for me to resist telling the Big Secret, but once I give a promise I try never to go back on it. I remember for instance the time an old friend of ours, Bill Liebling, a New York play agent, came to one of my parties. He and his wife Audrey Wood were, and still are, the agents for the distinguished playwright Tennessee Williams. Mr. Liebling was in Hollywood at that time to make a deal with John Garfield to play the leading role for the Broadway show, *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He asked me not to reveal this bit of news to anyone, since nothing had been definitely set at this time. "And you know how it is," he said to me, "until we get his signature on paper, it's not a deal." During his business trip, Mr. Liebling made many of his telephone calls to John Garfield from my home, and kept me posted on every development. As it turned out, Mr. Garfield could not play the lead due to conflicting commitments and the deal was off. Mr. Liebling was very much disappointed since the play was written with Garfield in mind. He discussed the qualifications of other important actors in Hollywood for the leading role, but there was no one in his mind who could play it like Garfield and who had the same exciting, rugged quality. So he returned to New York. The next time he came to Hollywood, we gave a dinner party for him, and he arrived carrying the biggest box of candy and wearing the most enormous smile.

"You've found a leading man for the play!" I offered, still vastly interested.

"Yes," he answered brightly. "But don't breathe a word. He's a young actor I saw in a play once—and he's great. His name is Marlon Brando!"

"Marlon Brando?" I asked, amazed, remembering all the important names Mr. Liebling had discarded. "*Who* in the world is Marlon Brando?"

"You're probably the first person in Hollywood to hear his name. But remember! After *Streetcar Named Desire* opens in New York no one will ever forget it!"

Since the arrival of TV, every dinner party is interrupted by some performer who must catch his show, and so he is served in the den in front of the TV set, while the rest of us eat in the dining room. And there's always someone else who wants to see the fights, or some special show which comes on at the same time just to plague the hostess, I'm sure. These guests generally eat their dinner in my bedroom, where I have installed another TV set. Over the years, I have learned to cope with all these hectic things, but I don't always remain smooth as cream.

"When we're not invited"

In spite of all these incidents, some amusing, some exasperating, I still love parties—"fun parties" with the people I like, who are my friends. I have enjoyed, on occasions, attending the glamorous, lavish "political" party, only because it is interesting to me to watch how each player makes his move in this game of clever maneuver. That's what it is, a game where some are lucky enough to come out with high stakes. This kind of party is only enjoyed as a means to an end to further a career, whether it is in Hollywood, Washington, or any place else. When you're in the chips and your name means something, you're invited. Otherwise, you're not. Everyone knows that, and yet I learned how devastating it can be to one's happiness in Hollywood, when the invitations once received aren't sent anymore. I had met a friend of mine at the Brown Derby. She was the wife of a producer who had made good pictures but, as sometimes happens in this unpredictable business, had been out of work for five months or so. I asked her how things were going. I hardly expected her to answer as she did. "Well, we're *not* invited to any important parties," she said with an undertone of bitterness.

"But you don't take that very seriously," I answered. "You know the score."

"Of course I do—but I get hurt just the same. When my husband was under contract, we were invited to every important party. Since then no one has called."

"But to build your whole life and your happiness on an invitation to a party—you've lost your sense of values, your perspective. Now, if your friends let you down, that's different," I said.

"I know," she answered quietly. "You're right. Personally I've always hated those big political parties. No one relaxes. Everyone's on guard. I've never really had fun at any one of them.

"You're right. It isn't as if I didn't know it myself." And then, after a moment, she said angrily, "Oh, who am I kidding? It doesn't make any difference what we say—we all hate Hollywood parties—when we're *not* invited!" **END**

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1955.
(SEAL)

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Commission Expires March 30, 1956.

(*Continued from page 31*) even groused about that cold cream and yapped about the clip for her pin curls digging me in the shoulder. So you know what I've been doing all night? I've been prowling all over this blasted apartment hoping I could find one of those hair clips she might have dropped somewhere. Only I should have known she's too neat for that—and it's probably just as well. If I found one I'd probably break down crying."

Poor Tony, I thought. He's having some fine Paris-in-the-Spring. "Tell Mamma all about it," I said soothingly. .

Little by little Tony poured out the whole horrible tale.

The dreamers

He and Janet had started dreaming of this trip on their fourth wedding anniversary, the fourth of last June, when they found out that Janet would be in London for *Safari* just when Tony went to Paris for *Trapeze*. Never were two people so thrilled or so full of plans.

"You'll have to stay in Paris," Janet said, "because they shoot French films from noon till seven-thirty at night. But the English pictures give you those long week ends off—you know, Friday night till Monday morning—so I'll be able to fly to Paris every week end. It's only two hours. We'll have Friday night and Saturday and Sunday—all the way till Monday morning to ourselves. We can explore the whole city, we can see everything. . . ."

Tony dreamed even bigger. "Let's not stay in a hotel, huh?" he said. "None of that American tourist stuff. We'll go native, we'll get ourselves one of those fancy apartments on a main boulevard, really live it up."

"Honey, we could. We could get a real French cook and one of those butlers who presses clothes to be your valet!"

"And we'll get him a chauffeur uniform and go breezing down the Champs Elysee in a Mercedes Benz, and eat in the what the heck is it?—the Boite."

"The Bois," said Janet, who had had two years of high school French. "I'll die of excitement before we get there."

It all came true. They got the apartment, the butler, the Bois, the works. Through a friend of a friend they had rented, sight-unseen, Borrah Minovitch's apartment on the very fashionable and beautiful Avenue Foch. They flew the Atlantic together, paused in London just long enough for Janet to check in and deposit her mother, who came along for company in England. Then they headed for Paris and their first week end abroad.

The apartment turned out to be a treasure house. Full of antiques, beauty and space it also boasted a French cook able to destroy the most iron will power and carefully-preserved figure. The butler poured wine as though he were offering libation to the gods and pressed not only Tony's clothes but Janet's. The weather was perfect. Janet, excited out of her usual unerring efficiency, had brought an English-Spanish dictionary by accident and discovered almost immediately that two years of French were not quite enough for explaining how she wanted the potatoes mashed, but these were details. The week end went by like the dream it was supposed to be.

When it came time to take Janet to the airport and say goodbye for a week, Tony felt a little queasy in the stomach region. Which was ridiculous, of course. They had been separated before—briefly. They'd both be busy on new pictures, they'd be too tired to miss each other—practically. And it was only three days till Friday if you didn't count Monday. Besides, the cook and butler were a riot. They were both madly in love with their new employers and insisted on coming to the airport to say "Au 'voir" to Madame. At the plane they stepped back politely as Tony kissed Janet. "Till Friday, darling," she said. "Till Friday, doll," said Tony, grinning bravely. As Janet turned the French voices rose. "Bye-bye," said the cook, who had been practicing all day. "Bye-bye," said the butler, who had never spoken English before. It broke the Curtises up. They roared.

The next day, Tony started work. Sir Carol Reed, the famous English director was doing the film; it was an honor to be asked to work with him. Monday noon Tony bounced onto the set, his famous charm in full sail, ready for any sort of histrionics. "Good morning," said Sir Carol, never more British. "We are just photographing your back in this shot, but I wish to see how you stand."

Tony gulped and felt slightly deflated.

Eventually Sir Carol wanted him again. He did another scene, still with his back to the camera, supposedly hollering up to Lancaster on a trapeze above. Reed shot it six times before he was satisfied. Then he said, "Very nice, Mr. Curtis."

What was left of Tony went poof like a punctured balloon. No one had called him Mr. Curtis since he stopped being Bernie Schwartz.

How high the platform?

Then a voice rose from the circus ring out of camera range. It was an American voice and the accent was familiar, but what it was saying was not fit for a discouraged actor to hear. "Say, Tony," suggested Burt Lancaster, co-star and co-producer of the film, "why don't you climb up the rope ladder between these scenes so you'll get used to standing on that platform above the net?"

He took a look up at the platform. He had to do a backbend to see it. To Burt, who had once been a professional circus perfomer, it was a platform. To Tony it was one level short of heaven.

He climbed, his mouth set, the blood drained from his face. The platform turned out to be sixty-three feet above the net. If you happen to step off it in an abstracted moment you will fall into the net, and probably not be killed. Of course, until you learn to fall properly, you most definitely *will* bounce too high and break all your arms and legs. "Oh, how I needed Janet. And where was she? In London."

Finally the day was over, and half the evening with it. Burt, only a casual acquaintance in Hollywood, and one of the most self-sufficient gentlemen anywhere, disappeared to his chateau outside of Paris where his large family awaited the return of Papa. Gina Lollabrigida said a friendly good night and hurried home to the small, quiet hotel where she lived with her handsome husband. A warm and friendly person, she had conducted herself like a real pro, but she's on a set to work and nothing more. The rest of the cast and crew went back to their hotel. Tony went outside to his Mercedes Benz, which had been thrown in as part payment for his services, and drove home alone. At the door the butler greeted him with a big grin. "Bye-bye," he said.

It went on like that for days. Tony got lower and lower. Director Reed had made him cut those famous falling locks into a crewcut, and Tony didn't give a darn that everyone said it made him look even younger and handsomer—he didn't recognize himself in the mirror. Nor did he recognize his own voice stuttering daily through unfamiliar French phrases. Of course he had gotten used to the platform and was beginning to work out on the trapeze in a harness, and everyone said it was always hard for a beginner—but gee, the way Lancaster flipped around up there as if he were on a swing in a playground, it was enough to discourage a guy permanently.

By Wednesday Tony was totally miserable. If he'd known the French for "bridge" he'd have found one and jumped off. That was when he started hunting for hair clips and thinking about smelly cold cream. When he couldn't locate either, he decided to phone his girl.

It's hard enough for Parisians to get a long-distance call placed. For Tony there were three ghastly hours of: "Madame Curtis, please. Well, try Mademoiselle Leigh. . . . London. . . . That's in England. I mean Angleterre. I think." When he finally gave up he had an obvious choice between getting drunk as a lord or calling a friend. That's when he called me.

When he had talked himself out I told him to get some sleep and I'd meet him the next afternoon on the set. I got there early and found him looking pretty good for a guy who hadn't gotten any sleep—which he hadn't.

"Last night," he told me, "after I'd talked to you, and climbed out of that panic I was in, I just lay there thinking what a hell of a dame my girl is. And I knew what kids we've been—having fights, making them up, hunting laughs. I'd been the kid, that is. Last night I began to comprehend what Janet did for me. Not things like picking up my clothes or any of that jazz. I learned to be neat in the Navy, even though I hate to hang up things the instant I take them off, the way Janet does.

"One thing that was snowing me last night was that I couldn't 'see' where my girl was. Here I was, in the luxurious French flat we'd dreamed about—and it was nothing, because she wasn't there. When we've had to be separated before this, by locations, or personal appearance tours, I always knew her whereabouts. Mostly it's been in our home and I could 'see' her in our bedroom, or living room. I could telephone her whenever I wanted. Sometimes we've called one another as many as four times in one day when we've been separated. In effect, we've never really been separated before. Now there's a sea between us, and a language I don't dig at all, and I know nothing about the hotel suite she's living in. Always before, I've been able to say to myself 'Tomorrow she'll be here'—but now . . ."

"Cheer up," I said. "It's only two days till Janet will be back here again."

"Now I know what I got"

Tony grinned, suddenly, that wonderful smile of his. "By that time I'll have all my sins reviewed," he said. "That's what I started doing last night. While I was prowling around that apartment, waiting for that damned dawn, I realized when I first met Janet, she was somebody I wanted very much. But so did a lot of other guys want her, and it was like an auction. I put up the most attention, I guess, and the most things that appealed to her, and I won her.

"But now through this loneliness, I know what I got. Now I know it for sure. I lay there last night and I hated myself for actually having quarreled with Janet when she wanted me to do something as trivial as putting my car into the garage at night—and I refused. I knew what a bum I'd been when sometimes when she'd planned on (*Continued on page 70*)

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☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE JEFF CHANDLER:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE READING ABOUT HOLLYWOOD PARTIES:
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of the story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

6. I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of their wedding story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE HUGH O'BRIAN:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I LIKE GEORGE NADER:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I LIKE BEN COOPER:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I LIKE RACE GENTRY:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all

I LIKE JEFF RICHARDS:
☐ more than any other male star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG BACHELORS ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES:
☐ more than any other female star
☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little
☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. The stars I most want to read about are:

a. _____ MALE
b. _____ MALE
c. _____ MALE
d. _____ FEMALE
e. _____ FEMALE
f. _____ FEMALE

12. To which movie magazines do you subscribe? _____

AGE..... NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
STREET
..... CITY & STATE

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN
Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 68*) us going to a party, I'd refuse at the last minute, on the excuse that I was tired and thought the party would be a bore. I remembered how many times I've spent too much money and Janet with her good sense pointed it out to me, and I blew my cork. How selfish and dumb can a guy be?"

"Mr. Curtis, please," someone called, and Tony shrugged ("*Why* can't they call me Tony?") and got up to go into a scene. The next time I saw him, two days later at the Cirque, I could tell even from a distance that things had changed for the better. There was only one thing that could bring the lift back into Tony, and I knew Janet must be there. I spotted her sitting in the upper gallery so that she'd be on his eye level when he stood on the trapeze platform.

"I'm moving Tony"

I climbed up to sit beside her and informed her that her husband was in desperate straights. "I know," she said in her quick, sweet voice. "My goodness, I'm moving Tony right out of that apartment. We're going into the hotel where Mr. Hecht lives and some of the other people from the company, so Tony will have people to talk to, and where all the phone operators speak English, so we can always call each other. And you know what we're going to do tonight?" I said I didn't.

"Tony's taking me to a wonderful restaurant he heard about called Chez Anna, and tomorrow we're going to take that boat ride up the Seine and then end up at a Left Bank Place. And then, you know, this coming Monday is a French holiday, so Tony will come back to London with me, while I have to work. That way he'll be able to see my hotel and all." She stopped, her eyes suddenly pleading. "Do you know when they are going to do those flying scenes?"

"Flying" meant that moment when the man on the trapeze loosens his hold, somersaults in space, and is caught by his wrists by another man on a trapeze opposite him. Tony had it coming up. At the moment he was practicing it carefully with a stout belt around his waist and guy ropes on either side of him to lower him to and raise him from the net.

"They tell me Tony can't possibly master it for another ten days at least," I said reassuringly. "They say nobody learns it faster than that."

Tony did. He got it in five days more, which made it in the middle of the week again, when Janet was back in London. By now he was living in the hotel, eating lunch with a bunch of guys from the crew and getting called Tony. On the fifth day he sneaked off the trapeze for a minute—he and Burt practiced their stunts after the day's shooting was over—and phoned me for dinner. "I warn you it may be eleven o'clock," he said, "because I'll fly tonight if I die for it."

It did get to be around ten before he told the professional trapeze men he was getting out of the harness. They took it off and dropped the guy ropes. Tony was pale, but he stood very straight as he reached out for the trapeze and then flipped off the board and swung out. He was too busy to notice that below him Burt Lancaster moved to one end of the net and nodded to three other acrobats to cover the other corners. If Tony bounced too high they could try to catch him. Then Burt called up, softly, "Don't try to somersault, Tony, the first time. Just swing, and when you think you can, drop."

He swung, back and forth, back and forth, and there was no other sound except the faint creaking of the rigging.

Then he called out, "Yi" and dropped absolutely perfectly, as an acrobat should, with his feet crossed at the ankles and his hands crossed at the wrists.

The entire circus broke into applause. It was something to be proud of, because these were professional circus people themselves. Burt Lancaster relaxed and slipped over to me. Tony just lay in the net, trying to get his breath back.

"You watch," Burt whispered. "He'll go straight back up again and repeat that. He'll repeat it about four times, or I miss my guess, and then he won't have energy enough left to walk across a street."

He was right—except that Tony didn't seem to know that he was supposed to be tired when he was done.

"Come on," he cried to me, "let's get back to that hotel and call Janet and tell her I did it! I actually did it."

Up in his suite as we waited for the call to come through, Tony ordered champagne "to celebrate." We had a couple of glasses before London came through. Then I slipped out to the terrace—tactfully—while he talked. I had to stay there for half an hour. Just when I was getting tired of the famous Parisian roof tops, he hung up.

"Come back in here," he called. "We'll finish this wine and then we'll eat." He poured it out.

"To Janet," I said.

"To Janet forever," Tony said. He gulped down one more glass. "To my wonderful girl," he said. "I love her, I love her, I love her." He put down the empty glass, and his arms suddenly relaxed. Then his eyes fell, and in an instant he was sound asleep.

Which was the way it should be—since all his crises were past. **END**

don't listen to your heart

(*Continued from page 38*) Then, quietly, she went through the door. To her right, now, was the famous curved bar. Somewhere, way up there on her new level, was the suite of Walter Winchell. A half dozen night-club entertainers drifted past her, staring. Once *she* would have stared at *them*.

She dropped by the desk, on her left, for phone pickups. She needn't have bothered. The messages were already in the suite Columbia had reserved for her. And was paying for.

She remembered that. A girl who, two years ago, couldn't have afforded a sandwich could not fail to remember what her suite was costing.

Upstairs, she'd hardly slipped out of her clothes, walked through a shower, and put on the first cool outfit she could find, when the phone rang and the publicity man from the studio said he was in the lobby. She sighed. This was one of the new things, since she'd become so important. Once she'd have packed her hatbox and gone to the photographer's studio, for heaven's sake! Alone. And waited maybe for an hour or two.

But the unit man was a nice guy, wise in the ways of Hollywood and of this strange new world she'd entered into, and she liked him. She asked him to wait a minute before he came up. She wanted to put in a call to Mac Krim in Hollywood.

As she'd anticipated, Mac was out. He'd be playing tennis, or polo, or working out a business deal, or something, this time of day. When the unit man rang the bell of her suite, she was ready for him.

It had turned into a nice afternoon, after all, the heat falling off and a breeze springing up from the Hudson. Kim's suite had a terrace with French doors.

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The unit man, fiftyish and tired from a series of tough assignments, stood there and let the breeze ruffle his thinning hair, grateful for the break in his schedule.

Kim saw the fatigue on his face, in the slope of his shoulders, and felt a sudden kinship with him. She was tired, too, in her way—not physically but emotionally. Something was happening to her that she didn't understand, something she wasn't sure how to deal with. She said, "Want to hear some music, hey? I've got a hi-fi and some albums."

The photographer wouldn't be here for at least an hour, and Jim said he'd like very much to hear some music. So, together, for the next sixty minutes, these two products and victims of the fascinating system called Hollywood sat quietly and listened to bop. Kim Novak was thinking about Mac. Remembering.

The special light

No one who has ever been deeply, steadfastly in love could watch a couple like Kim and Mac for five minutes without knowing how they felt. The way she might pick a thread from his jacket sleeve, her fingers lingering for a split second. The special, shining light in their eyes when, across a crowded room, they flashed "hello" to one another. The way they touched hands when a favorite melody was played. The comfortable, simultaneous chuckle over a private joke.

There was no reason, then when she first fell in love why she should have hidden her feeling. On the contrary. Two years ago, when they first started going together, she was just a model and Mac was one of the two things that had suddenly turned her previously drab life into a heaven on earth.

Within a period of less than a week, she had passed a screen test and been given a contract by Columbia; and a man who was young, good-looking, rich and glamorous had given her his heart, tied up in a proposal of marriage. All this for Marilyn Pauline Novak, who for so many years had been that tall, scrawny frump of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks in Chicago—who couldn't get boys to take her out, who goofed through school, who was too shy to win many friends.

So of course she wore her heart on her sleeve, and Mac Krim wore her on his arm. The studio geniuses weren't loaded with foresight, either. Anyone, any reporter or columnist or press representative, could talk to Kim for the asking.

Mac-talk

Naturally, she talked about Mac. "I like him better than anyone, anything or anyhow," she said, and she told how they'd met, and how he'd stand in the crowd when she had to appear on stage, and how he'd make little signs that would tell her she'd forgotten to spit out her gum, or her lipstick was smeared or her slip was showing.

Mac said, "She's a genuinely sweet girl. And she's honest. I've never gone with a girl this long before, but Kim is just different." He made no secret of his desire to marry her.

Kim talked on and on, as honestly and as naively as the simple young woman she was. She told the story of her life, of her miserable childhood.

She told how Mac, whom she had met first at a tennis match and later when she went next door to borrow something, had been the only person in Hollywood she could call on the night she learned she had been given a picture contract. She even let people know that when the studio fixed her up with a date with someone else for publicity purposes—Kerwin Mathews, for one—she went out with him obediently, but got away as soon as she could so she could call Mac. And how Mac would say, "I understand. This is part of the routine. Dinner tomorrow?"

It happens

Then, almost overnight, It Happened.. Rita Hayworth, one of the greatest of Columbia's properties, married Dick Haymes and stopped making movies. Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio got a divorce and she feuded with Twentieth, and, at least for a time, ceased to be Hollywood's reigning queen of sex. And the front office boys at Columbia, chewing their cigars and twisting the star sapphires on their little fingers, watched the rushes of Kim Novak's newest picture.

They called her in. They offered her a new contract, more money. She would have the lead opposite Bill Holden in *Picnic*, and the feminine lead in *The Eddy Duchin Story*. A fabulous publicity campaign. In fact, The Works.

Did she realize what this meant? Security, fortune, fame, her name in lights, her clothes torn to ribbons by fans at airports, her face as familiar to every American as that of Monroe or Eisenhower or Name Anybody?

Her head was spinning. This was too good to be true—and it was.

Because there was the question of Mac. Marriage didn't fit into the plans for Kim's fast buildup to stardom, not the kind of stardom she was headed for. A few romances, preferably with well-known and handsome young actors, would be more than acceptable. But marriage to a man of thirty-five, an accomplished businessman who owned a chain of theatres in the east, who was planning land developments, who would never submit to being "Mr. Novak?" Not a chance.

Lilli Palmer says, "Talent is the most important asset. You can't keep a talented person down. They'll manage to come up. Maybe it will take time, but they do come up. As for publicity, it doesn't make a star. Yes, I know about Marilyn Monroe. We know she wiggles her fanny and she gets publicity. But where will she be in five years—unless she becomes a real actress? Yes, I know about Jean Harlow. She was different. She knew how to wiggle, too, but she had a distinct personality and she knew how to act!" *—Paul Denis*

The choice was hers. Nobody could blame the studio. To the studio heads, Kim Novak's curves were strictly in the form of dollar signs. She was a dollars-and-cents proposition.

Could she go on seeing Mac? Well, even a studio couldn't completely control the private life of a young woman with a mind and heart of her own.

They could stop her talking about him, because they could make sure she didn't get to the press, and vice versa, if necessary. And they could advise.

But why go on? Actually, she'd had it out with Mac. She wanted this career more than anything—well, more than *almost* anything. She'd told them there in the front office that she wasn't secretly married to Mac, and that she was too aware of the studio's wishes to spoil everything by eloping with him. If it wasn't a promise, it was the nearest thing to one. And now she was feeling the pain of that promise.

In the suite at the St. Moritz, the music of Stan Kenton came through the fine speaker. Pearl Bailey and Kay Starr made their classic laments. Kim thought of that unanswered phone call to Mac in Hollywood.

Only a little while ago, she'd been so incredibly happy. She'd had everything—a good job and Mac and the hope of marriage. From nothing, but nothing, she'd been given more than she'd ever dreamed of having. As she told the unit man that afternoon, sadly, she just hadn't been prepared for such good fortune, just didn't know how to take it or work it out.

Maybe it was the music, or her loneliness—anyway, she had to talk to somebody, and Mac wasn't there.

How could she have known, ever, that this kind of thing would happen to her? How was she equipped to make the kind of decisions that had been thrown at her so suddenly? What else could she do, in New York, except sit at home and play her records? She not only didn't know anybody—she'd be scared to death of the people she might meet if she went out. Oh, not of the waitresses and the bus drivers and the other people, but of the crowd that would be introduced to Kim Novak, movie star. Intellectuals, artists, writers, people like that.

What would she say to them? How would she know how to act with them? They'd be nice to her, sure. Extra nice. But she'd know all the time it was an act, that they really thought she was out of her class. Now if Mac could be with her, with his assurance, his background, his arm at her elbow and his eyes, full of love, ready when she needed to look up for courage.

The photographer arrived, finally, stayed a while, was charmed with Kim's expert reaction to his directions, and left. Kim said to the unit man, "Would you like something to eat? I'm starved."

He brightened. He'd had to miss lunch, and this was the best idea yet. Kim went to the phone and with a hand probably worth, along with her life and her movie potential, at least twenty million bucks, dialed room service and ordered up hot dogs and pop.

Lovers and losers

Later, in his own rooms at the Sherry Netherland, just up the street from the St. Moritz, the unit man stirred himself a bicarbonate of soda (he hadn't eaten a hot-dog or sipped a grape soda for over fifty years, and his ulcer was hollering) and ruminated upon the afternoon.

He'd spent a lot of time with Kim Novak these past few days, and more time before that in Kansas. He'd seen her give a surprisingly fine performance in her role, and had been pleased and happy, along with everyone else in the company, with her natural manner, her sweetness of disposition, her willingness to learn. He'd known all along about the situation with Mac, of course, just as everyone knew and he had his orders and he followed them faithfully.

But all the same, it seemed a pity. As he got ready for bed, he remembered so many stars he had known through the years—the Harlows, the Crawfords, the Bergmans, all of them—and how in their stormy, shrewd, tormented minds they had fought out the bitter battle between career and love, marriage and stardom. Fought and lost, most of them, with far more experience and know-how than Kim.

It's a great business, he thought, as he lay in bed waiting patiently for the bicarb to work. You can't beat it, one way or another.

But some can take it, and some can't. I wonder what she'll do?

He turned restlessly, and closed his eyes.

Poor kid, he thought. And went to sleep. **END**

don't call her cinderella

(*Continued from page 55*) willed, and wanted my own way constantly," she says. "When I was a baby they took me to a doctor and he said, 'There isn't a thing you can do, she's just a natural-born cranky baby.' Poor Mother, she had an awful time with me."

Shirley was born on March 31, 1934 in a town called Charleroi, Pennsylvania. Twenty years later her home-town paper printed her life story and remarked, aptly enough, that the doctors and nurses at the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones little wotted what a smash the infant would be. Three years later, on a trip to Niagara Falls, her parents began to wot indeed.

Like many other parents, the Jones had enrolled their offspring in a tap class in the hopes that she would gain poise and agility thereby. Shirley took to it like a duck to water. But she bided her time before revealing the extent of her addiction to the world of entertainment. At three, the time was ripe. With everyone in Niagara in a holiday mood, she lifted her diminutive skirts and, before the eyes of her astonished parents as well as a rapidly-collected crowd, broke into dance one afternoon on the sidewalks of the park bordering the falls. The response was tremendous. Before she could take a bow, however, her parents swept her literally off her feet and carried her to a nearby restaurant. Undaunted, Shirley did her encore there.

That summer a photographer sold her picture to a parents' magazine, for the cover, no less. The Joneses, wotting, began to keep a scrapbook. Over the years the scrapbooks increased to five. (Most of the pictures for this story come from them.)

In 1939 the family moved to Smithton. Grandpa Jones had built a brewery there, and upon his death it passed on to Grandma. Like two of his brothers, Shirley's father became one of the makers of Stoney's Beer. They moved into half of Grandma's house, a huge, sixteen-room shingled affair, converted to a duplex.

"Mother is a rock"

If she could have, Grandma would have spoiled Shirley. She couldn't. Not that Shirley wasn't amenable to the idea: she was, and she had Dad on her side. But Mama wasn't having any. "If it hadn't been for Mother, I guess I'd have been just unbearable. I can't take advantage of her—she's the rock I come up against. I can always get around Daddy with tears, but not Mother."

In any event, Shirley entered grammar school and learned to read fast, the better to peruse her movie magazines. She and her best friend, Charlotte, (known as "Red") spent hours pouring over them, cutting out pictures, imagining themselves as stars. Mama Jones was not quite so optimistic. "Sometimes," she told Shirley years after, "when you were little I was afraid of what you'd be like when you grew up!" Shirley was in the process of racking up eight years of perfect attendance at the Methodist Sunday School, but that didn't seem to affect her conscience. "From six to nine years," she recalls, "I guess I had a spanking every day or some other sort of deprivation, but it didn't break me down. Other people thought I was the sweetest thing they ever saw—and then when I got home!" "You cried so much," her mother adds dryly, "that it's no wonder you have a strong voice!"

It was probably the discovery of her voice that saved Shirley from becoming Smithton's outstanding respectable juvenile delinquent. She joined the chorus in



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and all of a sudden, they were asking her to solo. She sang children's songs and hymns and instead of whisking her off, her parents let her stay around for the applause. Shirley gave up tap without a second thought. This was for her. She began to save her voice for better things than screaming. She sang around the house and hummed to herself in class. In Atlantic City one summer she dragged her parents to a recording booth and cut her first wax, singing "It Had To Be You."

All the tremendous drive that had been making her a pint-sized rebel poured into her singing. At twelve she went away to camp and sang "Indian Love Call" in the end-of-summer show. One of her counselors was so impressed that she wrote to Mama and Papa Jones, insisting that Shirley be given vocal lessons. Shirley thought it was the most wonderful idea she'd ever heard. Papa had to drive her miles twice a week to a good teacher, but Shirley serenaded him all the way.

By the time she entered high school Shirley had a name for herself. She was the only non-parent, non-teacher, non-graduate present, year after year at the grammar school graduation; they kept asking her back to sing "The Lord's Prayer."

In high school she was merely a cheerleader, drum majorette, class secretary, free-lance model and singer, honor student, leading lady in the class play, soloist with the huge All-State Chorus, Queen Of The May—twice—and victim to a succession of crushes on football heros. To top it all, when she was sixteen, she fell in love.

The boy

The boy's name was Lewis Mologne. He had high school letters in four different sports and was both "King" and president of his graduating class. When he passed the examination for West Point, Shirley cut *his* picture out of the paper and added it to her jammed scrapbooks.

For three years they went together. Shirley made trips to the Point for dances and exercises, football games and just to see Lew. At the Christmas Hop he wrote his name next to more dances than was polite and added, "I love you" at the bottom of the card.

But when Shirley was nineteen, it ended. Perhaps because her life had suddenly taken an unexpected turn, more in line with her tremendous ambition. Perhaps because the romance had started too young, and because first love, however sweet, so very seldom lasts a lifetime. Lew lives in Pittsburgh now; he and Shirley write and consider themselves "good friends"—but no romance.

Unlike most parents of stage-struck daughters, the Joneses neither pushed Shirley nor tried to hold her back. The latter they couldn't have, the former they didn't need to. Swept along on the wave of Shirley's amazing energy and optimism, they accompanied her to singing engagements and portrait studios, saw that she was well-fed and well-chaperoned, beamed and applauded, and generally made Shirley and career feel loved and wanted.

By the time she graduated, a pretty blonde with an amazing soprano voice and a willingness to sing any time, any where, any song that people would listen to, Shirley had been included in *Who's Who In High Schools* and had started Saturday classes in acting at the famous Pittsburgh Playhouse where she won her first title—"Queen of the Children's Theatre." She knew, of course, that she was going on the stage some day—there hadn't been much question about that since she was three—but she planned on college first. She picked a small New Jersey school with a good choral department. But before she got her trunks half packed, a Nash dealer nominated her for Miss Pittsburgh of 1952.

It was only the *second*-biggest break of her life, but Shirley didn't know that then. It felt to her as though the doors had suddenly opened. If she made it—and then Miss Pennsylvania—and then Miss America—she'd have a huge scholarship, personal appearances, a chance at the movies.

"It was a close contest until the talent part," a judge reported. "Once Shirley started to sing it was no contest at all." On August 4, 1952, they put the crown on her head. Newspapers announced variously that the eighteen-year-old was "Miss Pittsburgh," "Miss New Pittsburgh" and "Miss Greater Pittsburgh." Shirley beamed, posed in her crown, had her picture taken depositing money in her bank ("Miss Pittsburgh banks here!"), buying railroad tickets and, of course, holding cans of Old Stoney. Several editorials were written on the subject of Why It Is All Right For A Girl From Smithton To Be "Miss Pittsburgh." Letters and cards and telegrams and calls poured in from her home town. A friend named Dot enclosed a clipping from a Charleroi newspaper which called Shirley a "former Charleroi girl." "Everyone will try to claim you now," Dot wrote. She was absolutely right.

The happiest claim was filed a few hours before Shirley won the title. The Pittsburgh Playhouse informed her formally that they would like to present her with a full-time scholarship.

Shirley thought it over, but not for long. College could wait. If necessary, college could be forgotten. She accepted joyfully. Her parents let her make up her own mind. Not that it would have done much good to argue. Shirley had sweetened up and calmed down and was an altogether lovable, untroublesome daughter, but though she now had her stubborn will under control, it was still strong—and very much present. Besides, she was so happy in Pittsburgh. Besides—she might make Miss America!

Rumor says a studio chief stomped through the commissary and fired four visitors!

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

Everything went her way. The Pittsburgh Optimist Club named her "Miss Optimist Of The Year," presented her with a copy of The Optimist's Creed and planned a parade around her. Bookings swamped her. Then she took off for Philadelphia and the "Miss Pennsylvania" eliminations. Her photograph became practically a daily feature in the Pittsburgh papers.

But at Philadelphia, she came in second. "The contest was run fairly all the way through," Shirley said. "Miriam and I were tied until the intelligence and that's where I lost." It wasn't quite as insulting as all that. To break the tie, the judges had asked two questions. "Do you belong to any clubs and civic organizations?"

"I told them I belonged to clubs in high school but that my town was too small to support activities such as they meant."

Then they asked her, "What do you think American women today can do to better the world?" She had an answer, but Miriam, a college graduate, had a better one, the judges figured. "She quoted from a lot of books and went into a great amount of detail," Shirley said without ire. At first she was heartbroken; later she decided it was all for the best. And even at the time, there were compensations. "Hundreds of people called from Pittsburgh to congratulate me after it was over, even though I didn't win."

After all, her life was hardly shattered. More accurate to say it was just beginning. The title was gone, but Shirley was not forgotten. The roto section of the Pittsburgh Press ran an article called, "What Happens To A Beauty Queen?" and took pictures of Shirley on her daily rounds.

At the time, Shirley was living on the Pitt campus at the Alpha Delta Phi sorority house. Weekdays she built sets at the Playhouse, painted them, and acted in front of them. She got "Good" and "Very Good" on her Playhouse report cards—and "Excellent" in performance. She acquired an additional voice coach, Kenny Welch. She played featured and then leading roles in Playhouse musicals. Once, when she was singing the lead in *Best Foot Forward,* Smithton turned out, practically en masse, to see her. The papers called it "Shirley Jones Night at the Playhouse." They might have called it that again at another performance when she reached for a high one and burst her belt, reducing both herself and the audience to hysterics. All the time, she sang and modeled and entered beauty contests, still operating on the theory that if you do enough—in fact, do everything—*something* is bound to click.

Shirley turns chicken

The next summer, though, she decided to leave it all behind for once and take a vacation. Her folks were going to New York, and she needed a rest.

But neither the Fates nor Ken Welch would hear of such nonsense. "If you're going to New York," Ken said, "why waste time? I know people there. You can audition. I'll get you an audition with Gus Schirmer." This was the moment she had been working for; they don't come much bigger than Schirmer. For the first time Shirley turned chicken. "I'm not ready yet," she told Ken. "Wait a while."

"Wait, nothing," Ken said. "Furthermore, I'm coming with you."

In New York he hustled her to Schirmer's agency offices and accompanied her songs himself. Schirmer was impressed. He got her name on a dotted line. He was her agent. "Thank you very much," Shirley said. "I'll be back in a year."

"You'll stay right here, now," said Schirmer.

Every week, year in, year out, the Rodgers and Hammerstein offices hold open auditions for aspiring young singers. Anyone can come. Everyone usually does come—with the exception of Rodgers and Hammerstein. They never come.

That week, Gus Schirmer took Shirley over. John Fearnley, the R&H casting director, listened to her, looked at the fresh, open face, and had a visible brainstorm. "Don't leave," he told Shirley, and dashed across the street. By a convenient miracle, Dick Rodgers was in the opposite building, rehearsing an orchestra for a road company show. Five minutes later, John was back. He took Shirley across the street, said, "Sing for Mr. Rodgers, honey," and sat down. Rodgers listened and started whispering frantically. "Are you in a hurry?" he asked Shirley. "Can you wait a little while till Mr. Hammerstein gets here?" For Oscar was in town, too. The Fates did nothing by halves for Miss Jones.

Shirley said she could wait, and sat down, because her knees were shaking. A few minutes later Hammerstein walked in. He spoke to Rodgers, gazed intently at Shirley and said, "Know any of the songs from *Oklahoma!*?" Of course she did. Who didn't "All right," Oscar said. "Start with 'People Will Say We're In Love.'" And, accompanied by the entire obliging orchestra, Shirley sang. It was all very mysterious.

When she had run through the whole show, the plot thickened. The partners drew her aside. "Listen," she was told, in the best Hitchcock manner, "we have plans for you,

big plans, but we can't tell you a thing about it now. We'd like to put you under personal contract for the next seven years. In the meantime, would you consider a part in the chorus of *South Pacific*? Just to keep you busy for a while?"

Her parents took her over to the Barbizon Hotel for Women, watched her register, kissed her goodbye, and got back into their car for the long drive home to Smithton. Half a block from the Barbizon, Jones pulled up. "Let's go back and get her," he said to his wife. "We can't leave Shir all alone in this city; she doesn't know anyone."

"She'll make friends," Mrs. Jones said. They went home.

A few nights later, Shirley was a nurse on the *South Pacific* stage. Soon she had a tiny speaking part, a line or two to herself. Her salary went up from about eighty a week to about ninety. She wrote proudly that she had reduced!

When *South Pacific* finally closed, Rodgers and Hammerstein moved her to the *Me And Juliet* company. When that took to the road, Shirley was playing Juliet, the second female lead, and understudying Isabel Bigley, the star. In the chorus of the troupe was a bright, pretty brunette, Sari Price, who became Shirley's roommate and closest friend. With Sari, Shirley explored Chicago, sent home photos of the two of them in the zoo, at parties. When Isabel got sick for a week Shirley took over the lead. The reviews were good.

The mystery is solved

The show over, Rodgers and Hammerstein called her back to New York. The veil of mystery was lifted. There was a movie of *Oklahoma!* being planned—the biggest movie ever made, to hear people talk. It was going to be made in something called Todd AO which was wider and brighter and more efficient than any other process. Everyone in Hollywood was being auditioned for Curly and Will and Ado Annie—and Laurie. Only Dick and Oscar thought they had their Laurie, and her name was Shirley Jones.

When she had caught her breath—which was a matter of days—Shirley started auditioning. She sang for Fred Zinnemann, the director. He thought she was good, sure, but an amateur compared to Ann Blyth and Debbie Reynolds and the other Hollywood candidates. After all, the picture would cost a fortune, it would be dangerous trying out a new girl who didn't know a camera from a boom. If Oscar and Dick wanted it, he'd fly her out for a screen test, but . . .

So out went Shirley to Hollywood and tested. Her partners in the test were one Gordon MacRae and one Charlotte Greenwood, who wanted the roles of Curly and Aunt Eller, respectively. It must have been quite a test. All three were cast from it.

Oklahoma! went into rehearsal in Hollywood. At first Shirley found herself lonely. Always before she had been surrounded by youngsters, show kids like herself or friends from home. Most of the members of the *Oklahoma!* troupe were older. Sari came out to room with her and job hunt, but life wasn't complete. Finally she decided to do something about it. She spoke to Shirley Vaughn of MGM's casting department. "I sit home night after night in that apartment, even on Saturdays," she mourned. "Could you get me some dates?"

"Name the man!" Miss Vaughn said blithely.

"All right," said Shirley. "Guy Madison!"

Unfortunately, Guy was engaged at the time to a small brunette named Sheila Connolly. Shirley settled cheerfully for some of the boys at MGM. She went out with Bob Dix, Richard Dix's son, and half



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a dozen young actors. It wasn't until her return from Nogales that she met someone "of interest"—Johnny Anderson—but in the meantime, the Jones Glow returned.

Once started, Shirley and Sari needed no further help. Their small apartment was always full of kids, their parties began early and lasted late. Shirley's folks arrived to visit; they brought their camera and took pictures of Shirley dressed like a movie star, Shirley dressed like Shirley, Shirley with a can of Old Stoney's in hand. No sooner had they left than Dad wanted to come back again. Shirley laughed and teased them out of it. "I suppose my parents do worry about me, being away so much," she said tenderly. "Daddy broods when I'm away too long. Mother and I kid him about it and she tells him he's got to get used to it. He laughs and says he's going on my honeymoon. You should see him inspect the boys I go out with, he's so particular."

He would have had a field day at Nogales. The *Oklahoma!* troupe was encamped there, mostly because Arizona looks more like Oklahoma than Oklahoma does. Shirley Vaughn reported, "When we were shooting at Nogales, they had a dance every Saturday night at the El Rancho Grande Hotel. And every Saturday night Shirley danced every dance with a different man. Young, old, cast, crew, it didn't make any difference, she never turned anybody down. She was tagged all evening, the most popular girl there.

"Shirley's a happy girl, always singing to herself. Frankly, I don't like sopranos, but her voice is so clear and mellow; she's the first girl I've liked to hear sing. And luckily for us—the whole 350 of us down at Nogales—Shirley doesn't mind being asked to sing." Which was possibly the understatement of the year.

Another big secret

All this time, Rodgers and Hammerstein guarded Shirley as jealously as they had once kept the secret of their forthcoming film. The press knew Shirley's name, but nothing else. Some said that R & H didn't want Shirley's head turned by fame; Laurie had to radiate untarnished charm. If so, they needn't have worried. If Pittsburgh hadn't done it, nothing would.

When the picture was over, the lid was removed. Nick Matsoukas, in charge of exploitation, announced to newsmen that Miss Jones was available for interviews, pictures, social chit-chats—provided they could find her. She was, it seemed, in rehearsal for the overseas troupe of *Oklahoma!* scheduled to bring the show to Paris for the State Department. Almost as soon as the word went out, it was too late. The troupe had left.

One or two reporters did manage to get through. Shirley told them happily that she loved to sing, that she was thrilled at making movies, that she was dying to go to Europe. She added, "I want to get married some day. I want a career, too, but I don't think it's a way of life. Marriage and children and a home are the important things. If I can merge a career with marriage I will, but if my husband objects, I'll give up the career immediately."

Nick beamed when he read the results. "I leave her alone with interviewers," he said proudly, "because I know she can fend for herself. I won't even bother to send a press agent to Europe with her. And anyway, I know all the interviewers will love her."

They did. So did everyone else in Hollywood. Even discounting the percentage of exaggeration that goes along with reports on a new star, Shirley was a tremendously popular girl. Gordon MacRae announced, "Shirley's the kind of girl you like right away. Sheilah felt the same way about her that I did—we even gave a party for her. She meets people with great ease.

"I wouldn't say she's ambitious. Perhaps she is, but she gave no sign of it. There is none of that sense of pressure about Shirley. Maybe it's because she has security in the position of her family. We didn't even know her father owned the brewery—she never mentioned it—until one day in Nogales a whole crate of Stoney's beer arrived from Pennsylvania. Shirley told everyone to come and get it."

Romance and rumors

Johnny Anderson raved, "If there were one—just one—like Shirley at every studio, it would do a lot for Hollywood.

"I met her through an assistant director here at Columbia who was dating Sari Price. First Mrs. Jones was here, and then Sari for a month or so, and then Shirley was alone after Sari went back to work. When I saw Sari one night she said she wanted me to meet her roommate who was coming back from Nogales the following week. A few days later Sari called me up and I went over and met Shirley and had coffee with the girls. I didn't need much pushing. The next night I took Shirley to a football game, and as luck would have it Pittsburgh was playing UCLA that night. Shirley knew a lot of guys on the Pitt team and got a big kick out of the game. So did I, because Shirley understands football and I didn't have to spend the evening explaining it to her.

"She went back home in December after finishing the picture, to get a rest. I flew back to spend New Year's Eve with Shirley and her family, and I don't think it was much of a rest for her. She has nine thousand relatives all over the place, next door, around the corner and down the street. The phone was ringing even off the hook. One night an uncle gave a big party for her, and the next there was a church affair, and the next the relatives in West Newton gave a wingding for her.

"Her parents are great people, real folks. They've brought her up beautifully. I think her father was quite a gadabout in his single days and he's probably taught her the score. She knows how to say no, and she's much more self sufficient than most girls around this town."

Reports leaking back from Paris a few months later indicated that Shirley had done equally well overseas. Aly Khan's younger brother, according to one source, was following Miss Jones around like "a love-sick calf." However, no such report came from Shirley. Sari had joined the company's chorus, so they roomed together all over Europe, and even wangled three days off between Paris and Rome to spend in the sun at an Italian beach, celebrating the news that Shirley was going to do Julie in *Carousel* when she got home. After two weeks in Rome, Shirley left the troupe and flew back to the States. In New York she had three hours between planes, and spent the time "convincing" her father that he should join her and Mom in Hollywood, at least for a visit. She won. They're there now, in a Westwood apartment.

She has only one complaint in the world. When she went home to Smithton, they said to her, "My goodness, you haven't changed a bit!" "If they knew me at all," she complained to her mother, "they wouldn't have expected me to change! Now I'll have to work hard just to make people feel at ease!"

Which will be just one more job for Cinderella Jones. But for any girl who has worked this hard to earn her glass slipper and her night at the ball—a little thing like handling fame gracefully shouldn't be hard to manage at all! **END**

my friend jimmy dean

(*Continued from page 53*) jeon shirt, blue jeans and sneakers, saw me looking at the cones. He grabbed my arm and said, "Come here," then led me to the center of the room, under an old-fashioned wheel lamp. I found myself facing a tremendous stone fireplace. Perched dead-center over the fireplace was the wickedest-looking pair of silver-tipped antlers in the world. Looking down, I saw that I was standing on a white bearskin rug. Jim was like a child, keyed-up, enjoying every second.

"Hold that pose"

He left me standing there—"Just hold that pose!" he said—walked over to the hi-fi and turned it up. The music swirled around me, on all sides. It was like the stereophonic sound you hear in theatres. Jim's eyes danced with excitement as he explained that the music zoomed down from the two ceiling speakers—"And how do you like this—those speakers are only eight inches in diameter and yet they have such tremendous volume!"—through the cellophane cones, out into the room. The cones did something to the music that increased the volume pleasantly yet permitted the tone to remain mellow.

"Quite a gadget," I said.

"Wait'll you hear this one." Jim flipped the Bach record off and put on another. "This one's African music, from Kenya. The record is all beat up. That's because I've played it so many times. But listen and you'll notice that it's delicate, sort of Oriental, music—rather than what you usually think of as African—you know, tom-toms and all that."

He spun the record and there were drums, all right, but they were merely incidental to the singer, a man who sounded like he was chanting, "Hallo, Hallo, Jimmy Rodgers!" Jim explained that that was exactly what the man, an African native, *was* singing. I had never heard of Jimmy Rodgers. Jim elucidated.

"Jimmy Rodgers was one of our greatest cowboy and hillbilly singers. He died in the early thirties. But folk singers today still worship at his shrine. And these African natives, 'way off there in Kenya, somehow got hold of some of Rodgers' old-time cowboy records and made up their own songs based on his songs. Listen to the man yodel!" Sure enough, the African was yodeling.

Jim then played one of Rodgers' old yodeling records, dug up in a second-hand record shop, to show the similarities.

The native chant droned on and on. Jim Dean seemed hypnotized by it. I noticed a bar there in the living room, obviously installed by the original owner. Jim wasn't using it as such. It was loaded with books and bundles. He had moved in only the week before.

I noticed the shelves were already crowded with books—fiction, philosophy, Aztec culture, the theatre, history, art, music. There were more record albums, too—hundreds, seemingly. Also bullfight posters and ropes, crash helmets and racing car trophies, stacks of photos, not professional photographs but snapshots.

Back upstairs we went. "Is this the whole house?" I asked. Jim said, "This is it." I asked, "No bedrooms?" Said he, "Nope. Just a little old kitchen and dining room and a big, big living room. Who needs more than that?" I asked where he sleeps. He pointed up to a balcony hanging over the high-ceilinged living room and demonstrated how he got to his bed up there by crawling up a flight of steps built over the fireplace—most ingenious and certainly most unusual!

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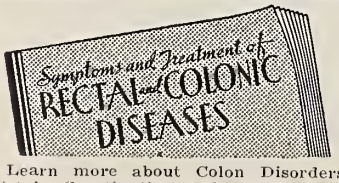
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like this?" I asked. "And how could they ever expect to rent it or sell it again?"

"Well, you're looking at the guy who rented it," Jim said. Then he explained that the house belongs to a friend, Nick Romanos. Nick was once a ballet star with Diaghielieff's Ballet de Monte Carlo. This was many years ago. The great Nijinsky had also danced for Diaghielieff. Nick's wife had a heart ailment and her doctor suggested that Nick take her to live as close to the ocean as possible. "So now they're living in a trailer down at the beach and I'm here," said Jim.

"How did you meet Nick?"

"He manages the Villa Capri for Patsy D'Amore, Frank Sinatra's friend. Marlon Brando eats there a lot, too. So do I. One night I went in and asked Nick, 'What's good on the menu tonight?' He said, 'How should I know? I *hate* Italian food! Go down the street to Don the Beachcomber's if you want a good meal!' I've been very fond of Nick ever since."

Now I noticed a hangman's rope hanging from one of the living-room beams. A sign—"We Also Remove Bodies"—hung next to the rope. Jim said the rope was part of his knot-tying studies—"After all, roping and bullfighting." And the sign? "Oh, I guess you can chalk that up to my macabre sense of humor."

More records, all stacked around the hi-fi, spilled all over that end of the room. "What kind of music do you like best?" I asked. "Just about everything," Jim said. "I collect everything from Twelfth and Thirteenth Century music to Wanda Landowska's harpsichord recordings of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord* to the extreme moderns—you know, Schoenberg, Berg, Bartok, Stravinsky. I also like Sinatra's *Songs For Young Lovers* album."

He picked up a record. "See if you can recognize this. I feel the same way about this one that the teenagers feel about Sinatra and Eddie Fisher." He spun the disc. Through the cellophane cones poured the magnificent strains of Puccini's "One Fine Day" aria from *Madame Butterfly*. Jim was delighted when I identified the singer first as the late Claudia Muzio. But his face fell when I immediaitely corrected myself and said it was Renata Tebaldi of Milan's La Scala opera company. I thought to myself, "Jim must think he has an exclusive on Tebaldi!"

But then he was raving over the record. "Listen to this woman's modulation," he rhapsodized. "And such expression! Wonderful taste, too, and a truly great sense of proportion. Over-trained opera singers usually go overboard—haven't you noticed how they hit a good note and then drive the listener nuts holding onto it? They don't want to let go of it, it's so good. But not Tebaldi. She is a great artist—greatest we've ever had." I gave him an argument, claiming Muzio as greatest. Jim shrugged.

I noticed Eugene Ormandy's *Ports Of Call* in the pile of records. Jim said, apologetically, "A friend left that. It's not quite my cup of tea. Too chapter-headingish, too twelve-stringish—you dig me? But pleasant, if you're in the mood."

"Tschaikovsky?"

Jim dismissed Tschaikovsky and the other romantics as he had dismissed my favorite opera singer—with a shrug.

Now he was putting Bela Bartok's *Suite From The Miraculous Mandarin* on the hi-fi. While we listened to the wild, sensuous music he said, "Some day I would like to direct a movie short of the ballet Bartok wrote this for. It's about a girl of the streets who is forced by two hoodlums to lure men. She's the come-on. The hoodlums beat up the men and rob them. Finally the girl lures a rich mandarin. The men beat him, rob him and try to kill him. But he won't die, because he has fallen in love with the girl, even though she's evil. His love is stronger than their murdering hands. The men finally plunge a sword into his heart. Then they hang him from a chandelier! But his eyes remain wide open, glued on the girl he loves! And then she suddenly realizes that this is the only good man who has ever loved her and that she loves him, too! She throws her arms around him. It is only then, when he knows his love has been returned, that he gives in and lets death take him. Beautiful story, isn't it?"

I agreed. I also wondered to myself which of the big studios would be interested in letting Jim direct it for them. I could think of none.

"Hey, the coffee!" he exclaimed suddenly remembering, jumping up. The Bartok continued to swell from the cones as he went to the kitchen, puttered around, returning finally with a tray holding a coffee pot, cups and saucers, cream and sugar, raisin-and-honey bread and a plate of cream cheese. Meanwhile, Jim had gotten off on another subject: the trees in his front and back yards. He reeled them off for me: peach, plum, lemon, lime, orange and apple. He did all the gardening.

"You asked me"

I sat on the floor, leaning against his TV set, as he talked. The TV set was flanked by his bongo drums. I said, "I don't understand how you find time for all this. Acting, collecting hi-fi records—and playing them, too!—roping, bullfighting, carpentry, photography, reading, racing, drumming, gardening, cooking. You play the piano and guitar, too, I've heard."

"Yep. I also study singing and dancing. Some day I want to make a musical. I also sail, play tennis, fence, do gymnastics and also a little boxing. I'm a farmer, too. I know how to milk cows and I'm a great hand at feeding the chickens. I also study body movement and foreign languages and I like to work on sport cars, in addition to racing them. I ride, too. When I first came to California I bought a Palomino named Cisco.

"But don't make me sound like I'm bragging about all this, because I'm not. You asked me and I'm telling you. I keep busy because I think that's part of being an actor. I think actors should spend their lives investigating things, learning what makes things tick. They should try to know every facet of living. Walt Disney's Jiminy Cricket said it in *Pinocchio*, remember, when he sang, 'Hi diddle dee dee, an actor's life for me!' It's a great life.

"But an actor would be selfish if he didn't try to learn everything life has to offer. He should seek the truth—he should try to learn what is valid in life and what isn't. It takes time, time when he could be goofing off, but it's worth it, when and if he finds it."

"How old are you, Jim?"

"I was born February 8, 1931."

"For a twenty-four-year-old, you know a great deal about life."

"I don't know anywhere near what I should know, but some day maybe I will." He looked around at his books, his records, TV set, bongo drums. He smiled.

Two young girls stuck their heads in the front door. One of them said, "We just wanted to say hello to our new neighbor and see what he's been doing to Nick's house." She was the "cool" type. The other, younger, girl said, somewhat breathlessly, "Oh, and we heard the music, too—we're just on our way back from market—and we thought you were having a jam session and we thought we'd see what it was all about!" The words gushed out. Neither girl mentioned his name, although it was obvious they knew very well who

Jim was. The first girl was eighteen or so, the other about twelve.

Jim smiled and said, "Come on in and look around." They needed no further invitation. They came in and looked around. Jim said to me, "It's really too much house for me, when you stop to think of it." I said, "I should think so—the gardening and all. Why don't you have someone come in and help?" He said, "I guess I'll have to. If I ever get around to phoning an employment agency!"

A little neighbor boy came in, followed by another. They were about nine and seven. They had apparently followed the girls. Jim was just as considerate with them. He told them to have a look around, too. "Make yourself at home." Then, to me: "It's a mess because Nick had to move so quickly and I moved in in a hurry and haven't had time to fix it up. But I will."

The girls came in from the back yard. The older girl said, "That's a beautiful peach tree you have out there. Are you going to eat the peaches or give them away?" Jim said, "Both. You can have some." She said, "Gee, thanks, that'll be wonderful!" She beamed at the younger girl, who beamed right back. "That Jimmy Dean is *real* dreamy," I could imagine them telling their other girl friends later. "He practically invited us to come back and load up with his peaches whenever we want to!"

The girls started looking through the records. The boys were out in the back yard, looking things over.

Neighbors

I had heard that Natalie Wood, the starlet whose name has been linked romantically with Jim's, is a neighbor of his. I asked him about it. He said, "No, I don't think so." That was all.

He added, "But I do know one of my neighbors and I suppose you know him, too. He's George Gobel." I said yes, indeed, I knew George well—George and I both hail from Chicago and I had been visiting the set of his first movie, *The Birds And The Bees,* at Paramount, the day before. George had been doing a love scene with Mitzi Gaynor. "Nice guy, isn't he?" Jim asked. "The nicest," I said.

One of the little boys sauntered in from the yard, swinging a branch he had picked up. He asked Jim, "Hey, do you still have those snakes Nick had? They were sure cute, those snakes."

I had never heard of "cute" snakes. Jim explained to me that they were imitation snakes that Nick had bought in a tricks-and-magic store in Hollywood. To the boy he explained, "Nick took the snakes when he moved to the beach."

Girls

The older girl, somewhat resentful of the boy's intrusion of her session with Jim (*I* was interviewing Jim for MODERN SCREEN but *I* obviously didn't count!) said, "I think I'll enroll at UCLA this year." Jim said, "I went there. I took pre-law. It's a good school." The girl asked, "Why did you leave?" Jim replied, "The school decided I should leave." The girls and the boy giggled.

The younger girl commented on the clarity of Jim's hi-fi set (it was playing an old Chaliapin record now)—"It's real cool!" she said—and Jim started explaining how the cones worked. The other little neighbor boy returned from the yard, unbidden. Jim and I still had some bread and cheese left on our plates. The four youngsters started whispering about something among themselves so I whispered to Jim, "Don't you find it strange to have so many people walking in and out of the house?" He smiled and whispered right back, "Why not—the door's open."

Then I remembered a sign I had seen at the gate: "Beware of Dogs." I asked Jim about it. He said, "That's left over from Nick. Nobody pays any attention to it."

And this, I thought, is the James Dean they've been calling a hermit!

The older girl was talking to Jim again. She was a very pretty girl. She wore pedal pushers and a plain white blouse and ballet slippers. She said she liked Tschaikowsky and Victor Herbert. Jim said, "It's my opinion that Victor Herbert was a musical impostor. I like creative artists, the ones who don't borrow from others."

She asked, "Do you like Sauter-Finegan? They play modern jazz."

Jim said, "Well, if you're going to listen to atonal music don't you think it's better to listen to something good, like Bartok? The Sauter-Finegan orchestra copies Bartok. They also copy Berg and the other moderns." She said she would listen to Bartok and the others.

One of the boys asked, "Do you like real fast music?" (Not one of the youngsters had called Jim by his name yet.)

Jim said, "Fast or slow, if it's good."

Surprises

I went out in the kitchen to get more coffee. Dirty dishes were stacked all over the place. Typical bachelor, I thought. Jim left his inquisitors and came out after me. "I cooked some steaks night before last," he apologized, "and had to get up early yesterday, as I told you, and I worked late last night, as you know, so I haven't had time to clean up."

Then Jim pulled one right out of the air and popped it at me: "Would you like to know a good recipe for onions? Well, you put some onions in a pan with butter, let them roll around in that awhile, then put some sugar and cinnamon on them and cook them some more—fabulous!"

We went back to the kids. They were getting ready to leave. He didn't dismiss them. They bade him affectionate goodbyes as they left. The youngest boy said, "Goodbye, Jimmy." The rest of the youngsters picked it up and called him Jimmy, too. Then they were gone.

I complimented him. He said, "I was a counselor at a boys' camp in Glendora, California, for a year, just before I started at UCLA in 1949. So I know a little about getting along with youngsters."

I said, "That was a pretty girl."

"Yeah, real collegiate. You keep getting onto that subject, don't you? You trying to pump me about girls?" He grinned.

"Well—"

"Three gossip columnists had me out with three different girls one night—and all the time I was sitting in the Villa Capri with my insurance agent!"

"That older girl seemed very interested in you."

"A lot of them are, at first."

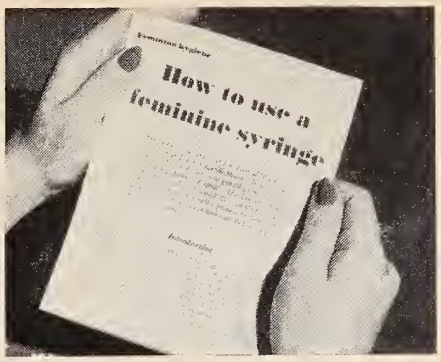
"And?"

"They're curious. But the percentage of lasting relationships between fellows and girls based on curiosity is limited. There have been a number of these, not only where I'm concerned but where other actors are concerned, and the more of these there are the more one's discretion is taxed. You know what I mean? So where does an actor who wants to be serious with a girl go from there?

"Oh well, I guess that's the position we put ourselves in when we go into this business!"

"How do you find being famous, Jim? Have you lost anything that you had before *East Of Eden* made you a star?"

"It's hard to say. I fought it for a long time. I didn't think I was famous—I thought I was more infamous! But after a while I think I started learning what so



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MITZI GAYNOR

tells "how not to meet a movie star!"

■ There are ways *not* to meet movie stars. Mitzi Gaynor admits she knows them all, because they all happened to her. The three men she wanted most to meet in Hollywood were Cary Grant, Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor. She met them, all right, but not quite in the way she had dreamed about it. "If you want it to be a nightmare instead of a dream," grins Mitzi, "do just what I did."

Like the time a few years back when Mitzi was doing the musical, *Jollyanna* on a Los Angeles stage. In the audience was the biggest object of her hero worship, Cary Grant. She managed to keep her knees from sounding like a pair of maracas, but collapsed in a heap from the reaction in her dressing room after the performance. When she heard a knock she took for granted it was her dresser and yelled, "Come in, come in, whoever you are."



At the door stood the impeccable Cary, arrived to congratulate her. Mitzi's hair looked like the night before a permanent; her face was deep in cold cream. She wore a faded old robe, and about all she could manage in intelligent conversation was, "Gaaaaa."

Now, with Donald O'Connor it was different. Mitzi was svelte, the introduction was impeccably social—at a party. Don immediately asked her to dance, but as they whirled away he began to sneeze violently. Between *kachooos* he pointed at her glinting hair and demanded, "Whadaya got on, anyway?" A crestfallen Mitzi explained that what was tickling his proboscis was the sparkle dust she'd sprinkled on her hair.

In Bing's case, she was doubly elated being teamed with him and Don O'Connor in *Anything Goes*. Mitzi was planning a real socko intro. So—she had just finished a strenuous rehearsal number and lay sprawled in her Paramount dressing room, face bathed in honest perspiration, when Bing stuck his head in the door. "Mitzi Gaynor, I presume?" chortled the Groaner. "Glad you're with us!" And with that, he was gone. "This," murmured Mitzi sadly, "is where I came in—with Cary Grant!"

Not that any of this has taken the fizz out of our effervescent Mitzi. Lunching in the studio commissary with some dancers from the picture, one of them suddenly said, "Don't look now, but Gary Cooper just sat down at the table in back of you." Mitzi turned, looked square into Coop's candid, kind blue gaze—and promptly knocked over the tall glass of tomato juice.

But Mitzi has had her chances to turn the tables. Once she was being interviewed on the informal Tex and Jinx show in New York when Ginger Rogers flashed in. This time, Mitzi was ready. "There are so many things you've done that have been important to me," she said. Ginger, thinking she was getting the standard Hollywood schmaltz, raised an eyebrow and inquired shrewdly, "Such as?"

Mitzi promptly quoted, verbatim, a few lines from *Kitty Foyle*. Ginger gulped and begged, "Would you mind repeating that? I barely remember those lines myself!"

It's true that while Hollywood is a small place, you can still work in it for many a snowfall without meeting your favorite star.

But Mitzi, of the sparklingest eyes in Hollywood, says, "It's really very simple to meet your idol. Just put on your scarecrow outfit and a pair of ski shoes. It may not be the way you *want* to meet a movie star—but, if you're anything like me, that's when you will!"

many actors have learned—about that certain communicative power we have that so few people are privileged to have. We find that we can reach, through the medium of motion pictures and television, not only the people with whom we work on the soundstages here in Hollywood but people all over the world! And then we start thinking, 'I'm famous, all right, and I guess this is what I wanted, so now how do I face it?'

"And then the responsibilities come. And you have to fight against becoming egotistical. It's tough, here in Hollywood. You have reached so many people, and you think they are interested in you personally and that you must have answered some need of theirs, in some small way. There's a great satisfaction in this, you know—to have answered a need in another person.

"You know what I think? I think the prime reason for existence, for living in this world, is discovery! It's part of knowing your Maker and loving Him. Look around you, at children and animals. They're always looking for and discovering new things. That's what I like to do.

"On the other hand, I know there are many people in the world who give up the search. They quit because they're afraid of failing, of being rejected, when they near their goal. This world we live in is dominated, I think, by an idyllic interpretation of success. This, in turn, manufactures fantasy. People become involved with the fantasy and stop looking for their own success. They find it, instead, in the success of movie stars and other celebrities. They live in a dream world.

"People have too much time here. I think it's because of the vastness of the place and the distances. When you drive all the way from Warners' to 20th Century-Fox you have too much time to think. You think, think, think, all the way. If the people in Hollywood kept busier at their arts and crafts they would be more productive and not so destructive. I'm talking about the gossipmongers now."

"A masterful woman"

I thought this would be a good time to interrupt him: "When are you going to get married?"

"When I find the right companion."

"Are you looking?"

"Every man looks. But looking in itself is superficial. Looking can be an inward thing. It can have nothing to do with actual physical and emotional involvements. Oh sure, I'm looking.

"But—oh, I don't know. I think it would take a masterful kind of woman to tolerate my shenanigans!"

"Maybe," I said, "you could compromise, if the right girl came along."

"It would be a very delicate setup—marriage I mean," Jim said. "I have a lot to learn. I fall short in the 'human' department. I expect too much of people. Tolerance, somebody said, comes with maturity, and I guess I'm sort of a baby where women are concerned.

"Besides, there's no rush. I think thirty is a good age to get married, don't you? So—I've got five more years to look!"

That's what he thought then.

I had heard about his dates with Ursula Andress, a lovely young German actress signed by Paramount. I asked about Ursula. Jim said, affectionately, "She's a nice girl, a wonderful girl. And she has a great deal of talent, acting talent, that is. It may not be fully realized yet, but she's growing in stature." He laughed, remembering something. "I'm talking in circles. Do you really want to know about Ursula and me? Well, we fight like cats and dogs! No, on second thought—like two monsters!

"But then we make up, and it's fun.

Ursula doesn't take any baloney from me and I don't take any from her. I guess it's because we're both so egotistical.

"Did I tell you about the foreign language I'm studying? German. I want to travel. I've never been to Europe. Ursula has stimulated this yen. I want to see France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, England, Ireland. Sandy Roth, our still photographer on *Giant*, keeps egging me on, too. He keeps telling me how wonderful it is over there."

He walked over to his bongo drums and gave them a loving pat-pat-pat or two.

I said, "Jim, this has been one of the best interviews I've ever had with an actor. Thanks."

"I'm glad."

"But one thing bothers me."

"What's that?"

"Well, I've learned so much about you I'm not sure which angle I'll take when I sit down to write the story. Maybe I should just write about it from the beginning—you know, my arriving late and all that. It might be tough writing it any other way, because it has a million angles."

Jim laughed and said, "That's me, too—a million angles!" **END**

oh, what a wonderful week!

(*Continued from page 37*) "I mean, they're wonderful people, all of them, and they couldn't make a go of it. How do I know I can?" After lunch we walked over to a recording studio where our good friend Peggy King was cutting records and watched a while. After half an hour or so, Debbie and I left. "I've got to meet Eddie," she said. The minute she said his name, she looked happier.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21. This is the day it began. Deb and Eddie went to the Marciano-Moore fight in the evening. It had been scheduled for Tuesday night, but everyone thought that elusive hurricane—whichever one it was—was going to hit New York, and the fight was postponed. Debbie had never gone in big for boxing, but Eddie is a terrific fan and they had watched Marciano train at Grossinger's. So they really had a personal stake in the fight and seeing Marciano win felt like a private victory for them. They sat down front and yelled and had a wonderful time, and when they left the Garden they were still way up in the air. "I want to call home," Debbie said. "I feel so good. I can't keep it to myself."

They raced to a phone and made a call to Burbank. "Mom," Debbie said, "I can't leave Eddie. When we're together everything is so great—and the minute we're apart everything goes to pieces. I can't take much more of that."

"What are you going to do about it?" said her mother.

"Well," Debbie said, "I guess I'll stay on a few more days."

"All right," said Mrs. Reynolds. "Have fun." But she told me later that when she put down the phone she knew that staying a few extra days wasn't what Debbie needed. Deb doesn't make idle statements, and if she said she couldn't take much more, she meant it. There was only one way for them to be together, and Mrs. R. figured that Debbie had made up her mind to say so. She had a feeling this was a case of now-or-never.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. At eleven o'clock Thursday night—California time—which was three in the morning in New York, Debbie called again. She sounded about five years old, and about to burst. "Come right out," she said. "Call Jeanette and tell her to bring her maid-of-honor dress. And get me something to wear, Mom, I don't have anything here to wear. Get something from Metro and bring me some white shoes and my veil and don't tell anyone. Nobody, not even the studio. Can you be here tomorrow? We're going to get married."

"I gathered," said Mrs. Reynolds. "And how am I going to get a dress from the studio without telling them, and what if Jeanette can't make it and we can't get reservations on the plane?"

"Details," said Debbie. "You fix it, Mom. Don't forget the veil. I'll get you rooms at the Plaza. Oh, we're going to have the ceremony at Eddie's apartment on Sunday. Don't forget the prayer book; I want Grandfather's little prayer book. I'll see you tomorrow. Hurry. Oh, Mom," she said, "I'm so happy I could die."

In Burbank Mrs. Reynolds hung up. She's one of the most wonderful, sensible and efficient women I ever met in my life, but for once she was flustered. It was 11:30 at night and she started making phone calls. Jeanette Johnson teaches gym and can't just disappear from classes like that—but she said she would. Mr. Reynolds found the veil. Debbie borrowed it months ago from a friend for that June wedding that didn't go through. Mr. Reynolds phoned Debbie's brother Bill and told him to be ready to leave Friday morning. "Great," Bill said. "Let me talk to Mom."

"You can't talk to her," Mr. Reynolds said. "She's out stealing a dress!"

She was, too. Mrs. R. drove all the way to the Metro lot, thirty miles away hunched over the wheel. The guard at the gate knew her, and they're used to crazy hours there, so they let her in. She parked the car a block away from the wardrobe building—she sees a lot of Hitchcock movies—and sneaked in. She usually works herself on Debbie's wardrobe, so she knows her way around that part of the place. She found Debbie's locker and opened it. It might have been a miracle, but there was a white dress in there—white lace with a scalloped hem and cap sleeves and a white velvet trim, street length. Deb had worn it in *The Tender Trap*. Mrs. Reynolds looked (furtively) around the mysterious, darkened room, snatched the dress, wrapped it in a piece of cloth, and sneaked out the back way. She expected to hear sirens after her all the way home, but she made it, with the loot.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23. Noon, the Reynolds caught a plane. They hadn't been to bed at all, what with the packing. Jeanette made the plane, too. She had spent the morning explaining that she had to have a sudden leave-of-absence from school. She said she wasn't sure if she had her dress with her, but she had a blue garter for Debbie. So everyone settled down on the plane and went to sleep.

They got to New York that night and found Eddie's limousine at the airport, and Eddie's valet and friend, Willard Higgins, waiting to drive them to the city. Eddie and Debbie weren't there and the Reynolds figured they were probably decorating Eddie's place. They checked in at the Plaza and phoned Debbie. No answer. They phoned Eddie. No answer. "Probably out celebrating," said Mr. R.

"If they eloped," said Mrs. Reynolds, *"without that dress. . . ."*

But they couldn't think of anything to do about it, so they went to sleep.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24. Everyone slept late and hadn't even gotten up yet when Debbie called. She and Eddie had gone up to Grossinger's again, meaning to



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stay just a couple of days. Only Friday night Jennie Grossinger, who is a very close friend of Eddie's, asked if they wouldn't like to have the wedding up there.

"We decided to stay up here for it, Mom," Debbie explained. "It's so pretty and everyone is wonderful to us. The hotel cooks said they'd make the cake and Jennie's daughter, her name is Elaine Etess, asked us to use her house for the ceremony and it'll be lovely. Also, we can't get married Sunday after all, because Sunday night Yom Kippur starts and Eddie wants to observe the holiday and go to temple. So if you come up here now, you can spend Monday keeping me company and we'll get married Monday night."

At the same time, Eddie was on the phone talking to his mother in Philadelphia. She didn't need any more warning than the Reynolds did. Eddie said, "Mom, could you come up to Grossinger's right after Yom Kippur?" and Mrs. Stupp burst into tears and said, "I've been waiting so long for this! I'll call the family."

So Saturday afternoon the Reynolds loaded all their stuff back into the limousine and Willard drove them up to Grossinger's. It takes about two hours. When they got there they found Debbie and Eddie waiting outside the main building, both looking a little worn. "There's been so much excitement," Eddie said. "We don't know if we're coming or going. And keeping it a secret, too . . . everyone keeps saying, 'What are you so up-in-the-air about?' "

"You look as if you could use a nap," Mrs. Reynolds said to Debbie. "You're supposed to be blushing, not flushing."

"Later," Debbie said. "Let me show you around first." So she took them all over the grounds and introduced them to everyone and the only time she sat down at all was for girl-talk with Jeanette, which lasted practically all night.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25. Lunchtime the Reynolds got to their table and found Eddie there, with a mob of people around him.

Mrs. Reynolds said, "Where's Debbie?"

"Isn't she here?" said Eddie. "She said she'd be right down; she's resting in her room, I guess."

He led everyone to Debbie's room and knocked on the door. Nobody answered, so Mrs. Reynolds opened it and walked in. Debbie was lying flat on the floor, face down, next to the bed.

Everybody started screaming except Mrs. Reynolds; as I said, practically nothing fazes her. She splashed water in Debbie's face and by the time Debbie had opened her eyes and said she felt fine and how nice to see everybody, Eddie had gotten hold of Dr. Etess, Jennie's son-in-law.

Anyway, it turned out that she had simply passed out from excitement, and maybe not enough sleep, so they moved Debbie to the Etess' home and put her to bed for a rest.

In the middle of the afternoon Debbie woke up and announced that she hadn't brought any clothes to go anywhere for the honeymoon, because she had thought she was going back to the city to be married. So someone called the hotel and asked them to pack for her, and have the clothes ready to be flown up to Grossinger's in the plane that would come up to take the bride and groom to Washington Tuesday. Eddie spent half the afternoon watching Debbie doze and the other half making phone calls, inviting people up. They had very few people, partly because they wanted a small wedding, and partly for the sake of secrecy. Eddie spoke on the phone to one of his best friends, Bernie Rich, in California, and didn't even tell him, though he felt very odd about it. At sundown he went to the temple on the resort grounds to hear Kol Nidre.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26. Well, this was the day. Eddie was in services most of the day, and Debbie was in bed. No one else sat down for a minute. Jennie had ordered flowers from the florist in the village, but she hadn't wanted to tell them what they were for, so the resort staff had to do the decorating themselves. They set up a buffet in the dining room with a huge centerpiece of purple daisies and yellow roses with candles inside. The living room was filled with flowers, and they spread a white cloth as an aisle from the stairs to the living room where the ceremony was held. They set up a table for the cake, a huge five-tiered affair that the cooks had been working on for twenty-four hours. The wedding was planned for eight o'clock, so around four they got Debbie up to try on her dress. It fit just beautifully and she looked wonderful. The only trouble was that in the confusion of packing, Mrs. Reynolds had taken two left shoes.

You never heard such a commotion. It was too late in the season for anyone to have white shoes around, and besides, Debbie wears a size four. And there wasn't a store open for miles around, because of Yom Kippur. So they started canvassing the countryside. Finally Elaine discovered a little store that hadn't closed and the owner, after rummaging through discontinued styles for ages, came up with a pair of white shoes, embroidered, no less, in Debbie's size.

At quarter-to-eight Jeanette had the bride all dressed. Debbie had Jeanette's blue garter, the new shoes with an old dime in one of them—and the borrowed veil. At five of eight someone told Debbie to sit down—carefully, of course—because Mrs. Stupp had just phoned from somewhere on the road; she was caught in traffic and she and Eddie's family would be late. At eight-fifteen she phoned again. More traffic. Debbie broke out into a cold sweat and Eddie began to mutter under his breath to Milton Blackstone, his best man. At eight-thirty it was a question whether Eddie would break down the first time before Debbie collapsed for the second. At ten of nine Mrs. Stupp arrived and Judge Cook, who was officiating, nodded to the trio to play "Moonlight And Roses" while the parents walked down the aisle. They started and stopped again, because the candles hadn't been lit along the aisle. Someone ran down with a match and then the music started again. When the parents were seated Jeanette came to the head of the stairs and started down. The trio played the wedding march from *Lohengrin*. The newspapers said there was a mistake and they played "Moonlight" as Debbie appeared, but that just isn't true. She walked down the aisle to "Here Comes The Bride," and she looked like a dream. She and Eddie smiled at each other all the way through the ceremony, except when they repeated the vows. Debbie promised to "comfort" Eddie and he promised to "keep" her, and neither said anything about "obey," which is left out pretty often these days. They exchanged rings—they had meant to have a single ring ceremony, but they changed their minds at the last minute and someone pulled a ring for Eddie out of the air. Debbie's was a plain platinum band Eddie has been walking around with for months, just in case. Then they kissed and the papers were right about one thing; Debbie sighed so that the whole room could hear her.

You can't really blame the papers for getting things wrong, in this case. There had been a slight leak, of course, you can't ever get by without one, and so there were a hundred reporters and photographers clustered around before the ceremony. Eddie and Debbie didn't know what to do at first. They hate to offend reporters, and they're usually awfully nice about pictures, but this time they had to put their collective foot down. Debbie said, "We can't have you all in there. We didn't even invite a hundred of our friends, you know. If you want to pick one person to take pictures and someone to take notes they can come in, but no pictures during the wedding. We'll pose for you after, as much as you want. Only please let us have this to ourselves."

Most newsmen are pretty nice, so they said yes, and stuck to it. The only other photographer who got in at all was David Workman, who waited till the reception was almost over and then sneaked in. Eddie spotted him hiding his camera in a closet, grinned and said, "All right, take what you can before you get chased out." (His pictures are on pages 9, 10 and 11 in Louella Parsons' gossip extra.)

The reception was lovely. Mrs. Stupp stood at the door crying for the photographer, and Eddie came over and said, "Smile, Mom, smile." Mrs. Stupp sniffed and said, "Look, I was happy and I was enjoying myself—so I was crying."

Mrs. Reynolds hadn't cried, but she never cries. Eddie joined Debbie and they stood and beamed at each other. George Bennett, Eddie's press representative said, "How do you feel?" and Eddie said, "I couldn't feel happier." Debbie came out of her trance and said, "*I* couldn't feel happier." Eddie said, "Since the two of us are now one, *we* couldn't feel happier." Then they went back to grinning at each other.

After a while Mrs. Stupp stopped crying and took Debbie aside. She said to her, "Just a word, as a mother with a life of experience. It's up to you. Just give a little and take a little and your life will be a happy one." Debbie said, "I will, Mom," and kissed her and then Eddie pulled her away and the two of them disappeared. There wasn't any bouquet to throw, because Debbie had carried her grandfather's prayer book, with a white orchid, and there was no rice thrown because no one saw them leave, except Milton Blackstone, who had just been hugged by the bride.

The party went on for hours. Everyone went back to the main building at Grossinger's, except for the Reynolds, who were exhausted, and went to sleep and Jeanette, who caught a plane back to California that night. Mrs. Stupp danced the first dance of the party, which is traditional for Jewish mothers, and chose Willard for her partner. (Eddie's parents are divorced, you know and his stepfather had not been able to come up.) She and Eddie's sister and brothers and Debbie's brother Bill didn't go to sleep till after three.

No one knew exactly where Debbie and Eddie had gone for the night and no one still does. A friend of Jennie's had put her home at their disposal, leaving a butler and a maid, both of whom tactfully disappeared.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 At one in the afternoon there was a knock at the door of the Reynolds' room. "Who's there?" said Mr. R. "The bellhop," said a voice, so they opened the door, and there were Debbie and Eddie.

"We got lonesome," Debbie said.

"Actually," Eddie said, "we came back to pack."

Tuesday afternoon they caught a plane for Washington where Eddie had a business appointment they couldn't get out of. Just before they left I sidled up to Debbie and said, "Any plans?"

"Sure," she said. "Got nothing to hide. We're going to Washington, and then back to New York for the World Series and then I might have to go to Las Vegas, for a night-club act, but I'm trying to get out of it. After that, we're going to live happily ever after." As I said, I always believe Debbie. She's never lied to me yet.

END

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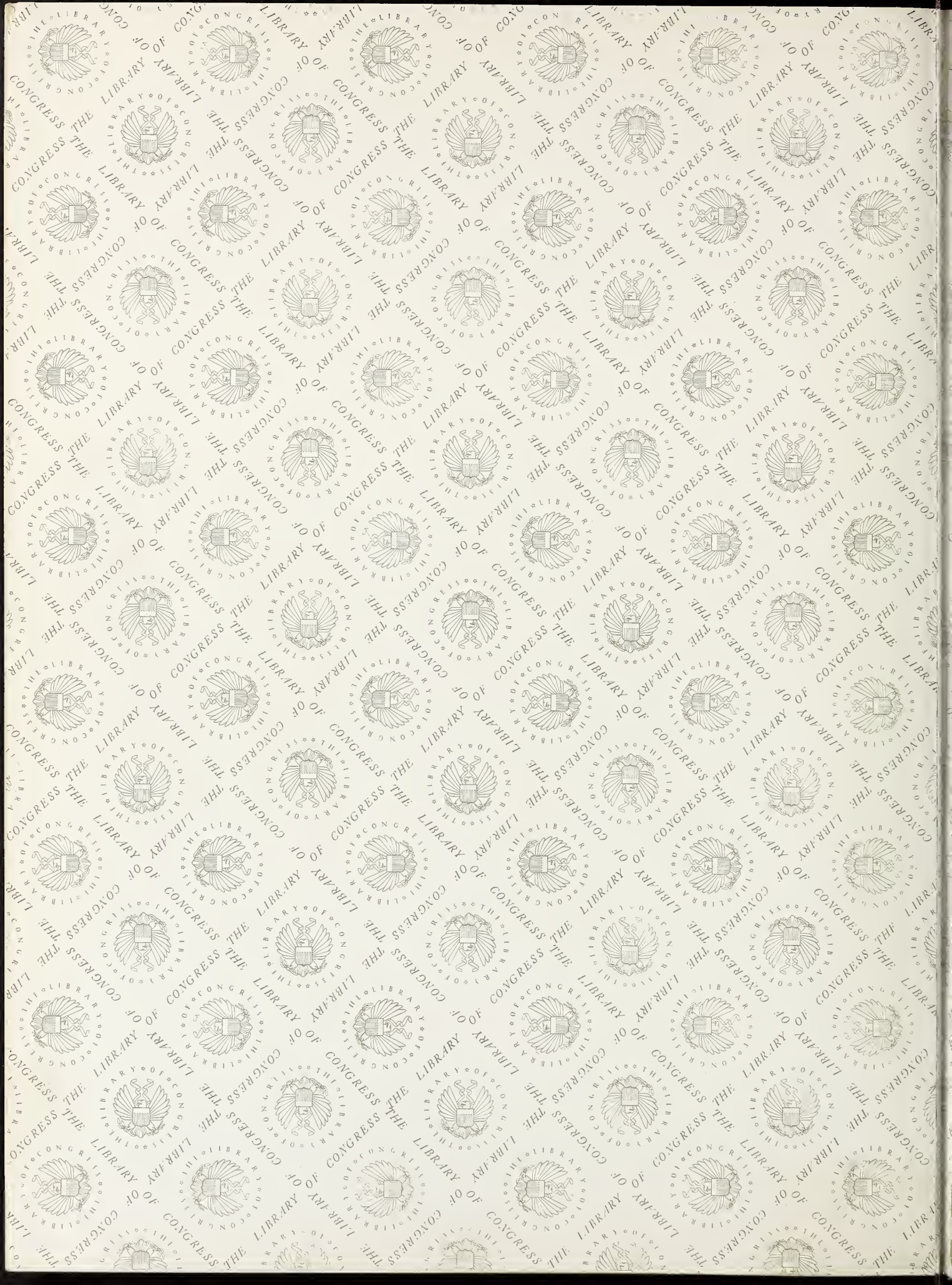
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